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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

WITH all eyes focused on the Orient these days, America's earlier foreign policy in that area is being attacked and defended from many directions. In the February issue *Harper's* will present a real authority on the subject, *Sumner Welles*, whose first-hand account of Roosevelt's Far Eastern policy before Pearl Harbor clarifies a number of important and controversial points. This is the first of two articles by Mr. Welles. The second, which will appear in March, takes up American policy from Pearl Harbor to Hiroshima, the period in which, Mr. Welles believes, the groundwork for the present crisis was laid.

PRACTICALLY all of us consider ourselves members of the middle class. Therefore there's particular appeal in *C. Hartley Grattan's* not-too-dismal dirge for the current trials of our large group throughout the world. He calls it "The Middle Class, Alas." *Otto Kleppner* of the Kleppner advertising company in New York answers the question "Is There Too Much Advertising?" with a resounding negative backed up by a good sprinkling of concrete examples. And *R. E. Cochran*, a Scoutmaster who escorted a group of his charges to the Boy Scout Jamboree last summer, cheerfully sets down his "Confessions" about that occasion.

IN FICTION, there's an unusual satire by *Arthur Koestler*, representing a vein in which he seldom writes, and a new story by *Wallace Stegner* which we believe ranks with his best. In March, we'll have another surprise in fiction, a short story by playwright *Arthur Miller*.

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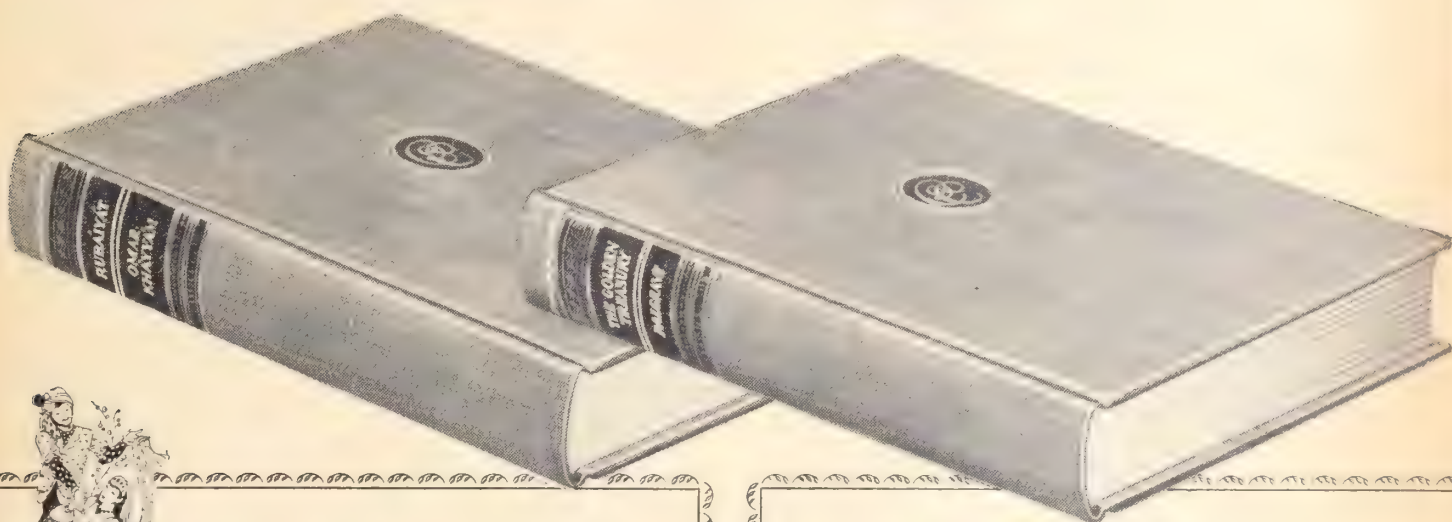
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Personal & Otherwise

WE HAD occasion, last September, to comment here in P & O upon one aspect of contemporary design: namely, the increasing prevalence of chairs which require us to sit in some fixed posture which the designer, in his infinite wisdom, has determined we should prefer to all others. We noted, without much enthusiasm, how the very materials used in these chairs conspire to prevent us from sitting in any but the predetermined position. If, for instance, you try to slouch on your spine in the famous Eames side chair, the curved plywood seat insistently slides you back erect again. And there's that bent-wire-and-leather chair which keeps your knees clamped together by pinching your thighs, unless you're willing to lift one leg out of the way and let it hang from a crotch at the side.

Less than a month after our remarks were published there appeared, in *Life* and elsewhere, an advertisement for a new "Contour Chair-Lounge" which is "adjustable to six positions." Was this a reversal of the trend we had been lamenting? Was the designer of this new chair willing to admit that I might like to sit my own way, or even six different ways at six different times? Not at all. "There is only ONE orthopedically correct rest-posture," the advertisement insisted, and this chair's "pre-molded, built-in contour" provides that posture "*permanently*, regardless of the position to which you may choose to adjust your chair." Go ahead and adjust the chair, if the fingertip, ball-bearing shift from one to another of the six positions gives you the illusion of free choice. You will sit as the designer intended, nevertheless.

This refusal on the part of designers to

countenance any deviationist posture is, we think, a gloomy sign. But it is only one of a number of ways in which artists in this field reveal the trend of the times. There's evidence of another sort in what we've seen recently of modern beds.

A COUPLE of week ago Betty Pepis did an illustrated feature-spread in the *New York Times Magazine* called (cutely enough) "Headboards Go Overboard." It illustrated seven examples of newly designed headboards which, Miss Pepis said, were "functional rather than fussy," providing storage space, space for a radio and a telephone, bookshelves, and lamps.

Leaving out of consideration here the question of whether it is functional to have a reading lamp built into a headboard just above the mattress (as it is in the one designed by Wor-de-Klee), so that you can't sit up to read without blocking off the light; and, further, ignoring the question of how anyone can endure reading in bed with nothing but low open shelves to lean back against (as in four of the seven designs shown); overlooking all this, P & O was struck by the final sentence in Miss Pepis's article. If the present trend continues, she concluded, it is perfectly safe to predict the evolution of a bed which is primarily designed "for wakeful rather than for sleeping comfort."

And why not, indeed? If there is only one orthopedically correct rest-posture, the place for us to sleep is obviously in a Contour Chair-Lounge, rather than in bed. And if we sleep in a chair, we may as well stay awake in bed, as the designers want us to do.

This, of course, will involve having our



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nightmares by day and doing our day-dreaming by night, but that may not turn out to be much of a change in a world designed as this one is apparently going to be.

Mr. Dooley and the Hindu Monk

AMONG some rather eccentric things that Wyndham Lewis said in *America and Cosmic Man* (1949), there are a number of wise and perceptive ones. Best of all, perhaps, is what he says about America as the "melting pot"—an idea from which he removes the layers of sentimental insulation which have been applied to it by social workers who mean well and politicians who mean nothing. For there is so much truth in the "melting pot" idea that, if you take off the asbestos wrappings, it will burn anyone who handles it thoughtlessly.

P & O happens to believe that Wyndham Lewis is right in saying that the United States is either a meaningless and rather disorderly collection of people dumped here by other nations—a sort of human trash-basket, in short—or it is a profoundly meaningful laboratory for the creation of what Lewis calls (rather formidably) "Cosmic Man." What he means, if we understand him correctly, is simply man unencumbered with racial exclusiveness. We don't quite see why we have to drag the cosmos into it. Let's take it one world at a time.

Granted the persistence of the Ku-Klux-Klan mentality, and the vestigial remnants of Know-Nothingism which fester here and there in our land, it is nevertheless true that American patriotism is not, like any other patriotism you can think of, loyalty to a race. (We use the word, not in the strict anthropological sense, but in the most inclusive sense—as a shorthand substitute for, say, national or cultural grouping.) It can't be, because the only racial tag ever pinned on the United States has been a joke ever since Mr. Dooley told Hinnessy, more than fifty years ago, that an Anglo-Saxon was "a German that's forgot who was his parents."

They're a lot iv thim in this counthry, [said the sage of Archey Road]. There must be as manny as two in Boston: they'se wan up in Maine, and another lives at Bogg's Ferry in New York State, an' dhrives a

milk wagon. . . . I tell ye, whin th' Clan an' th' Sons iv Sweden an' th' Banana Club an' th' Circle Francaize an' th' Pollacky Benivolent Society an' th' Rooshian Sons of Dinnymite an' th' Benny Brith an' th' Coffee Clutch that Schwartzmeister r-runs an' th' Turrnd'ye-mind an' th' Holland society an' th' Afro-Americans an' th' other Anglo-Saxons begin f'r to raise their Anglo-Saxon battle-cry, it'll be all day with th' eight or nine people in th' wurruld that has th' misfortune iv not bein' brought up Anglo-Saxons.

The joke is a good one, and a practical one. At least it has practical consequences. For the American fights, as Wyndham Lewis says, not for *Blut und Boden*, nor for a mystical *terre sacrée*, nor even for *pan-Slavia*, but for brotherhood. And for an American, unless his sense of humor is dead to Mr. Dooley, that means the brotherhood of man, we are so mixed in racial background.

P & O is not fool enough to imply that the millennium has arrived. There are still far too many people in America who don't get Mr. Dooley's joke even after fifty years. But the joke is ineradicably there, whether the Klansmen and the Christian Fronters get it or not. It is built-in to the American structure, and it has been from the beginning.

ALL this is leading up, roundabout, to Seymour Freedgood's "Grandma and the Hindu Monk" (p. 45) in this issue. But we aren't quite there yet.

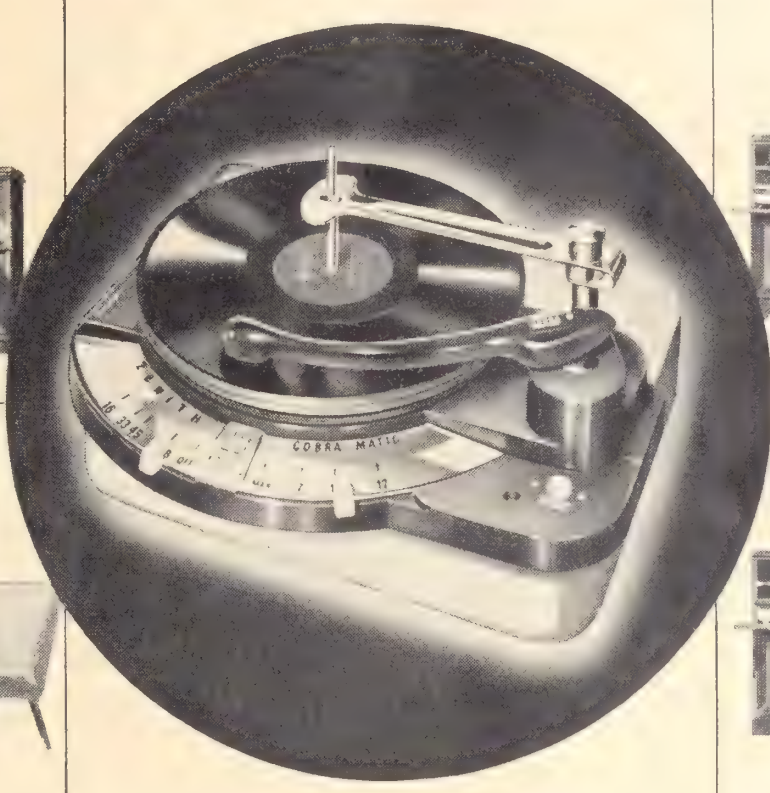
Let's go back to Mr. Dooley for a minute. What Finley Peter Dunne was saying through Mr. Dooley was that *politically* America was based upon the brotherhood of man, not upon race mastery. Ward politics on Archey Road was based on an "Anglo-Saxon 'licance" which was going to elect Sarsfield O'Brien. Of course the Bohemian and Polish Anglo-Saxons might be "a little slow in wakin' up to what th' pa-apers calls our common hurtage," but they'd be all right when the votes were cast.

But—and here is the point—in 1898 the idea that racial bonds were shattered by the realities of American life found its most eloquent expression in a form which derived its appeal largely from its "racial" qualities. In character and in dialect Mr. Dooley is incurably a "race" hero. ("Whin England

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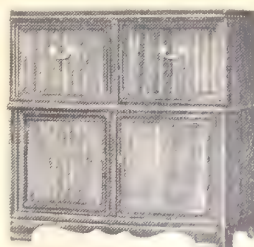
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purishes," he once observed, "th' Irish'll die iv what Hogan calls ongwée, which is havin' no wan in the weary wurruld ye don't love.") Politically, it was considered a joke to call America Anglo-Saxon, but culturally it wasn't—at least, not so obviously.

To be sure, journalism and literature and the other arts in America have from the beginning reflected the great diversity of racial backgrounds from which Americans have come.

But through most of our history they have done so in a way which, indirectly at least, assumed that America's dominant cultural tradition was (if Mr. Dooley will pardon the expression) Anglo-Saxon. If the Norwegian or the Jew or the Italian in America wrote about his people as Americans, he tended to do so either defensively or assertively—in either case acknowledging by implication that he, and they, were cultural "outsiders." And if an inheritor of the Anglo-Saxon tradition wrote about life among the Chinese-Americans or the Polish-Americans he tended to treat them either exotically or with the detached curiosity of a social anthropologist, but in any case as something culturally foreign.

What P & O is suggesting now is that "Grandma and the Hindu Monk," besides being the delightful piece of writing that it is, is a sign that what was true politically in Mr. Dooley's time is now true culturally as well. We have no idea when it happened, or how long this sort of thing has been going on. We haven't tried to trace it back, or to do more than be delighted at the sudden realization. But for some reason that we do not know it seemed as we finished Mr. Freedgood's story (or whatever it is) that here was a piece of writing about the Jewish heritage of some American people which is done neither from the cultural viewpoint of an outsider nor from that of an insider, but from a point of view which simply assumes the brotherhood of man. We can't tell if it will strike other readers so. If it does, they will know why P & O is profoundly grateful to Mr. Freedgood. But whether it does or not, they will surely enjoy Grandma, Mr. Isaacs, and Dr. Brahmachari.

WHAT follows is Mr. Freedgood's own comment on the story, offered in lieu of the biographical material we requested for this column.

To pile fictionalized autobiography on autobiographical fiction would test the most devious mind—namely, mine.

Instead, let me tell you a little about "Grandma and the Hindu Monk." Brahmachari, the hero of the present story, has already appeared in *Harper's* although under a different name. That was in 1948, when you published a thing of mine called "The Holy Man in Blue Sneakers." Same monk. Same sneakers.

Subsequently, an old college friend wrote an autobiography (perhaps you will remember it: *The Seven Storey Mountain*—by Thomas Merton) in which he indicated that his own association with Brahmachari, during the Hindu's stay with us in New York, had been such as to change him from a Columbia College sophisticate into a Trappist priest. It occurred to me in reading this remarkable confession that the Hindu's effect on my old Jewish grandmother had been no less awesome. The result is the present story.

A larger result is a book I'm now doing for Harper & Brothers. It too is about Brahmachari—his adventures in the United States, and the adventures he led me into when I met him again in India during the war. Some of this latter material has also appeared in *Harper's Magazine*—notably a story I did three years ago called "The Swami and Dr. Schultz." The Trappist also appears—in both his prior and latter-day states. And Grandma, of course.

Smoke Under Fire

First came National Smoke-Abatement Week (October 12 to 28); then New York City's Smoke-Control Week (November 12 to 18). Midway through the latter, the early morning weather report announced that although the day would be sunny, there was so much smoke in the atmosphere that planes flying in and out of the city's airports must go by "instrument-flight rules."

As the *New York Times* headlined its story on the first month of New

York's new smoke-regulation program, "Resistance Is Met on Smoke Control." It certainly is, as every windowsill and every shirt collar in the city bears witness. And, as **Robert L. Heilbroner** shows in "What Goes Up the Chimney" (p. 61), the smoke problem is a serious one throughout the nation—so serious that there must be control, however bitterly such control is resisted. But we're in for a long, hard battle if industry finds it half as hard to cut down on its habitual smoking as the rest of us do.

Mr. Heilbroner has written several articles for *Harper's*, chiefly on economic subjects. Since serving with the Army in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan, he has worked for the Radio Corporation of America and for Stein Hall and Co., importers and traders.

Robert Osborn's pipe-dream drawings of "What Goes Up the Chimney" are the latest from one of our most frequent contributors. You will recall Mr. Osborn's recent dramatic sketches of modern chairs and, last November, his portraits of Snobs, which have since appeared in book form (see Russell Lynes' *Snobs: A Guidebook to Your Friends, Your Enemies, Your Colleagues and Yourself*).

Drummers Abroad

One of the most interesting things about **Philip Salisbury's** article on "Yankee Salesmen in King George's Court" (p. 92) is its revelation of fundamental differences between English and American business attitudes and business practice. It should be made clear at once that these differences in no way result from the socialist program of the Labor government. They are much more significant than that. They are evidence of the fact, still widely ignored by both the enemies and the defenders of industrial capitalism, that industrialism can be—and is—a very different thing in different social contexts.

There has recently been an increasing tendency to recognize that production in England and on the continent is very different from production in America. Certainly everyone who has read the reports of the Anglo-American Productivity Coun-

cil has been disabused of the once-popular assumption that a factory is a factory, an assembly line an assembly line, wherever it is. But Mr. Salisbury's article calls attention to the fact that the same kind of differences exist between English and American techniques of marketing and distribution. And this sort of knowledge is worth having, if only because it puts the problems of modern industrial society in their proper relation to social, political, and cultural factors from which we have too long tended to isolate them.

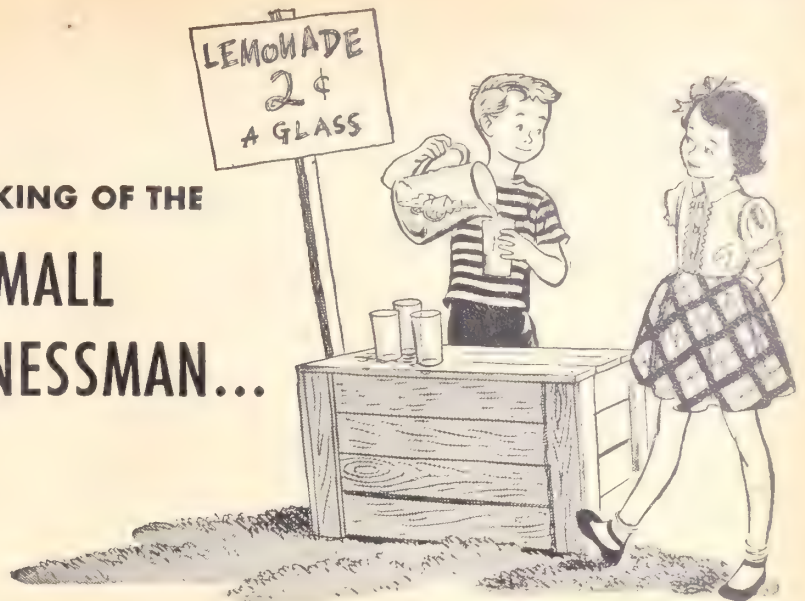
Mr. Salisbury is the editor of *Sales Management* magazine, and was a member of the eleven-man team whose adventures are described in his article. His assignment was to discuss sales and market research as used in this country, and particularly to explode the myth that the American market is one big homogeneous market.

There were two co-chairmen of the group. One was Arthur H. Motley, publisher of *Parade* magazine and at the time chairman of National Sales Executives, Inc. On the trip over on the *Queen Mary* he ran planning meetings every day in one of the private dining rooms, and some members of the team never saw salt water until they steamed into Southampton harbor.

The other co-chairman was Don Mitchell, president of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., and the one who came nearest to being a representative of "Big Business." His major assignment was to get over to the top brass of British industry (particularly to their FBI, the Federated British Industries, more powerful in England than our National Association of Manufacturers over here) that selling is regarded by American corporate directors as being fully as important as production.

Robert A. Whitney, president of National Sales Executives, Inc., doubled as manager and co-ordinator of activities and as a speaker who gave an elaborate case history of how the Pyrex pie plate was marketed in America. The audience was interested and impressed, but some members of it were heard to ask as they were going out just what kind of food was prepared on those plates. What is a pie to us is a tart to them.

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—CHARLES DRISCOLL
"New York Day by Day"

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Others on the team included Jack Luhn, president of the Easterling Company, Chicago; Elmer R. Krueger, president of Paper Art Company, Indianapolis; Glenn R. Fouche, president of Chicago's Stayform Company, makers of such foundation garments as girdles, who almost literally "laid them in the aisles" by his dead-pan statement that most people considered that he was in the meat-packing business but that he preferred to think of himself as a manufacturer of fine jewel cases; Hal W. Johnston of Rochester, executive vice president of the Stecher-Traung Lithograph Company; Donald Sloan of Portland, Oregon, who operates an investment securities business under his own name; and Floyd Poetzinger, head of the Chicago firm of Poetzinger, Dechert and Kielty.

The Universe Around Us

•••Returning from Europe last spring just five days before the outbreak of the fighting in Korea, **William H. Wells** found himself reading the news from the Far East as a sharp example of the failure of American propaganda. "The Mumble in the Voice of America" (p. 23) is the result of his own experience and observations over many years and in many countries where he has seen the United States fumble in its public relations (to use the term descriptive of propaganda in business affairs) with the rest of the world.

Mr. Wells is now working on a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation on a study of the future of the documentary films in the United States, Canada, Britain, and France. His previous work in the field of publicity has been in private, national, and international enterprises. He was graduated from Harvard in 1923, began his career as an assistant editor in a publishing house, then became advertising manager at Harper & Brothers, and, from 1928 to 1941, a partner in the advertising agency of Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells in New York. During the war, he served as editorial chief for radio, publications, posters, and motion pictures for OPA. In 1944, he joined UNRRA in a similar position, and from 1947 to 1949, he was chief of the motion picture and television

branch of the Department of Public Information of the United Nations.

•••**Romney Wheeler's** view of "Stalin's Target for Tomorrow" (p. 28) is based on his experience in Tokyo during the past two years as a member of the Occupation. He returned last fall from Japan, where he had been attached to General MacArthur's civilian staff, administering the Occupation book-translating program. In daily contact with Japanese citizens, he had a chance to study their reactions to the Communist program and make his own estimate of its chances to succeed—if not now, then in the course of the next decade.

Before going to Japan, Mr. Wheeler was an Associated Press correspondent for more than ten years, first in New York and then overseas. He was also London correspondent for NBC (on loan) and AP Chief of Bureau in Amsterdam. After covering the Paris Peace Conference in 1946, he returned to the United States to become Southern political editor for the AP, an assignment from which he resigned in 1948 to go to Tokyo. At present Mr. Wheeler is in London as Chief of Bureau for the National Broadcasting Company.

•••"Cyclists' Raid" (p. 34) is the first story we have published by **Frank Rooney**. The story of Mr. Rooney's life is succinct indeed, as told in his own words:

I was born in Kansas City, Missouri, 1913, lived there until I was twelve and a half and then moved to Los Angeles, where I stayed until the Army took me in March 1941. I attended Belmont High School, that being the last of my formal education. After that I washed dishes, sold various articles from house to house, did a little professional cooking (very little), and finally ended up on the labor gang at one of the Hollywood studios. After the war I came to New York, where I did some stage and radio work and decided to write short stories—five of which have been published, two in *Cosmopolitan*, two in *Collier's*, and one in this magazine.

My chief recreations are chess, singing, and reading—none of which I do very well.

The drawings for "Cyclists' Raid" are the first work by **David Berger** to appear in *Harper's*. He is a Colorado-born artist who got his training in the New York Evening School of Industrial Arts and the Grand Central Art School before the war, as well as by doing anatomical drawings at Bellevue Hospital during the depression. After three years in the Army (both as a Combat Engineer and as a staff member of *Yank*), he returned to study at the Art Students League and to teach at Pratt Institute. His drawings have appeared in a number of magazines.

•••**Fred Hoyle's** *The Nature of the Universe* came into our hands last fall just in time to get the first installment into the December issue—and so allow us to run the whole in five articles before the publication of the book by Harper & Brothers this coming April. If, as you whirl through space and time in "The Sun and the Stars" (p. 70) and succeeding numbers in this series, you find yourself wanting a basis for comparisons, we suggest that you dip back into the *Harper's* files (April-June 1948) and review the articles by Lincoln Barnett called "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," where some of the basic concepts of modern physics and astronomy are dealt with in more detail than Mr. Hoyle gives here.

Of course, the natural point of comparison for Mr. Hoyle's ideas is the work of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, whose books have served to convey to this and the past generation the scientific view of the universe. As the London *Economist* pointed out last summer, in reviewing the English edition of *The Nature of the Universe*, it is high time that the layman be given something more up-to-date, "for in many respects the new cosmology turns that of Jeans and Eddington upside down. . . . Certainly Mr. Hoyle has the knack of transmitting intricate matters without condescension and without jargon, leaving the reader with the exhilarating feeling that he is after all well qualified to grasp what he had believed to be the preserve of the initiated few."

Mr. Hoyle is not primarily a writer, but a scientist. He is young—thirty-five—as befits his profession,

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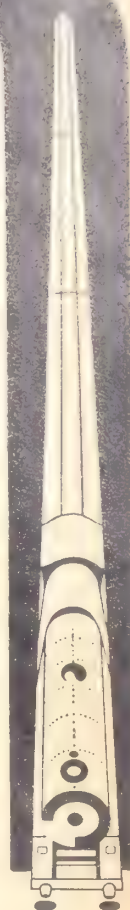
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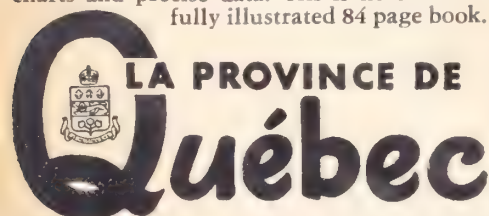
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a Yorkshireman by birth, a Fellow of St. John's College, and a lecturer in mathematics at the University of Cambridge. At the age of fourteen, he began to watch the night sky with a small telescope. Later, while studying mathematics and theoretical physics at Cambridge, he wrote his first astronomical papers in 1939. In the next ten years he contributed more than thirty papers to scientific journals, and in 1949, his book, *Some Recent Researches in Solar Physics*, was published by the Cambridge University Press. Though his work is known to American astronomers, *The Nature of the Universe* will bring him a wider American audience for the first time.

•••Since 1931, when the novel, *Wedding Day*, appeared, **Kay Boyle**, author of "Home" (p. 78), has been one of the foremost American writers and one of the most productive. Many short stories, a book of poems, and several novels have won her not only popularity but distinction. The most recent novel, *His Human Majesty*, was published in 1949 by McGraw-Hill. Miss Boyle has won the O. Henry Memorial Prize more than once, and her "Summer Evening," originally published in the *New Yorker*, was included in *Prize Stories of 1950*.

Miss Boyle, who was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and educated in Ohio, is the mother of six children. She is currently living in Germany, and a book of collected stories on Germany, *The Smoking Mountain*, will appear in May. "Home" is one of them.

•••**Vladimir Nabokov**, who occupied the "Lodgings in Trinity Lane" (p. 84) at Cambridge University in the year 1919, is now an associate professor teaching Russian literature and European fiction at Cornell University. Some indication of the route by which this child of a luxurious pre-Revolutionary St. Petersburg home came to speak and write the English language while instructing American undergraduates in the literature of Russia is given in this charming article, which will form a part of his forthcoming autobiographical book, *Conclusive Evidence*, to be published by Harper & Brothers next month.

Certainly one of the central transformations which any person who changes his country must undergo is the change of language; for a writer this must be the crux. With Mr. Nabokov the process involved a morbid fear during his first year among English-speaking people that he might lose his native language. His account of that struggle to retain his ability to write Russian, related in "Lodgings in Trinity Lane," is an unusual personal document. Since coming to the United States—so far has he traveled as a writer of English—Mr. Nabokov has published three novels, including *Laughter in the Dark*, recently reissued by the New American Library; a book of short stories; a biography of Gogol; and a book of translations of three Russian poets.

Jon Nielson, whose drawings illustrate "Lodgings in Trinity Lane," is a Hudson Valley painter of Danish descent who has traveled widely in Europe, Russia, Egypt, the Middle East, and South America. He has drawn for *Harper's* pictures of regions and people, from a California drive-in movie to an Egyptian oasis.

•••The three poets in this issue have appeared before in *Harper's*. **Lloyd Frankenberg** ("The Blue Grotto," p. 55) is known both as a critic and as a poet. His latest volume, *Pleasure Dome*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1949, was a volume of essays on modern poetry. He has also arranged and presented for the Museum of Modern Art a series of readings by modern poets, including Auden, Frost, Cummings, Marianne Moore, and others.

"Vincent Van Gogh" (p. 83) is one of the poems in **William Jay Smith's** second book of verse, *Celebration at Dark*, published by Farrar, Straus. Mr. Smith has returned to his home in Vermont after three years abroad and he is at work translating a novel by the Italian author, Romuado Romano, "Scirocco."

"The Harrowing" (p. 100) is the second poem we have published by **E. A. Muir**, whose "The Poet Covers His Child" appeared in *Harper's* in September 1949. Since that time Mr. Muir has interrupted his teaching career to finish his Ph.D. at Chicago and has welcomed the birth of his second child.

LETTERS

State and Synagogue—

To the Editors:

I had occasion to read the article appearing in your November 1950 issue by William Zukerman entitled "Church and State in Israel." I cannot tell you how shocked I was by the generation of so much heat and smoke with so little light shed on the matter. . . .

I have had occasion to visit Israel each year for the past four years and I can personally attest to the fact that many of the statements appearing in Mr. Zukerman's article are unfounded. He is incorrect when he says that rabbis are the responsibility of the government of Israel. He states only a half-truth when he implies that marriage has been placed under the responsibility of the rabbinate. He does not state that this practice has existed for 2,000 years and was continued by the British Mandatory power when they were responsible for the affairs of Palestine. His description of the repression of the activities on the Sabbath is distorted because activities do take place, cars are driven through the streets of Jerusalem, etc. . . .

ELLIS RADINSKY
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. William Zukerman's article, "Church and State in Israel," does injustice to the truth and thereby a grave disservice to your readers. . . .

Mr. Zukerman implies, for instance, that the dominance in the current immigration into Israel of Orthodox elements from Moslem countries is the result of a concession to the Religious Bloc. Objective investigation would show that what is involved here is a concession not to the Religious Bloc, but to the principles of humanity and to the facts of international life. Israel's doors are open to *all* Jews. But from Western Europe the great bulk of Jewry has already gone; from Eastern Europe (with some small exception) they cannot go; whilst it is from Moslem lands, whence they *can* go and *must* go, that they are today

going to Israel in such large numbers.

The author has been similarly cavalier in his treatment of other aspects of the religious issue in Israel. I am particularly concerned that *Harper's* readership, long known for its intellectual quality and liberal spirit, should be so misled by a partisan treatment of a difficult and delicate problem. . . .

DR. NAHUM GOLDMANN
Chairman, American Section
Jewish Agency for Palestine
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Flattery may have its uses in human relations, but not in the reader-editor communications of quality magazines. Therefore when I state that the 1206th issue of *Harper's Magazine* does credit to a fine reputation, I honestly express my appreciation for a task which deserves recognition. Mr. DeVoto in the "Easy Chair" has provided me with a sense of satisfaction by holding forth kindred views in re Messrs. Taft and McCarthy. "Church and State in Israel" has deeply shocked me. But I appreciate Mr. Zukerman's courage in having explored the existence of a deplorable condition. I shall make inquiries as to what can be done through the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations to dissuade the Israeli Government from giving further countenance to such undemocratic, unenlightened, and theocratic-totalitarian measures. . . .

HUGH DIEKMAN
Long Island, New York

To the Editors:

The last thing I tucked into my week-end bag as I left Tel Aviv last night was my November *Harper's*. I have just finished reading (among other astounding things in William Zukerman's article) the description of Sabbath in Israel, and thought your readers might be interested in a few words of fact as addenda to his fiction.

Paragraph 4 of his "mere enumeration of the facts" describes the Israeli Sabbath:

The observance of the Sabbath is incredibly severe. "According to the Orthodox Jewish law, one may not strike a match or ride a bicycle, or turn on an electric light, or operate an automobile, answer a telephone call, or smoke a cigarette between sundown on Fridays and sundown on Saturdays," Paul Blanshard wrote in the *Nation* last May. No busses or public vehicles are permitted to run in Israel on Saturdays and all entertainment and businesses are, of course, suspended. . . .

It would be interesting to know why the author chose his unusual source for the quotation of Orthodox Jewish law. Certainly a person of Mr. Zukerman's persuasion could have found better authority on that subject than Mr. Paul Blanshard writing in the *Nation*. Or is it possible that he intended, by characterizing the Israeli observance of the Sabbath as "incredibly severe" and then tacking on a perfectly honest statement of Orthodox practice, to trick his readers into believing that an objective reporter like Mr. Blanshard had found Orthodox Jewish law on the subject to be the law of Israel as well?

If, by design or coincidence, Mr. Zukerman has combined his facts and fancies in such a manner as to confuse any of your readers, then the following log of my (*strictly legal*) activities and observations during the past twenty-four hours might serve a useful purpose in setting the record straight:

Friday, November 17, 1950

7PM (after sundown)—Left Tel Aviv. Drove to Sharon Hotel, one of *small* minority of Israeli hotels serving kosher food. At Sharon Bar, danced to phonograph records. Purchased Luckies. Smoked throughout dinner. 9PM—Drove to Haifa. Heavy traffic on roads. Overnighted.

Saturday, November 18, 1950

10AM—Breakfasted at X's. Ham'n eggs!—via food package from America. 1PM—At cable office (government run). Music blaring from crowded cafés and cigarette-smoke billowing. Trucks, busses, cars, taxis, bicycles, pedestrians on street. More activity than Boston or Philly on



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LETTERS

Sunday. Wonder who goes to synagogue! Watched soccer game. 3PM—Telephoned X (government phone service). 4PM—Heard radio concert (government radio) "Porgy and Bess," and read Zukerman article. Wow! 4:15PM—Typing this letter. Would enjoy covering other Zukerman discrepancies but have movie date tonight. "Trader Horn" is playing.

ARTHUR D. HOLZMAN
Tel Aviv, Israel

Mr. Holzman is a Middle East correspondent for CBS, McGraw-Hill, and Pathfinder magazine.

To the Editors:

Mr. Zukerman's article on church and state in Israel arises from keen and sincere disappointment, but it is one-sided and radically misconceived. . . .

(1) An established religion is unconstitutional in the United States, but it is consistent with democracy in England, Scotland, the Scandinavian countries, and Ireland. . . . Until the rabbis disgrace themselves, nobody should be surprised if the one and only Jewish state which fosters all other institutions that have developed and preserved the Jewish character should also foster the primary and central element in the heritage of the Jews—their religion.

(2) If it had not been for the alleged chicanery of the rabbis, Mr. Zukerman supposes that the new state could have transplanted a civil marriage and family code from some other modern democracy, instead of the Torah. Actually it was either the Torah or anarchy. In America and Western Europe the civil law on these subjects has deep roots in Canon Law and in a consensus of Protestant or Deist morality. The irreligious Jews of Palestine have no such background. Their sex practices, especially on the co-operative farms (*kibbutzim*), are frankly lawless and would not be countenanced as legal marriage in this country. . . .

(3) The Torah is "pre-medieval" and does not recognize the equality of women. But it does provide for a vigorous patriarchal family in which the mother has as high a position as Sarah, Rebecca, and Hannah. No other system has proved so adaptable to changing conditions; and it is

doubtful whether Jews who abandon it, even today, can survive the vicissitudes of prosperity and calamity that always befall this people.

(4) Mr. Zukerman insinuates that the Religious Bloc has flooded the country with Oriental Jews—to the prejudice, somehow, of those from Europe. Actually the flood of European Jews came first. Now he fears that the Oriental Jews will smother democracy and Western civilization in Israel. . . . If it comes to a choice, which principle is higher: that all Jews are welcome in Israel or that Israel shall remain a democracy?

(5) Mr. Zukerman . . . regards the Torah as an antiquated superstition. . . . It might be . . . pertinent to inquire why the active hostility which so many Zionists used to feel toward Judaism has cooled down. Although Mr. Zukerman finds an adequate modern faith in liberalism, many other Jewish liberals in this generation have had their hopes so shattered that they can again respect their ancestral religion, or even return to it. . . .

SAUL LEVIN
Chicago, Ill.

Re "Under Weigh"—

To the Editors:

For the past twenty years I have been a great admirer of the work of Katherine Anne Porter. Her story in the November *Harper's* is not a whit below the level of her earlier work. I am troubled by the title, however, "Under Weigh." Is it her choice or an editorial arrangement? With her eye and ear for good English, did she adopt an expression condemned as incorrect by *Webster's Dictionary*, the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and *Fowler's Modern English Usage*?

GERTRUDE W. PAGE
Alhambra, Calif.

She did, and so we let her have her weigh.—The Editors.

Letters on Letters—

To the Editors:

Before appearing for the defense of the A&P, Mr. Stursberg (Letters Column, November issue, p. 17) must have read "How to Lie with Statistics" by Darrell Huff in the August *Harper's*.

Mr. Stursberg points to the low net earnings, only 1.1 per cent on total sales, then asks, "Would any American citizen fear public condemnation as a profiteer . . . for realizing a little over \$10 for every \$1,000 invested during a year?"

This is, of course, the "fallacy of irrelevant conclusion." If I purchase an article every morning for 99 cents and sell it each afternoon for one dollar, I will make only 1 per cent on total sales, but 365 per cent on invested money during the year.

GEORGE L. BROWN
Longhorne, Pa.

To the Editors:

I note with interest the letter of Mr. James W. Farmer in the November "Letters" section of your publication informing us that he would not again subscribe to *Harper's* because of the articles concerning Lattimore and McCarthy.

This strikes me as a very wise move on the part of Mr. Farmer since he obviously wasn't getting much out of the magazine anyway.

E. L. COLEBECK
Florence, Ala.

Apologies to Wesleyan—

To the Editors:

I am enjoying your Centennial issue. I notice on page 44 in the article, "Look at the School from the Inside," you write "There was no college for women in the fifties."

Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, was founded in 1836, and is the oldest chartered college for women in the world. . . .

MRS. G. CLYDE DEKLE, JR.
Millen, Ga.

Votes for DeVoto—

To the Editors:

Cheers for Bernard DeVoto's "Sometimes They Vote Right Too" [November]. To find one's own convictions eloquently phrased and logically assembled is always a special delight to a reader. . . .

MARY W. CARPENTER
Middletown, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Although I have read many an admirable essay in the "Easy Chair" in the last dozen years, the November

contribution of Bernard DeVoto must surely be rated first and finest.

In a few paragraphs DeVoto has summed up the essence of the democratic faith in more lucid style than many a political scientist has done in a volume.

As they used to say when I was a graduate student at Yale, "Keep the experts on tap, but never on top."

AL BOHLING
Kansas City, Mo.

All About Snobs—

To the Editors:

Your very excellent article, "The New Snobbism" [by Russell Lynes, November 1950], afforded me such delight that I couldn't resist writing a few comments. It is a deeply fascinating subject, and your exposition was long overdue. Categorically Mr. Lynes didn't miss a trick, but there are certain notorious subheadings which he glossed over rather lightly, probably more through lack of word-space than through unfamiliarity with their types. . . .

The most flagrant omission in the article was under the heading of the Sexual Snob. Perhaps this was done consciously under the dictates of good taste. On the other hand, there are four female varieties Mr. Lynes may never have encountered, as they usually reveal themselves only in the intimate confidences of Woman-to-Woman chats.

Firstly, there is the old-fashioned Frigidity Snob, best characterized by many of our mothers and grandmothers. Concerning sex they would proudly exclaim, "Unlike some women, I never could learn to care for That Sort of Thing." As to why they had borne eight children they'd reply with a shrug, "Oh well, you know how Men Are." This type has largely disappeared owing to the wide popularization of Freud and Havelock Ellis. If the modern woman is still frigid, she no longer publicly brags about it.

There is, however, her modern prototype, the Purity Snob. Shining womanhood personified, she piously explains, "Herman has been dating me for two years now, and I've never let him do more than hold my hand. He *Respects* me." This is most effective. . . .

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LETTERS

latter type, or the Promiscuity Snob. Upon mention of sex, she gets an intense brooding look in her eyes and dilates her nostrils. She obliquely implies that hers is a passion far deeper and more violent than that of other women. She speaks of the "untapped well-springs of her emotion" and, courageously, of having "so much, so much to give." The effect on her more sexually average sisters is to make them feel as dry and sere as last week's pumpernickel.

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I sincerely appreciate your wonderful article. It afforded me an hour of perfect pleasure.

FLEUR TAMON
San Antonio, Texas



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		540	63¢	

1000 lbs. Steer =
at 26¢ per lb.
Packer pays
\$260⁰⁰

600 lbs. Beef =
at 42½¢ per lb.
Retailer pays
\$255⁰⁰*

540 lbs. Retail Cuts
(including shop fats)
Consumer pays
\$338⁰⁰

For livestock raising to be profitable, farmer's return must cover maintenance of breeding stock, feed and labor costs, land use and the grower's time for the three years it takes to produce a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts. Prices are averaged. In some stores they were lower. In some charge-and-deliver stores or in high-cost areas, they were higher.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1949.

A good look at this chart quickly provides answers to a lot of questions people ask about meat. For example, it shows why sirloin steak from a 26¢-per-pound steer may cost 85¢ over the counter, and why a meat packer can sell beef for less than he paid for the animal "on the hoof."

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MAGAZINE

The Mumble in the Voice of America

William H. Wells

FIFTY-nine million dollars, that is the amount Congress has finally agreed to give the Department of State to enable the Voice of America to shout the Voice of the Communist party of the U. S. S. R. around the world. This is just for radio. The total for overseas propaganda is 111 million dollars—a lot of money in the eyes of economy-minded Congressmen. It could pay for a great deal of military equipment. Instead it is going to pay for a great deal of talk. Why?

If you lived in Iran, instead of the United States, you would know a part of the answer. Iranians get a half-hour U. S. program daily, part of it, until recently, by relay from the government-controlled station in Teheran. They get four to six hours a day of Communist party programs broadcast from outside Iran. But the difference in time is less important than the fact that Iranians like the programs from the U. S. S. R. better than the American one. The Soviet programs tell them what is going on inside Iran, give news which the government would like to suppress,

and never hesitate to criticize any potentially unpopular move on the part of the Government itself. The “commercials,” Soviet Communist party propaganda, are liberally sandwiched in. In fact, the American advertising principle, “get your audience first, then sell them” has never been more assiduously followed than by the voice of the Communist party of the U. S. S. R.

In plunking down fifty-nine million dollars, however, to get more time and bigger audiences for America's voice, a few congressmen noted one important thing: while it is the programs that attract the audiences, it is the “commercials” that do the selling; and when it comes to them, those of the United States do not seem to have much pulling power. Yet in the various suggestions put forth for getting more punch into America's message not one hinted at the possibility that perhaps the real trouble lay in the fact that, although the United States was vigorously saying, “Don't buy from our competitor,” it was mumbling when it came to the name and virtues of its own product.

From his experience as an advertising man in private enterprise and as an information director in various governmental and international organizations, Mr. Wells has developed this critique of the aims of American foreign propaganda.

Korea (where, after fighting began, the Voice of America was increased from fifteen minutes a day to a half-hour radio broadcast) has presented a hard lesson for anyone inclined to be skeptical of the importance of this battle of words. Words carry ideas. Ideas influence men's actions. And in Korea one-third of a nation was sufficiently influenced to attack the other two-thirds and to keep on attacking in the face of opposition by the world's most powerful nation, the United States, backed by moral support (and even some man power) from a majority of the United Nations.

Looking at the other side of the picture, it is obvious that had Czechoslovakia had the *will* to resist being taken over by the Communist party she would still be on the side of the democracies, since it was clear that the U. S. S. R. did not intend to invade the country and risk immediate war in Europe.

In this multi-million dollar propaganda battle the cost may be high, but the stakes are higher. So far the Soviet Communist party has been winning.

II

THE advantage of democracy over Communist party control seems so obvious to most Americans that they are baffled by the apparent inability of a large number of the world's people to see it at a glance. Unfortunately, they do not. For this reason it may be a good thing, now, before we convert the fifty-nine million dollars into words, to dig down into the roots of the problem and find out why the Voice of America comes through so indistinctly to the ears of the world while the voice of the Soviet Communist party sounds so appealingly clear—and what might be done to reverse this situation.

Let's start by looking at the Communist party itself. The fundamental strength of the Soviet Communist party depends on its ability to remain a *minority* party. To admit a country's entire population into the Communist party is out of the question. It would allow the rise and expression of divergent views within the party itself through the existence of different interests: agricultural *vs.* industrial, producer *vs.* consumer, bureaucracy *vs.* the individual; and the divergence could only lead to decisions taken by a

majority of the people. The solid Communist party membership would break up into factions, producing a multiple-party system, the beginning of democracy, and the end of one-party dictatorship.

This potential threat of divergence within the Communist party itself is more dangerous to the party's power than capitalism can ever be. Divergence is not a threat to the spread of the economic and social principles and practices of communism. These might be adopted, even under another name. But it would mark the end of the *party's* power. That is why in the U. S. S. R. the tremendous effort to persuade everyone to adopt Communist principles or at least practices is not accompanied by an effort to get everyone to join the party. For the party can maintain its power only by remaining a small, compact, single-minded body able to eject from its ranks any divergent members.

All that a Communist party in any country requires is enough members to handle the practical problems of control. Membership beyond this minimum is not only a nuisance but a danger since it means the existence of members whose interests are other than those of control. A very large Communist party membership is impossible to discipline and becomes, as it did in Italy, an actual liability.

For capitalist countries to judge the Communist potential in any country by the extent of party membership leads to entirely false conclusions. The Communist party is not out to win voters to its standard but to gain and keep control. The question to be asked, in any country, is not how *big* is the Communist party, but how effective it is in achieving its ends. In size the only question is: are there enough members to exercise control if they are able to get it?

The revolutionary nature of the party today (whatever it may have been originally) arises from the fact that only through revolutionary means can a minority gain control. It is quite conceivable (and Lenin himself stated) that a country might come to adopt the economic and social system of communism *without* revolution and by the will of the majority. Stalin recently announced that this idea no longer holds. A flat contradiction of Lenin by his pupil Stalin is sufficiently unique to analyze the reason behind it. The answer seems clear: achievement of com-

munism by democratic means, that is, by a decision of the majority, would eliminate the possibility of control centered in the hands of the Communist party. The party would be swallowed up in the whole and the people, not the party, would be in control.

Let's face it, for the Soviet Communist party control is an end in itself, and "communism" as envisioned by Marx has become merely the means to that end. Trotsky recognized this and died because he dared to say so. Tito recognized it and was read out of the party. But unless it is recognized, the foreign policy of such countries as the United States and Britain can become completely confused. Efforts expended in fighting the social and economic *ideals* of communism are largely wasted. These are something which the people of any nation (if we truly believe in self-determination and democracy) must decide for themselves. It is the Communist party and its principle of *minority* control that must be exposed and undermined.

It is the fact that we stand for the right of a people to *choose for themselves* what they shall do and have, rather than to be in the grip of a tyrannical minority which chooses for them, that is our strongest potential asset in the battle of words. We do not take enough advantage of this fact.

III

FOR the United States—now engaged in actual war—has been, and still is, unable to make up its mind whether it is fighting for the preservation of capitalism or of democracy. There is no question that our American ideal is democratic capitalism. But it is equally clear that in the United States democratic capitalism has taken an advanced and enlightened form which has few counterparts elsewhere in the world; that in many other nations capitalism and private property rights connote an exploitation of the many by the few which would be shocking to most Americans; and that for these nations capitalism cannot be the ideal (nor in fact the answer). And these are apt to be the very nations by whose side, or even on whose territory, the United States may have to fight.

In view of this hard, if unpalatable, fact the United States is being forced to an extremely difficult decision: to support democracy, re-

gardless of the outcome, or to support capitalism even if it means letting democracy go by the boards. In Greece the United States tried to straddle. It fought against the establishment of a Communist party dictatorship, and at the same time fostered the return of a monarchy which the Greeks had thrown out years before. It has steadily supported capitalism in Greece, where unenlightened capitalistic practices have been the major contribution to the country's poverty and instability. When America has tried to encourage "controlled capitalism" through threats of withdrawing military or economic aid, the Greek capitalists have stood solidly against any such nonsense, saying in effect, "We'll do as we damn please, and you'll still support us because you'd rather see Greece capitalist than Communist and we won't admit of any alternative."

The principle of supporting democracy (which in practice means government by the majority with equal rights for all) is made all the harder to embrace because it can lead in so many different directions: to the New Deal as in the United States; to socialism as in Britain; even to the tyranny of Nazism as in Germany. Here democracy's own inner paradox becomes apparent: on the one hand faith in the majority of the people to be right, on the other the realization that the majority might turn out to be wrong. This is the nub of the American problem in its efforts to bring democracy to Japan or Germany or Korea—or any other country for that matter. There is the ever-present danger that other people may use their democracies to set up systems which run contrary to American ways of doing things. Try as it will the American government, faced with such an obvious risk, cannot bring itself to go whole-hog for democracy as its objective and world ideal.

UNCOMFORTABLY spiked on this dilemma, we have been unable to take or to project a propaganda line that can stand up against the sharp single-mindedness of Communist party propaganda. The current Voice of America line under which the United States is countering lies with the truth about American life, is feeble to most of those who hear it. An account of how county government works in the United States, or of how the women of an American town worked

to promote child health, is meaningless to people for whom the conditions of life are utterly different, and who want to know how *they* can escape from poverty and misery. The question is: what is the U. S. offering, in actions, not words, that has a stronger appeal to masses of poverty-ridden people than whatever the Communist party is offering? At present the U. S. is offering individual freedom, the *status quo* for private property and enterprise, and the right of everyone to have a voice in the government *provided* this does not mean upsetting either private property or private enterprise.

It is this awkward attempt to ride both horses—free democracy and protected capitalism, so natural a team to the people of the United States but so incompatible to the people of many other non-Communist nations—that leads to the mumble in America's foreign propaganda voice. It is not the Communist party's superior number of broadcasting stations but the appeal of what is broadcast over them that provides its superior force. In Korea, for example, the Communists offered land for the landless; the United States, unwilling to countenance the expropriation of property, held out no such practical benefits. In the face of this fact it is even conceivable that the average South Korean today may wonder whether he has not lost more in being defended by the Americans than he would have lost in submitting to the Korean Communists.

While it is perfectly clear that the Communist party neither will, nor wishes to, win control by elections, but insists upon winning control by force, it is equally clear that this control has brought actual improvements in the life of the *lowest* economic stratum. In countries where the majority of the people, as in China, are to be found in this stratum, any fool can see that the "protection of private property" is unimportant to them when compared with the possession of any property at all.

What can the United States offer to such people beyond its willingness to defend them against invasion by a foreign power? What can it do beyond supporting the *status quo* with force against Communist civil war or revolution in countries now controlled by capitalist minorities? Economic aid has been a sound answer in democratic countries with

a large middle class. But it is no answer at all in countries where such aid enriches a small group out of all proportion to its benefits for the people as a whole, as it did in China and is doing in Greece.

THE Communists have two great advantages: first, the existence in each country of an active branch of the party; second, the fact that there are a great many people whom communism will benefit materially (regardless of its disadvantages).

It is on these two points that the United States is weak. For it cannot (or believes it should not) set up or support a pro-United States, pro-democracy party in any country not already Communist. And as a supporter of the *status quo* in private enterprise it cannot actively support revolution, reform, or even change designed to benefit the lowest stratum of the people at the expense of either a capitalist or landholding minority.

In Iran an active, anti-Communist reform party organized and backed by the U. S. would be a potent force. It would be extremely unpopular with the government's Iranian capitalist supporters, because any reform program, even an adequate income tax similar to ours, no matter how much it benefited the people and the country as a whole, would lessen existing individual power, privilege, and wealth. But it would be popular with the majority of the Iranian people. Yet we cannot back a reform program so long as we insist that the people must be benefited through the local processes of capitalism or not at all.

Thus the United States vis-à-vis the U. S. S. R. finds itself with no international program which has a strong appeal for the masses and no international party with national branches through which to act. To a large portion of the earth's population who are justifiably dissatisfied with the conditions under which they live, the United States is saying: "Don't take communism." To which the local Communist party opposes the simple question: "What can you get that's better?" The standard U. S. answer, "Democracy with capitalism," invokes no response in those who have no knowledge of the sort of twentieth-century democratic capitalism which we have developed here, and no chance of achieving it for generations, and who know capitalism

only as a semi-feudal means of enriching a few people, not as a basis for national development.

AT THIS point exasperated Americans may ask: "Well, what the hell *do* these people want?" The right question however is: "What do they need?" The question is not: "What do they need from *us*?" Nor can it be answered with typical American surveys which show a need for so much agriculture, so many miles of roads, so many steel mills, etc. The basic question is: what kind of political, economic, and social *system* does a particular country need in order to make its development possible? It is going to be difficult for Americans to arrive honestly at the answers without being influenced by the secret hope that they will add up in any country to "democracy with capitalism."

There is no question that the world needs governments which will benefit all their people and will live in peace and co-operation with other nations. Since it is doubtful whether Communist governments do the first and obvious that they do *not* do the second, this form of government is unacceptable.

But any other system from socialism to patriarchy, provided the governing class can never acquire or hold power independently of the will of the people, *can* be acceptable.

The principle "for the good of the people, with the free consent of the people" can be applied with equal conviction in mystically religious Tibet or semi-socialist Austria, with a clear understanding that "good" means what the people of their country consider good, not what the United States considers good for them.

A policy like this leads inevitably to the one thing the United States, officially at least, has always shrunk from doing (except to a limited extent through the OSS in World War II): taking an active part in the political affairs of other nations—the very field in which the Communist party is most active. The Communist party uses its organized minorities to work from the inside. It can only be fought from the inside, with full knowledge that the ultimate goal, a better life for all the people, may be bitterly opposed by the government in power, the local capitalists, or both.

THE mumble in the Voice of America does not come from Soviet jamming of American broadcasts. It comes from the fact that America does not know what to say. Add to this the American belief ("We've got to sell democracy") that confuses international propaganda with peddling soap; and the unwillingness to play an active role in the political affairs of other nations—the result is the most muddled, well-intentioned, but inept campaign of propaganda ever carried on by a great nation—in an attempt to counter the most clear-headed, hard-hitting, and well-organized campaign the world has ever experienced, the propaganda of the Communist party of the U. S. S. R.

Recently a writer in the *New York Times* pointed out the possibility that a free Korea could of its own volition decide to go Communist. Certainly the government of South Korea was widely disliked. But it is important to distinguish between the democratic form of government, which was popular, and the governing officials, who were not. Power grabbing and exploitation among the latter in any country (or their subservience to a minority) are regularly seized upon by the Communist party to discredit democracy itself. America's "tut tut, naughty, naughty!" attitude toward corruption in officially friendly democracies is heartbreaking. In postwar China the United States finally refused to support a corrupt government; *but it failed to support anybody else*. American protestations of undying friendship for the people of China were empty of any tangible plan or even hope. They left a vacuum that literally sucked in Communist control.

If the United States is not to fight anti-Communist wars in vain the Voice of America will have to stop mumbling. And the new voice will have to be backed by the kind of action that convinces the people of other nations that the United States not only talks about a better life for all the people but is willing to help them get it, even if this brings screams of anguish from a nation's entrenched interests, political or pecuniary. When, in the ears of any nation, the Voice of America also broadcasts the voice of that nation's majority, with an understanding of *their* needs and aspirations, it will sound as clear as a bell no matter how much the Soviets may jam it.

Stalin's Target for Tomorrow

Romney Wheeler

IT IS urgent that Moscow's aims in Asia be weighed, at least insofar as Western knowledge and perception will permit. Agreed that no one can read Stalin's mind. Agreed that no one can forecast exactly the calculations of an aggressor's logic. Yet there can be little doubt of Russia's ultimate intent. Regardless of the immediate course of events, the Kremlin's major target in Asia must be Japan.

That is not to say that Moscow envisages armed invasion of Japan. Military conquest would ill suit Russian hopes. For to draw Japan, ultimately, into the orbit of Soviet influence, conquest must be accomplished from within. To this end, the Kremlin planners can afford to play a waiting game.

Japan indeed is desirable. She is the industrial heart of East Asia. Given raw materials and exploited—as the Soviet Union invariably exploits satellites—Japan would be an enormous factor in future Communist aggression. Moreover, if communism should gain control of Japan's pliant millions, Russia would stand to achieve a century's ambition, that is, total exclusion of the Western Powers from East Asia.

What, then, are communism's chances? What are the eventual political prospects of this once-great nation of 84 million people, whose islands now are part of our anti-Communist defense line in the Far Pacific?

FOR many Americans, bemused by MacArthurian visions of Japanese democracy, the idea of Communist conquest of Japan may seem remote and academic. This is unfortunate—because it is neither remote nor academic. It is, indeed, a real and present danger in which time is of the essence. For in time will come critical pressure from Japan's fantastically-expanding population, with a grave prospect of the sort of economic chaos and human misery on which communism thrives.

There is every reason why Moscow should take a long-range view. As the Kremlin unquestionably sees it, unless non-Communist democracy can provide the Japanese at least with a minimum standard of living—with the bare necessities of food, clothing, and a roof overhead—they will turn to the only other alternative: Asiatic communism. • And the Communist strategy, of course, is appeal to self-interest.

To this end, Japanese Communists are trading on old and exceedingly reliable propaganda: anti-Americanism on one hand, and pan-Asianism on the other. In a country defeated largely by Americans and occupied for five years principally by Americans, it is no great trick to encourage resentment. It is no trick, either, to revive Japan's old aspirations and her convictions that she is destined to lead Asia.

From 1948 to 1950 Mr. Wheeler was attached to General MacArthur's civilian staff in Tokyo, where he had unusual opportunity to observe Japanese life. He is an experienced correspondent and now heads the London Bureau of NBC.

"There is nothing wrong with Asiatic Co-Prosperity," the Communists argue deftly. "It was just mishandled by the militarists. After all, we are an Asiatic people. Look around you! All Asia is going Communist. If we are to exist without American dole, we must come to terms with the rest of Asia. Our future lies in Communist Co-Prosperity!"

To many Japanese—even Japanese who definitely are non-Communist—this argument seems logical. It also has emotional appeal among a people who always has been highly nationalistic.

It is interesting, and certainly significant, that communism made its most rapid advance in Japan during 1950, beginning in January when its leaders abandoned their attacks on Japan's government and went over to outspoken criticism of the Allied Occupation. Actually, the appeal to anti-Americanism gathered momentum so rapidly that even the Communists were astonished. Non-Communist politicians quickly jumped on the bandwagon—although discreetly—and by May of 1950 Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida himself was telling election campaign crowds in rural Japan that there must be a rebirth of Japanese "patriotism" (*i.e.*, nationalism) and that Japan should refuse America military bases in her home islands.

Communist anti-Americanism took more direct forms. On May Day, 1950, Communist marchers demonstrated openly for the first time in front of Occupation office buildings in downtown Tokyo, shouting insults and waving banners telling Americans, "Go Home!" Within a month, on May 30—American Memorial Day—uniformed American soldiers were set upon for the first time by a hostile crowd and were beaten, kicked, and stoned. The incident took place in Tokyo, hardly a block from General MacArthur's personal headquarters.

Americans were stunned—not so much by the incident itself as by the fact that Japanese Communists suddenly felt big enough and tough enough to fight. Communists were jubilant. Non-Communists were disturbed. But there were other feelings, too. One Japanese editor summed it up like this: "Suppose," he said, "that by some accident Japan had won the war and occupied America. Suppose, after nearly five years, Americans had knocked down some of our Japanese soldiers

in Times Square, New York. What would your reaction have been?"

Developments were swift. Eight Communists were tried by a military court, convicted of violence against Occupation troops, and sentenced to terms up to ten years in jail. A 1946 "purge" law, originally aimed at militarists, was exhumed to bar the entire Communist high command from public life. The Communist newspaper, *Akahata* (*Red Banner*), was suspended for anti-American diatribes, and later was suppressed permanently along with all other Communist periodicals in Japan.

Viewed in the perspective of their relation to events in Korea, these developments were disturbing. For more than four years we had been calling Japan a peaceful oasis in the Cold War. General MacArthur himself had said that communism was beaten; had spoken as late as May 3, 1950, of communism's "shattered remnants" in Japan. Now, abruptly, we acknowledged that communism was an immediate and actionable threat.

II

ESSENTIALLY, the question is not whether Japan will go Communist today, or next month, or even next year. It is a question of where Japan will go three, five, or even ten years hence, when the awful pinch of too many people becomes the overriding problem.

Probably one of the most disconcerting aspects of our Occupation has been our unwillingness to come to grips with the problem of overpopulation. It is the nub of Japan's economic and political dilemma, yet General MacArthur placed the question "Off Limits" to the Occupation. For political and religious reasons it was regarded as too hot to handle.

Thus, while we suggest that Japan might become "the Switzerland of the Far East," we are ignoring the fact that her 84 million people now are jammed into an area smaller than the state of California, and that this number is increasing at the frightening rate of 1,800,000 a year—or more than five thousand a day.

Part and parcel of the population problem is the matter of unemployment. In spite of optimistic Headquarters statements and statistical reports on Japan's production, it is a fact that unemployment has been gaining.

On one hand the labor force is rising at the rate of about 100,000 a month, as young people come of age to work. On the other, industry has had to "rationalize" production and cut costs by laying off workers because higher wage-scales have outmoded the old Japanese practice of hiring three men for the work of one.

Formerly, displaced city workers could be absorbed on the farms. But the farms now have reached a saturation point, too. Indeed, the trend has been in the opposite direction, with rural workers looking for jobs in the cities. Thus, in spite of a Korean War boom, Japan's actual unemployment has hovered between two million and 2,500,000.

(In Japan, actual unemployment must be distinguished from statistical unemployment, because the latter counts only those who register at government employment offices or apply for public assistance. Statistical reports ignore those—and they are the majority—who fall back on the Japanese family system and become unpaid workers in a shop or enterprise of some relative, while they look for new employment.)

THE Communists, of course, have capitalized on this distress. During the spring of 1950, Communist-inspired "Give-Us-Work" demonstrations occurred with increasing frequency in all parts of Japan. And—significantly—where the Communists previously campaigned for higher wages, their labor organizers now are crying for share-the-work plans to avoid layoffs.

Unhappily, there is little prospect for improvement. The pressure of Japan's population goes on and on. MacArthur's economists—while prudently refraining from comment—forecast that within the next two decades Japan must create not less than 8,500,000 *new jobs* to take care of her oversupply of workers. This doesn't mean that there will be just 8,500,000 more people. There will be many more than that—some 23 million in fact. It does mean, in simple terms, that there will be 8,500,000 more Japanese who will need wages . . . not only for their own support, but for other millions dependent upon them.

Thoughtful Japanese recognize this problem but are doing little to help solve it. A recent public-opinion poll showed that 64 per cent of Japan's adult population never has

practiced birth control and has no intention of doing so. The most popular panacea is talk of emigration—shrugging off the fact that no area on earth is in a position to accept fifty Japanese a day, let alone five thousand!

Our own determination to avoid the population problem has sometimes been a source of wonder. For instance, Dr. Edward Ackerman of the University of Chicago spent two years on an exhaustive study of Japan's natural resources. The job was done at the request of MacArthur's headquarters, and at U. S. government expense. In his report, Dr. Ackerman said bluntly that unless outside aid was to be continued indefinitely, Japan must limit her population or accept the political and economic consequences of a starvation living standard.

Only fifty-seven copies of the Ackerman report were distributed. Then the storm broke. Opponents of birth control—who had read only press reports—assailed the Occupation for sanctioning such comments. They demanded, and (as they were Americans) got, immediate suppression of the report. The remaining 2,443 copies, including five hundred intended for the Congress of the United States, were hastily impounded and locked in a Tokyo vault. Lieutenant Colonel Hubert G. Schenk, chief of the Natural Resources Section, got a stinging reprimand from MacArthur's Chief of Staff for having "embarrassed" the Commander-in-Chief. Moreover, he was ordered to tear out all offending pages, including his own foreword which contained a sentence that: "Japan is a nation of too many people on too little land, and its most serious economic and social problems stem directly from this condition."

All references to family limitation—even chart explanations—were ordered deleted.

The tragic absurdity of the whole affair lay in the fact that identical information, apparently abstracted in advance from the Ackerman report, had been published without notice three months earlier among statistical reports of MacArthur's Economic and Scientific Section.

III

WHAT the Japanese Communists lack in numbers they make up in activity—sometimes with startling results. Nu-

merically, the Communist party of Japan is not alarmingly large. It has perhaps 200,000 avowed members, plus another 200,000 active fellow-travelers. But in Japan's 1949 election of representatives for the National Diet, the party polled three million votes. Thus it is demonstrated that communism can win at least temporary support among Japan's politically uncertain voters when it capitalizes on popular discontent and clever propaganda.

The dangerous thing about Japanese communism—and the thing that we should never forget—is the effectiveness of its tight, well-disciplined party organization. There is no comparable counteractivity anywhere in the non-Communist political groups.

This absence of a vigorous opposition is due largely to the fact that, with the exception of the Communists, Japan's political parties bear little resemblance to such organizations in America, or Great Britain, or other Western democracies. In Japan, each party is built around a single, powerful boss or leader. Each has its inner circle of lieutenants. These, in turn, have their own followers who owe secondary loyalty to the boss. On a working level they deal with labor bosses and ex-land-owners for votes on election day. The relationship continues to be feudal.

With the exception of the Communists, there are no active ward organizations; there is no enlistment of the individual voters. Indeed, there is no effort to keep contact with the electorate at all. Political parties split, merge, split again, and change labels without ever holding a convention or consulting the rank-and-file. In contrast, the Communists utilize all the Marxist techniques, with councils, action-committees, shock-brigades for emergency jobs, and other propaganda trap-pings. The extent of Communist activity, at grassroots level, certainly is no secret. In the rural areas particularly, it is a source of real anxiety.

For example, at the beginning of 1950, Japan's Attorney General reported that the country's five major political parties listed 6,483 affiliates. *Of these 4,231 were registered as Communist.* Moreover, reported the Attorney General, of 3,629 known Communist "cells," a total of 2,750 were in the farm districts. Thus, in 1950, three-fourths of all known cells were being thrown into communism's efforts to win Japan's farmers.

Whether the Communists, eventually, can succeed in gaining substantial farm support, only time will tell. General MacArthur has expressed conviction to the contrary, basing his belief on Occupation-sponsored land reform.

"Millions of farmers, who for the first time own their little farms, will fight for their land as our own farmers would fight," he said recently.

It is to be hoped that this is so. Certainly, for the present, there is no indication that the Japanese farmer or his family are making haste to join the Communist party, or that they adhere to its principles. The danger lies in the almost complete absence of political opposition to communism in the rural areas. This lack of non-Communist activity was noted as much as two years ago by Dr. Arthur Raper of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in a detailed study of rural Japan.

In 1948, Dr. Raper made a survey of twenty selected farm villages. In all but three of them, reported this American expert, there were active Communist organizations. In not a single village did he find a non-Communist political group. One year later he returned for another survey. There were many Occupation-wrought improvements and innovations—but politically the situation was unchanged.

Thus the Communists are left free to capitalize on many bitter resentments in the rural areas; resentments that include unfair taxation, anxiety over falling rice prices, retroactive doubling of rent on rice paddies back to November 1948; the collapse of Japan's new socialized medicine program, which is going into debt at the rate of \$300,000 a month; and financial distress of many newly-organized farm co-operatives, which defaulted on promises of 1950 crop loans.

IN the field of labor, the Communists unquestionably have suffered severe setbacks. At the beginning of the Occupation—when labor leadership was being encouraged, regardless of its political hue—Communists and Communist-sympathizers gained control of many of Japan's new labor unions. They lost favor, however, after MacArthur cracked down on general strikes and forbade demonstrations that might threaten public order. Their hold on the big transport and

public-utility unions finally was broken by legislation prohibiting strikes by public employees. Thereafter, one after another of the major unions rallied anti-Communist strength to dislodge Red leadership.

Nevertheless, it is well to keep two points in mind. First, that it was MacArthur, with the unqualified authority of the Occupation, who blocked Leftist actions which inevitably would have led to a bloody showdown with the Japanese government. Second, that while Red factions in the big labor unions have suffered setbacks, they have not suffered total defeat. Unless moderate, non-Communist leadership is able to solve the pressing problems of work and wages, a resurgence is not unlikely.

A peculiar aspect of the Communist struggle in Japan is apparent support by Japanese capitalists—men seemingly hedging against the future just as Germany's industrialists hedged with Hitler in the nineteen-thirties.

In March 1950, the National Election Supervision Committee reported that the Communist party of Japan had received contributions totaling 112.8 million yen in 1949. This was *three times* as much financial backing as Prime Minister Yoshida's dominant conservative party (mis-named "Liberal"), *and twice as much as all other major political parties of Japan combined.*

In this connection, Japan's Kyodo News Service reported that if receipts of local district committees were included, the Communist party's total income for 1949 exceeded 150 million yen, or an equivalent of \$416,000. If we bear in mind that the monthly wage of the average Japanese is less than \$40, it is clear that this represents a gigantic, tax-free war chest which obviously could not have come from rank-and-file Communists in Japan.

IV

IN ADDING up communism's—and thus Soviet Russia's—long-range prospects, we need to make a rather searching appraisal of our own record of Occupation. It is true that we have made drastic changes in the political, economic, and social fabric of Japan. We gave Japan a new national constitution, new laws, new courts, a new system of education, new labor standards—in short, an

entirely new way of life patterned largely on our own.

There is no question about the merits of that way of life, as applied to Western civilization. But whether we can superimpose it successfully on an Asiatic culture that has endured a thousand years; whether we can reshape the entire thought patterns and sense of values of an ancient people by arbitrary directives over a short period of five years, is something else again. We may find that instead of a new way of life, we have succeeded in giving the Japanese only a severe trauma.

Many of our reforms have been more idealistic than practical. For example, we gave the Japanese a new constitution renouncing war forever more. General MacArthur called this document "a product of enlightened Japanese thought." Yet it is a fact that it was entirely the product of MacArthur's Government Section, and that the renunciation of war was written in, personally, by MacArthur. The Japanese are well aware of this, and all too well aware that an unarmed Japan would be gobbled up by communism the moment American armed forces withdrew.

One thought pattern that persists among the Japanese is a respect for force. The average Japanese is tremendously impressed by Communist success in continental Asia. And while he has been impressed also by United Nations countermeasures in Korea, he is deeply aware that—come what may—he probably will have to live with this Asiatic communism indefinitely in the future.

There also is an awareness, particularly among Japanese business men and industrialists, that while the Occupation has succeeded in rebuilding much of Japan's productive capacity, it has failed to solve her basic economic dilemma. In spite of increased production, Japan is finding it harder and harder to sell her exports, because rising costs at home and devaluation of currencies abroad have largely priced her out of the international market. Only in cotton textiles is Japan still able to compete with advantage.

Yet, like England, the Japanese must export or starve. Even with reckless expenditure of manpower and super-efficient use of every arable acre, they can produce only 80 per cent of their minimum food requirements. And where they were able to buy food and raw materials before the war from Japan's em-

pire, with their own currency, they now must pay in dollars and sterling, or other foreign money.

THERE is the pinch. Without external help such as now is being given by her benevolent conqueror—at the rate of about \$250,000,000 a year—Japan faces disaster. Day by day, her population keeps on growing. Today there are 84 million Japanese. By 1955—even if the present rate of increase should somehow be cut by one-third—there will be at least 90 million. Ten years from now, Japan will be jammed with more than 95 million; and by 1970 there will be at least 107 million treading on one another.

These are not figures pulled out of a hat. They are the statistical forecast of MacArthur's experts and the Japanese Welfare Ministry . . . with a pious hope that 1949's population increase of 1,781,500 can be reduced to around 1,200,000 a year.

Meanwhile, Japan's working population—the so-called "labor force"—goes on growing too, at the rate of more than a million a year. No amount of birth control can change this, because the men and women who will be demanding jobs in the next twenty years already are born. By 1970, Japan will have more than 50 million would-be workers competing for jobs.

Perhaps it is not an oversimplification to say that here is Japan's fundamental problem, the solution of which will determine whether or not Moscow wins its waiting game. Democratic teachings and democratic ways of life are important, but in the end the decisive question will be whether our brand of democracy can guarantee Jiro Watanabe, Japan's man-in-the-street, an existence better than starvation.

Certainly, one of the most encouraging recent developments has been the announce-

ment of imminent Allied discussions of a Japanese peace treaty—with or without participation of Soviet Russia. It is important, indeed it is indispensable, that Japan receive back her sovereignty and especially her freedom in determining her own fiscal, economic, and internal political policies.

This is not to say that Japan should ever again be allowed to become an international menace. On the other hand, she is entitled to expect sympathetic and thoughtful co-operation from the West in working out her own salvation—and this must include freedom to readjust her social and economic fabric to the requirements of her Asiatic habitat. For arbitrary insistence on preservation of all aspects of the New Way of Life we have imposed on Japan—regardless of whether she can afford them or absorb them—would only play into Communist hands. Democracy is essential, but it must be a *Japanese* democracy—not a balloon-tired, self-shifting, super-powered model marked "Made in U.S.A."

ECONOMICALLY, the road ahead for Japan is dark, but emphatically not impossible. Given continued American assistance for at least five more years, given technical aid where needed, and above all, given freedom to trade freely with Asia, she has every prospect of being able to expand her export industries to absorb her mounting labor force.

There is nothing lazy or indolent about the Japanese. Given the chance, given their freedom from the incredible dead weight of Occupation controls, they will work hard for their own future. And if it is clearly to their self-interest to be on the side of the non-Communist world; if they can be encouraged, in their own sphere, to give non-Communist leadership to Asia, then Moscow's gamble will be lost.



Cyclists' Raid

A Story by Frank Rooney

Drawings by David Berger

JOEL Bleeker, owner and operator of the Pendleton Hotel, was adjusting the old redwood clock in the lobby when he heard the sound of the motors. At first he thought it might be one of those four-engine planes on the flights from Los Angeles to San Francisco which occasionally got far enough off course to be heard in the valley. And for a moment, braced against the steadily approaching vibrations of the sound, he had the fantastic notion that the plane was going to strike the hotel. He even glanced at his daughter, Cathy, standing a few feet to his right and staring curiously at the street.

Then with his fingers still on the hour hand of the clock he realized that the sound was not something coming down from the air but the high, sputtering racket of many vehicles moving along the ground. Cathy and Bret Timmons, who owned one of the two drug-stores in the town, went out onto the veranda but Bleeker stayed by the clock, consulting the railroad watch he pulled from his vest pocket and moving the hour hand on the clock forward a minute and a half. He stepped back deliberately, shut the glass case and looked at the huge brass numbers and the two ornate brass pointers. It was eight minutes after seven, approximately twenty-two minutes until sundown. He put the railroad

watch back in his pocket and walked slowly and incuriously through the open doors of the lobby. He was methodical and orderly and the small things he did every day—like setting the clock—were important to him. He was not to be hurried—especially by something as elusively irritating as a sound, however unusual.

THERE were only three people on the veranda when Bleeker came out of the lobby—his daughter Cathy, Timmons, and Francis LaSalle, co-owner of LaSalle and Fleet, Hardware. They stood together quietly, looking, without appearing to stare, at a long stern column of red motorcycles coming from the south, filling the single main street of the town with the noise of a multitude of pistons and the crackling of exhaust pipes. They could see now that the column was led by a single white motorcycle which when it came abreast of the hotel turned abruptly right and stopped. They saw too that the column without seeming to slow down or to execute any elaborate movement had divided itself into two single files. At the approximate second, having received a signal from their leader, they also turned right and stopped.

The whole flanking action, singularly neat and quite like the various vehicular forma-

tions he remembered in the Army, was distasteful to Bleeker. It recalled a little too readily his tenure as a lieutenant colonel overseas in England, France, and finally Germany.

"Mr. Bleeker?"

Bleeker realized the whole troop—no one in the town either then or after that night was ever agreed on the exact number of men in the troop—had dismounted and that the leader was addressing him.

"I'm Bleeker." Although he hadn't intended to, he stepped forward when he spoke, much as he had stepped forward in the years when he commanded a battalion.

"I'm Gar Simpson and this is Troop B of the Angeleno Motorcycle Club," the leader said. He was a tall, spare man and his voice was coldly courteous to the point of mockery. "We expect to bivouac outside your town tonight and we wondered if we might use the facilities of your hotel. Of course, sir, we'll pay."

"There's a washroom downstairs. If you can put up with that—"

"That will be fine, sir. Is the dining room still open?"

"It is."

"Could you take care of twenty men?"

"What about the others?"

"They can be accommodated elsewhere, sir."

Simpson saluted casually and, turning to the men assembled stiffly in front of the hotel, issued a few quiet orders. Quickly and efficiently, the men in the troop parked their motorcycles at the curb. About a third of the group detached itself and came deferentially but steadily up the hotel steps. They passed Bleeker who found himself maneuvered aside and went into the lobby. As they passed him, Bleeker could see the slight converted movement of their faces—though not their eyes, which were covered by large green goggles—toward his daughter Cathy. Bleeker frowned after them but before he could think of anything to say, Simpson, standing now at his left, touched his arm.

"I've divided the others into two groups," he said quietly. "One group will eat at the diner and the other at the Desert Hotel."

"Very good," Bleeker said. "You evidently know the town like a book. The people too. Have you ever been here before?"

"We have a map of all the towns in this

part of California, sir. And of course we know the names of all the principal hotels and their proprietors. Personally, I could use a drink. Would you join me?"

"After you," Bleeker said.

He stood watching Simpson stride into the lobby and without any hesitation go directly to the bar. Then he turned to Cathy, seeing Timmons and LaSalle lounging on the railing behind her, their faces already indistinct in the plummeting California twilight.

"You go help in the kitchen, Cathy," Bleeker said. "I think it'd be better if you didn't wait on tables."

"I wonder what they look like behind those goggles," Cathy said.

"Like anybody else," Timmons said. He was about thirty, somewhat coarse and intolerant and a little embarrassed at being in love with a girl as young as Cathy. "Where did you think they came from? Mars?"

"What did they say the name of their club was?" Cathy said.

"Angeleno," LaSalle said.

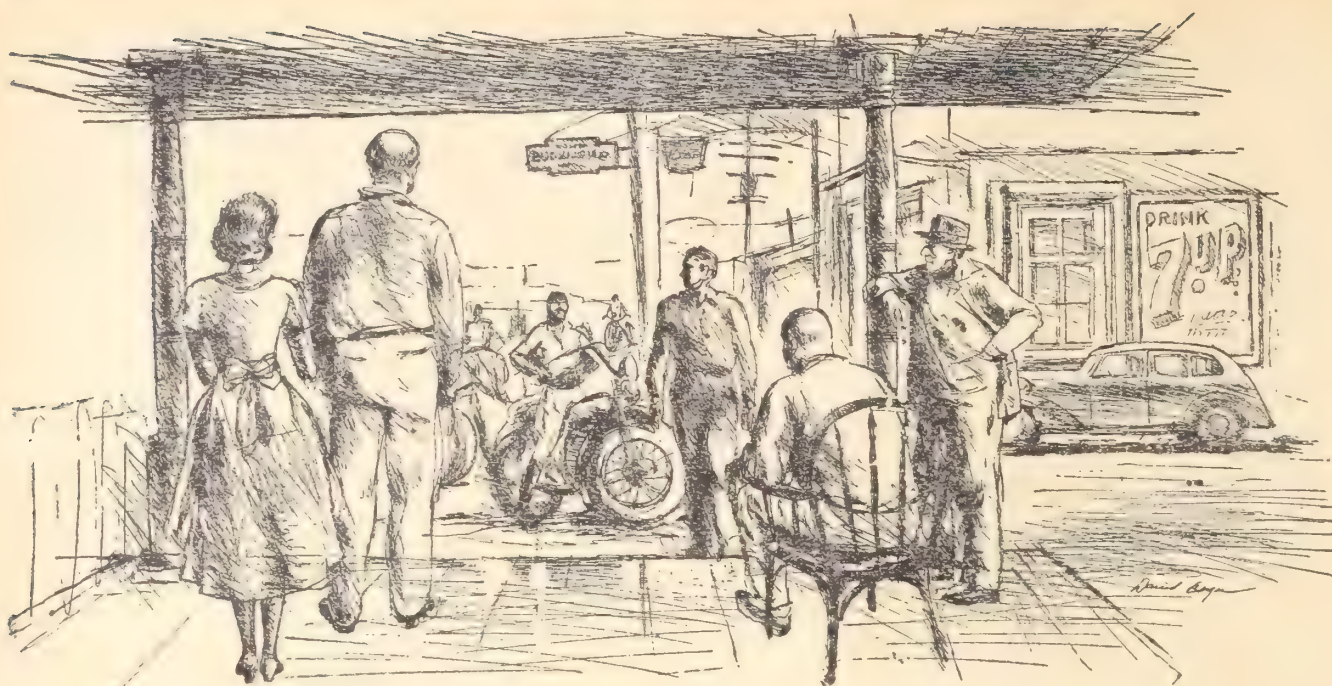
"They must be from Los Angeles. Heigho. Shall I wear my very best gingham, citizen colonel?"

"Remember now—you stay in the kitchen," Bleeker said.

He watched her walk into the lobby, a tall slender girl of seventeen, pretty and enigmatic, with something of the brittle independence of her mother. Bleeker remembered suddenly, although he tried not to, the way her mother had walked away from him that frosty January morning two years ago saying, "I'm going for a ride." And then the two-day search in the mountains after the horse had come back alone and the finding of her body—the neck broken—in the stream at the foot of the cliff. During the war he had never really believed that he would live to get back to Cathy's mother and after the war he hadn't really believed he would be separated from her—not again—not twice in so short a time.

SHAKING his head—as if by that motion he could shed his memories as easily as a dog sheds water—Bleeker went in to join Gar Simpson who was sitting at a table in the barroom. Simpson stood politely when Bleeker took the opposite chair.

"How long do you fellows plan to stay?" Bleeker asked. He took the first sip of his



drink, looked up, and stared at Simpson.

"Tonight and tomorrow morning," Simpson said.

Like all the others he was dressed in a brown windbreaker, khaki shirt, khaki pants, and as Bleeker had previously observed wore dark calf-length boots. A cloth and leather helmet lay on the table beside Simpson's drink, but he hadn't removed his flat green goggles, an accouterment giving him and the men in his troop the appearance of some tropical tribe with enormous semi-precious eyes, lidless and immovable. That was Bleeker's first impression and, absurd as it was, it didn't seem an exaggeration of fancy but of truth.

"Where do you go after this?"

"North." Simpson took a rolled map from a binocular case slung over his shoulder and spread it on the table. "Roughly we're following the arc of an ellipse with its southern tip based on Los Angeles and its northern end touching Fresno."

"Pretty ambitious for a motorcycle club."

"We have a month," Simpson said. "This is our first week but we're in no hurry and we're out to see plenty of country."

"What are you interested in mainly?"

"Roads. Naturally, being a motorcycle club—you'd be surprised at the rate we're expanding—we'd like to have as much of California as possible opened up to us."

"I see."

"Keeps the boys fit too. The youth of America. Our hope for the future." Simpson pulled sternly at his drink and Bleeker had the impression that Simpson was repressing, openly, and with pride, a vast sparkling ecstasy.

BLEEKER sat and watched the young men in the troop file upstairs from the public washroom and stroll casually but nevertheless with discipline into the dining room. They had removed their helmets and strapped them to their belts, each helmet in a prescribed position to the left of the belt-buckle but—like Simpson—they had retained their goggles. Bleeker wondered if they ever removed the goggles long enough to wash under them and, if they did, what the flesh under them looked like.

"I think I'd better help out at the tables," Bleeker said. He stood up and Simpson stood with him. "You say you're from Troop B? Is that right?"

"Correct. We're forming Troop G now. Someday—"

"You'll be up to Z," Bleeker said.

"And not only in California."

"Where else for instance?"

"Nevada—Arizona—Colorado—Wyoming."

Simpson smiled and Bleeker, turning away from him abruptly, went into the dining room where he began to help the two waitresses at the tables. He filled water glasses, set

out extra forks, and brought steins of beer from the bar. As he served the troop, their polite thank yous, ornate and insincere, irritated him. It reminded him of tricks taught to animals, the animals only being allowed to perform under certain obvious conditions of security. And he didn't like the cool way they stared at the two waitresses, both older women and fixtures in the town and then leaned their heads together as if every individual thought had to be pooled and divided equally among them. He admitted, after some covert study, that the twenty men were really only variations of one, the variations, with few exceptions, being too subtle for him to recognize and differentiate. It was the goggles, he decided, covering that part of the face which is most noteworthy and most needful for identification—the eyes and the mask around the eyes.

Bleeker went into the kitchen, pretending to help but really to be near Cathy. The protective father, he thought ironically, watching his daughter cut pie and lay the various colored wedges on the white blue-bordered plates.

"Well, Daddy, what's the verdict?" Cathy looked extremely grave but he could see that she was amused.

"They're a fine body of men."

"Uh-huh. Have you called the police yet?"

He laughed. "It's a good thing you don't play poker."

"Child's play." She slid the last piece of blueberry pie on a plate. "I saw you through the door. You looked like you were ready to crack the Siegfried line—single-handed."

"That man Simpson."

"What about him?"

"Why don't you go upstairs and read a book or something?"

"Now, Daddy—you're the only professional here. They're just acting like little tin soldiers out on a spree."

"I wish to God they were made of tin."

"All right. I'll keep away from them. I promise." She made a gesture of crossing her throat with the thin edge of a knife. He leaned over and kissed her forehead, his hand feeling awkward and stern on her back.

After dinner the troop went into the bar, moving with a strange co-ordinated fluency that was both casual and military and sat jealously together in one corner of the room.

Bleeker served them pitchers of beer and for the most part they talked quietly together, Simpson at their center, their voices guarded and urgent as if they possessed information which couldn't be disseminated safely among the public.

Bleeker left them after a while and went upstairs to his daughter's room. He wasn't used to being severe with Cathy and he was a little embarrassed by what he had said to her in the kitchen. She was turning the collars of some of his old shirts, using a portable sewing machine he had bought her as a present on her last birthday. As he came in she held one of the shirts comically to the floor lamp and he could see how thin and transparent the material was. Her mother's economy in small things, almost absurd when compared to her limitless generosity in matters of importance, had been one of the family jokes. It gave him an extraordinary sense of pleasure, so pure it was like a sudden inhalation of oxygen, to see that his daughter had not only inherited this tradition but had considered it meaningful enough to carry on. He went down the hall to his own room without saying anything further to her. Cathy was what he himself was in terms which could mean absolutely nothing to anyone else.

HE HAD been in his room for perhaps an hour, working on the hotel accounts and thinking obliquely of the man Simpson, when he heard, faintly and apparently coming from no one direction, the sound of singing. He got up and walked to the windows overlooking the street. Standing there, he thought he could fix the sound farther up the block toward Cunningham's bar. Except for something harsh and mature in the voices it was the kind of singing that might be heard around a Boy Scout campfire, more rhythmic than melodic and more stirring than tuneful. And then he could hear it almost under his feet, coming out of the hotel lobby and making three or four people on the street turn and smile foolishly toward the doors of the veranda.

Oppressed by something sternly joyous in the voices, Bleeker went downstairs to the bar, hearing as he approached the singing become louder and fuller. Outside of Simpson and the twenty men in the troop there were only three townsmen—including LaSalle—in

the bar. Simpson, seeing Bleeker in the door, got up and walked over to him, moving him out into the lobby where they could talk.

"I hope the boys aren't disturbing you," he said.

"It's early," Bleeker said.

"In an organization as large and selective as ours it's absolutely necessary to insist on a measure of discipline. And it's equally necessary to allow a certain amount of relaxation."

"The key word is selective, I suppose."

"We have our standards," Simpson said primly.

"May I ask just what the hell your standards are?"

Simpson smiled. "I don't quite understand your irritation, Mr. Bleeker."

"This is an all-year-round thing, isn't it? This club of yours?"

"Yes."

"And you have an all-year-round job with the club?"

"Of course."

"That's my objection, Simpson. Briefly and simply stated, what you're running is a private

army." Bleeker tapped the case slung over Simpson's shoulder. "Complete with maps, all sorts of local information, and of course a lobby in Sacramento."

"For a man who has traveled as widely as you have, Mr. Bleeker, you display an uncommon talent for exaggeration."

"As long as you behave yourselves I don't care what you do. This is a small town and we don't have many means of entertainment. We go to bed at a decent hour and I suggest you take that into consideration. However, have your fun. Nobody here has any objections to that."

"And of course we spend our money."

"Yes," Bleeker said. "You spend your money."

He walked away from Simpson and went out onto the veranda. The singing was now both in front and in back of him. Bleeker stood for a moment on the top steps of the veranda looking at the moon, hung like a slightly soiled but luminous pennant in the sky. He was embarrassed by his outburst to Simpson and he couldn't think why he had said such things. Private army. Perhaps, as Simpson had said, he was exaggerating. He was a small-town man and he had always hated the way men surrendered their individuality to attain perfection as a unit. It had been necessary during the war but it wasn't necessary now. Kid stuff—with an element of growing pains.



HE WALKED down the steps and went up the sidewalk toward Cunningham's bar. They were singing there too and he stood outside the big plate-glass window peering in at them and listening to the harsh, pounding voices colored here and there with the sentimentalism of strong beer. Without thinking further he went into the bar. It was dim and cool and alien to his eyes and at first he didn't notice the boy sitting by himself in a booth near the front. When he did, he was surprised—more than surprised, shocked—to see that the boy wasn't wearing his goggles but had placed them on the table by a bottle of Coca-Cola. Impulsively, he walked over to the booth and sat across from the boy.

"This seat taken?"

He had to shout over the noise of the singing. The boy leaned forward over the table and smiled.

"Hope we're not disturbing you."

Bleeker caught the word "disturbing" and shook his head negatively. He pointed to his mouth, then to the boy and to the rest of the group. The boy too shook his head. Bleeker could see that he was young, possibly twenty-five, and that he had dark straight hair cut short and parted neatly at the side. The face was square but delicate, the nose short, the mouth wide. The best thing about the boy, Bleeker decided, were his eyes, brown perhaps or dark gray, set in two distorted ovals of white flesh which contrasted sharply with the heavily tanned skin on the cheeks, forehead and jaws. With his goggles on he would have looked like the rest. Without them he was a pleasant young man, altogether human and approachable.

Bleeker pointed to the Coca-Cola bottle. "You're not drinking."

"Beer makes me sick."

Bleeker got the word "beer" and the humorous ulping motion the boy made. They sat exchanging words and sometimes phrases, illustrated always with a series of clumsy, groping gestures until the singing became less coherent and spirited and ended finally in a few isolated coughs. The men in the troop were moving about individually now, some leaning over the bar and talking in hoarse whispers to the bartender, others walking unsteadily from group to group and detaching themselves immediately to go over to another group, the groups usually two or three men constantly edging away from themselves and colliding with and being held briefly by others. Some simply stood in the center of the room and brayed dolorously at the ceiling.

Several of the troop walked out of the bar and Bleeker could see them standing on the wide sidewalk looking up and down the street—as contemptuous of one another's company as they had been glad of it earlier. Or not so much contemptuous as unwilling to be coerced too easily by any authority outside themselves. Bleeker smiled as he thought of Simpson and the man's talk of discipline.

"They're looking for women," the boy said.

Bleeker had forgotten the boy temporarily



and the sudden words spoken in a normal voice startled and confused him. He thought quickly of Cathy—but then Cathy was safe in her room—probably in bed. He took the watch from his vest pocket and looked at it carefully.

"Five minutes after ten," he said.

"Why do they do that?" the boy demanded. "Why do they have to be so damned indecent about things like that? They haven't got the nerve to do anything but stare at waitresses. And then they get a few beers in them and go around pinching and slapping—they—"

Bleeker shivered with embarrassment. He was looking directly into the boy's eyes and seeing the color run under the tears and the jerky pinching movement of the lids as against something injurious and baleful. It was an emotion too rawly infantile to be seen without being hurt by it and he felt both pity and contempt for a man who would allow himself to display such a feeling—without any provocation—so nakedly to a stranger.

"Sorry," the boy said.

He picked up the green goggles and fitted them awkwardly over his eyes. Bleeker stood up and looked toward the center of the room. Several of the men turned their eyes and then moved their heads away without seeming to notice the boy in the booth. Bleeker understood them. This was the one who could be approached. The reason for that was clear too. He didn't belong. Why and wherefore he would probably never know.

HE WALKED out of the bar and started down the street toward the hotel. The night was clear and cool and smelled faintly of the desert, of sand, of heated rock,

of the sweetly-sour plants growing without water and even of the sun which burned itself into the earth and never completely withdrew. There were only a few townsmen on the sidewalk wandering up and down, lured by the presence of something unusual in the town and masking, Bleeker thought, a ruthless and menacing curiosity behind a tolerant grin. He shrugged his shoulders distastefully. He was like a cat staring into a shadow the shape of its fears.

He was no more than a hundred feet from the hotel when he heard—or thought he heard—the sound of automatic firing. It was a well-remembered sound but always new and frightening.

Then he saw the motorcycle moving down the middle of the street, the exhaust sputtering loudly against the human resonance of laughter, catcalls, and epithets. He exhaled gently, the pain in his lungs subsiding with his breath. Another motorcycle speeded after the first and he could see four or five machines being wheeled out and the figures of their riders leaping into the air and bringing their weight down on the starting pedals. He was aware too that the lead motorcycles, having traversed the length of the street had turned and were speeding back to the hotel. He had the sensation of moving—even when he stood still—in relation to the objects heading toward each other. He heard the high unendurable sound of metal squeezing metal and saw the front wheel of a motorcycle twist and wobble and its rider roll along the asphalt toward the gutter where he sat up finally and moved his goggled head feebly from side to side.

As Bleeker looked around him he saw the third group of men which had divided earlier from the other two coming out of a bar across the street from Cunningham's, waving their arms in recognizable motions of cheering. The boy who had been thrown from the motorcycle vomited quietly into the gutter. Bleeker walked very fast toward the hotel. When he reached the top step of the veranda, he was caught and jostled by some five or six cyclists running out of the lobby, one of whom fell and was kicked rudely down the steps. Bleeker staggered against one of the pillars and broke a fingernail catching it. He stood there for a moment, fighting his temper, and then went into the lobby.

A table had been overthrown and lay on its top, the wooden legs stiffly and foolishly exposed, its magazines scattered around it, some with their pages spread face down so that the bindings rose along the back. He stepped on glass and realized one of the panes in the lobby door had been smashed. One of the troop walked stupidly out of the bar, his body sagging against the impetus propelling him forward until without actually falling he lay stretched on the floor, beer gushing from his mouth and nose and making a green and yellow pool before it sank into the carpet.

As Bleeker walked toward the bar, thinking of Simpson and of what he could say to him, he saw two men going up the stairs toward the second floor. He ran over to intercept them. Recognizing the authority in his voice, they came obediently down the stairs and walked across the lobby to the veranda, one of them saying over his shoulder, "Okay, pop, okay—keep your lid on." The smile they exchanged enraged him. After they were out of sight he ran swiftly up the stairs, panting a little, and along the hall to his daughter's room.

It was quiet and there was no strip of light beneath the door. He stood listening for a moment with his ear to the panels and then turned back toward the stairs.

A man or boy, any of twenty or forty or sixty identical figures, goggled and in khaki, came around the corner of the second-floor corridor and put his hand on the knob of the door nearest the stairs. He squeezed the knob gently and then moved on to the next door, apparently unaware of Bleeker. Bleeker, remembering not to run or shout or knock the man down, walked over to him, took his arm and led him down the stairs, the arm unresisting, even flaccid, in his grip.

Bleeker stood indecisively at the foot of the stairs, watching the man walk automatically away from him. He thought he should go back upstairs and search the hall. And he thought too he had to reach Simpson. Over the noise of the motorcycles moving rapidly up and down the street he heard a crash in the bar, a series of drunken elongated curses, ending abruptly in a small sound like a man's hand laid flatly and sharply on a table.

His head was beginning to ache badly and his stomach to sour under the impact of a

slow and steady anger. He walked into the bar and stood staring at Francis LaSalle—LaSalle and Fleet, Hardware—who lay sprawled on the floor, his shoulders touching the brass rail under the bar and his head turned so that his cheek rubbed the black polished wood above the rail. The bartender had his hands below the top of the bar and he was watching Simpson and a half a dozen men arranged in a loose semi-circle above and beyond LaSalle.

Bleeker lifted LaSalle, who was a little dazed but not really hurt, and set him on a chair. After he was sure LaSalle was all right he walked up to Simpson.

"Get your men together," he said. "And get them out of here."

Simpson took out a long yellow wallet folded like a book and laid some money on the bar.

"That should take care of the damages," he said. His tongue was a little thick and his mouth didn't quite shut after the words were spoken but Bleeker didn't think he was drunk. Bleeker saw too—or thought he saw—the little cold eyes behind the glasses as bright and as sterile as a painted floor. Bleeker raised his arm slightly and lifted his heels off the floor but Simpson turned abruptly and walked away from him, the men in the troop swaying at his heels like a pack of lolling hounds. Bleeker stood looking foolishly after them. He had expected a fight and his body was still poised for one. He grunted heavily.

"Who hit him?" Bleeker motioned toward LaSalle.

"Damned if I know," the bartender said. "They all look alike to me."

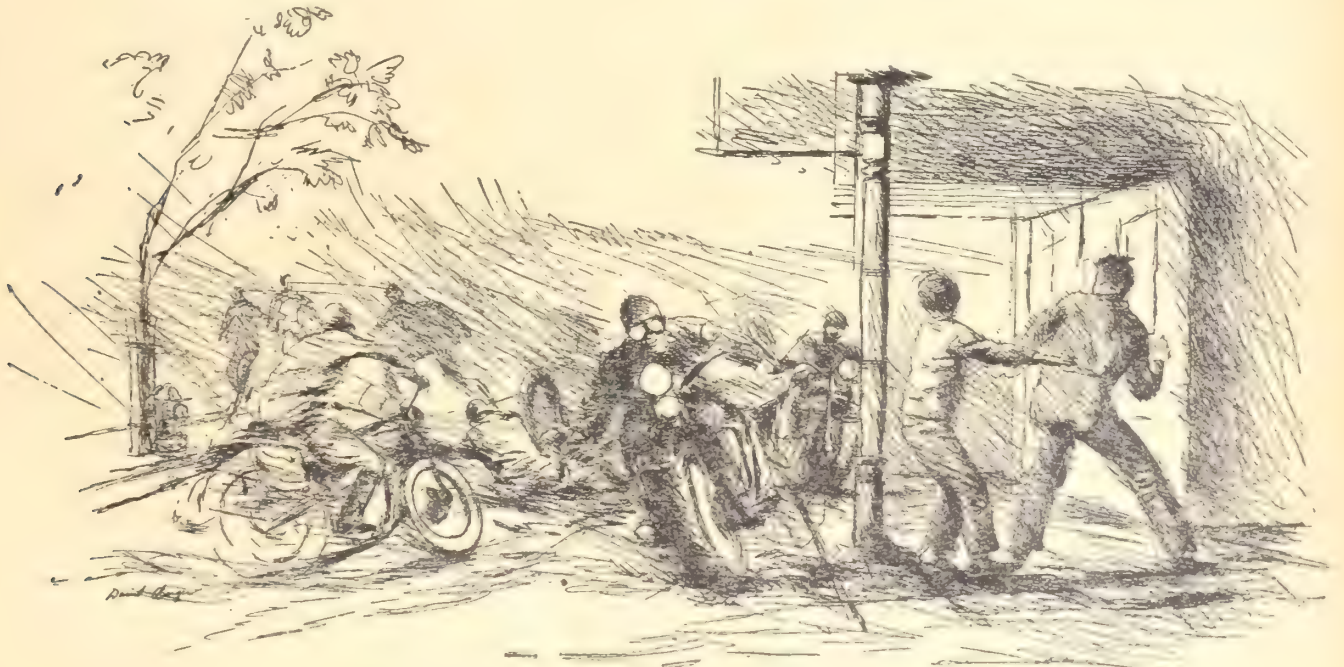
That was true of course. He went back into the lobby, hearing LaSalle say, weakly and tearfully, "Goddam them—the bastards." He met Campbell, the deputy sheriff, a tall man with the arms and shoulders of a child beneath a foggy, bloated face.

"Can you do anything?" Bleeker asked. The motorcycles were racing up and down the street, alternately whining and backfiring and one had jumped the curb and was cruising on the sidewalk.

"What do you want me to do?" Campbell demanded. "Put 'em all in jail?"

The motorcycle on the sidewalk speeded up and skidded obliquely into a plate-glass window, the front wheel bucking and climbing the brick base beneath the window. A single large section of glass slipped edge-down to the sidewalk and fell slowly toward the cyclist who, with his feet spread and kicking at the cement, backed clumsily away from it. Bleeker could feel the crash in his teeth.

Now there were other motorcycles on the sidewalk. One of them hit a parked car at the edge of the walk. The rider standing astride his machine beat the window out of the car with his gloved fists. Campbell started down the steps toward him but was driven back by a motorcycle



coming from his left. Bleeker could hear the squeal of the tires against the wooden riser at the base of the steps. Campbell's hand was on his gun when Bleeker reached him.

"That's no good," he yelled. "Get the state police. Ask for a half dozen squad cars."

Campbell, angry but somewhat relieved, went up the steps and into the lobby. Bleeker couldn't know how long he stood on the veranda watching the mounting devastation on the street—the cyclist racing past store windows and hurling, presumably, beer bottles at the glass fronts; the two, working as a team, knocking down weighing machines and the signs in front of the motion picture theater; the innumerable mounted men running the angry townspeople, alerted and aroused by the awful sounds of damage to their property, back into their suddenly lighted homes again or up the steps of his hotel or into niches along the main street, into doorways, and occasionally into the ledges and bays of glassless windows.

He saw Simpson—or rather a figure on the white motorcycle, helmeted and goggled—stationed calmly in the middle of the street under a hanging lamp. Presumably, he had been there for some time but Bleeker hadn't seen him, the many rapid movements on the street making any static object unimportant and even, in a sense, invisible. Bleeker saw him now and he felt again that spasm of anger which was like another life inside his body. He could have strangled Simpson then, slowly and with infinite pride. He knew without any effort of reason that Simpson was making no attempt to control his men but waiting rather for that moment when their minds, subdued but never actually helpless, would again take possession of their bodies.

Bleeker turned suddenly and went back into the lobby as if by that gesture of moving away he could pin his thoughts to Simpson, who, hereafter, would be responsible for them. He walked over the desk where Timmons and Campbell, the deputy, were talking.

"You've got the authority," Timmons was saying angrily. "Fire over their heads. And if that doesn't stop them—"

Campbell looked uneasily at Bleeker. "Maybe if we could get their leader—"

"Did you get the police?" Bleeker asked.

"They're on their way," Campbell said. He avoided looking at Timmons and con-

tinued to stare hopefully and miserably at Bleeker.

"You've had your say," Timmons said abruptly. "Now I'll have mine."

He started for the lobby doors but Campbell, suddenly incensed, grabbed his arm.

"You leave this to me," he said. "You start firing a gun—"

Campbell's mouth dropped and Bleeker, turning his head, saw the two motorcycles coming through the lobby doors. They circled leisurely around for a moment and then one of them shot suddenly toward them, the goggled rider looming enormously above the wide handlebars. They scattered, Bleeker diving behind a pillar and Campbell and Timmons jumping behind the desk. The noise of the two machines assaulted them with as much effect as the sight of the speeding metal itself.

Bleeker didn't know why in course of watching the two riders he looked into the hall toward the foot of the stairway. Nor did it seem at all unreasonable that when he looked he should see Cathy standing there. Deeply, underneath the outward preoccupation of his mind, he must have been thinking of her. Now there she was. She wore the familiar green robe, belted and pulled in at the waist and beneath its hem he could see the white slippers and the pink edge of her nightgown. Her hair was down and he had the impression her eyes were not quite open although, obviously, they were. She looked, he thought, as if she had waked, frowned at the clock, and come downstairs to scold him for staying up too late. He had no idea what time it was.

He saw—and of course Cathy saw—the motorcycle speeding toward her. He was aware that he screamed at her too. She did take a slight backward step and raise her arms in a pathetic warding gesture toward the inhuman figure on the motorcycle but neither could have changed—in that dwarfed period of time and in that short, unmaneuverable space—the course of their actions.

She lay finally across the lower steps, her body clinging to and equally arching away from the base of the newel post. And there was the sudden, shocking exposure of her flesh, the robe and the gown torn away from the leg as if pushed aside by the blood welling from her thigh. When he reached her there

was blood in her hair too and someone—not Cathy—was screaming into his ears.

AFTER a while the doctor came and Cathy, her head bandaged and her leg in splints, could be carried into his office and laid on the couch. Bleeker sat on the edge of the couch, his hand over Cathy's, watching the still white face whose eyes were closed and would not, he knew, open again. The doctor, after his first examination, had looked up quickly and since Bleeker too had been bent over Cathy, their heads had been very close together for a moment. The doctor had assumed, almost immediately, his expression of professional austerity but Bleeker had seen him in that moment when he had been thinking as a man, fortified of course by a doctor's knowledge, and Bleeker had known then that Cathy would die but that there would be also this interval of time.

Bleeker turned from watching Cathy and saw Timmons standing across the room. The man was—or had been—crying but his face wasn't set for it and the tears, points of colorless, sparkling water on his jaws, were unexpectedly delicate against the coarse texture of his skin. Timmons waved a bandaged hand awkwardly and Bleeker remembered, abruptly and jarringly, seeing Timmons diving for the motorcycle which had reversed itself, along with the other, and raced out of the lobby.

There was no sound now either from the street or the lobby. It was incredible, thinking of the racket a moment ago, that there should be this utter quietude, not only the lack of noise but the lack of the vibration of movement. The doctor came and went, coming to bend over Cathy and then going away again. Timmons stayed. Beyond shifting his feet occasionally he didn't move at all but stood patiently across the room, his face toward Cathy and Bleeker but not, Bleeker thought once when he looked up, actually seeing them.

"The police," Bleeker said sometime later.

"They're gone," Timmons said in a hoarse whisper. And then after a while, "They'll get 'em—don't worry."

Bleeker saw that the man blushed helplessly and looked away from him. The police were no good. They would catch Simpson. Simpson would pay damages. And that would be the end of it. Who could identify Cathy's

assailant? Not himself, certainly—nor Timmons nor Campbell. They were all alike. They were standardized figurines, seeking in each other a willful loss of identity, dividing themselves equally among one another until there was only a single mythical figure, unspeakably sterile and furnishing the norm for hundreds of others. He could not accuse something which didn't actually exist.

He wasn't sure of the exact moment when Cathy died. It might have been when he heard the motorcycle, unbelievably solitary in the quiet night, approaching the town. He knew only that the doctor came for the last time and that there was now a coarse, heavy blanket laid mercifully over Cathy. He stood looking down at the blanket for a moment, whatever he was feeling repressed and delayed inside him, and then went back to the lobby and out onto the veranda. There were a dozen men standing there looking up the street toward the sound of the motorcycle, steadily but slowly coming nearer. He saw that when they glanced at each other their faces were hard and angry but when they looked at him they were respectful and a little abashed.

BLEEKER could see from the veranda a number of people moving among the smashed store-fronts, moving, stopping, bending over and then straightening up to move somewhere else, all dressed somewhat extemporaneously and therefore seeming without purpose. What they picked up they put down. What they put down they stared at grimly and then picked up again. They were like a dispossessed minority brutally but lawfully discriminated against. When the motorcycle appeared at the north end of the street they looked at it and then looked away again, dully and seemingly without resentment.

It was only after some moments that they looked up again, this time purposefully, and began to move slowly toward the hotel where the motorcycle had now stopped, the rider standing on the sidewalk, his face raised to the veranda.

No one on the veranda moved until Bleeker, after a visible effort, walked down the steps and stood facing the rider. It was the boy Bleeker had talked to in the bar. The goggles and helmet were hanging at his belt.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," the boy said. "I had to come back."

He looked at Bleeker as if he didn't dare look anywhere else. His face was adolescently shiny and damp, the marks, Bleeker thought, of a proud and articulate fear. He should have been heroic in his willingness to come back to the town after what had been done to it but to Bleeker he was only a dirty little boy returning to a back fence his friends had defaced with pornographic writing and calling attention to the fact that he was afraid to erase the writing but was determined nevertheless to do it. Bleeker was revolted. He hated the boy far more than he could have hated Simpson for bringing this to his attention when he did not want to think of anything or anyone but Cathy.

"I wasn't one of them," the boy said. "You remember, Mr. Bleeker. I wasn't drinking."

This declaration of innocence—this willingness to take blame for acts which he hadn't committed—enraged Bleeker.

"You were one of them," he said.

"Yes. But after tonight—"

"Why didn't you stop them?" Bleeker demanded loudly. He felt the murmur of the townspeople at his back and someone breathed harshly on his neck. "You were one of them. You could have done something. Why in God's name didn't you do it?"

"What could I do?" the boy said. He spread his hands and stepped back as if to appeal to the men beyond Bleeker.

Bleeker couldn't remember, either shortly after or much later, exactly what he did then. If the boy hadn't stepped back like that—if he hadn't raised his hand. . . . Bleeker was in the middle of a group of bodies and he was striking with his fists and being struck. And then he was kneeling on the sidewalk, holding the boy's head in his lap and trying to protect him from the heavy shoes of the men around him. He was crying out, protesting, exhorting, and after a time the men moved away from him and someone helped him carry the boy up the steps and lay him on the veranda. When he looked up finally only Timmons and the doctor were there. Up and down the street there were now only shadows and the diminishing sounds of invisible bodies.

The night was still again as abruptly as it had been confounded with noise.

SOME time later Timmons and the doctor carried the boy, alive but terribly hurt, into the hotel. Bleeker sat on the top step of the veranda, staring at the moon which had shifted in the sky and was now nearer the mountains in the west. It was not in any sense romantic or inflamed but coldly clear and sane. And the light it sent was cold and sane and lit in himself what he would have liked to hide.

He could have said that having lost Cathy he was not afraid any longer of losing himself. No one would blame him. Cathy's death was his excuse for striking the boy, hammering him to the sidewalk, and stamping on him as he had never believed he could have stamped on any living thing. No one would say he should have lost Cathy lightly—without anger and without that appalling desire to avenge her. It was utterly natural—as natural as a man drinking a few beers and riding a motorcycle insanely through a town like this. Bleeker shuddered. It might have been all right for a man like Timmons who was and would always be incapable of thinking what he—Joel Bleeker—was thinking. It was not—and would never be—all right for him.

Bleeker got up and stood for a moment on the top step of the veranda. He wanted, abruptly and madly, to scream his agony into the night with no more restraint than that of an animal seeing his guts beneath him on the ground. He wanted to smash something—anything—glass, wood, stone—his own body. He could feel his fists going into the boy's flesh. And there was that bloody but living thing on the sidewalk and himself stooping over to shield it.

After a while, aware that he was leaning against one of the wooden pillars supporting the porch and aware too that his flesh was numb from being pressed against it, he straightened up slowly and turned to go back into the hotel.

There would always be time to make his peace with the dead. There was little if any time to make his peace with the living.

Grandma and the Hindu Monk

Seymour Freedgood

IT WAS only with my old Jewish grandmother that I expected trouble when Brahmachari, a Hindu monk I had met at the University of Chicago, came to stay with us on Wreck Lead that summer. Our parents' house in that seaside village was a bright, noisy, communal sort of gathering place. Located equidistant between bay and ocean—Wreck Lead is a narrow strip of island that fronts on the Atlantic and has its back to a smaller ocean of marshes and bayous that separate it from Long Island proper—it was a haven for my college friends. In the garage one of my brothers was always building a sailboat. In the yard and over the surrounding sand dunes our youngest brother, sometimes aided by Ernst, the police dog, waged a constant war for survival over half a hundred neighborhood kids. Projects were always on hand—either a voyage of discovery to an adjoining island or the launching of a new surf boat on the beach. Against those clear Atlantic seascapes the agreeable combination of hot sun, salt air, white beaches, salt marshes, and interior bays made the town an exciting place to visit and our house was always full. Josey, the Czech cook, was never sure who might come down to breakfast any morning. Even more than our parents, whose work took them daily to New York, it was our seventy-year-old grandmother who ruled this precarious ménage.

Her lot was not easy. She was a pious, near-sighted old lady who spoke chiefly Yiddish and spent most of her time at her prayers. Out of respect for the Jewish dietary laws and a distrust for Josey she prepared her meals in the basement and ate them in her own room. Between times she made periodic inspections of the house. My two brothers and I usually entertained our visitors, both New York and local, in a small, book-lined study—which was also a repository for most of the fishnets, paddles, and overnight camping gear in the community—at the rear of the house. An extra-large window gave it separate entrance. Sometimes, upon getting up from table, my brothers, our house guests, and I would retreat to this room and find that ten or twelve of our Wreck Lead associates, having finished their own suppers earlier, had come through the window and were waiting expectantly to discuss new projects—a crabbing expedition or a trip by rowboat to an overnight camping spot.

There was a fixed routine to Grandma's periodic inspections. Invariably she would poke her gray, mild old head through the door of the study and peer near-sightedly through her glasses—usually they were sunglasses—at the occupant of the nearest chair. "Where's Seymour?" she would ask. To this question there was a fixed reply. "Here I am, Grandma," would answer whoever it was who

Brahmachari has appeared before in print—in Thomas Merton's The Seven Storey Mountain and in Mr. Freedgood's article in Harper's in 1948, "The Holy Man in Blue Sneakers." Mr. Freedgood is at work on a book about religious mystics.

occupied the chair. She'd peer a little closer. Behind the sunglasses her eyes were misty and uncertain but whether she wore the dark lenses against the glare, or against the truth, or possibly against the glare of the truth, it was hard to say. "What time is it?" she'd want to know. "Twelve o'clock, Grandma," was the set reply. "Good," would say the little old lady. Satisfied that her eldest grandson was present and that the world was still at meridian, she'd return to her cooking or prayers.

Except for Mr. Isaacs, a local Hebrew teacher and Talmudic scholar who had recently immigrated from southeast Europe and who provided her with a special link with her past, she had few friends of her own. Isaacs would stop by frequently to give her religious counsel, find her place in her prayer book, and criticize the finer points of her dietary observances. She accepted these ministrations with the good grace of a Roman lady who, condemned to spend her life in a distant and barbarous colony, took instruction in the traditional virtues from a clever Greek slave. Grandma was indebted to, yet suspicious of, Mr. Isaacs. In her conversations with me she sometimes observed that the scholar, coming as he did from southeast Europe, must have secret ties with the Hasidim, a mystical Jewish sect which had its origin in the eighteenth-century Ukraine. Grandma was anti-Hasidic. Yet Mr. Isaacs was a solace. Mystic or not, he at least knew the Talmud. And that was more than one could say about the rabbi of the local synagogue. All *he* wanted was a new gymnasium. She was also encouraged by the fact that Mr. Isaacs, in his frequent excursions into our back room, took occasion to chide my brothers, myself, and those of our friends who were of the Jewish community about our lack of respect for the ancestral values. He didn't get far.

INTO this household, with Grandma its titular chief, the Hindu was easily absorbed. It's possible that three years before, when the monk—a delegate from East Bengal who turned up in America to represent his religious order at the World Conference of Religions at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair—had first arrived in this country, he would have fitted less nicely. By now though, after a period of residence at the University

of Chicago, he had acquired more polish. When I met him there the previous Easter, he seemed to be just the sort of fellow who could liven up the summer at our house. I invited him at once. It's true that his costume was an obstacle but there was no changing that.

I still remember the shock I had when I first saw him in it. He couldn't have been four foot six. He had an ingenuous smile and protruding, fan-shaped teeth. Around his head was wrapped a turban, upon which a series of Sanskrit prayers had been scrawled in red and yellow crayons. A similar cloth hung around his shoulders. Beneath it was a gray undervest which did not entirely hide a woolen sweater and the tops of some brown underwear. And below all of this a white cotton skirt dropped clear to his feet. These, mercifully, were not naked; instead he had shod them in a pair of blue tennis shoes. Taken together, this outfit was his version of khaddar—Indian homespun—for adoption in northern climates. The sneakers he wore for religious reasons; any other footwear is of leather, which would be in violation of sacred cows. I don't know why they were blue. He also had a string of wooden prayer beads wrapped around his neck.

Such a costume, you may be sure, takes a lot of explaining but I felt we could surmount it somehow. Besides, he was clever and amenable and had a deliciously boyish quality. I knew that my parents, once the first shock of confrontation was over, would accept him as one of their sons. Anyway, he had dietary laws of his own to observe and I promised them and Josey that he'd prepare his own meals and eat them in his room. As for my younger brothers, I knew they would be amused by him. Monk or not, he could give them a hand with their boats. It was only with Grandma that I anticipated difficulties. She and Brahmachari were bound to run into each other eventually. I felt it important to prepare her.

I tried to explain to her, some months in advance, that a Hindu rabbi was coming to stay with us for the summer. Have you ever tried to make clear the facts of geography and history to an old woman whose Baedeker to the contemporary world is the first five books of the Old Testament, David's Psalms, and certain vestigial memories of a town in north-

eastern Europe where she spent her youth? That Brahmachari was a member of the Jewish clergy she was prepared to consider possible. Her world was full of mendicant clergymen—generally old men with beards, fur hats, and frock coats; many of them, she hinted darkly, were Hasidim. No offense to Mr. Isaacs, of course. She was even prepared to believe that Brahmachari, since he was a friend of mine, did not belong to this ragged company. A rabbi, to be sure. But just what community had I said he belonged to? India? A province of Russia, no doubt. Or further to the south?

"A little to the south," I admitted. "And maybe a bit to the east."

"Not Egypt?" she said, startled. Egypt had a special place in Grandma's world view. It was only a matter of years—or had it already been centuries?—since Moses had led us out of that wretched country. She was unkindly disposed toward the Egyptians and each spring at Passover she invented new atrocity stories about them. I sometimes had the impression that on the deeper levels of her mind Grandma felt closer to the times of the Exodus than to the European town where she had spent her youth.

"Certainly not Egypt," I said hastily.

She said she'd consult with Mr. Isaacs. Meanwhile we'd wait and see.

II

As it happened, Brahmachari was already in the house for two or three days before Grandma even noticed him. They were enjoyable if hectic days. As I had anticipated, the Hindu was absorbed into the household with a minimum of fuss. It's true that when he first drove up from the depot he was so surrounded by luggage and parcels that my parents were upset. They replied to his greeting with visible apprehension and eyed his turban, his skirts, and his shining brown face with alarm. For his part, the monk seemed to accept this as natural and tried to put them at ease.

"I am Mahanan Brata Brahmachari," he told them, in the meanwhile ordering the taxi driver to deposit his luggage on the veranda, "a Hindu mendicant from the Sri Angan Monastery, Faridpur, East Bengal. Your son has invited me to stay with you for the sum-

mer. Ay, Seymour," he said, noticing me for the first time in the crowd that by now had gathered around the taxi, "there you are. Delighted to see you. Please pay this man." His fan-shaped teeth shot through his smile with an almost disembodied brilliance as he folded his palms in front of his face and bowed to my parents in the traditional Hindu gesture of greeting. He then shook hands with my brothers, patted the police dog, and clucked sympathetically at my parents' polite but strained expressions. They were plainly worried about how they were going to explain the presence in their house of this little turbaned stranger to their friends at the Men's Club and the Ladies' Auxiliary.

No sooner had Brahmachari installed himself on the couch in the backroom study—immediately upon entering the room he had removed his sneakers and squatted down in the middle of the couch, his legs folded under him, and from this position supervised my two brothers and me as we carried in his luggage—than my parents were inside with us. In the background Josey hovered, concerned about his meals. These, it appeared, must consist entirely of vegetables. No eggs, no fish, no meat. "Not even eggs?" asked my mother. "Can Josey fix you a salad for lunch?" He agreed that a salad would be splendid and the two women bustled off, full of plans. It was apparent that he would have to do little cooking himself.

My brothers and I got on with his luggage. This consisted, in addition to three tin suitcases, of a box full of philosophy books, and a potted plant, securely wrapped in brown paper, which he asked me to unbind and set in a window seat. When my father, who was an amateur gardener, expressed interest in this rather hideous bit of shrubbery—it looked a little like the rubber plants which once were a feature of many middle-class American households, but was dwarf-sized and covered with small, dark brown beans—Brahmachari explained, wagging his finger at us from where he sat in the middle of the couch, that it was a Tulasi plant, a bush sacred to the Hindus for a reason I now forget. His abbot had given it to him when he first left India. He never traveled without it. It reminded him of home.

More people were crowding into the room to greet the Hindu but my brothers and I

admitted only Mr. Isaacs. It was my hope that the Talmudic scholar would act as an intermediary between Grandma and the monk. A direct meeting, particularly on his first day at the house, seemed unwise. As for our other friends in the house and out in the yard, some of whom were tapping on the window and demanding that they be let in at once, I asked them to be patient until the monk had settled. His trip from Chicago had been tiring and he wanted to rest. Later we'd all go to the beach. A boat-launching was scheduled for that afternoon and the Hindu would come along. Meanwhile Mr. Isaacs sat down with Brahmachari on the couch.

It was soon apparent that the Hindu and the mystical Jewish scholar had hit it off. Indeed, so absorbed did these two become in each other that they seemed unaware of the tumult outside the house, where my brothers and their friends were preparing for the launching of a long, slender surf boat on which they had been working for weeks.

It's my impression that Brahmachari was comparing the attitudes toward God and salvation that obtained in his Hindu monastery with those of the Hasidic Jews. His order was devoted to Lord Krishna, he told Mr. Isaacs. This meant that it was opposed to Brahmanic formalism and put its stress on music and dancing and ecstatic union with God. As among the Hasidim there is a preference for the Psalms of David over the priestcraft and legalisms of the Mosaic testaments, so among the members of his order less attention was paid to the Vedic writings than to the Bhagavad-Gita, a song by the same Lord Krishna in praise of Himself. In short, Brahmachari and Mr. Isaacs, despite their differences in cultural background, costume, and language, had much in common. In stressing the ascendancy of the poet and the musician over the legalist they were defying ancient parochialisms and giving full praise to the Lord. With much of this Mr. Isaacs agreed. He did feel, though, that Brahmachari, if he had any sense about him, should keep these opinions to himself. Grandma might hear. In fact, it was his advice to us to keep Brahmachari and Grandma apart as long as possible. God knows what would be her reaction if she learned that we were entertaining another Hasid in the house. Especially in those skirts. The

issues of the spirit were beyond her. Best play it safe.

SOUND as was Mr. Isaacs' advice, it was less program than circumstance that led us to act on it. The immediate occasion was the renewed uproar that now swept the yard. Evidently the boat was now ready for launching, for faces appeared at the open window, my two brothers' among them, and there was no resisting their demand. We must join them at once.

A great cheer went up from the yard a few minutes later when Brahmachari, now clad only in loin cloth covered by a bright piece of turban, and I, more conventionally clad in shorts and sunglasses, joined the launching party. There were hasty introductions but my brothers and their friends were too busy with last minute preparations for plunging the boat, a slender, canvas-covered affair, into the surf to attend to further ceremony. As their only concession to Brahmachari's status—or perhaps this was to test him—he was assigned to the bow. Huge waves coiled up in front of us as we lifted the boat to our shoulders and walked it toward the ocean. In the bow Brahmachari was already perched, a small, well constructed, brown figure, dressed in a brightly colored loin cloth and holy beads, his teeth flashing with excitement, a paddle in his hands. "All set?" I asked, looking up at him as he sat in the boat. He nodded enthusiastically. "Let's go." We lunged forward into the surf.

At Wreck Lead the idea in surf boating is to get the craft out beyond the first three rows of breakers, reverse it without capsizing, and race back in. As the first row of breakers crashed over us the Hindu disappeared. He bobbed up a moment later, his sleek head dividing the waters, still perched in the bow. We were now up to our shoulders in the water and had begun to swim alongside. A second row of breakers rolled over us but again the monk bobbed up, the boat riding lightly under him. He was now working his paddle and grinning. By the time we had survived the ocean's third assault he was definitely the skipper of the boat. "Here," he said, flashing me a brilliant smile as I crawled exhaustedly over the gunwale. He handed me a paddle. "You take the stern." A moment later, with Brahmachari calling

instructions from the bow seat, we were racing toward shore. This maneuver was repeated until even my youngest brother was limp.

By the time we had returned to the house there was little feeling among any of us that the Hindu was a stranger. In one afternoon he had successfully submerged himself in the routines of the house. So far did this absorption go that when Grandma, making her six o'clock inspection, looked into the study and inquired about my whereabouts, Brahmachari—but surely he had been told about this beforehand: could he have got it wrong?—answered for me. "It's six o'clock, Grandma," he said to her. "Seymour's upstairs." I was later told that she failed to notice the discrepancy and left the room.

It's possible that this happy state of affairs might have continued indefinitely if Grandma and Brahmachari, because of their separate dietary practices, hadn't been preparing their own meals, Grandma on a stove in the basement, Brahmachari on a Bunsen burner in the now vacated garage, and eating in their rooms. They began to meet, their hands full of trays and dishes, on the stairs. After two or three days of this Grandma came up to me one afternoon in the study. Brahmachari was off somewhere with Mr. Isaacs and for once I was alone. For once also she had removed her sunglasses and seemed reasonably certain that it was I she was addressing. Who, she wanted to know, was the old colored lady who had moved into the room next to hers?

"Old colored lady, Grandma?" My grasp of Yiddish has never been perfect and I wasn't sure I had heard her correctly.

She repeated her question. Who was the old colored woman in the shawl, white skirts, beads, and kerchief who had been monopolizing Mr. Isaacs for the last few days?

"That's not a colored lady, Grandma. That's a man. It's that Hindu rabbi I told you about. Hasn't Mr. Isaacs introduced you?"

"Him!" she sniffed. "That Hasid. But he's black," she objected. "You said he's a Hindu rabbi. Can Jews be black?"

The answer to this would have called for such a lecture on the wanderings of the Jews since the burning of the first temple and their

relocation in such unlikely spots as the Congo and Outer Mongolia that I decided to cut it short. "Of course they can be black. They can be any color you want. As a matter of fact," I added irrelevantly, "Brahmachari's brown. Now don't worry yourself about this, Grandma. Believe me, he's a man."

BUT she did worry, poor lady. I didn't realize until later how worried she must have been. Fifty years had elapsed since Grandma had come to this country but her attitudes, flexible as they may have been to start with, had long become fixed. The point of view from which she judged her children, her grandsons, our house on Wreck Lead, and her grandsons' friends was in violent contrast to the contemporary world of cultural interchange and racial transcendence. Nor was it any longer rooted, except indirectly, in the tight, exclusive, inversely aristocratic Jewry of nineteenth-century eastern Europe. Between the European world of her childhood and the transformed Long Island household in which she was spending her last days she had projected a screen upon which all social occurrences were interpreted according to their Old Testament archetypes. To her way of thinking, for example, every non-Jew was a potential raider on the caravan—Grandma in charge of one of the camel carts—which traveled interminably from Egypt to the Promised Land. In Grandma's mythical worldview the time was always Biblical—either midnight, or high noon—and the space was a limitless desert across which she and her people moved. Perhaps you've felt that her periodic inspections of our back-room study, her queries about my whereabouts, and her requests for the time were no more than the obsessive rituals of a vague old lady. Or that our replies to her questions—"Here I am, Grandma," and, "It's twelve o'clock, Grandma"—were a cruel sort of joke. Obsessiveness and cruelty were no doubt involved but it occurs to me that what she was really demanding when she asked for my whereabouts was the promise that the caravan was secure. That despite the wide open doors and windows and the crowds of strangers, no enemies had come in, no hereditary antagonists of the race.

In retrospect I now realize that for some

days after our conversation she looked more harried and distraught than ever. It's true that the house was crowded that week—another boat-launching was planned—and the yard and the back room were again full of enthusiasts. This added to her rounds. Also, it had been hot and for some time she had been ailing. Her illness was diabetes, I think, although she was secretive about it. She also had a leg infection. But I didn't know until the very moment of discovery that she had extended her patrols. Evidently she had taken on a new assignment after our talk about the monk. She began to observe him at night. Since her room adjoined his on the second floor and had access to it by an outside balcony, this wasn't hard.

The spectacle of that mild old lady creeping along the balcony after midnight to peer through a closed screen door and observe by moonlight a sleeping Hindu would be ludicrous if the eventual result hadn't been so shattering to her brave old spirit. Early one morning—it was the hour of the false dawn, I think: there was an unnatural light in my room—I was awakened by a violent tug. I rolled over, opened my eyes, and discovered that it was Grandma who was standing over my bed. She was dressed in a night shift and was barefooted and trembling with rage. "He's risen, he's risen!" she almost screamed at me.

It occurred to me that she might have been cooking all night and had eccentrically baked a cake. "What's risen?"

"The savage! The demon you brought to the house!"

I heaved to a sitting position and now realized that Mr. Isaacs was standing behind her. In the half light he looked as sleepy and bewildered as I felt. Presumably she had roused him first—he had by God's grace chosen this night of all nights to spend at the house—and had only given him time to throw his frock coat over his night shirt before rushing him to me. He too was barefooted and his beard was uncombed but he hadn't forgotten his fur hat. "The demons!" Grandma was now screaming. "Your friends, the demons!" She clutched at me savagely. There were other cries of alarm from up and down the ground-floor corridor as my father and mother, my brothers and Josey, perhaps thinking that the house had been burgled,

came running from their rooms. Ernst, also aroused in the study, began to bark. I looked at Mr. Isaacs, who raised his shoulders in a shrug. "What demons, for God's sake?"

Instead of answering she grabbed me by the elbow and almost hoisted me from the bed. There was the strength of ten thousand demons in that little old woman. She then whirled on her bare feet and ran back up the stairs. Mr. Isaacs and I followed dumbly, with the rest of my family crowding behind us. "The Hindu's risen," I told them. "God knows what she means." Josey and the police dog, who now had been silenced, protected our rear. "What *does* she mean?" I whispered to Mr. Isaacs as we trailed Grandma across her bedroom and through the door to the outside balcony. "She caught him praying," he said indistinctly. "Praying?" I asked. "What's wrong with that?" Grandma had rushed on ahead and was now glaring—a fierce, stooped little figure in her white night shift—through Brahmachari's screen. "Burglars?" panted my father, who brushed past us to join her. "Where are they?" He was carrying a shotgun. A moment later we were overtaken and passed by the rest of my family, all of them in various states of undress and each of them armed—my mother with her pocketbook, my brothers with boat hooks and a fish net, and Josey with Ernst on a chain. "Well?" I asked Mr. Isaacs as we hurried over to join them. "What's wrong with praying?"

"It's the way he does it," Mr. Isaacs stammered. "It's his dawn prayer. He shouldn't be seen." Mr. Isaacs was trembling, but whether from cold or apprehension I couldn't make out. "Speak up!" I said harshly. "What does he do?" Across the eastern horizons of Long Island there spread the soft-tinted reds and purples that herald the true dawn; then up from the eastern horizon shot the fast rising sun.

I grabbed Mr. Isaacs by the arm and pushed him through the small crowd around the screen door. "That's what scared your grandmother," the scholar said hysterically. "He does it by rising himself." Mr. Isaacs was trembling with horror. "She saw him praying four feet in the air over his bed."

Mr. Isaacs and I, our eyes straining against the screen door and our arms around Grandma, who was making inarticulate sounds, now

had minds for nothing except the vision of the monk on his bed. Bolt upright in the middle of the counterpane, and dressed only in a turban, his loin cloth, and holy beads, Brahmachari was rapt in prayer. His legs were folded under him in the traditional yoga position, his eyes were shut tight and turned inward, but on his lips was a cryptic smile. In a circle around him on the counterpane he had placed his begging bowl, his cymbals, his hand drum, and the water jug, and beside him on the night table the Tulasi plant nodded and rustled in the early morning breeze. Perhaps I was deluded by what Mr. Isaacs had just told me—and nobody, not even Brahmachari, would confirm this later—but I had the distinct impression that the Hindu, at the very moment the sun had risen, had floated down from the middle of the air. At that Grandma screamed again and lurched against me and Mr. Isaacs. As we put out our arms to support her I discovered that she had fainted dead away.

WITH many expressions of commiseration and sympathy we lifted Grandma up and carried her to her bed in the next room. It was into a vastly changed household that the monk descended several hours later when he came downstairs to prepare his own breakfast. The doctor had already come, examined Grandma, prescribed absolute quiet and rest, and had gone, promising to return later in the day. The virtual coma into which the old woman had lapsed after the tension at the screen door had changed into mild delirium. She was conscious, the doctor had told us, but a bit out of her head. "What's been going on around here?" he asked, looking at us queerly.

"What do you mean, Doctor?" Mr. Isaacs asked. "Did she tell you anything?" My parents and brothers were looking at each other intently.

"Well," the doctor said hesitantly, "have you got any dark-skinned people around here? Dressed in shawls and turbans?" He paused, no doubt afraid he was about to make a fool of himself. "She has the idea that you've got somebody around here that Moses was angry about. She told me that when the Jews were leaving Egypt some dark-skinned people fell on the rear of the caravan, where the sick and the old folks were, and threw

rocks at them. She says that Moses was very angry and told the Jews never to speak to those people again. It's my professional opinion," the doctor concluded bravely, "that if you've got anybody like that around here, get rid of him."

Even my brothers turned pale. "Dark-skinned?" said my father. "The only one I can think of is a friend of one of my sons, a Hindu, and she couldn't mean him. India," he continued loyally, "is on the other side of the ocean from Egypt. Matter of thousands of miles. Besides, he's highly civilized. Never threw a rock at anybody." They were all looking at me sternly, though. The doctor agreed that Grandma might be suffering from shock. It was only an unaccountable swelling of her legs that disturbed him. She had suffered from this before, he knew—diabetes, perhaps—but it was now accompanied by paralysis. Temporary, of course. Keep her off her feet and under sedatives. He'd be back later.

"You and your monks," one of my brothers said gloomily.

III

IT WAS into this hostile atmosphere that Brahmachari shortly descended. In his arms he was carrying my mother's pocketbook, as well as the fish net and the boat hooks with which my brothers had armed themselves. "Are these your properties?" he asked, smiling politely at us as we sat around the breakfast table. "I found them on the porch outside the door."

"We have no idea how they got there," my mother said stonily. She was speaking, it was clear, for the household.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Isaacs. Leaving his eggs untouched he got up from the table, took the monk by the arm, and led him out of the house. Later I saw them pan-broiling some rice together over the Bunsen burner in the garage. The two oddly costumed men—Mr. Isaacs in his frock coat, fur hat, and beard, Brahmachari in a red turban and a clean skirt—were talking earnestly to each other.

The doctor's return the following morning did not ease the tension. Later that same afternoon he had briefly reappeared, stationed a nurse in Grandma's room, instructed

her to keep the old lady under sedatives and to massage her legs, and had abruptly left. His only word to us was by way of warning—stay out of her room and keep the Hindu, or whatever he was, away from her. The nurse would attend to the rest.

So it was with considerable anxiety that I watched the doctor come down from Grandma's room the following morning. His own anxiety seemed even greater than mine. In fact, when my parents took hold of him at the foot of the stairs and demanded to know what the trouble was, he seemed almost incoherent. "It's all in the mind," he mumbled over and over.

"In the mind?" my father asked. "I wish you'd enlighten us on that, doctor."

The doctor, perhaps recalled to his senses by my father's tone, tried to explain. He had taken Grandma off sedatives, he told us, although the old lady was still far from well. Despite hot applications and massage, the swelling in her legs had not gone down. It was almost as if she didn't want it to go down. You get cases like that, he confided. As if the patient refused to get well. It was his suggestion that we call in a psychiatrist. He'd be glad to recommend a good man, a cousin of his who was in that line. Otherwise the old lady might be permanently bedridden.

It was at this critical juncture, with my mother in tears at the mention of a psychiatrist and my father stern, that Josey made a great outcry at the kitchen door. "No, no," she was shouting, "stay out!"

"Come on, Josey," I heard one of my brothers tell her. "It's only us and Mr. Isaacs." A moment later my two brothers, with Mr. Isaacs in the lead, appeared at the foot of the stairs. "Where've you been?" I asked them. "The doctor wants to bring a psychiatrist."

"Out in the garage," said the youngest one. "That's where Mr. Isaacs spent the night." I looked at them closely. "Anybody else in the garage?" But if they had a secret they were determined to keep it. "Could be," said my other brother. "You worried?"

Mr. Isaacs ran his hand through his thick black beard. "A psychiatrist? For the reverend dame?"

"For Grandma," my mother wept. "They think the swelling is in her head." My father, himself verging on tears, tried to console her.

"In her head, is it?" Somewhere in the scholar's beard I detected a smile. "I can well believe it. I always thought her memory was bad. But before you call a psychiatrist, and with the doctor's permission," he said, making the outraged physician a formal bow, "I wonder if I could bring in a colleague?"

My father stared at him. "A colleague? Do you have colleagues? Another Hasid, I suppose."

"You might call him that," the Talmudist said imperturbably. "A certain theologian of my acquaintance." Again followed by my brothers, who winked at me broadly as they passed, he went back to the kitchen door, opened it, and returned a moment later by himself. "I would like to introduce Dr. Mahanan B. Brahmachari, my colleague from the University of Calcutta." This time preceded by my brothers, who with the greatest solemnity were carrying his hand drum, his copper begging bowl, his brass cymbals, and the water jug, Brahmachari appeared in the downstairs foyer. He was gorgeously made up.

On his head was a ceremonial turban of transparent gauze. His body was shrouded in a toga of similar material and on his forehead and cheekbones he had daubed in yellow paste the markings of his religious order. It was plain he had come on business. "Good morning," he said, smiling at us amicably. "I've come to call on your grandmother."

"THE Hindu!" cried the doctor. "Not the Hindu? Out! Out!" My mother was no less vociferous. Brahmachari's markings—they were in direct violation of the Mosaic injunction against tattooing or painting the flesh—seemed final proof. "The demons!" she cried. "It's the demons that Mamma was telling about!" But my father was more circumspect. "What did you mean?" he asked Mr. Isaacs. "You said the old lady had a bad memory. About what?"

Mr. Isaacs gestured triumphantly. "About locating herself in the Bible. It hurts me to say this," the Hebrew teacher told my parents, "but you've been wasting your money on her Hebrew lessons. Such a bad student. The worst I've had!"

It was clear that Mr. Isaacs had a point. Among the Jews, as with other groups who make use of the Old or New Testaments as

the basis for their liturgical year, the sacred text is divided into portions for weekly reading. It was an old joke in our family that Grandma, whenever she became confused about the section for the week—and, according to Mr. Isaacs, this was often—would revert almost by instinct to the portion which describes the flight of the Jews from Egypt. So notorious was this habit that Mr. Isaacs sometimes referred to himself ruefully as Grandma's guide to the Promised Land. It was his hope that someday he would get her there. By some means he must teach her to follow, not her private idiosyncrasy, but the text. Finally, here was his chance. "For example," he continued, beginning to sway backward and forward in the approved manner of a Talmudist when he is about to explain anything, "she tells us that our friend Brahmachari is a member of the tribe who stoned us on our way out of Egypt. This is a plain case of mistaken identity. Or insufficient attention to text," he added in a voice that was now falling into its traditional sing-song. "Our friend Dr. Brahmachari comes from another section entirely. Examine his cymbals and drum. Are these the equipment of a man who attacks caravans? Certainly not," he answered himself. "Then what section does he come from?" He looked at us expectantly.

"St. John?" said Josey.

"Wrong Testament," Mr. Isaacs told her. He looked at the cook disapprovingly. "Try the other one."

"Look here," the doctor protested. "I can't allow this to go any further. Whose patient is she?"

But we ignored him. It was plain that Mr. Isaacs, by recasting the issue in a more favorable Biblical framework, was turning the tide in Brahmachari's direction.

"I have the Emperor Solomon in mind," said Mr. Isaacs. "Solomon, son of David, the dancing king. In the lesson we are about to give your grandmother I will try to recall to her that King Solomon, when he went about expanding his empire, took wives from all over the Orient. It will be our thesis that Brahmachari is a relic of Solomon by one of his Indian wives."

My head reeled at this preposterous interpretation of history. "For goodness sake, Brahmachari," I said, hoping to be able to

appeal to the monk as a university graduate, "surely you don't believe that?"

"What's the difference what he believes?" one of my brothers said violently. "You want Grandma to get well, don't you? Trust us, we've got it figured. If one shock put her into bed, a bigger one will get her out. Providing she holds still for it," he added grimly. "Otherwise we'll have a funeral around here."

"Of course," Mr. Isaacs continued dreamily, "there's always that affair with the Queen of Sheba. It's possible that Brahmachari is a son of Solomon by the Ethiopian queen. But no," he decided cautiously, "that puts him too close to Egypt. Best play it safe."

I was staggered by the perfidy of this reasoning. "Brahmachari," I again appealed to the Hindu, "you can't go along with this?"

The monk looked me straight in the eye. "I think I can. In a poetic sense, of course. It's possible that Mr. Isaacs, in his zeal to dignify my origins, is playing a little loose with the record. But in so far as Solomon was himself sired by King David, the author of the Psalms, I accept the paternity."

"You accept the paternity? He just made it up!"

"And a nice construction it is," the monk said comfortably. "Perhaps you're not aware of the close affinities between David, the dancing king of the Hebrews, and Lord Krishna, the ecstatic diety of the Hindus, one of whose followers I am. For both, the proper method of worship is not doctrine and ritual but enthusiasm and song. You've been asked to examine my equipment. Look at it again." He reached over and gave the drum in the hands of one of my brothers a smart tap. "Cymbals and drum! Aren't these the implements of your own King David? Have you read the Psalms? We have more of a problem in treating your grandmother," he continued, "than giving me status in her somewhat quixotic world-view. Beyond that, it's a problem of convincing her that no matter what she's heard to the contrary, she's broken no commandment by accepting a mystic in her house. Or, as Mr. Isaacs would say, a Hasid. A devotee of the Psalms. We feel that once she's acknowledged that religious salvation, guided though it can be by rule and precept, has its origin not in theological doctrine but in a spontaneous welling-up from below, from within the person, and is fur-

thered less by abstract argument than by emotion, by a conversion of heart—she'll stop fighting herself. She'll no longer identify the sources of her movement with monsters and demons. She'll get up and walk. Even more than that," he added mischievously, "she'll get up and dance. That will cure her." He nodded to my parents, signaled my brothers to precede him, and with Mr. Isaacs at his side began to mount the stairs.

"**I** FORBID it," the doctor shouted. He tried to block the procession. "Nurse, nurse, lock the door!" But he was too late: in a moment the procession had swept past him and disappeared up the stairs.

Our ears cocked, we waited for the first sound from above. It came in a moment, preceded by a short gasp and a scuffle which I took to be the nurse protesting and then being thrust aside as the procession moved into Grandma's room. Grandma's shriek, while not quite as shrill as the one with which she had greeted the sight of Brahmachari at prayer, had more substance. Full of violence, the sound reverberated down the stair well.

My father shook his head. "It's those markings," he said, nodding sagely. "I knew she wouldn't take to that paint job. Against the Laws of Moses, you know," he informed the doctor. To this the latter had no reply.

Then there came from upstairs a sound of such intensity that Grandma's in comparison was the whimper of a small girl in a hurricane. In mood, though, the sounds were reversed. Whereas Grandma's was shrill, even strident in undertone, the new sound that emerged from her bedroom, soul-piercing as it was, had a high, sweet, overriding quality that seemed to originate, not in the brainpan, but in the heart. It had been going on for some time, I later realized—first low and muted, as if two soft metals had been struck together, then louder and stronger and more sweetly resonant—but none of us downstairs had been truly struck by it because of the violence of Grandma's cry. When it struck us it was all at once and almost at crescendo. It had in it the sound—not that the wind makes, but that the wind means, before sunup on a clear June morning. It had in it the swell of the sea, and the echo of the conch shell that reproduces internally the sea's message. It was Brahmachari, of course,

dancing like an oriental King David in front of Grandma and clashing his cymbals.

Then came silence, abrupt and absolute. The sound had stopped.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," the cook said. She crossed herself.

I looked around me and saw that my parents were huddled together in a corner like two frightened children. They nodded to me and without a word we swept past the doctor and up the stairs. Outside the shut door to Grandma's bedroom the nurse was standing, her face as white as her uniform. For a moment we surrounded her as my father tried the door. It was locked. From inside the room there came fresh sounds, but this time, although hard to make out, they were human. As if from another world I heard Mr. Isaacs chanting in Hebrew. "To the chief musician," he sang. "A psalm by David. Sing unto the Lord a new song, His praise in the congregation of the pious." I also heard a drum being tapped.

Wordlessly, and with my parents still in the lead, we turned and made our way through Brahmachari's adjoining bedroom and out to the balcony. There, with my arms around my parents' shoulders and our faces pressed to her screen door, we saw Grandma for the first time since her illness. She didn't seem ill at all. Still wearing the same white night shift but with her hair and face made up—she had, in preparing for these inevitable visitors, even applied a little rouge—Grandma was propped against the pillows at the head of her bed. She seemed many years younger, and on her face there was a dazed but contented expression. At the end opposite hers on the bed Brahmachari was squatted, his legs folded under him. He had again stripped down to his loin cloth, his turban and the holy beads, and with his long brown fingers he was tapping on the two-headed drum. Bolt upright in front of Grandma and with a slight smile on his lips he weaved the upper half of his body as he tapped. "Hari Krishna," the monk hummed. "Praise Krishna."

She smiled at him dazedly, her cheeks flushed. Brahmachari, I now realized, had also applied the religious markings to his chest. It was at these that she was staring. Tentatively, she put a hand to her own slightly made-up face. As he continued to

tap on his drum and sway in front of her I also noted that the large copper begging bowl was placed on the bedspread between them. In it was the pair of now discarded cymbals. Each no larger than the palm of a man's hand and tied to the other by a thong that ran through their centers, they seemed dim and inconspicuous instruments to have produced the sounds that had drowned out Grandma's. And on the night table beside them Brahmachari's Tulasi plant nodded and rustled in the noonday breeze.

"A psalm by David," Mr. Isaacs chanted. The Hebrew teacher had taken up his station in a corner of the room and with a prayer book in front of him was singing and rocking backward and forward. "Hallelujah," he repeated. "Sing unto the Lord a new song, His praise in the congregation of the pious."

"What time is it, Grandma?" the monk asked. He paused in his drumming for a moment. "Who am I?"

Her lips moved wordlessly. "King David?" she asked presently, but in a voice so timid that my parents and I, with our faces pressed to the screen door, could hardly hear.

"Hallelujah," Mr. Isaacs chanted. "Praise Him upon the clear-ringing cymbals. Praise Him on the high-sounding cymbals."

"It's Dr. Brahmachari, Grandma," my brother told her. "It's the Hindu Hasid that

Mr. Isaacs wants to introduce to you. Up on your feet," he urged her. "Say hello to the Hasid."

They slipped their hands under her shoulders and lifted her to the floor. As she stood there between them, smiling bashfully and still uncertain on her feet, the monk slipped off the other side of the bed and came around to greet her. "I am Mahanan Brata Brahmachari," he said, folding his palms in front of his face and bowing, "a Hindu monk from the Sri Angan Monastery, Faridpur, East Bengal. I've been invited by your grandsons to stay for the summer."

There was an instant of silence. At the church around the corner a bell struck the midday. Then Grandma came across. "Good afternoon, Dr. Brahmachari," she said in English. "Welcome to our house."

"Hallelujah," Mr. Isaacs began again but Grandma beat him to it. "Hallelujah!" she cried, wresting herself from my brothers' arms. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." It was my parents' impression that she stumbled towards the Hindu but my own feeling is that she skipped. As my brothers stepped forward to grab her she turned to them with a radiant expression. "It's twelve o'clock, children," she told them. "Where's . . .?" But before she could ask her final question I had plunged through the screen door and taken the old woman in my arms.

The Blue Grotto

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

THIS was a special sight, even for Italy.
To get in, we had to lie down flat.
The rowers sat, perfectly at ease.
Could it be they have special knees?

We went down us. We came up blue.
It was *all* blue, everywhere:
Blue air, blue walls, blue fingers.
The bluebird had become water.

They asked us for a tip while the spell was still on.
But we were still American.
It was too blue to be true
And all included in the fare.

The Easy Chair

Letter to a Family Doctor

Bernard DeVoto

DEAR DOCTOR Jay: My check for \$14.45 accompanies this letter. I have taken two deductions from the \$15 for which you billed me. The first one, thirty cents, is the 2 per cent for current payment customary in commercial transactions; business ethics, I gather, now govern our relationship. I will explain the remaining twenty-five cents in a moment.

I fully understand why you have been forced to raise your fee for house calls from \$10 to \$15, though I am not able to adjust my own professional fees so readily to the rise in living costs. I am still being paid for the Easy Chair just what I was getting in June 1946 when I wrote a piece attacking the anti-vivisectionists for which you and about a thousand other medical men wrote me letters of approval. (Many of them phrased so similarly as to suggest that someone had sent out word to give me a hand.) Still, though my income is not large enough to enable me to pay for my children's education this year without dipping into savings, I realize that it is large enough to put me, statistically, in the topmost 5 per cent of Americans. I am therefore glad to send you the \$15, less deductions, as payment for your treatment of my son's cold plus my share of your treatment of others who cannot afford your full fee or perhaps any of it. The 95 per cent of my fellow-countrymen who are less able than I to afford medical treatment thrust themselves on my attention. I will help American medicine take care of them—as long as I can.

I do not know how long that will be. This month the hospital to whose staff you belong asked me to contribute to its endowment drive. The last time it did so I sent what was for me a thumping big check, much larger

than I could really afford. I would be glad to contribute now, all the more glad because of the magnificent care I received during the three weeks I spent there last April. But this year I cannot afford to give the hospital a dime. One reason, besides taxes and the inflation, is that the cost of those three weeks, the fee of the surgeon who operated on me, and the loss of income while I was convalescing used up all my margin. The chairman of the drive tells me that it is going to fall far short of its goal; many people on whom it could once depend for contributions can no longer afford them. He, you, and I all know how grave a danger this is to the hospital, to your profession, and to the public. Who is going to pay the hospital's deficits and who is going to support its medical research now that we of the middle class no longer can? I understand your trade association, the AMA, to say that though it cannot answer that question it will not permit the government to pay for them.

I THANK you for the publicity matter which you inclosed with your statement. I am especially glad to have the copy of Dr. Elmer L. Henderson's inaugural address, "Medical Progress versus Political Medicine." I understand that in sending me this material you were helping in the crusade which Messrs. Whitaker & Baxter outlined for you in "A Simplified Blueprint of the Campaign against Compulsory Health Insurance." You must, they tell you there, "do double duty until this issue is resolved." You must, they say, "help in treating the ills of the body politic." But I must tell you that as part of the body politic I do not think you are qualified either to diagnose or to treat such illnesses, and I know that advertising agencies

will make any diagnosis asked for on a fee-for-service basis.

Your proprietary advertising reached me opportunely. I was following the ads which you were running in the Boston newspapers. I found them dishonest, and they further annoyed me by the copywriter's assumption that I am a fool. But they harmonized well with the ads on the opposite page, which were trying to sell me water from a radium spring that is guaranteed to cure everything from impotence to cancer. They set out to rouse the same fears to the same ends. Your radio commercials interested me too. Little dramatic sketches presented you as the old family doctor, with the nobility and self-sacrifice which copywriters now have you wearing like a streetwalker's smile, and assured me that you were guarding my health (without fee, the implication was) and simultaneously protecting me from political enslavement. I observed that as soon as you signed off, another little drama came on. There was a woman who was very, very tired. She was so exhausted and suffered so much from backache that she could not greet her husband with the loving eagerness which alone could save their marriage. It turned out that she needed the dollar economy-size of a cathartic which acts painlessly, and I rejoiced that the advertising agencies were saving freedom, monogamy, and peristalsis in the same half-hour.

You and a tobacco company will relieve throat irritation; you and Seneca Snake Oil will get rid of gallstones. Your advertising has already cost you a very great deal of the prestige which the advertising agency told you would put your campaign over. And it has radically changed the relationship between you and me. Your ads speak of the trust between physician and patient, so noble it says here, so sacred, so certain to be destroyed by what the propaganda calls socialism. But I do not like any kind of solicitation that trades on prestige or on such fears and hopes as illness necessarily involves, and I will not tolerate political solicitation in a relationship of trust. Solicitors who call at my house must use the back door.

MY SECOND deduction, the twenty-five cents, signifies that I will not help pay for the \$25 assessment you sent

to the AMA to run these ads and print these pamphlets. I will not help you finance distortion and demagoguery. In an envelope that has your name and degree on it you tell me by way of Dr. Henderson that "all infectious diseases have been brought under effective methods of prevention, control, and treatment." I am to have no more colds, then, and my friend's daughter need not have died of poliomyelitis last summer. Cure guaranteed, Dr. Henderson's ad says in effect, and it was only through inadvertence that he did not mention the great increase in chronic diseases, especially among the elderly, and that he did not point out how our increased longevity makes more medical service necessary, not less. There is much further disingenuousness in his anthem of self-praise but let us pass over it. I am willing to grant him that on the whole "the history of American medicine is a vibrant, continuing story of human progress." But when you follow him into a political agitation that is at once arrogant, insolent, and dishonest, someone has got to call you.

"It is," the two of you say, "the administrative arm of our Government in Washington which has failed us in this generation—a Government which is sick with intellectual dishonesty, with avarice, with moral laxity, and with reckless excesses." You say that to me when you send me his speech, Doctor. You sound like Mr. Vishinsky, and that eloquent rabble-rouser was surely pleased by your allusion to "the totalitarian plan which Washington directs and the people pay for." You and Dr. Henderson are to be highlighted in your nobility against the government's viciousness, and I am to rejoice that, all other moral heroisms having been defeated, yours will keep us free. And the conspiracy, though so powerful, is so small. You tell me that the people who do not stand on the AMA's party line are "a comparatively small group of little men—little men whose lust for power is far out of proportion to their intellectual capacity, their spiritual understanding, their economic realism, or their political honesty." Expert hysterical rabble-rousing, Doctor, and you add, "Their real objective is to gain control over all fields of human endeavor. Their real objective is to strip the American people of self-determination and self-government and make them a Socialist State in the pathetic

pattern of the socially and economically bankrupt Nations of Europe which we, the American people, are seeking to rescue from poverty and oppression." You go on to say that the issue is "whether we are to become a Socialist State, under the yoke of a Government bureaucracy, dominated by selfish, cynical men who believe the American people are no longer competent to care for themselves." You and Dr. Henderson and his publicity adviser, from your advertising agency I suppose, appear to believe that the American people are no longer competent to think for themselves. But you make me wonder how competent you are.

MUCH might be said about this delirious rant, which would have landed Dr. Henderson before the un-American Activities Committee if it had been circulated by a group of excited college boys who had just heard of Marx. One thing is this: you and Dr. Henderson are saying what is not so. Another is this: Dr. Henderson acquires no immunity by wrapping the flag round the vested interest of the AMA's bureaucracy and trustees. Your acquiescence in his claptrap withdraws you from my respect but I take it to be a consequence of the fact that you have not done much thinking about the subject he is misrepresenting. Medicine is your field, not economics, sociology, or government. You come innocent and virginal to social thinking. It is a fair bet that, like thousands of other physicians whose rage Dr. Henderson is whipping up, you have not even read the bills for compulsory payroll deductions for medical insurance which, after all, are what he is talking about. You probably do not know what the bills say, and you had to work so hard on biochemistry at college that you did not learn to detect the propaganda in such phrases as "socialized medicine," "statism," "socialism," and "totalitarianism." With what valorous stupidity you charge head down at those red rags—and all they are concealing is certain bills which would require some people to take out medical insurance. Bills that are an admittedly clumsy attempt to remedy an intolerable situation which your trade association refuses to face realistically and which, it makes clear, must be solved without its help.

You are a busy man, I know. You have not

got time to find out for yourself, though every day you see some of the conditions that the bills are trying to alleviate. So you check your intelligence with the AMA, whose refusal to do anything grows more reactionary as conditions grow more alarming. And with your intelligence and your \$25 in its pocket, the AMA systematically distorts the facts and misrepresents the conditions to you. You docilely swallow the cure-guaranteed elixir which your propagandists prescribe. And, docile to them but truculent to me, you send me Dr. Henderson's nonsense and forfeit your status.

A friend of mine, a Vermonter, has a useful locution. He does not say, "Joe is a damned fool." Knowing the mixed nature of the human being and the fallibility of human judgment, he says instead, "Joe puts me in mind of a damned fool." What you put me in mind of, Doctor, is a sap.

You had better stop acting like a sap. Our constitutionally elected government, which has to do something about an increasingly alarming social situation that the AMA refuses to deal with at all except on its own long-obsolete terms—do you really think it is what Dr. Henderson says it is? You had better think again, fast and hard. And this pamphlet called "Old Doc Truman's Pink Pills." Have you read it, Doctor? Take the passage that begins on page 27. It equates the Democrats, the party which a majority of our citizens have maintained in power, with Communists, and in doing so it makes some of the most scabrous and feculent statements I have ever seen in print. Its distributors have learned a little caution, but not much, from the public outrage that followed the notorious "Dear Christian Colleague" letter which one of your propaganda organizations sent out. As it describes the plot of various committees and learned foundations to deliver medicine and the United States over to Stalin, it insistently repeats Jewish names. It never quite says right out that the Democrat-Communist plot is a Jewish plot but it is so written as to make many a reader believe that it is. Thus it arrives at a standard technique of totalitarianism: anti-Semitism. Do you accept responsibility for this? You will be held responsible. I got the pamphlet from the office of your State medical society and the girl there said that it was for distribution to

patients. You paid the \$25 assessment. The noble old family friend has corrupted the relationship of trust with anti-Semitism.

I know that you, personally, do not approve of this, but there it is. Thousands of your colleagues do not, either, and still there it is. Take a tumble to yourself.

And take a tumble to your leaders. Dr. Henderson says that in three more years ninety million people will be enrolled in voluntary health-insurance plans and that "when that number has been reached, the problem will be largely resolved." Even if his wild guess should prove accurate, and even if all those voluntary plans should prove adequate, *will* the problem be "largely resolved"? Dr. Henderson will be satisfied if the remaining 40 per cent of the population are without insurance—will you be satisfied? And are you sure that the AMA will support the voluntary plans which it is now praising? For years it opposed voluntary health insurance as violently as it now opposes payroll deductions. Twenty-six state medical societies, I make it, have sponsored legislation which limits such plans to those that are controlled wholly by physicians. That is, plans in which neither the public nor the subscriber has effective power. Many medical societies have threatened disciplinary action—up to measures which would make practice impossible—against any of their members who participate in any other kind of plan. Some have been convicted of conspiracy in restraint of trade—which is a crime, Doctor—and others are under indictment for such interference with *voluntary* prepayment plans. The AMA has fought hard against comprehensive prepayment plans. It has tried to kill those that have succeeded. On the showing so far, is it honest about voluntary insurance or is it throwing dust in my eyes and yours?

LIKE a lot of physicians, a lot of us laymen are fed to the teeth with the AMA's methods. With its persistently negative approach to everything. With its unvarying misrepresentation of the efforts other countries are making to solve the problem. With its "crusade" and its "battle" and its vilification of the government, the public, and its own members who speak out. With its uniformly misleading attack on "government medicine." Everyone in the military services

is under a system of "government medicine"; so is everyone in a veterans' hospital or receiving out-patient treatment from one. The Public Health Service is "government medicine." Several thousand of your colleagues who have had the best training available are practicing "government medicine." Are they venal, inferior, and suppressed?

One of your ads listed "damage to research" among the ills certain to follow "government domination of the people's medical affairs under compulsory health insurance." What about that? The hospital which asked me for a contribution is carrying out fundamentally important researches that are being paid for by the government. They are entirely in the hospital's hands. How have they been damaged? As a member of a committee of the National Research Council, you regularly go to Washington to appraise projects in medical research for which the government is to pay. Your committee is composed exclusively of medical men who are not in the government service. You decide whether a project is valuable and how much ought to be spent on it; the project then passes to representatives of the government just long enough for them to allocate the money for it; it then passes entirely out of their hands and the government has no more to do with it till private medicine has finished the job. . . . Why do you submit to a patent misrepresentation? Why do you try to deceive me?

The advertising, propaganda, and vilification which the AMA conducts is steadily, and now seriously, undermining your professional standing and prestige. The public very much needs both. The traditional system of medical practice has burst its seams; it is now inadequate and outworn. We are going to have something different. No matter what your propagandists say, it is certain to be not a single system but multiple and mixed. And there is no chance whatever that the AMA will get what it demands—no chance that the mixed system will be developed and administered solely by doctors. This is a public matter, a community and national matter. It requires innumerable skills which medical men simply have not got, and it must be under the unremitting scrutiny of representatives of the public with power to act. Medical knowledge is only one of many kinds of knowledge that are required for social action.

But you and your colleagues can shape the future of American medicine if you will accept the responsibility. If you study the problem and act to solve it, not to prevent its being solved. If you turn back the AMA's headlong opposition to every change not approved by the extremely small group of men who enforce its reactionary policy on its whole membership. (Is there no lust for power on the top level of the AMA? And how much of this policy is designed to secure to a very few men the largest possible incomes while the average income of medical men is smaller than it would be if people could afford to pay their doctors' bills?) If you stop acting like a sap, then you can count on shaping the solution. But time passes, the problem grows more desperate all the time, and a solution will be worked out somehow—with, without, or in spite of you. It had better be with your help.

DESPERATE social problems have to be solved, Doctor; they are solved as needs must, if it comes to that. Even if we accept Dr. Henderson's figures, 40 per cent of the population will have no insurance protection against medical expense. Of his 60 per cent, only a part will have adequate insurance. Ward service in the hospital that is trying to raise funds now costs \$10 a day, the cheapest room \$18 a day. Last week in the out-patient department I saw a patient getting a prescription filled at a drug window. It called for six capsules of aureomycin a day for ten days. The hospital was selling him the capsules at cost, forty cents apiece, \$24. If his job paid him \$40 a week, he could not afford them. In that case the hospital would give them to him, but the hospital had to pay \$24 for them—and it can no longer get its deficits paid by contribution. Yet aureomycin is cheap compared to certain other remedies which medical research—in part supported by government appropriation—has developed. How could he afford ACTH, or the hospital afford it for him?

There are other considerations too. You know that, in spite of what your advertising says, the only places where American medicine can fully live up to its possibilities are the teaching hospitals. You know that elsewhere it is not doing as well as it wants to and must. You know that there are many areas

inadequately provided with doctors, hospitals, and the proper equipment for tests, treatment, and research. You know that some doctors are not well enough trained—with the cost of training climbing before your eyes—and that some hospitals are not good enough—with the cost of making them better steadily mounting.

You know too that thousands of physicians disapprove of the AMA policy, are alarmed by it, and want to substitute for it one which will enable the profession to grapple successfully with all these problems. And you know that the hard facts of a rapidly changing world are forcing thousands of other physicians into activities—contract practice is one of them—which the AMA condemns. You know that many thousands of your colleagues agree with Dr. James Howard Means, who is not a Communist, who I think is not a Democrat either, but who *is* Chief of Medicine at a great hospital and Professor of Clinical Medicine at a great medical school. "A learned profession has sunk, or been dragged, in its political sphere, to a distressingly low level," Dr. Means wrote, and he went on, "What organized medicine needs . . . is a new and more enlightened leadership."

That puts it up to you, Doctor. For the campaign of what the AMA calls "public education" run by an advertising agency, you had better substitute one of self-education. You had better adopt the scientific attitude and find out what the facts are and what, besides propaganda, can be done about them. You might begin by reminding Dr. Henderson of his oath: "I shall strive constantly to maintain the ethics of the medical profession and to promote the public health and welfare." The public does not consider misrepresentation ethical. The AMA is not promoting public health and welfare by intimidating its members, trying to frighten laymen, lapsing into anti-Semitism, and accusing a government which has also sworn to promote the public welfare, of conspiring with Communists to stamp out freedom in the United States.

You can hold your leadership to proper ends, Doctor, or you can repudiate it. You have that option. But if you are to retain the public respect that has been yours or if you are to do your part in guiding the future of medicine in the United States, you have no other choice.

What Goes Up the Chimney

Robert L. Heilbroner

*Pictorial Comment by
Robert Osborn*



DONORA, Pennsylvania, lies at the bend of the Monongahela River; it is a bleak and ugly town of 14,000 people. Along the river bank, like a row of sentinels, stand the tall stacks of Donora's industry: steel, wire, zinc. From the tops of the stacks drifts a cloud of smoke; the wind catches it and in a short space it is dispersed in the air and gone over the mountain tops. It is a scene that could be found almost anywhere in America.

But it is a scene that means more to Donora's citizens than to most. For two years ago, during the last week of October, that clearing wind died down. The smoke from Donora's plants gathered over the town and hung listlessly, waiting to be swept away. On Wednesday morning, October 27, Donora's citizens saw strange streamers of carbon hanging motionless in the air; the visibility was

so poor that even natives of the area could not find their way about.

At first this was only a matter for conversation: Donora was used to smoke palls and no one saw in the thick murk the harbinger of a tragedy that was to make Donora the byword for industrial catastrophe. On Thursday the wind still failed to come and by Friday the air was palpably thick and heavy. Yet the annual Halloween parade was well attended and the stands were crowded on Saturday morning at the Donora High School football stadium.

But all the while the air was turbid and motionless. A temperature inversion had set in and the normal relationship between the warm air next to the earth and the cooler air above had been reversed. Smoke coming from the steel and wire and zinc plants hovered over the stacks and then fell slowly and

Instead of giving forth the cough, curse, and exhortation with which most of us dismiss the smoke menace, Mr. Heilbroner attacks the problem with facts about the cause and cure. The author is an economist and frequent contributor to Harper's.

thickly to the ground. The poison in the atmosphere was steadily accumulating, building up to lap at the levees of human tolerance.

On Saturday the poison took full effect. By 11:30 that night seventeen persons were dead; two more died Sunday, and another fell ill to die a week later. Out of Donora's 14,000 population, 2,148 people were mildly ill with headaches and dizziness, 2,322 were moderately ill with vomiting and nausea, 1,440 were desperately sick. Out of every ten persons in the town, four had breathed in too much poison.

This was the worst smoke tragedy that had ever befallen an American community; in fatalities, Donora was surpassed only by a horrible catastrophe in 1930 when sixty people choked to death in the Meuse Valley in Belgium. And what is distressing for Donora's townfolk, when they eye the plumes of smoke that today drift across the valley, is the knowledge that atmospheric flukes like the one in October 1948 can be expected to recur. The law of averages would lead one to expect a similar condition of temperature inversion about once every ten to fifteen years. But the law of averages knows no regularity: Donora could suffocate again tomorrow.

BECAUSE Donora was a tragedy it made the headlines: citizens all over the United States suddenly became aware of the dangers that lay half-hidden in the air they breathed. But interest easily aroused flags easily: Donoras, after all, are not everyday occurrences. Smoke stayed for a day or two in the public gaze, but then, like the weather, it was shrugged away.

Headlines or no, the smoke problem has continued to take its toll—its health toll and its nuisance toll and its economic toll—every day all over the United States.

Just last August the residents of Island Park, Long Island, awoke one morning to find that their homes had aged ten years overnight: their neat, white-painted houses had mysteriously taken on a gray patina. The signposts on the street corners looked like archaeological resurrections; the lettering was almost invisible.

In New York City, a few weeks later, automobiles left imprints of their tires on Park and Madison Avenues between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets. Anxious and angry New Yorkers called the police to find out what this invasion of soot was all about.

In Los Angeles on fifty-three separate days in 1948, the local citizenry—sometimes more than half the total population—was afflicted en masse with smarting eyes and with nose and throat irritations.

In St. Louis on one Tuesday morning, some years back, the street lights had to be turned on at 9:00 A.M. to provide enough illumination to navigate by.

And recently, in Dayton, Ohio, 1,500 cars in a parking lot were attacked by corrosive smoke. The average damage to the paint job per car was estimated at from \$75 to \$100.

These are only scattered episodes—the reported skirmishes—in a war that has been going on between man and his industrial environment for centuries; back in 1257 Queen Eleanor of England moved from Nottingham to Tutbury Castle to escape the “unendurable smoke from sea-cole.”



So far man has been losing the war—or at best holding his own—for industry has grown far faster than our sporadic attempts to control its wastes. Here and there the inroads of smoke have been stopped, contained, rolled back; but by and large the problem of pollution has been picking up momentum. Today, the smoke menace has assumed proportions—in its impact both on our health and on our pocketbooks—that should serve to rank it as a major national scandal: for it is a scandal when society permits itself to be subjected to a condition for which it has the cure.

But by some peculiar anomaly, we sanitary-fetishist Americans, with our deodorants and our cleansers and our sterilizers and our sanitary wrappers, seem content to live and breathe in an ocean of dirt. The smoke pall that envelopes our cities, the haze we see over the factories, the filth we pick up in a train ride; we are vaguely aware that all this is dangerous, expensive, destructive. Perhaps we would be less complacent if we realized just how dangerous, how expensive, how destructive smoke can be.

II

YOU have probably never sat down to calculate how much your smoke bill is: you would probably not be pleased if you did. For if your home is in Pittsburgh your family pays out well over \$100 per year for extra laundry and cleaning and car-washing and painting. Even if your home is in the country, you may be subject to long-range contamination from air-borne soot, while if you live in an average city you don't have to have the problem diagramed—you live with it. By and large, the urban dweller spends from \$20 to \$40 per year to clean himself up from smoke and soot, and that doesn't include a lot of business and municipal costs for which he also has to foot the bill.

For smoke damage, like the havoc wrought by floods, is not subject to neat itemization and careful calculation. Who can accurately tot up the extra building-cleaning, the extra lighting, the destruction in property values caused by dirty air? (This last item alone has been estimated at a staggering \$200 million a year.)

And the few detailed studies that have been made will set you on your heels. Back in

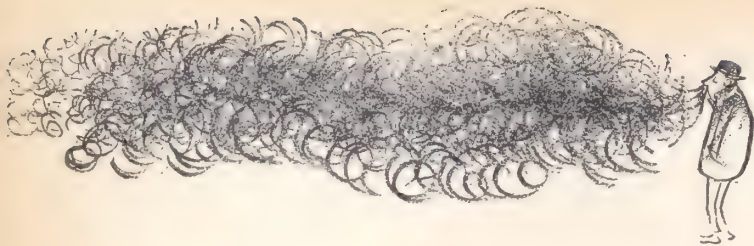


1913, when prices were 50 per cent of today's, Pittsburgh's smoke bill—and this did not include the waste of fuel—was \$8,500,000. In St. Louis, the 1940 estimate was \$14 million: two and one-half millions for unnecessary renewing of paint and sheet metal alone. Chicago puts its losses at \$30 million; Cincinnati computes its toll at \$8 million; Cleveland at \$6 million. In New York City, I have heard the bill for the five boroughs put at \$150 million!

And smoke can hit the countryside as well. Today in Los Angeles District, a million dollars in damages has been paid or is tied up in litigation because of sulphur dioxide damage to truck gardens: while up in the Columbia Valley, an international tribunal has awarded a third of a million dollars for trouble caused by smoke and fumes. Still other suits in the Pacific Northwest for alleged damage to crops by fluorine total \$2,500,000.

Add together the nation's extra cleaning bills, the value of the crops that have withered under aerial bombardment, and of 45 million tons of coal that go up the nation's stacks, and you come up with a national bill that is impressive even to people accustomed—perhaps dulled is a better word—to figures in nine places and up. The best over-all estimate that I have seen places the global figure of smoke cost at \$1,500,000,000. And this is only an educated guess: there is an estimate for the cost of waste fuel alone that comes to \$800 million yearly, and an estimate of the extent of smoke damage to merchandise and buildings that totals \$500 million.

Whatever the figure is, it's steep. As a nation we spend more on cleaning up the smoke mess than we spend on medicine, or on private education, or even on books, magazines, and newspapers. Personal hygiene and



public beauty aside, smoke is very much a matter of the pocketbook.

AND the economic cost of smoke is only half the story. For even more expensive than the wear and tear and waste of smoke is the menace smoke presents to health.

There has been much loose talk about the physiological danger of smoke pollution: cancer of the lungs and tuberculosis have both been blamed in part on the presence of irritants in the atmosphere. That may be: we do not surely know. For there has been surprisingly little careful medical investigation into the full impact of polluted air on human health; there are few studies to report; there has been little or no controlled experiment, almost no research. Yet there are some unpleasant and disconcerting facts:

It is a fact, for example, that the average man in the course of a day breathes in 3,300 gallons of air—some thirty-four pounds of oxygen and nitrogen and whatever else happens to be floating in the vicinity of his mouth. It is also a fact that the dust-fall in Chicago averages over fifty tons of dirt per square mile per month, that New York staggers under one hundred tons per month per mile, that parts of St. Louis reel under two hundred tons! O sweet fresh air!

It is a fact that inhaled solid particles and acids are injurious to the membranes of the nose and throat and lungs and eyes, and that smoke can also set up a predisposition to respiratory disease; it is also true that during a week of particularly bad smog in London, the death rate went up 20 per cent.

It is a fact that we need sunlight for health. Yet smoke concentrations in New York City have blocked off as much as 42 per cent of the sun's rays in the morning and 18 per cent at high noon; in Chicago, too, as much as 40 per cent of the sunshine may be lost in the murk.

And so Donora was only the extreme end of a spectrum. The scale tapers down and shades off into coughs and colds, wheezes and sniffles, headaches and irritated eyes. Smoke can be a killer; it can be a slow-acting poison, a mild irritant, or just a damn nuisance. Sulphurous smoke can step up the erosion of heavy-gauge steel rails by 600 per cent, and although we do not know by what exact multiple it can accelerate the erosion of a human lung, our imagination and our common sense tell us that perhaps we had best not wait for the full final reports of the medical authorities. In due course we will learn the unpleasant facts in all their decimal certainty; in the meantime we can start cleaning up the place.

III

SMOKE is a problem not just because man is careless or profligate or heedless of his neighbors, although all these attitudes contribute to the difficulties. Smoke is also a problem because it is a tough enemy.

Of course, the best way to beat smoke is not to make it. That means, in layman's terms, having good fuel and handling it properly; giving it plenty of time and the right temperature at which to burn, and sufficient turbulence to mix intimately with the necessary oxygen. Most smoke is nothing but unburned fuel—black carbon particles that have not had a chance to exchange electrons with oxygen atoms and have therefore failed to form the carbon monoxide and dioxide gases that go up the stack as invisible and usually harmless waste. Any fuel—the purest anthracite or the most refined natural gas—can make smoke if burned carelessly; and any fuel, bituminous coal or heavy oil, can be burned smokelessly if the equipment is right and the firing is done correctly.

But unfortunately the matter does not end there; if it did, smoke control would be a relatively easy problem to surmount. There are two other matters to contend with: impurities in the fuel, and the peculiar mysteries surrounding the act of combustion itself.

It is obvious that whatever is in fuel that will not burn must emerge as waste. Some will come out of the bottom of the furnace as slag; some will go up the chimney as smoke. Some of whatever exists by way of ash—and this may run up to 15 per cent of your coal—



will find its way to your curtains as cinders and fly-ash. Some of whatever begins as sulphur—and there is 2 per cent or more of sulphur in most coal and oil—will end up as sulphur dioxide out of the stack and as weak sulphuric acid when it has combined with the moisture in the air. That's what makes the holes in your laundry and what takes the finish off your house paint.

But there is still another difficulty in the way of smokeless combustion. This is the strange fact that even the purest fuel will not burn if its surface condition is not right: tiny particles of coal will fly through the inferno of a power plant boiler and emerge unscathed as pure black carbon. You can see the importance of surface conditions for combustion by trying to light a lump of sugar in a match flame: it can't be done. But if you alter the surface condition of the sugar by brushing one corner of the cube with cigarette ash (which is already a waste product from combustion and hence quite incombustible itself) oddly enough the sugar will light and burn with a steady flame.

Like so many simple things, smoke is complex upon analysis. Smoke may be waste fuel; it may be ash; it may be sulphur gas and quite invisible, or carbon particles black as night. It may contain valuable products—the top-soil around an old copper smelter once yielded smoke-borne waste worth a million dollars—or it may be utterly useless ashy powder which must be dumped at sea or buried.

ONE thing is certain, it is a lot easier to make smoke than to beat it. Some of the best engineering brains in the country have worried over how to trap the destructive gases and tiny particles that go whirling up the chimney, and although tremendous progress has been made, no complete cure-all—within economically feasible limits—has been found.

There is just so much that you can do with smoke. You can deflect it and you can baffle it: both are methods that break the path of smoke particles and cause them to fall out of their rising carrier of gas. You can filter smoke, you can wash it, and you can centrifuge it: all rather expensive methods with specialized industrial application. You can bombard smoke with supersonic waves





which make the extremely tiny smoke particles agglomerate so that they can be collected. And you can electrocute it between steel plates and wires that pulse with 60,000 volts and attract the particles like iron filings in a magnet.

But you can't beat it all. In New York City, for example, the four huge stacks of the Waterside plant of the Consolidated Edison Company tower over the East River like tubes torn from the Queens Midtown Tunnel; almost half as tall as the Queen Mary stood on end, and big around as a living room, the stacks carry into the air the waste from four huge boilers each as large as a five-story building. And they smoke: ten thousand pounds of dirt pour out of the stacks every day and the sulphur gases have already started to attack the gleaming end wall of the nearby UN building.

But if Con Ed smokes, it is not for lack of trying. Merely consider the size of its problem: each day something like ten million pounds of coal or oil is poured into its boilers. From this enormous quantity of fuel comes a half million pounds of smoke, for

despite a boiler temperature of nearly a thousand degrees Fahrenheit, some specks of coal refuse to burn and the original ash and sulphur in the coal must all come out as waste or corrosive gas.

Consolidated Edison has spent \$21 million trying to trap that half million pounds of smoke at Waterside and the smoke at its other plants. It has installed electrostatic precipitators as big as houses to attract the smoke to its giant plates; it has television cameras trained on its smokestacks so that the operator in the boiler room can always see the condition of the chimney smoke. Every day it carts out to the ocean 150 to 200 tons of fine gray ash from Waterside alone; scowloads of condensed smoke that has been kept from your furniture and your lungs.

Consolidated Edison has cut down on the fly-ash and soot by about 97 per cent; it has been less successful with its sulphur wastes. Since sulphur gases can be collected at smelting plants, people have assumed that Con Ed can do the same. The trouble is, the utility begins its problem where the smelting plants leave off; to eliminate its present sulphur

smoke would cost the company (and its customers) something like a dollar per ton of coal just to run the necessary washing process, not to mention the millions to set it up.*

The moral is not that Consolidated Edison is blameless for the smoke nuisance in New York; on the contrary it is the single largest producer of smoke in the city. The point is, rather, that it is one thing for indignant housewives and civic groups to call for an end to smoke (Consolidated Edison gets at least two or three complaints a week), and another to examine the technological perplexities which stand in the way. It is easy to point to the biggest smokestacks in the city (which are equipped with smoke-control apparatus) and much more tiresome to scatter the blame over the hundreds of tugs and locomotives, thousands of apartment houses, and hundreds of thousands of private homes.

IV

WHAT Consolidated Edison has done—and what it has been unable to do—throws this problem of smoke control into sharper perspective. For whether we like it or not, there is a technological limit beyond which it is not practical to go: those gray clouds coming from your utility's stacks may well be the *cleanest* industrial waste you can reasonably expect.

And a moment's reflection will tell you that there is another and even more stubborn obstacle to smoke control: the economic limit. Chicago, for example, has 400,000 buildings with at least one chimney each, and we can hardly expect a \$300,000 precipitator (that's what each of Con Ed's cost) to sit atop a \$10,000 house. The great bulk of the nation's smoke cannot be battled with expensive technical equipment: it must be *prevented* by firing furnaces correctly.

And that brings us down to the ever-recurring, unexciting, obdurate human problem. It takes more than sweet reasonableness to convince a harried janitor that he ought not to throw wet garbage into an incinerator. Nor is it a simple matter to show the hurried householder that when he gives his furnace a kick and a promise, he is contributing to the

dirt he complains about on his freshly laundered shirt.

But the fact remains that when all is said and done this smoke problem can be licked. For in our present begrimed and polluted state we are still miles from the technological limits and far from pushing against the stubborn barriers of excessive cost and the minimum degree of human non-co-operativeness. We can—within a relatively few years—cut the smoke problem down to life-size, to the benefit of our pocketbooks, our spirits, and our health. We can—despite all the admitted difficulties—carry out a program which will literally make all the difference between black and white in our daily lives.

Here is what we need to do:

(1) *We must force large industry to add to its smoke-control equipment.* American big business has only begun to fight smoke effectively; it has been effectively making it for years. The oil companies which contributed so importantly to the Los Angeles smog, the U. S. Steel subsidiary which helped provoke Donora's tragedy, the thousands of other plants which soil our lives and spoil our living must be held responsible for the consequences, not to say the aftermath, of their operations. For large industry the expense of



* Consolidated Edison will certainly have to stop fouling the UN building—if not by building its stacks still higher, then by some other method.



smoke control must be considered as one of the social costs of doing business.

Certainly much progress has been made. The utilities lead the march, for they stand with their big stacks exposed to the eyes and tempers of the communities they serve: the power companies alone have already poured out at least \$100 million in the fight against soot.

And the utilities are not alone. Standard Oil will have spent \$10 million on smoke control by 1951, Dow Chemical \$3 million, Ford over a million and a half, and these are merely examples: it is estimated that industry is spending well over \$100 million per year to battle air pollution.

Vast as this sum may seem, it is only a drop in the bucket if America is to clamp down on smoke within the limits technologically and economically available. When our communities become fully smoke-conscious and demand the best in smoke control from all who can afford it, we shall have to invest something like \$2 billion in smoke-control equipment. If the size of this investment worries you, remember once again that our yearly cost of cleaning up is very nearly that large: and you are paying it.

(2) *We need better smoke prevention.*

Foolish as it may seem, the idea is still preva-

lent that smoke is a sign of industrial prosperity: manufacturers who show their plants on their letterheads like to have the artist draw in nice thick streamers of smoke. Actually, of course, smoke is waste: one prong of the attack against smoke must be to demonstrate that smoke costs money.

The big manufacturers know this already: the not-so-big have to be shown. In New Jersey a meat-packing plant was induced by the local smoke-control board to put in furnace equipment worth \$131,000; not only did its smoke almost disappear, but its fuel savings ran to \$47,000 per year. In like fashion, another plant spent \$40,000 for new boilers which enabled it to burn \$16,000 less coal and oil—and to burn the rest smokelessly.

Most of the really black smoke you see is simply excess fuel—unburned fuel—that is needlessly going to waste. Better firing equipment is not only a sure means of cutting down on pollution, but a paying proposition.

(3) *We need smoke-control enforcement.*

More smoke-control equipment and better firing practices will not come for the asking: they must be fought for. King Edward I set the pattern in 1307 when he instructed his Commission to “assess great fines and ransoms” for those who ignored his pioneering anti-smoke ordinance, and although we may have refined our methods, we are still following in Edward’s footsteps.

The fact is that if we are going to get cleanliness, we will need more than virtue: to be precise, we need good stiff municipal or state ordinances with sharp teeth and ample power. We need trained staffs of engineers who will pass on all new firing equipment and offer advice on old and faulty apparatus; we need skillful administrators who know how to publicize, cajole, persuade, instruct, and if necessary browbeat the public into smoke-consciousness.

Contrast this with what we have: an average per capita expenditure for smoke control of seven cents. Think of the efficacy of smoke control in Rochester, New York, where a city of 330,000 is under the surveillance of *one* inspector; or Akron, Ohio, whose 242,000 people are protected from the wastes of 2,500,000 tons of coal by two inspectors. Even in New York there are only twenty inspectors and a budget of only \$162,000—

just one-half of that recommended by the Engineering Society. An ordinance alone is not enough—incidentally, some two hundred communities have ordinances of one sort or another. Without the power and the personnel, a law against smoke is about as effective as a law against sin.

WHERE enforcement has been given a chance, the results have been spectacular. St. Louis has cut its smoke pall by 75 per cent over the past decade. Hudson County, New Jersey, cut its aerial grime by 85 per cent and then decided the job was done and abolished the smoke-regulation department in January 1950. There has been a 40 per cent increase in smoke since then! Salt Lake City—over twenty years ago—chopped its industrial smoke pollution down by 96 per cent. New York City, despite its short budget, aims to clear its air of 75 per cent of its dirt within a few years.

But it's not easy to push a smoke-control program through. It's expensive for big companies: they kick. It's a slow and uphill fight: the public loses interest. It's easy to get the program bogged down in politics: you can't stop smoke without stepping on someone's toes.

When Dr. Louis McCabe came to Los Angeles to stop the smog that was assuming Donora-esque proportions, he was hailed by the Los Angelenos as their deliverer. Within six months, Dr. McCabe was being obstructed

and harassed; within a year he was being heckled, investigated, sniped at, and defied. The famous California air was finally made available, in modest quantities, to the local Californians—but it was only after McCabe had fought the oil companies to a standstill, exposed a disgruntled politician who was trying to undermine the smoke program for reasons of personal grudge, appeared before endless juries and committees, and generally displayed a combination of zeal and tact that would have done credit to a diplomat.

But despite all the difficulties, it can be done. The task is not a glamorous one nor will it yield immediate dividends: like good furnace operation, smoke-control programs take plenty of time, a certain degree of angry temperature, and enough civic turbulence. William Christy, who heads the New York program after twenty-five years of outstanding work cleaning up St. Louis and industrial New Jersey, says: "It's all wrong to speak of smoke control as a campaign. It's more like a thirty years war."

In the end it pays off handsomely: two or three years from now if you and your neighbors are still bothered and annoyed by the smoke in your town, you will have nothing to blame but your own inertia. The trouble is, we've been living in the Dark Ages for so long, we've got used to them. I wonder how New Yorkers are going to adjust to that skiing air around 1953. Most of them will probably be forced to move to Pittsburgh.



The Sun and the Stars

The Nature of the Universe, Part II

Fred Hoyle

Last month, Fred Hoyle introduced this series of five articles about the new cosmology with a description of the Earth itself and our solar system, as seen both from interplanetary space and from a planet moving around another star in the Milky Way. In his graphic account of the Sun and stars in this issue, he continues to explain the new developments in astrophysical knowledge which are preparing the way for the "next cosmological revolution" in our way of thinking about the relation of man to the universe. Mr. Hoyle is Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and lecturer in mathematics in the University of Cambridge. The articles were originally prepared as talks for the BBC; they will be incorporated in a book to be published by Harper & Brothers in April. Next month, Mr. Hoyle will discuss the origin and fate of the stars.—The Editors.

THE main purpose of this article is to tell you what the astrophysicists have discovered recently about the inner workings of the Sun. And this will bring up their answers to a number of age-old cosmological questions. What is the Sun made of? How hot is it? Is it simply hot on its surface, or is the whole body hot, inside and outside? These are some of the things which puzzle people. Much more important is this one. What is the source of the Sun's energy? Is it growing hotter, or colder? How long will it continue to radiate light and heat at just the rate required by living creatures on the Earth? Is it getting smaller and smaller, or will it stay the same size—or even perhaps get bigger? Some of these questions, I might warn you, will take us forward into the remote future, perhaps to a time more than 10,000,000,000 years hence.

After all this, there is another class of question, not of such wide cosmic importance but of urgent practical interest, that we must

also consider. For in the study of the Sun's light and heat, astronomy comes in contact with everyday affairs. Not only is sunlight a necessity for the support of life on the Earth, but it is also the ultimate source of all the energy at present used in industry. The power produced by coal and oil represents sunlight that was stored in trees and plants thousands of centuries ago. Even hydroelectric power really comes from the Sun, for it is the Sun's heat that sucks water from the oceans into the atmosphere. But falling water is not a big source of energy and it is well known that our coal and oil supplies cannot last for more than a few centuries. So it looks as if our power may finally give out, and with it the whole of our present civilization. Moreover, we need more energy, great quantities of it, if we are to go on developing at the rate we are getting used to. How are we to find a new supply of energy? Should we start growing plants with the object of trapping the Sun's light, or

should we build a whole lot of miniature suns of our own? This can be done, as you know, by disintegrating uranium in an atomic pile. This will bring me to our newest, our most anxious, fear. It has been maintained by some people that an atomic explosion might fire off a nuclear chain reaction that would blow up the whole Earth. Whether this is so or not must form a part of our cosmology.

FIRST, then, a few general remarks about the Sun. It is the nearest of the stars—a hot self-luminous globe. Though only a star of moderate size, the Sun is enormously greater than the Earth and the other planets. It contains about 1,000 times as much material as Jupiter, the largest planet, and over 300,000 times as much as the Earth. Its gravitational attraction controls the motions of the planets, and its rays supply the energy that maintains nearly every form of activity on the surface of the Earth. There are some exceptions to this general rule: for instance, the upheaval of mountain ranges and the outbursts of volcanoes.

You might like to ask why the Sun is able to supply its own light, heat, and energy, whereas the Earth and the other planets only shine feebly with the aid of borrowed light. Strange as it may seem, it is best to start this problem by considering the interior of the Earth. Owing to the weight of the overlying rocks, material near the center of the Earth is subjected to enormous pressure. Indeed, in the deep interior the pressures amount to nearly 100,000,000 pounds per square inch. It is the same inside the other planets, and in those that are larger than the Earth the pressures developed are even greater. It may surprise you that the ordinary solids and liquids of common experience should be able to withstand such terrific forces without giving way.

But if we apply this argument to the Sun we get a different answer. It can be established that, in order to withstand the weight of the overlying layers, the pressure at the center of the Sun must be nearly 100,000 times greater than the already tremendous values occurring within the Earth. Ordinary solids and liquids certainly cannot stand up to compressional forces as great as that. If the sun were constituted like the Earth, it would collapse visibly before our eyes under

the inexorable power of its own gravitational field. How then does the astrophysicist explain why the Sun does not collapse, and also why it has remained pretty much its present size, as the geologists have shown, over at least the past 500,000,000 years? There is only one possibility. The material inside the Sun must be hot, very hot, by our standards. By calculation we have discovered that near the Sun's center the temperature must be in the neighborhood of $15,000,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. This may be compared with the temperatures in an electric furnace, which are less than $3,000^{\circ}\text{C}$., or even with the surface of the Sun where the temperature is only $6,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. Here then we can tick off the answer to one of our original questions: namely, "How hot is it inside the Sun?" It is about $15,000,000^{\circ}\text{C}$., and it is very, very much hotter inside than it is at the surface.

II

IT is difficult to appreciate what a temperature of $15,000,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. means. If the solar surface and not the center were as hot as this, the radiation emitted into space would be so great that the whole Earth would be vaporized within a few minutes. Indeed, this is just what would happen if some cosmic giant were to peel off the outer layers of the Sun like skinning an orange, for the tremendously hot inner regions would then be exposed. Fortunately, no such circumstance is possible, and the outer layers of the Sun provide a sort of blanket that protects us from its inner fires. Yet in spite of these blanketing layers some energy must leak through from the Sun's center to its outer regions, and this leakage is of just the right amount to compensate for the radiation emitted by the surface into surrounding space. For if the amount leaking through were greater than the amount radiated, the surface would simply warm up until an exact balance was reached. The situation has some similarities with what happens if you heat a long metal bar at one end. Heat travels from the hotter end to the cooler end. But this analogy is not perfect. Analogies never are. Heat is carried along a metal bar by conduction, whereas in the Sun the outward leak of energy is carried by radiation. The radiation changes its character as it works its way outward. At the

surface it is ordinary light and heat, but in the central regions it takes the form of the very short wave-length radiation known as X rays.

We now reach an important point. The rate at which radiation leaks through from the central regions and thence into outer space can be calculated—that is to say, the brightness of the Sun can be predicted theoretically. The result of the calculation depends most strongly on the amount of material present in the Sun. If, for instance, the amount were increased tenfold, the brightness would increase about a thousandfold. Not even the most enthusiastic sun-bather would welcome this change, for it would cause the whole body of the Earth to melt and the rocks would bubble merrily. Then again the Sun's brightness depends on the chemical composition of its material, and also on its size. The Sun would become dimmer if it were expanded and more brilliant if it were contracted.

The first calculations along these lines were made by Eddington. In his remarkable book *The Internal Constitution of the Stars* he worked out a theoretical value for the brightness of the Sun, using as the ingredients of the calculation the quantity of material in the Sun and its known size. The theory gave a brightness nearly a hundred times too large; that is, a hundred times greater than it is known to be by observation—ordinary observation by telescope. But this was not as bad as it sounds, because Eddington had to make a guess at the chemical composition of the solar material. His first guess was that the material is predominantly composed of iron and other elements of what is called high atomic weight. The important feature of this guess was that no appreciable quantities of hydrogen and helium were thought to be present.

By about 1930, Eddington, however, had come round to the view that his original idea of a Sun made of iron was to blame for the trouble. It was found that the presence of appreciable quantities of hydrogen—the element with the lowest atomic weight of all—would make a very big difference in the theoretical result. To bring theory into line with observation, the Sun had to contain either about 35 per cent hydrogen or over 90 per cent hydrogen. Now astronomers were

effectively unanimous in preferring the 35 per cent alternative, even though H. N. Russell of Princeton had shown that hydrogen is overwhelmingly predominant in the atmospheres of many stars. Here you must allow me a slight digression, for you see now the working of prejudice. Previous opinion had been that the Sun contained next to no hydrogen. When Eddington's work upset this notion it was decided to accept the lesser of two evils and the 35 per cent possibility was accordingly adopted. And this view has persisted until quite recently. A proper appreciation of the general cosmic abundance of the various chemical elements is, as we shall see, one of the most recent cosmological developments.

HERE now is a crucial turning point in our argument. We have seen that the interior has to be very hot indeed to prevent the Sun from collapsing catastrophically. We have also seen how the rate at which the surface radiates energy into surrounding space can be calculated. I have mentioned the various items of information that constitute the basis of the calculation, and I hope that you will have noticed that at no point did I introduce the idea that the Sun actually generates energy by nuclear transmutations taking place in its interior—the sort of thing that goes on in atomic piles. Does this mean that the brightness of the Sun is independent of whether any such energy is being produced or not? The answer to this is, yes. If the size of the Sun and the quantity and composition of the material it contains are all known, then its brightness is a fixed quantity, quite regardless of whether or not energy production occurs in the interior. This result may strike you as very surprising. Eddington's contemporaries certainly found it so. Jeans, in particular, never seems to have understood its significance.

But is nuclear transmutation taking place in the Sun nevertheless? The best way for us to make further progress in this problem is by asking how Eddington was able to deduce that energy generation must indeed be taking place inside the Sun, and at such a rate as to compensate exactly for what is being radiated into surrounding space. Let us suppose, by some magic, that we remove the sources of the solar energy. There will

be no immediate change in the Sun's brightness. But as you will realize, the Sun cannot go on losing energy indefinitely without there being some important changes in its internal structure. What would the changes be? I suppose the natural answer would be to say that the Sun would cool off. But this is wrong. For, as we have seen, the inner regions could not then support the weight of the overlying layers and there would be a complete collapse of the whole body. So a cooling-off process would not be a stable one. The loss of radiant energy from the surface would lead to a very slow contraction of the whole of the Sun, and, paradoxical as it may sound, this compression would actually heat up the material. Eddington's method of determining the brightness remains valid and shows that so far from cooling off, the Sun would actually grow steadily brighter as it contracted. Calculation shows further that the reduction of the diameter of the Sun would be about a hundred yards every year. At first sight this appears to be very little—it would certainly lead to no noticeable effect, even with sensitive instruments, over the whole course of recorded history. But this is only a way of saying that the period of recorded history is extremely short. Over periods of time that are commonplace to the geologists the Sun would change a very great deal.

III

IF WE put this argument in a slightly different form we can immediately reach our conclusion. For if throughout the geological ages some source of internal energy had not just compensated for the radiation that was being lost at the solar surface, the Sun would necessarily have shrunk by now to a tiny body. In short, it would have become much less than it is observed to be at present.

But the inference that there must be energy generation inside the Sun does not settle our difficulties. We have still to find out exactly how the energy is produced. Ordinary chemical sources are hopelessly inadequate. If, for instance, the Sun were made out of a mixture of oxygen and the best quality coal, the coal would be reduced entirely to ashes in only two or three thousand years. Nor is the

natural radioactivity of uranium, such as occurs in the rocks that compose the Earth's crust, sufficient to run the solar engine. Some new source depending on atomic transmutation is necessary. This requirement first made it clear to scientists that it must be possible to find nuclear processes that are very powerful sources of energy. Here, as with so many other important ideas in physics, the lead was supplied by astronomy.

How, then, is energy generated in the Sun? Two suggestions as to this were made by Jeans. One was that the Sun might contain super-radioactive material not present on the Earth, and the other that matter might even be annihilated under the physical conditions occurring in the solar interior. For various reasons that it would take me too long to describe, neither of these ideas has passed into current astrophysics. The solution of the problem lay along different lines, and, at the risk of being a little technical, I should like to go over the main developments as they occurred.

Let us transfer the scene to the interior of the atom instead of the interior of the Sun. The chemical elements are classified according to the particles contained in their central nuclei. At the lower end of the list of atoms found in nature is ordinary hydrogen with a nucleus containing one particle—a proton—while at the upper end is the commonest form of uranium, which has a complex nucleus made up of 92 protons and 146 neutrons. I hope you are familiar enough with these terms not to let them worry you.

Measurements made by Aston of Cambridge in the early nineteen-twenties showed that the best way of getting energy out of the elements at the upper end of the list is to break up the nucleus, preferably into two pieces of about the same size. As you are probably aware, the only elements for which this has so far been found practicable are uranium and thorium. Exactly the opposite situation occurs for nuclei containing less than about fifty particles. These have to be added together for energy to be obtained. Many such building-up processes are possible, but only one is of great astronomical interest. Helium is next to hydrogen at the lower end of the scale of atomic weights. If four protons could be combined so as to form an alpha-particle, as the nucleus of helium is usually

called, a large amount of energy would be set free.

Remembering that Eddington's work showed that the Sun must contain at least 35 per cent hydrogen, we are naturally led to ask the question: Is the conversion of hydrogen into helium the process that supplies the solar energy generation?

AN important start toward answering this question was made in the early nineteen-thirties by Atkinson and Houtermans, who showed that nuclear transformation processes do indeed occur in the solar interior at roughly the required rate. The next step was taken in 1938 by Gamow and Teller, whose work may be described as bringing the ideas of Atkinson and Houtermans into line with the rapidly developing science of nuclear physics. But so far no one had earmarked the actual processes that supply the Sun's energy. This link in the chain was left to H. A. Bethe of Cornell, who showed, in 1939, that a particular set of reactions involving carbon and nitrogen as catalysts has the effect of building helium from hydrogen at just about the rate necessary to compensate for the energy radiated from the solar surface. Catalysts, you remember, are substances which help a reaction to occur but do not change themselves.

It was at this stage that my colleague, R. A. Lyttleton, and I first became interested in the problem of the structure of the Sun. It seemed to us that Bethe's work, if it were put into calculations at the beginning instead of at the end, should lead to a considerable improvement in the whole method of investigation, which had hitherto lacked both accuracy and elegance. These troubles were due at root to the use of the observed size of the Sun as a datum of the calculations. So long as the mode of energy generation was unknown, this was a necessary procedure, but once the nuclear processes occurring in the Sun were understood, it was possible to put the whole problem in a much more direct and challenging form. Given only the amount and the composition of the solar material, is it possible to decide purely by calculation both the brightness of the Sun and what its size must be? Lyttleton and I found that this could indeed be done, and we were able to show that the results of the mathematical

theory agree with observation to an accuracy of a few per cent. It is a strange thought that we know far more about the inside of the Sun than we do about the motion of boiling water in a kettle.

THIS is not the end of the story. The next step leads us away from the Sun to other stars. Eddington, right from the outset, was not slow to see his theory also applied to the stars in general. His comparison of theory with observation for a group of about twenty stars was at first regarded as very encouraging, but as time went on certain discrepancies became more and more manifest.

These discrepancies persisted until about two years ago, when it was realized that they can be completely resolved by a change in our view as to the chemical composition of the material composing the Sun and the stars. You will remember that in Eddington's work, consistency between theory and observation could be obtained if the Sun contained either 35 per cent or more than 90 per cent of hydrogen. The only step that was necessary to overcome the discrepancies I have just mentioned was to adopt the larger percentage. To sum up the most recent conclusions, a normal star at the time of its birth consists of about 1 per cent oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon, about 1 per cent of heavy elements such as iron, perhaps up to 5 per cent helium, and the rest hydrogen. This answers one of our original questions: What is the Sun made of? Because, as we shall see in a later chapter, the Sun is still in its infancy.

At this stage we may notice an important point relating to the origin of the planets. If the weight of hydrogen in the Sun is over a hundred times greater than the combined weight of such elements as silicon, oxygen, iron, and magnesium, it is clear that the composition of the Sun is very different from that of the planets, where the combined abundance of hydrogen is only about the same as that of the other elements. In short, there is about a hundredfold difference between the hydrogen content of the Sun and the planets, and this must be taken into account when in a later article we come to consider the process that led to the formation of the planets.

By now we have implicitly answered a number of our original questions. How long will the Sun continue to radiate light and heat at just the rate required by living creatures on the Earth? Calculation shows that so long as the Sun is not seriously disturbed by processes occurring outside itself—and this matter will form one of the chief topics of the next article—the supply of hydrogen in the Sun will last for about 50,000,000,000 years. This does not quite answer our question, because after about 10,000,000,000 years the Sun will be getting too warm for our comfort. In other words, as more and more hydrogen gets converted into helium, the Sun will get hotter and hotter. This is another of those results that go the opposite way from what you might naturally expect. By the time the Sun has used about a third of its present store of hydrogen the climate, even at the poles of the Earth, will be getting too hot for any forms of life that at present inhabit it. At a still later stage, the Sun will become so hot that the oceans will boil and life will become extinct.

So life will perish in the solar system as a whole, for the same considerations will also affect Mars, not because the Sun becomes too feeble, but because we shall be roasted.

I think this answers all our questions concerning the Sun except this one—perhaps a minor one for those whose interests in cosmology is not professional: Is the Sun going to change its size? Is it going to swell or to shrink? To deal with this, we must return to the stars. So far I have spoken as if all stars can be fitted into the scheme I have described. This is not so. Those that do have a special name: they are called the main-sequence stars. There are several groups of non-conformers, and one of them, the red-giants, I want now to consider briefly. The red-giants are also of interest partly because the problem they raise is one of the most recent to receive solution, and partly because, as I shall describe in a later article, they serve as a clock whereby we can determine the ages of the stars. I am rather sorry that I cannot bring in all the varieties of non-conformers, as they have such interesting names—the red-giants, the white-dwarfs, the blue-dwarfs, the black-dwarfs, the sub-giants, the sub-dwarfs, and the collapsed super-giants.

IV

THE red-giants are normal enough so far as the amounts of energy radiated from their surfaces are concerned. Where they differ from main-sequence stars is in being of much greater size, though of very much smaller average density. They really are big. It was these stars that I had in mind when I said that if the Sun were replaced by one of them it would fill up most of the space inside the Earth's orbit and that the Earth might even find itself lying deep inside the gigantic body of the star.

The line of argument I have described, starting from Eddington's calculations and ending with Bethe's discovery of the carbon-nitrogen reactions, fails completely for the red-giants. The reason is very simple. If Eddington's calculation is applied to them, it gives central temperatures that are far too low for the carbon-nitrogen reactions to work efficiently. Gamow suggested that perhaps other nuclear transformations are operative in these stars, but the difficulties raised by this hypothesis have proved so severe that it now seems to have been abandoned.

I have spoken of a different procedure from Eddington's, whereby Bethe's carbon-nitrogen reactions were put into the theory at the beginning and in which the size of the star was an outcome of the calculations. Lyttleton and I were naturally interested to see whether stars as huge as the red-giants could be represented by the theory. We soon realized that this was impossible so long as the chemical composition was taken to be uniform throughout the star, as it was in Eddington's theory. Now the idea that every star has a uniform composition had been accepted by almost every author from the earliest attempts on the problems of stellar structure. Was there any reason for believing it to be a correct hypothesis?

In every normal star, hydrogen is being converted into helium inside the central regions, so that appreciable non-uniformity of composition must arise in any star that has already consumed a large fraction of its original supply of hydrogen, unless some process mixes up the helium with the material in the rest of the star. Given certain things in a star, a sufficiently fast rotation, and perhaps a certain sort of magnetic field, such

uniform mixing does go on. When adequate mixing occurs the star remains of main-sequence type; that is, its radius remains comparatively small. But when there is only partial mixing, it transpires that the star must swell as the hydrogen is consumed. Indeed, when 80 or 90 per cent of the inner hydrogen has been converted to helium, calculation shows that the distension of the star becomes exactly of the order observed in the red-giants. The importance of all this to the astrophysicist is that when we observe a star with a greatly distended bulk, we know that this star has had sufficient time since it was born to consume most of its initial supply of hydrogen. As we shall see later, this result enables us to work out the ages of the stars with considerable accuracy.

In small stars such as the Sun, that have not yet lived long enough to burn up much of their hydrogen, there can be no great degree of swelling. Even so, it seems that there has already been a slight expansion of the Sun, and this gives us the probable answer to our final astrophysical question. As the Sun steadily grills the Earth it will swell, at first slowly and then with increasing rapidity, until it swallows the inner planets one by one: first Mercury, then Venus, then the Earth. Mars is likely to be the last planet to suffer this fate, but it is just possible that an even further extension, as far as Jupiter, will occur. This particular part of the New Cosmology seems to fit in well with medieval ideas about hell.

V

MY FINAL points in this article are about terrestrial sources of energy and the possibility of blowing up the Earth. As to sources of energy, I think that it is now the popular idea that we should generate atomic energy on a large scale by the disintegration of uranium or thorium in a multitude of atomic piles, as they are usually called. Now in this matter I am heterodox in my views. I believe that the Sun is a far better bet, that we should trap sunlight on a large scale by the widespread growth of suitable plants in tropical areas. The ultimate product would be alcohol, an excellent substitute for gasoline.

The idea that is now generally held is that

so little uranium is required that the source of supply hardly needs to be considered. But this is not so. The main snag in using uranium or thorium is that rich ores of these metals are so extremely rare that they could provide us with industrial power for only a few centuries. It is true that there is plenty of very thinly distributed uranium. But in order to use it, about as much rock would have to be mined each year as at present we mine coal. Then the rock would have to be crushed and the uranium extracted chemically. All this could no doubt be done, but I think it would require at least as much effort as the growing of plants for the production of alcohol. This is not to say that atomic energy may not be used for specialized purposes; for example, in transport. But these applications will, for the most part, turn on the very difficult problem of developing what physicists call fast reactors. These are a sort of cross between the violence of the atomic bomb and the slow production of energy in a pile.

I come now to our final question. Is it possible to produce an atomic explosion that starts a chain reaction in the Earth itself? In particular, could some reaction fire off the hydrogen that is present in water, especially in the water of the oceans? If all the hydrogen in the oceans were suddenly converted into helium, the Earth would be vaporized practically instantaneously. The blaze of radiation produced would be as large as the total emission from the Sun added up throughout a whole year, and if there is life on Mars, it would rapidly be reduced to ashes. If you ever mention the end of the world, that is the sort of end you should have in mind.

A high temperature is necessary before hydrogen is affected by nuclear reactions. The highest temperature that can be produced on the Earth occurs in a volume a few centimeters across for a time of about a ten-millionth of a second during the explosion of a uranium bomb. This temperature is about 150,000,000° C., which is about ten times greater than the temperature at the solar center. The question is whether a uranium bomb exploded under water would act as a detonator to the hydrogen in the water. In the autumn of 1945 I looked into this matter and decided that the high temperature pro-

duced by the bomb lasts for too short a time for this to be possible. This conclusion was later confirmed by the atom bomb trials at Bikini.

VI

BUT before we leave this subject we must also consider the possibility of the underwater explosion of bombs more violent than the uranium bomb. These considerations have particular relevance to the possibility of making a hydrogen bomb. The idea of a hydrogen bomb is to produce an extremely rapid conversion of hydrogen into helium; to do what the Sun does, but to do it quickly. To do this, two conditions are necessary. One is a high temperature, and this could best be achieved by using a uranium bomb as a detonator. The other necessity is to find a far faster reaction than the main processes that occur in the Sun and the stars. At first sight it looks as though this is an impossibility, because any process that can be used on the Earth can also occur in the Sun. But this overlooks a really crucial point.

The fastest reacting substances are so extremely rare in the material of the stars that they are not important in astrophysics. On the Earth, however, these substances can be prepared artificially in the laboratory and in the atomic-pile.

The most powerfully reacting substance is

indeed of the sort that would require artificial preparation. This is a special form of hydrogen known as tritium, which differs from ordinary hydrogen—the form of hydrogen I have been considering so far—in its central nucleus. The nucleus of ordinary hydrogen consists of one particle—a proton, whereas tritium, as its name implies has a nucleus containing three particles—a proton and two neutrons. In my opinion the most powerful reaction would be obtained by combining tritium with a form of hydrogen known as deuterium, the central nucleus of which contains two particles—a proton and a neutron.

But to return to our main topic: Can the hydrogen bomb explode the oceans? Even with the most violent reaction, I think that fortunately this is impossible. The importance of the hydrogen bomb from a military point of view is that it can be made as large as practical questions allow, whereas the uranium bomb is severely limited in size. So a hydrogen bomb of extremely great explosive power can be made if the necessary quantity of tritium can be manufactured. But it is not the total quantity of energy released by the bomb that decides whether the oceans will explode. The crucial quantity is the temperature produced, and curiously enough this must be nearly the same in the hydrogen bomb as in the uranium bomb. So we may conclude that although mankind may engage in foolish personal destruction, the Earth itself is safe.

Cold Weather Suggestion

MANY persons aggravate throat complaints by mufflers, wearing scarfs or extra covering about the neck; these do keep the throat warm, but in every change of position of the head or face some part of the neck or throat is moved from the covering; the covering does not adapt itself to or follow the movement, hence the cold air rushes in upon that unprotected part and chills it; but the beard follows every motion of the head or face faithfully, and thus is the most perfect muffler that can possibly be devised.

—From *Fun Better Than Physic; or, Everybody's Life-Preserver*, by W. W. Hall, M. D., Springfield, Mass., 1871.

Home

A Story by Kay Boyle

Now it was evening, and the rain had been falling all day, falling steadily on the ruins and rubble of the city, and the wind had been driving in hard from the outlying hills. It was the time of day to turn toward home, and a sadness seemed to fall, with the rain, upon the city streets, as if, at this hour, the entire city had come quietly to recognize the reason for its physical destruction, and the burden of its nearly unattonable sin. People whose daily work was done moved out of the doorways of the half-broken buildings, the shop-blinds descended, shuddering aloud, and the ferment of sale and barter came to a close. The streetcars came, riding the weather as a ship rides the sea, so filled with dark, clinging forms that they no longer stopped for those who waited, but rocked on toward the outskirts of the German city, their bells clanging out in warning through the falling rain.

It was only when you had come uptown as far as the American Shopping Center that the grief and longing which beset the city seemed to be assuaged. Here the Army Post Exchange, and the Clothing Store, and the Coffee Shop, with its ice-cream soda fountain, were emblazoned with neon lights, and music came through amplifiers planted, like giant convolvuluses, in the roof garden's illuminated shrubbery. There were elegant cars parked cheek by jowl still in the cemented drive before the buildings, for it was Wednesday, and the Shopping Center closed an hour later on that day. The whole place was set aside from ordinary life by seeded triangles of

grass, bordered by hedges, and these and the shrubbery seemed artificially colored, but it was the rain and the floodlights which had painted them in phony green.

Here there was the constant, insouciant fluxing of the civilian and the military—the dependent children in their Gene Autry outfits, with rodeo holster and pistol sets strapped at their waists, and the groups of blue-jeaned high-school students passing, with their saddle-back shoes, their insignia-stamped windbreakers giving this the cleavage of any Stateside town. Or there were the dependent wives in long, vividly colored, mail-order coats, with the plaid-lined hoods of them covering their silky hair, walking under the rain with their husbands in uniform beside them, the captains and majors and colonels carrying five-cent paper shopping bags by their string handles as they pushed in and out of the bright, fanning doors. While through the amplifiers which yawned above their heads in this alien country, a voice they had known since time began sang the familiar words of love aloud to them, keeping the sound of Germany away.

BUT there were men alone among these others, GIs come this far from barracks in the streetcars or by jeep, on a Wednesday evening, boys from the Southern states, or from the North, or from the West, or from the East, some with black skins and some with white, come for the sake of a Coke, or a banana-split, or for the familiar layout of a newsstand; or come merely to sit, in their khaki socks, in the stalls of the "Wile-U-

Wait" shoe-repair salon, to close their eyes, and dream there as they waited for new Catspaw heels to be affixed; come in loneliness to this lighted island which could not be accepted as home, but which might be taken for a little while as home's facsimile. One of these was a colored GI from Mississippi, with a month's pay in his pocket, who walked quickly toward the show windows of the Clothing Store, with his head lowered into the springtime wind. It was the presence of someone waiting in the shadows of the building which stopped him as abruptly as if the darkness had pronounced his name.

"Why, hello," he said, and he lingered there, his hands thrust into his pockets out of the wet, his eyes seeking to make out the figure through the rain and the obscurity. "Hi, there," he said, speaking softly, as man might have said it to woman in his loneliness, but the figure gave no sign that it had heard. The soldier stepped closer to the border hedge, and he leaned across the budding twigs of it, and now he could see that the creature who waited there was no larger than a child, a child perhaps stricken to immobility and silence by the amplified music, and the hastening people, and by the neon lights which spelled their indecipherable message out. "What you think you doing out on a night like this one?" he said, and the child, or the dwarf, or whatever it was that had taken shelter there, took the four or five intervening steps across the triangle of slipping, unseen mud, and made its way expertly through the brittle hedge. When it stood beside him on the pavement, the soldier laid his hand gently, in diffidence, on its shoulder, and he drew it forward with him toward the show windows of the Clothing Store. And there, in the two great golden squares of light cast out, he saw that his fingers touched the wool of a drenched gray sweater that stretched, raveling, across the bare flesh of a boy of four or five. "You sure got yourself good and wet all over," the soldier said, and he paused, hesitant a moment, before looking shyly into the boy's face, perhaps fearing the record of want and hunger that might be written there.

"Kalt," the little boy said, and he looked up at the soldier, his cheeks as full and firm as a baby's cheeks, and a look of impudence, of humor, in his long-lashed, lively eyes.

"You got no call to be cold this time of year," the soldier said, but here, out of the shelter of the building, he too felt the wind driving sharply in upon them from the springtime hills. He could feel the good covering of flesh on the boy's bones, for the clothes the boy wore were as thin as paper, and the bones under the covering of flesh were shaking in the soldier's hand. "You just went and got yourself so wet that it'd take a month to dry you out. That's all the matter with you. You just needs to get in where it's dry," the soldier said, and he looked around for a couple of other words to say, but he couldn't find them, for he had come only a few weeks before to this country, and the language of home was the only one that made any sense at all.

HE KEPT one hand on the boy's shoulder, and like this they walked into the light of the entrance-way together, walked with the high-school girls, and the dependent wives, and the military, toward where a German girl, with an official beribboned badge pinned on her blouse, stood checking civilians at the swinging door. It may have been that she did not see beyond the soldier's uniform, and, seeing it, she did not put the question; or it may have been that, in the fluxing tide of women and men, she did not see the German boy go past. And once inside, the boy and the soldier stood motionless together, drawn suddenly apart from all the others, and, in his uneasiness, the soldier took his leather-beaked cap from the black curls on his head. Beyond hung a mirror, and, when the tide of white people parted, the soldier saw himself, tall, gaunt, chalk-eyed, separated not only by his color from these others, but by his own perplexity; and then, as if recalling that he had been lent a temporary dignity by the uniform he wore, he put his cap quickly back upon his head again.

He stood holding to the shoulder of the German boy, seeking to get his bearings in the confusion, to steer a course between the display of nylon nightgowns, and the Roy Rogers sweaters in primal colors, and the gaudily striped ties; while the others, with purpose and destination established in them, passed from counter to counter, come here for something they knew the size and shape and terms of, and which they would discard

if the specifications were not the right ones, not come for the sake of warmth or light or an illusion of security. In the full-length panel of the glass, he could see that below the German boy's raveling sweater hung shrunken cotton pants, and below the pants, ribbed, cotton stockings, black with wet, were twisted on his short, strong legs. But whatever shoes the boy had on his feet, the soldier could not make out, because of the accumulated mud they bore.

"You had ought to wiped your feet off before you come in," the soldier said. The tide of people had closed again before the mirror, and the soldier looked down at the boy, and he saw that the fair hair was not cropped close to his head as he had seen it on the skulls of other German children, but it hung silky and long behind his ears and in his soiled small neck, and strands of it curled up fine and golden across his rain-wet brow.

"You Have Only One Mother," said a sign hanging over the silverware counter, and a wreath of forget-me-nots had been hand-painted around these simple words. "You Have Only One Mother" was written in white, perhaps in soap, in a flowing hand on the three-paneled glass at the lingerie counter, and the striped shower curtains in the Gift Shop Corner bore this same factual statement concerning Mother's Day. It was the boy's eye or mind which cleared before the soldier's, and which singled out of the bright, animate confusion, the portrait of a woman's thin, somber face. It was framed in pleated gilt paper, and it hung above the hosiery counter, where the stockings were shown drawn over shapely, wooden legs. There were legs which reclined on cushions, and others which did not, and above them meditated the censorious face of someone perhaps as recognizable as Whistler's mother, only the boy and the soldier had no way of knowing the features either of Whistler's, or his mother's, face.

"*Grossmutter!*" the boy cried out in his high, clear, impudent voice, and his fingers pulled at the soldier's sleeve. "*Grossmutter!*" he cried, with a kind of humor in it, and he pointed up at the woman with her thin lips and her meekly parted hair.

"Well, what d'y' know?" said the soldier, and a sense of wonder and pleasure came into his blood.

BUT for all their incongruity here, it might have been that the Clothing Store had been expecting them to come, for at the far end of its galleries a special counter had been prepared. Through the flux of shoppers, the soldier saw a pair of child's size, calf's-hide cowboy boots set on the glass, and a black rubber coat, with a matching fireman's hat, standing high on the doll-like, smiling model of a boy.

"Looks like they're selling things for boys over there," the soldier said, and the boy in his raveling sweater moved forward with him, his hand holding to the soldier's hand.

The German woman behind the counter might have stepped out of a schoolroom for the moment, taken refuge here from the uproariousness of the young and heedless, and now she straightened the ribbons of the official badge which labeled her one of the chosen, and she settled the pins in her knot of graying hair.

"Can I help you?" she said in her good imitation of American, but the soldier did not seem to see her standing there. Instead, he saw the cowboy boots on the glass pane of the counter, and he picked them up, and he looked at the soles of them, and at the heels, as carefully as if he had stood like this in stores at home with a blond-headed child beside him, and had learned what qualities you had to look for in the shoes that child would wear.

"Oh, *prima, prima!*" the boy cried out in his eagerness.

"Can I show you something?" the German woman said.

Behind her were the shelves with boys' shirts lying folded one upon the other in them, and boys' corduroys, boys' pullovers, and boys' blue jeans, with the smell of their denim, strong, familiar, like the smell of home upon the air. "If He's Yours, He Deserves the Best," the slogan was written above the shelves, and the soldier felt his own lips shaping the words of this unprecedented statement, his tongue moving slowly, cautiously, emitting no sound. Then he turned to the raincoat on the model, and his fingertips lifted the hem of it, and he looked at the lining, and then he let it fall, and with his open palm he stroked the fireman's black, sloping hat. His month's pay had gone so heavy with promise in his pocket now that

he could scarcely bear the weight of it, and when the woman behind the counter spoke to him, he slowly brought himself to hear.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, and he took off his hat before her. And then he remembered the uniform he wore, and he put it on again. "There're pretty nice things you got here, ma'am," he said. It was not until then that he saw the felt slippers the boy had on his feet, with the toes thrusting, pale as putty, through them, having thrust through the ribbed stockings a long time before. "I want the best pair of shoes you got in the store for my little boy here," he said.

Behind the counter was a half-circle of hinged, shoestore seats, and the boy sat tentatively on the edge of the one the saleswoman pulled down for him, and then he slipped off it, and let it clap back into place again. He did this twice, and each time he did it, he looked around, laughing, because of the slaps of sound it made. His hair was drying in the heat of the store, and its color lightening, and his full, babyish cheeks were pressed up until his eyes were almost closed with laughing, and a flush spread over his soiled, merry face. The saleswoman had spoken in English to him, and not until she had sat down before the boy, and put out her hand to take the measurement, did she see the sodden, broken slippers, and her bent body straightened on the shoeclerk's stool.

"Why, this is a German boy. He's German," she said, and she looked up in shocked rebuke.

"Well, yes, ma'am," said the soldier. "He's German. I found him standing outside the door."

"Germans are not allowed to come in here," the saleswoman said.

"Well, maybe neither him nor me's allowed to come in here," said the soldier, speaking gently, "but he's got the right to have shoes on his feet the same as you and me got the right."

Now that he sat back in this adult seat, the boy's legs were too short to bend at the knee, and they thrust out straight before him, like the legs of an unjointed doll. And once the saleswoman had taken his slipper off, and held it in distaste between the forefinger and thumb, the boy began to talk in his high, almost impudent

voice to her, or to anyone who would listen, piping wildly and sweetly of the cowboy boots, it may have been, or the raincoat, or the other things he wanted for his own. But however many elegant, clean pairs of shoes the saleswoman brought out, they would not go onto his feet because of the welts and the wet of the ragged stockings on his legs.

"I think you'll have to put dry socks on him first," the saleswoman said, and she held the new shoes in her hand, her eyes, her very being, withdrawn, making no move to peel his stockings away. "We have some cheap ones," she said, for she had been chosen by the Americans to serve Americans, and it was to them she gave her allegiance now. "We have some at twenty-five cents a pair."

"Maybe you got some better ones," the soldier said. "Maybe you got some that costs more." The saleswoman got up, and she set the shoes down on the floor, and she turned to study the numbers on the cartons on the shelves. Then she slid out the box marked "7," and she sat down again on the stool before the boy. In the box there were socks with multi-colored stripes, and others with flowered borders, and still others in solid blue, and solid red, and green, and gold. "Ask him what's his favorite color, ma'am, will you?" said the soldier, his voice modest and shy.

When the saleswoman spoke to the boy in this tongue they shared in common, the bright, quick chattering came to a pause, and then, when she had finished, the boy began to slide back and forth on the hinged wooden seat again, speaking his high, sweet vocabulary of joy.

"He says he likes them all," said the saleswoman, resigned now to anything that they might say or do. "He says he wants them all."

"Well, that's okay with me. Tell him that's okay," the soldier said, and perhaps because he believed there might be some doubt in her mind concerning how much he had, the soldier took the bills of scrip from his pocket, and he began counting them carefully out. But she didn't want the money then; she wanted something else of him, and, seated there on the stool before the boy, she did not look at the soldier, but in spite of the shame and the broken pride which held and warped her spirit, she could not bring herself to take

the rotted, black stockings from the boy's soiled legs.

So the soldier stooped, and he pulled the boy's stockings off, and now that his feet were naked before them, they saw the inch or more of bleached, spongy flesh which cushioned the soles of the boy's feet.

"Why, this boy's feet must have been frozen some time," the soldier said. "Maybe not this winter, but a long time ago. But they was certainly frozen some time. Maybe when he was nothing but a baby lying in his crib," he said, and he held the boy's feet cradled in his long, dark hands.

It was while he picked out the shoes for the boy, and selected the underwear for him, and three bright shirts, and two pairs of blue jeans, and a printed neck-scarf with jewel nail heads and a bucking broncho in the pattern of it, and a nickel slide loop to draw it tight beneath the collar, that the soldier dreamed the brief, clear dream of love about the boy. For the duration of the dream, the boy was his, the authority of family, of country, of occupation even, having discarded him, and the soldier, who had known only leaning Negro shacks, become the provider, the protector at last, the dispenser of white-skinned charity. There seemed to be no one in the American store now except the three of them, and no sound in their universe except the shrill, rapid piping of the boy. Then the soldier lifted the calf's-hide boots off the counter again, and he said: "He ought to have these to change to when he's done got the others wet." So he put the cowboy boots aside, with the shirts, and the blue jeans, and the underwear, and his fingers returned to the hem and the lining of the raincoat on the smiling pink-faced model of a child. "Maybe you got this in his size, and the hat that comes with it," the soldier said, but the boy was saying something to the woman. "What's that boy saying now?" the soldier said.

"He says his mother will be pleased," said the saleswoman, her voice acrid as she took her sales-pad up. Over the hosiery counter the sign said, "You Have Only One Mother," and, "You Have Only One Mother," the runner above the silverware counter repeated, and Whistler's mother looked down on them, giving no quarter to man or boy as she eyed them from the pleated gilt paper of her frame.

"Would you ask him something for me, ma'am?" said the soldier, and his fingers on the raincoat ceased to move. "Would you ask him where his mother is?" he said.

THE boy had got the wet gray sweater off alone, and he was struggling now to get his arms into the red and orange cowboy shirt. When the saleswoman put the question to him, he was doing his best to get the buttons closed. He looked up at her with a marvelous brightness, a singular eagerness of lip, and tongue, and eye, but once she had heard his quick, insouciant answer, the woman shook her head.

"He says he doesn't know where his mother is," she told the soldier, and then she turned away to look for the raincoat, and the fireman's hat, in the size the boy would wear. "That's the way things are in Germany now," she said in a wild, wounded voice when she came back to the counter. "Will there be anything else?" she said, and she took up her pencil and began writing the sales-check out.

"Well, then, maybe you'd ask him whereabouts he lives," the soldier said.

The boy was doing the buttons of the shirt up wrong, and the soldier sat down on the hinged seat beside him, and his long, dark supple fingers set the buttons right. Then he helped him pull the blue jeans on over the wet, shrunk, cotton pants, and he adjusted the straps of them over the boy's shoulders, while the woman put the second question to the boy.

"He says he doesn't know where he lives," she said in answer, saying these words in condemnation of him and of the people from which he came, her voice grim, relentless, in its yearning for the decency, the order, they had, as a country, known before.

The soldier was fixing the jeweled neck-scarf on the boy's shirt collar, adjusting the nickel slide loop of it, and for a moment he did not speak.

"Well, maybe you'd be so kind to ask him, ma'am, how he come here alone," the soldier said then, and the saleswoman turned her head toward the boy, but not quite to him, giving only the side of her schoolmistress face to him, and she put the words in a tense, low, almost menacing German to him, and at once, when she was finished, the eager piping of the boy's voice began.

And then his answer was given, and the saleswoman did not speak. She had begun making figures on the sales-slip, but now her hand which held the pencil ceased to move, and she seemed to look at nothing, not at the sales-pad before her, or at the people moving past the counter, or at the soldier, or the boy.

"He says his mother brings him here in the morning," she said at last, "and she leaves him outside when the people start coming. And then she comes back and picks him up in the evening again."

THE soldier had arranged the neck-scarf on the boy's shirt, and he had finished with the buttons, and he sat without moving on the hinged wooden seat, unable to think of anything to say. And then his eyes shifted to the saleswoman's face, and before he spoke, he cleared his throat.

"Maybe he'd tell you if he was in here before—you know, if he ever come in with anybody who got things for him before he come in with me," he said.

The boy was dressed in the rodeo shirt, and the blue jeans, and good tie-shoes were on his feet, and, as he spun in wonder before the full-length panel of the mirror, he did not hear the question the first time she put it to him. She had to say it twice before he halted

in his spinning and then the answer came.

"He says he's been in the PX, and in the coffee shop, but nobody took him to the Clothing Store before," the saleswoman translated in bitterness. "He says somebody brought his little sister in last week, but the shoes she got weren't as good as the shoes you bought him, and she only got one pair of socks." Then she cried out in a low, fierce voice across the counter to the soldier: "Don't you see how it is with the people of this country? Don't you see they don't know the difference between good and evil any more? You should take all these things away from him! You should take the clothes off him and put him back out in the rain again! Germans like that deserve nothing, nothing!"

But the boy of whom she spoke paid no heed either to the woman, with her aging, fanatical face, or to the soldier, for he was spinning, with his arms outstretched, before the figure of the flushed, blond child who spun, in his bright new clothes, within the glass.

"Well, at home," said the soldier, and his voice was quiet as he counted the bills of military currency out; "at home, ma'am, I never had much occasion to do for other people, so I was glad to have had this opportunity offered me," he said, and then he went away.

Vincent Van Gogh

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

WALKING at night in a hat fitted with twelve candles,
The painter came to the edge of a field, and a barbed wire
Fence, and that was all.
The corn was ablaze, and the sky caught fire.

The stars were extinguished; the painter died,
Blood from his hand running into the flower beds.
Here is the cornfield, swirling ear, and all;
And in the foreground, nervously applied,

An intricate maze of thin-sown poppy-heads.

Lodgings in Trinity Lane

Vladimir Nabokov

Drawings by Jon Nielsen

IN 1919, by way of the Crimea and Greece, a flock of Nabokovs—three families in fact—fled from Russia to Western Europe. It was arranged that my brother and I would go to the University of Cambridge, on a scholarship awarded more in atonement for political tribulations than in acknowledgement of intellectual merit. The rest of my family expected to stay for a while in London. Living expenses were to be paid by a handful of jewels that a far-sighted old chambermaid in our St. Petersburg home had swept off a dresser into my mother's suitcase when packing it for our hurried departure in 1917. We had left that handsome home for what we thought would be a brief wait, a prudent perching pause on the southern ledge of Russia; but the fury of the new regime had refused to blow over. In Greece, during two spring months, braving the constant resentment of intolerant shepherd dogs, I collected butterflies. On the liner *Pannonia* which was bound (twenty years too soon, as far as I was concerned) for New York, but let us off at Marseilles, I learned to fox-trot. France rattled by in the coal-black night. The pale Channel was still oscillating inside us when the Dover-London train quietly came to a stop. Repetitive pictures of gray pears on the grimy walls of Victoria Station advertised the

bath soap English governesses had used upon me in my childhood.

My father had visited London before—the last time in February 1916 when, with five other prominent representatives of the Russian press, he had been invited by the British government to take a look at England's war effort (which, it was hinted, did not meet with sufficient appreciation on the part of Russia's public opinion). They had been shown the Fleet. Dinners and speeches had followed in noble succession. The timely capture of Erzerum by the Russians and the pending introduction of conscription in England ("Will you march too or wait till March 2?", as the punning posters said) had provided the speakers with easy topics. There had been an official banquet presided over by Sir Edward Grey, and a funny interview with George V, whom the critic Chukovski, the *enfant terrible* of the group, insisted on asking if he liked the works of Oscar Wilde—"dze ooarks of Ooald." The king, who was baffled by his interrogator's accent and who, anyway, had never been a voracious reader, neatly countered by inquiring how his guests liked the London fog (later Chukovski used to cite this triumphantly as an example of British cant—tabooing a writer because of his morals).

Mr. Nabokov's sparkling account of himself as a lonely White Russian youth at Cambridge will be a part of his new book, Conclusive Evidence, to be published in February. The author is now on the faculty of Cornell University.

A recent visit to the Public Library in New York has revealed that the above incident does not appear in my father's book *Iz Vojujushchej Anglii*, Petrograd, 1916 (*A Report on England at War*)—and indeed there are not many samples therein of his habitual humor (beyond, perhaps, a description of a game of fives he had with H. G. Wells and an amusing account of a visit to some first-line trenches in Flanders, where hospitality went so far as to allow the explosion of a German grenade within a few feet of the visitors). Before publication in book form, this report appeared serially in a Russian daily. There, with a certain old-world naïveté, my father had mentioned making a present of his "Swan" fountain-pen to Admiral Jellicoe, who at table had borrowed it to autograph a menu card and had praised its fluent and suave nib. This unfortunate disclosure of the pen's make was promptly echoed in the London papers by a Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., advertisement, which quoted a translation of the passage and depicted my father handing the firm's product to the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, under the chaotic sky of a sea battle.

But now there were no banquets, no speeches, and even no fives with Wells, whom it proved impossible to convince that Bolshevism was but an especially brutal and thorough form of barbaric oppression—in itself as old as the desert sands—and not at all the attractively new revolutionary experiment that so many foreign observers took it to be. After several expensive months in a rented house in Elm Park Gardens, my parents and the three younger children left London for Berlin (where, until his death in March 1922, my father joined Joseph Hessen, a fellow member of the People's Freedom Party, in editing a Russian *émigré* newspaper), while my brother and I went to Cambridge—he to Christ College, I to Trinity.

II

LATE in the afternoon of a dull and damp October day, with the sense of indulging in some weird theatricals, I put on my newly acquired, dark-bluish academic gown and black square cap for my first formal visit to E. Harrison, my college tutor. I went up a flight of stairs and knocked on a massive

door that stood slightly ajar. "Come in," said a distant voice with hollow abruptness. I crossed a waiting room of sorts and entered my tutor's study. The brown dusk had forestalled me. There was no light in the study save for the glow of a large fireplace near which a dim figure sat in a dimmer chair. I advanced saying, "My name is—" and stepped into the tea things that stood on the rug beside Mr. Harrison's low wicker armchair.

With a grunt, he bent sideways from his seat to right the pot, and then scooped up and dumped back into it the wet black mess of tea leaves it had disgorged. Thus the college period of my life began on a note of embarrassment, a note that was to re-occur rather persistently during my three years of residence.

Mr. Harrison thought it a fine idea to have



"The mild masquerade in which
I indolently joined."

one "White Russian" lodge with another, and so, at first, I shared an apartment in Trinity Lane with a puzzled compatriot. After a few months he left college, and I remained sole occupant of those lodgings. They seemed intolerably squalid in comparison with my



"A cold, fat sponge-bag under one's arm."

remote and by now non-existent home. Well do I remember the ornaments on the mantelpiece (a glass ashtray, with the Trinity crest, left by some former lodger; a sea shell in which I found the imprisoned hum of one of my own seaside summers) and my landlady's old mechanical piano, a pathetic contraption, full of ruptured, crushed, knotted music, which one sampled once and no more. Narrow Trinity Lane was a staid and rather sad little street, with almost no traffic, but with a long lurid past beginning in the sixteenth century, when it used to be Findsilver Lane, although commonly called at the time by a coarser name because of the then abominable state of its gutters.

I suffered a good deal from the cold, but it is quite untrue, as some have it, that the polar temperature in Cambridge bedrooms caused the water to freeze solid in one's washstand jug. As a matter of fact, there would be hardly more than a thin layer of ice on the surface, and this was easily broken by one's toothbrush into tinkling bits, a sound which, in retrospect, has even a certain festive appeal to my Americanized ear. Otherwise, getting up was no fun at all. I still feel in my bones the bleakness of the morning walk up Trinity Lane to the Baths, as one shuffled along, exud-

ing pallid puffs of breath, wearing a thin dressing gown over one's pajamas and holding a cold, fat sponge-bag under one's arm. Nothing in the world could induce me to wear next to my skin the "woollies" that kept Englishmen secretly warm. Overcoats were considered sissy. The usual attire of the average Cambridge undergraduate, whether athlete or leftist poet, struck a sturdy and dingy note: his shoes had thick rubber soles, his flannel trousers were dark gray, and the buttoned sweater known as a "jumper" under his Norfolk jacket was a conservative brown. What I suppose might be called the gay set wore old pumps, very light gray flannel trousers, a bright yellow "jumper," and the coat part of a good suit. By that time my youthful preoccupation with clothes was on the wane, but it did seem rather a lark, after the formal fashions in Russia, to go about in slippers, eschew garters, and have one's collar sewn on to one's shirt, a daring innovation in those days.

THE mild masquerade in which I indolently joined has left such trifling impressions upon my mind that it would be tedious to continue in this strain. The story of my college years in England is really the story of my trying to become a Russian writer. I had the feeling that Cambridge and all its famed features—venerable elms, blazoned windows, loquacious tower clocks—were of no consequence in themselves but existed merely to frame and support my rich nostalgia. Emotionally, I was in the position of a man who, having just lost a fond kinswoman, realizes—too late—that through some laziness of the routine-drugged human soul, he had neither troubled to know her as fully as she deserved, nor had shown her in full the marks of his not quite then, but now unrelieved, affection. As with smarting eyes I meditated by the fire in my Cambridge room, all the potent banality of embers, solitude, and distant chimes pressed against me, contorting the very folds of my face as an airman's face is disfigured by the fantastic speed of his flight. And I thought of all I had missed in my country, of the things I would not have omitted to note and treasure, had I suspected before that my life was to veer in such a violent way.

To some of the several fellow-émigrés I

met in Cambridge the general trend of my feelings was so obvious and familiar a thing that it would have fallen flat and seemed almost improper if put into words. With the whiter of those White Russians I soon found out that patriotism and politics boiled down to a snarling resentment which was directed more against Kerenski than against Lenin and which proceeded solely from material discomforts and losses. Then, too, I ran into some quite unexpected difficulties with such of my English acquaintances as were considered to be cultured and subtle and humane, but who, for all their decency and refinement, would lapse into the most astonishing drivel when Russia was being discussed. I want to single out here a young socialist I knew, a lanky giant whose slow and multiple manipulations of a pipe were horribly aggravating when you did not agree with him and delightfully soothing when you did. With him I had many political wrangles, the bitterness of which invariably dissolved when we turned to the poets we both cherished. Today he is well known in England as a fine Cambridge scholar; let me refer to him here by the name of "Nesbit," as I dubbed him mentally because of his striking resemblance to early portraits of Gorki, one of whose first stories ("My Fellow Traveler") had been translated by a certain R. Nesbit Bain—hence the somewhat far-fetched cognomen.

It is probably true, as some have argued, that sympathy for Leninism on the part of English and American liberal opinion in the twenties was swung by consideration of home politics. But it was also due to simple misinformation. My friend knew little of Russia's past and this little had come to him through polluted Communist channels. When challenged to justify the bestial terror that had been sanctioned by Lenin—the torture-houses, the blood-bespattered wall—Nesbit would tap the ashes out of his pipe against the fender-knob, re-cross sinistrally his huge, heavily shod, dextrally crossed legs, and murmur something about the "Allied Blockade." He lumped together as "Czarist elements" Russian *émigrés* of all hues, from peasant socialist to White general—much as today Soviet writers wield the term "fascist." He never realized that had he and other foreign idealists been Russians in Russia, he and they would have been destroyed by Lenin's regime

as naturally as rabbits are by ferrets and farmers. He maintained that the reason for what he demurely called "less variety of opinion" under the Bolsheviks than in the darkest Czarist days was "the want of any tradition of free speech in Russia," a statement that he got, I believe, from the sort of fatuous "Dawn in Russia" stuff that eloquent English and American Leninists wrote in those years.

But the thing that irritated me perhaps most was Nesbit's attitude toward Lenin himself. All cultured and discriminating Russians knew that this astute politician had about as much taste and interest in aesthetic matters as an ordinary Russian bourgeois of the Flaubertian *épiciers* sort (the type that admired Pushkin on the strength of Tchaikovsky's vile librettos, wept at the Italian opera, and was allured by any painting that told a story); but Nesbit and his highbrow friends saw in him a kind of sensitive, poetic-minded patron and promoter of the newest trends in art and would smile a superior smile when I tried to explain that the connection between advanced politics and advanced art was a purely verbal one (gleefully exploited by Soviet propaganda) and that the more radical a Russian was in politics the more conservative he was on the artistic side.

I HAD at my disposal a number of such truisms that I liked to air, but that Nesbit, firmly entrenched in his ignorance, regarded as mere fancies. The history of Russia (I might, for example, declare) could be considered from two points of view (both of which, for some reason, equally annoyed Nesbit): first, as the evolution of the police (a curiously impersonal and detached force, sometimes working in a kind of void, sometimes helpless, and at other times outdoing the government in brutal persecution); and second, as the development of a marvelous culture. Under the Czars (I might go on), despite the fundamentally inept, ferocious character of their rule, a freedom-loving Russian had had incomparably more means of expressing himself, and used to run incomparably less risk in doing so, than under Lenin. Since the reforms of the eighteen-sixties, the country had possessed a legislation of which any Western democracy might have been proud, a vigorous public opinion that held despots at bay, widely read periodicals of all shades of liberal

political thought, and what was especially striking, fearless judges ("Oh come," Nesbit would interpose). When revolutionaries did get caught, banishment to Tomsk or Omsk was a restful vacation in comparison to the concentration camps that Lenin introduced. Political exiles escaped from Siberia with farcical ease—witness the famous flight of Trotski—Santa Leo, Santa Claws Trotski—merrily riding back in a Yuletide sleigh drawn by reindeer: On, Comet; on, Cupid; on, Butcher and Blitzen!

I soon became aware that if my views, the not unusual views of Russian democrats abroad, were received with pained surprise or polite sneers by English democrats *in situ*, another group, the English ultraconservatives, rallied eagerly to my side but did so from such crude reactionary motivation that I was only embarrassed by their despicable support. Indeed, I pride myself on having discerned even then the symptoms of what is so clear today, when a kind of family circle has gradually been formed, linking representatives of all nations, jolly empire-builders in their jungle clearings, the unmentionable German product, the good old church-going Russian or Polish *pogromshchik*, the lean American lyncher, the man with the bad teeth who squirts anti-minority stories in the bar or the lavatory, and, at another point of the same subhuman circle, those ruthless, paste-faced automatons in singularly wide trousers and high-shouldered coats, those *Sitzriesen*, whom—or shall I say which?—the Soviet state has brought out on such a scale after thirty years of selective breeding.

III

VERY soon I turned away from politics and concentrated on literature. I invited into my Cambridge rooms the vermilion shields and blue lightning of the "Oration on Igor's Campaign" (that incomparable Kievan epic of the twelfth century), the poetry of Pushkin and Tiutchev, the prose of Gogol and Tolstoi, and also the wonderful works of the great Russian naturalists who had explored and described the wilds of Central Asia. At a bookstall in the Market Place, I unexpectedly came upon a Russian work, a second-hand copy of Dahl's *Interpretative Dictionary of the Living Russian Lan-*

guage in four volumes. I bought it and resolved to read at least ten pages per day, jotting down such colorful words and expressions as might especially please me, and I kept this up for a considerable time. My fear of losing or corrupting, through alien influence, the only thing I had salvaged from Russia—her language—became positively morbid and considerably more harassing than the fear I was to experience two decades later of my never being able to bring my English prose anywhere close to the level of my Russian.

I used to sit up far into the night, surrounded by an almost Quixotic accumulation of unwieldy volumes, and make polished and rather sterile Russian poems not so much out of the live cells of some compelling emotion, as around a vivid term or a verbal image that I wanted to use for its own sake. It would have horrified me at the time to discover what I see so clearly now, the direct influence upon my Russian structures of various contemporaneous ("Georgian") English verse-patterns that were running about my room and all over me like tame mice. And to think of the labor I expended! Suddenly, in the small hours of a November morning, I would become conscious of the silence and chill (my second winter in Cambridge seems to have been the coldest, and most prolific one). The red and blue flames wherein I had been seeing a fabled battle had sunk to the lugubrious glow of an Arctic sunset among hoary firs. Still I could not force myself to go to bed, dreading not so much insomnia as the inevitable double systole, abetted by the cold of the sheets, and also the curious affection called *anxietas tibiarum*, a painful condition of unrest, an excruciating increase of muscular sense, which leads to a continual change in the position of one's limbs.

So I would heap on more coals and help revive the flames by spreading a sheet of the London *Times* over the smoking black jaws of the fireplace, thus screening completely its open recess. A humming noise would start behind the taut paper, which would acquire the smoothness of drum-skin and the beauty of luminous parchment. Presently, as the hum turned into a roar, an orange-colored spot would appear in the middle of the sheet, and whatever patch of print happened to be there (for example, "The League does not

command a guinea or a gun," or "the revenges that Nemesis has had upon Allied hesitation and indecision in Eastern and Central Europe") stood out with ominous clarity—until suddenly the orange spot burst. Then the flaming sheet, with the whirl of a liberated phoenix, would fly up the chimney to join the stars. It cost one a fine of twelve shillings if that firebird was observed.

THE literary set, Nesbit and his friends, while commending my nocturnal labors, frowned upon various other things I went in for, such as entomology, practical jokes, girls, and especially athletics. Of the games I played at Cambridge, soccer has remained a wind-swept clearing in the middle of a rather muddled period. I was crazy about goalkeeping. In Russia and the Latin countries, that gallant art had always been surrounded with an aura of singular glamor. Aloof, solitary, impassive, the crack goalie is followed in the streets by entranced small boys. He vies with the matador and the flying ace as an object of thrilled adulation. His sweater, his peaked cap, his knee-guards, the gloves protruding from the hip pocket of his shorts, set him apart from the rest of the team. He is the lone eagle, the man of mystery, the last defender. Photographers, reverently bending one knee, snap him in the act of making a spectacular dive across the goal-mouth to deflect with his fingertips a low, lightning-like shot, and the stadium roars in approval as he remains for a moment or two lying full length where he fell, his goal still intact.

But in England, the national dread of showing off and a too grim preoccupation with solid teamwork were never conducive to the development of the goalie's eccentric art. This at least was the explanation I dug up for not being oversuccessful on the playing fields of Cambridge. Oh, to be sure, I had my bright, bracing days—the good smell of turf, that famous intervarsity forward, dribbling closer and closer to me with the new tawny ball at his twinkling toe, then the stinging shot, the lucky save, its protracted tingle. But there were other, more memorable, more esoteric days, under dismal skies, with the goal-area a mass of black mud, the ball as greasy as a plum pudding, and my head racked with neuralgia after a sleepless night

of verse-making. I would fumble badly—and retrieve the ball from the net. Mercifully the game would swing to the opposite end of the sodden field. A weak, weary drizzle would start, hesitate, and go on again. With an almost cooing tenderness in their subdued croaking, dilapidated rooks would be flapping about a leafless elm. Mists would gather. Now the game would be a vague bobbing of heads near the remote goal of St. John or Christ, or whatever college we were playing.

The far, blurred sounds, a cry, a whistle,



"... feel the blind drizzle on my face ..."

the thud of a kick, all that was perfectly unimportant and had no connection with me. I was less the keeper of a soccer goal than the keeper of a secret. As with folded arms I leaned my back against the left goal-post, I enjoyed the luxury of closing my eyes, and thus I would listen to my heart knocking and feel the blind drizzle on my face and hear, in the distance, the broken sounds of the game, and think of myself as of a fabulous exotic being in an English footballer's disguise, composing verse in a tongue nobody understood about a remote country nobody knew. Small wonder I was not very popular with my teammates.

SUCH things as the hot muffins and crumpets one had with one's tea after games or the newsboys' cockneyish cries of "Piper, piper!" mingling with the bicycle bells in the darkening streets, seemed to me at the time more characteristic of Cambridge

than they do now. I cannot help realizing that aside from striking but more or less transient customs, and deeper than ritual or rule, there did exist the residual something about Cambridge that many a solemn alumnus has tried to define. I see this basic property as the constant awareness one had of an untrammelled extension of time. Nothing one looked at was shut off in terms of time, everything was a natural opening into it, so that one's mind grew accustomed to work in a particularly pure and ample environment;



"... her peacock-bright parasol . . ."

and because, in terms of space, the narrow lane, the cloistered lawn, the dark archway hampered one physically, those ever-present time-vistas were, by contrast, especially welcome to the mind, just as a sea view from a window exhilarates one hugely, even though one does not care for sailing.

I had no interest whatever in the history of the place, and was quite sure that Cambridge was in no way affecting my soul, although actually it was Cambridge that supplied not only the casual frame, but also the colors and inner rhythms for my very special Russian thoughts. Environment, I suppose, does act upon a creature if there is, in that creature, already a certain responsive particle or strain (the English I had imbibed in my childhood). Of this I had my first inkling just before leaving Cambridge, during my last spring there, when I suddenly felt that something in me was as naturally in contact with my immediate surroundings as it

was with my Russian past, and that this state of harmony had been reached at the very moment that the careful reconstruction of my artificial but beautifully exact Russian world, had been at last completed. I think one of the very few "practical" actions I have ever been guilty of was to use part of that crystal-line material to obtain an Honors degree.

WITH a twinge of shameless pleasure I remember the dreamy flow of punts and canoes on the Cam, the Hawaiian whine of phonographs slowly passing through sunshine and shade, and a girl's hand gently twirling this way and that the handle of her peacock-bright parasol as she reclined on the cushions of the punt which I dreamily navigated. The pink-coned chestnuts were in full fan; they made overlapping masses along the banks, they crowded the sky out of the river, and their special pattern of flowers and leaves produced a kind of *en escalier* effect, the angular figuration of some splendid green and old-rose tapestry. The air was as warm as in the Crimea, with the same sweet, fluffy smell of a certain flowering bush that I never could quite identify. (I later caught whiffs of it in the gardens of the Southern states.)

The three arches of an Italianate bridge, spanning the narrow stream, combined to form, with the help of their almost perfect, almost unrippled replicas in the water, three lovely ovals. In its turn, the water cast a patch of lacy light on the stone of the intrados under which one's gliding craft passed. Now and then, shed by a blossoming tree, a petal would come down, down, down, and with the odd feeling of seeing something neither worshiper nor casual spectator ought to see, one would manage to glimpse its reflection which swiftly—more swiftly than the petal fell—rose to meet it; and, for a fraction of a second, one feared that the trick would not work, that the blessed oil would not catch fire, that the reflection might miss and the petal float away alone, but every time the delicate union did take place, with the magic precision of a poet's word meeting halfway his, or a reader's, recollection.

WHEN, after an absence of almost seventeen years, I revisited England, I made the dreadful mistake of going to see Cambridge again, not at the glorious end of

the Easter term but on a raw February day that reminded me only of my own confused old nostalgia. In every way the visit was not a success. I had lunch with Nesbit (now a gentle professor) at a little place which ought to have been full of memories but which, owing to various changes, was not. He had given up smoking. Time had softened his features, and he bore now no resemblance to Gorki, or indeed to any other Russian writer. An accidental worry (the maiden sister who kept house for him had just been removed to the hospital) seemed to prevent him from concentrating on the very personal and urgent matter I wanted to speak to him about. Bound volumes of *Punch* were heaped on a table in a kind of small vestibule where a bowl of goldfish had formerly stood—and it all looked so different. Different too were the garish uniforms worn by the waitresses, of whom none was as pretty as the particular one I remembered so clearly.

Rather desperately, as if struggling against boredom, Nesbit launched into politics. I knew well what to expect—denunciation of Stalinism. In the early twenties Nesbit had mistaken his own ebullient idealism for a romantic and humane something in Lenin's ghastly rule. Now, in the days of the no less ghastly Stalin, he was mistaking a quantitative increase in his own knowledge for a qualitative change in the Soviet regime. The thunderclap of purges that had affected "old Bolsheviks," the heroes of his youth, had given him a salutary shock, something that in Lenin's day all the groans coming from the Solovki forced labor camps or the Lubianka dungeon had not been able to do. With horror he pronounced the names of Ezhov and Iagoda—but quite forgot their predecessors, Uritski and Dzerzhinski. While time had improved his judgment regarding contemporaneous Soviet affairs, he did not bother to reconsider the preconceived notions of his youth, and still saw in Lenin's short reign a kind of glamorous *quinquennium Neronis*.

He looked at his watch, and I looked at mine, and we parted, and I wandered around the town in the rain, and then visited the Backs, and for some time peered at the rooks

in the black network of the bare elms and at the first crocuses in the mist-beaded turf. As I strolled under those sung trees, I tried to put myself into the same ecstatically reminiscent mood in regard to my student years as during those years I had experienced in regard to my boyhood, but all I could evoke were fragmentary little pictures: M. K., a Russian, dyspeptically cursing the aftereffects of a College Hall dinner; N. R., another Russian, playing with tin soldiers on the floor, like a child; P. M. storming into my room with a copy of *Ulysses* freshly smuggled from Paris; J. C. quietly dropping in to say that he, too, had just lost his father; R. C. charmingly inviting me to join him on a trip to the Swiss Alps; Christopher something or other, wriggling out of a proposed tennis double upon learning that his partner was to be a Hindu; T., a very old and fragile waiter, spilling the soup in Hall on Professor A. E. Housman, who then abruptly stood up as one shooting out of a trance; S. S., who was in no way connected with Cambridge, but who, having dozed off in his chair at a literary party (in Berlin) and being nudged by a neighbor, also stood up suddenly—in the middle of a story someone was reading; Lewis Carroll's Dormouse unexpectedly starting to tell a tale; E. Harrison unexpectedly making me a present of *The Shropshire Lad*, a little volume of verse about young males and death.

The dull day had dwindled to a pale yellow streak in the gray west when, acting upon an impulse, I decided to visit my old tutor. Like a sleepwalker, I mounted the familiar steps and automatically knocked on the half-open door bearing his name. In a voice that was a jot less abrupt, and a trifle more hollow, he bade me come in. "I wonder if you remember me . . .," I started to say as I crossed the dim room to where he sat near a comfortable fire. "Let me see," he said, slowly turning around in his low chair, "I do not quite seem to . . ." There was a dismal crunch, a fatal clatter: I had stepped into some tea things that stood at the foot of his wicker chair. "Oh yes, of course," he said, "I know who you are."

Yankee Salesmen in King George's Court

Philip Salisbury

ELEVEN American sales executives exported themselves to Great Britain last March. They were not importers looking for British merchandise, nor did they carry samples and order blanks. And by deliberate choice they paid their own expenses instead of making American taxpayers pick up the tab.

They had a single purpose: to tell British manufacturers how to sell successfully in the American market. They even went to the extreme of encouraging British firms to come over here and compete against them and their brother sales executives.

They were not particularly concerned with ideologies, political labels, or parties, but they recognized that our taxes are back-breaking and that a considerable portion of our tax money is going for British aid, and they shared a common belief that the quicker the British could take care of themselves, the better the whole democratic world would be, including, of course, our particular slice of it. This, they felt, could be achieved only by reasonably equalized two-way trade and a clear invitation to Britain to sell more of her products to us—even those which would compete directly with our own manufactures.

It is not surprising that some Americans

viewed such convictions as either crazy or subversive. At the Southampton docks the visitors were welcomed by a delegation from British industry—and by a uniformed messenger from His Majesty's postal service who delivered an air-mail letter from an irate Chicagoan: "You poor suckers! The English are the world's best traders. They have sold us up the garden for years, and if they go all-out for the U. S. market they will just about put the U. S. workman out of business. Labor unions know this, if you don't." Similar letters and cables awaited the group in London.

Many American business men and labor leaders who were feeling the effects of lagging sales and mounting unemployment last winter blamed foreign competition. The Waltham Watch Company, for example, had closed its doors after a century of operation. According to a group of politicians and union leaders, Swiss imports were responsible; and they demanded that Congress raise import duties at once. Now a team of American business men was taking the opposite course.

"OPERATION Enterprise," the term coined by the sales executives to describe their aims, really started early in 1949 when William Benton (now Senator

As a member of the eleven-man team of American sales executives who visited England last spring Mr. Salisbury's assignment was to discuss sales and market research in the United States. He is the editor of the magazine Sales Management.

from Connecticut), trouble-shooting for Paul Hoffman (then head of ECA) reminded a British audience that the Marshall Plan would bow out in 1952.

Benton pointed out that at that time Great Britain would have to be able to bridge the dollar gap without further aid from us. There was only one way to accomplish this, he said: Britain must sell more to America.

Already, helped by exchange teams of factory experts, sponsored by ECA, the United Kingdom was on the way to producing more economically and efficiently. But merely making more and better goods wouldn't be enough, Benton told his audience. The American people wouldn't just *buy* British goods in sufficient quantities to bring back the additional half-billion dollars needed to balance Britain's accounts with us; the goods would have to be *sold* over here. Why, Benton argued, shouldn't there be some exchange of marketing knowledge, since British goods would have to sell in direct competition with American-made products which are backed by a big army of trained salesmen and generous advertising appropriations?

The challenge was accepted by the officers of the Incorporated Sales Managers Association of Great Britain, an organization with four thousand members. Their formal invitation was presented to the American counterpart, National Sales Executives, Inc., representing more than one hundred local clubs and some fifteen thousand individual members.

ECA applauded the move and stood ready to extend help.

The Americans decided to send over a representative group of sales executives who had achieved success in the American market, but they didn't want to do so under the direct auspices of ECA. They believed in free enterprise, which they interpreted as being free, competitive selling, and they wanted to show that progressive business men could supplement governments in helping to solve international problems.

So the Americans agreed to come only on the basis that they paid their own travel bills and were free to say and do as they pleased. In an era where dipping into government tills is the accepted method of operation, this decision was shocking, but perhaps refreshingly shocking, to Washington and London officials.

II

THE timing of the trip was perfect. For several years the Labor government had been urging British business to sell more in the U. S. A. and Canada. Dollar exports had to be expanded even though output wasn't sufficient to take care of the demands from domestic consumers. Nevertheless most British business men had remained indifferent. "Why should we take a chance in the hotly competitive American market when we can sell everything we can make here at home? What incentives do you offer, Sir Stafford Cripps?" Sir Stafford had no incentives to offer. But as Britain went into her fifth postwar year, the pipelines of industry were beginning to fill up. For a long time store shelves had been bare. Then for a period stocks were replenished on a day-to-day basis. By late winter 1950, warehouses were well filled with non-rationed goods.

The friendly invaders knew that the doctrine they were going to preach would be revolutionary to the many British industrialists who believe in tight and tidy agreements designed to protect a static economy; they knew they would hear the old refrain, "What's the use? Your tariffs are too high, your customs regulations too complicated, your market is too big, too competitive, too far away. You are subject to occasional deep depressions. It can't be done."

One American who has lived in London for some years as manager for an American company sent a letter of warning before they sailed. He wrote:

I wonder if your group of "revolutionists" fully realize that they are bringing over a doctrine which is as radical as anything the so-called Communists have ever worked on over here, and apt to be met with as much bitter resistance too? Do they realize that the boys who pull the strings in this economy work in an old-world maze of monopoly capitalism which puts their power above the reach of petty political party squabbles between Socialists and Conservatives?

The men who pull the strings over here don't want your message. They want to sell you on "selective" sales management, which is the slogan for monopoly controls, cartels, industry-wide price fixing, restricted trade, non-competing territory, and product

allocations. They don't have sales executives over here. They have men who "represent" the company and maintain gracious relations with the other businesses in the same line of activity.

The people you will meet, the counterparts of American business executives, probably won't want any part of the "neurotic and expensive" American sales techniques. The key men don't want to create wealth for England. They want to protect the wealth their forefathers made, or stole, or won in a war, or had given them by a king, or squeezed out of India. Someone is going to blow this old world hierarchy up some day, and it might be a grand contribution to civilization if your group could do it.

(Measured against the challenge expressed in the last sentence of the letter, the expedition was a failure. There has been no discernible explosion.)

The American salesmen were ready to meet plenty of protests, but they found that the force of circumstance is changing the thinking of British business men, Tories as well as Laborites. The loss of a large part of their colonial markets and the constant challenge of nationalization have made them re-examine their policies. The demonstrated success of the expansionist theories of American industrialists is causing many of them to question whether cartel controls are the right answer.

THE change in thinking is likely to be gradual, however. British business men, like all other segments of the population, place a premium on *security*—hardly a surprising state of mind in view of all they have lost in two recent catastrophic wars. But in the opinion of most Englishmen security and competition are at opposite ends. Competition has long been regarded in England as a bad thing, and the word hardly ever is used publicly without some label such as "wasteful," "cut-throat," or "damaging" being tied round its neck. In the light of such deep-fixed reservations, how could the growing surplus of British manufactured goods be channeled into the highly competitive American market?

To the British the half-billion dollar gap looked tremendous. Few of them realized before the sales team arrived that this was less

than one-half of one per cent of our 1949 retail sales volume of \$130 billion, and that exports of such magnitude, if spread over many products and through our many marketing centers, would cause hardly a ripple in American trade. The "States," in the opinion of most British industrialists, meant a vast, complex territory dominated by huge, long-established companies, where no newcomer could hope to create a profitable trade in a reasonable length of time.

THE members of the American team were chosen with a view to exploding such myths. The majority came from small or new companies. No member represented Big Business. The president of an electrical manufacturing company came nearest to belonging in this class, but his company's annual volume of around \$100 million is microscopic when measured against that of General Electric or Westinghouse.

One member had started selling sterling silver house-to-house in 1945, and in five years had developed a volume of business bringing in over \$6 million. He was typical of a successful small business, a young business, and a type of selling relatively unknown in Great Britain. Another member had worked for others until 1933. Then, broke, out of work, and the provider for a family of seven, he had found there wasn't any job for him unless he made one for himself. With \$250 in borrowed capital he went into the making of paper napkins and paper plates, and in 1949 he sold over two and one-half million dollars' worth of his products through the retailers of America. Some of the team members sold their products or services throughout the nation; others had developed successful businesses in specific broad geographic regions; one man's securities business was confined to the metropolitan area of a single Pacific Coast city.

A British company starting to compete for the American market may be many centuries old, but until its trademark and quality become well known over here it is in the same position as the young upstarts exemplified by the paper-products and sterling-silver men. Companies can be young, can start with small capital, can succeed against old and wealthy competitors, can operate nationally or carve out a small sector of the market and concen-

trate on it—these were the ideas implied by the selection of the eleven-man American task force, and illustrated in the talks by the several team members who presented vivid case histories of their own companies' development from scratch.

III

B RITISH sales executives were curious to observe the Americans who came on such an apparently disinterested mission. More than five hundred of them sat on hard chairs for two long morning-to-late-evening sessions in London's Connaught Rooms, and more than a thousand others attended similar meetings in Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

A month after the meetings were concluded, the official organ of the British Export Trade Research Organization carried this summary:

An attempt to distill in one sentence the essence of these two days [in London] would run something like this: "Learn all you can about your American markets, your competitors there, and in what forms your product will gain greatest acceptance; then having also discovered in how many of the U. S. marketing areas you can afford adequate promotion, go for them with a completely integrated, soup-to-nuts marketing program." . . . British exporters were not lectured to, but shown how the job was done by the people who actually did it—shown with a wealth of illustrative material that transferred it from the realm of fantasy to the ground floor of fact.

The visitors used a wide variety of methods to show how selling is practiced in America. Printed exhibits were posted on the walls of meeting rooms and corridors; booklets and reprints of magazine articles were available on tables for free distribution. One member, who talked on the use of color in selling and advertising, brought along several thousand natural-color packets of flower and vegetable seeds which he tossed out into the audience. The British executives forgot their normal dignity and decorum; they scrambled and fought for the precious packets like fans at the Yankee Stadium going after a foul ball.

And later, during the summer, several of the successful grabbers sent the benefactor photographs of the "American corners" of their gardens.

Except in flowers, however, the British taste in color often runs to somber hues. Most cars are black, and few of the sales executives over there seemed to have heard the story of how Henry Ford lost control of the American market when he told his customers they could have Ford cars in any color they wanted, as long as it was black. Several Britishers admitted privately that the bold, loud neckwear worn by some of the Americans would be distasteful to them, but they learned from the talks that Americans like color and that very few of the conservative English ties would ever sell over here in any volume.

One of the team members went through the twenty-eight steps of planning and integration between the development of a well-known American product, the Corning Glass Pyrex pie plate, and its ultimate use in the oven by the housewife. Others explained in detail how their companies organized for selling and what they did to keep ahead of competition.

The British sales executives were not accustomed to such visual aids as slide films, pyramid portfolios, color projectors, and other gadgets which American salesmen use to secure and hold attention, but they looked eagerly at the samples their visitors had brought.

BOTH in London and in provincial cities what apparently surprised the Britishers most was the American willingness to share with others what in England would be closely guarded secrets. In association meetings and the business press British firms tend to rely on generalities and abstractions; the case-history method of sharing information is rare because, if one of them has a good idea, he reasons that it is best to keep it to himself. The American team, on the other hand, brought with it a number of market-research studies prepared by magazines and newspapers: studies showing the number of subscribers or newsstand buyers, where they live, their average age, their economic status, the kind of houses they live in, their major possessions, the brands they favor,

the big purchases they expect to make during the year.

The British audience was keenly interested in these studies. Some men, particularly those now selling to America or considering doing so in the near future, were interested in the facts themselves. Others expressed amazement that publishers would divulge such information about their readers. They could understand why a publisher might well want to tell the best facts about his market or medium, but they weren't accustomed to having publications expose weaknesses as well as strengths.

The average Englishman prides himself on being a gentleman, and a gentleman doesn't expect to have his word doubted. This helps to explain why the big London magazine and newspaper publishers have followed rather than led in research studies, surveys, and auditing bodies. Long after publishers here had formed circulation auditing groups, with their customers writing the rules and exercising control through representation on the governing boards, English publishers were content to issue unaudited statements. If a publisher stated that his circulation was a certain figure, he expected advertisers and advertising agencies to believe him without question. It was American influence, spearheaded by managers of the British subsidiaries of our big companies, that finally persuaded British publishers to consent to auditing practices similar to our own.

BRITONS worry far more than Americans about the *cost* of selling. In their concept of "selective" sales management, the goal is a selling cost which bears a fixed relation to the manufacturing cost, and the assumption is that an increase in selling costs must be paid for by either reduced profits or a price increase. The American, or expansionist, theory of sales management places the emphasis on *volume*. The goal is low-cost production, and the assumption is that the production economies made possible by increasing the volume will always be greater than the cost of selling more.

In Britain selling is something designed to fill the *needs* of the public; in America sales executives believe that an ever-higher standard of living can be achieved only if *wants* are created. Our basic needs could be filled

by a labor force of not much more than half of our present sixty million employed persons. British manufacturers learned this slowly.

After one session, a Londoner noticed that the American chairman, Arthur "Red" Motley of *Parade* magazine, wore both braces and a belt. "Why do you do that?" he asked. "Certainly only a pessimist would take such precautions." Mr. Motley seized the opportunity to dramatize needs *vs.* wants. "It's true that I don't *need* a belt, since I always wear braces," he replied, "but I happen to *like* a good-looking belt. This one, which I bought in Texas, seemed particularly attractive. I saw it, I liked it, and I bought it because I *wanted* it."

THE Americans, accustomed to informality, found it difficult in the early sessions to follow British protocol. Grace is said before every meal. Gentlemen must not smoke until after the toast to the King. At the more formal dinners, professional announcers are hired to call out, in booming voices, the name of each speaker.

In most ways, however, the British obligingly conformed to American customs. Normally at conventions in England there is a break for "elevenses" in the morning, and another for tea in the afternoon. But when the Americans suggested that, since they were generally pressed for time, they would prefer to work straight through, work straight through they did. After another hint that Americans were accustomed to short introductions, the hosts cheerfully tore up their three-page opening remarks and speeded their luncheon and dinner arrangements so that the speakers might have ample time.

IV

MANY a British business man was active in the American market prior to the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. That protective barrier, coupled with our subsequent depression years, has made him cautious about overextending himself now. He wants assurance that, if he broadens his marketing operations to cover our shores, and is successful to the point of giving tough competition to American industry, we will not retaliate by again using the duty to freeze him

out. In answer to this the American sales team could only point to our consistent whittling away of duties during the past decade or so, and advance the theory that America is growing up to the point of realizing that we cannot sell abroad unless we are willing to accept foreign goods in return.

Numerous British business men are so obsessed with erroneous ideas about our "high and complicated" tariff structure that they don't bother to find out whether it isn't possible to avoid the few remaining high schedules. One of them said that his firm publishes children's books which would have a good market in the States, but that he can't operate here because we classify his books as toys and impose a 70 per cent duty. He was astonished when an American informed him that many American publishers import printed sheets from England and the Continent, have them bound here, and pay a very insignificant duty on the semi-finished import.

THE British manufacturer who has not made a long personal visit to this country may be inclined to think of America as New York. Or if he doesn't confuse the nation with the customary port of debarkation, he makes the equally great mistake of thinking of the U. S. A. as one huge market which cannot be tapped without the use of hundreds of salesmen and the employment of spread pages in our mass publications, which may cost more for a single issue than his entire annual advertising bill at home.

To business men like these the Americans replied that relatively few native manufacturers have completely national distribution, that thousands of brands well known to the Middle West and South are unknown in the East or in California, and that if a British company decided to sell in America it could—and should—win one market and then another instead of attempting to capture the whole country at once.

To orient their hosts on the size and potentials of the hundreds of American state and city markets, the visitors pointed to a twenty-foot state map supplied by the American Embassy: "This is Illinois. In population it is almost exactly the same as Australia. You have been successful 'down under'; consider Illinois as the American Australia. Next to Illinois is Indiana. It is almost the same in

potentials for you as the Union of South Africa."

Some British executives who are well informed about the size and location of our leading markets still fail to realize the existence or importance of varying climatic conditions or regional buying habits. A manufacturer of excellent heavy blankets from the Manchester region, for example, had studied economic facts about the American market in his office, three thousand miles away from our shores. He knew that New England economy was relatively static and the rapidly growing areas were South and West, so he took the apparently logical step of putting extra promotional push on his product in the sections where disposable income and retail sales were registering the greatest gains.

Much to his surprise his blankets sold well in the New England states which are in the front yard of his most important American competitors. They were popular in Canada, in Minnesota. "But Florida, Texas, and Southern California are very prosperous," he told the visitors, "yet our blankets aren't selling at all well in those states. Can you suggest an explanation?"

If he thought of Hartford and Miami as being similar both in size and in climate, he was no more fuzzy than most American business men would be about the differences between Bristol and Edinburgh. This manufacturer is not a fool, but he is stubborn, and averse to change. When he learned that people in our Southern states would find his blankets most uncomfortable, he merely wrote that section off as a poor market. His firm had always made heavy blankets, had won its reputation with them, and it wasn't going to make a light-weight variety just to please a few million American prospects. Such stubbornness fortunately is rather rare. Makers of British motor cars may believe that our determination to drive on the right-hand side of the street is almost barbaric, but nevertheless they place the wheel of their American export cars on the left, rather than on the right where it so "obviously" belongs.

Another British excuse for not trying to sell in the States is that our market is too far away. The San Francisco member of the team exploded this myth by explaining how his paper specialties reached Atlantic Coast markets. By boat through the Panama Canal

to New York represents a shipment which in both distance and time is much farther away than London is from New York.

Even the small British manufacturer who has a very real export problem found at the meetings that he, too, had a chance to crack the American market. A manufacturer of jams and jellies who attended one of the sessions served as an example. He had always felt that he was much too small to try to sell in America, but early in the year he had given a few jars of his products to Boston friends who were visiting him. A few months later a San Francisco food merchant stayed with the Boston family and exclaimed over the orange marmalade on his breakfast plate. When he discovered where it came from, he immediately wrote the British jam maker. At the time of the Anglo-American Sales Conference the jam maker's problem had reduced itself to whether he should ship by boat through the Panama Canal, a six-week delivery, or load an air freight plane and get the goods to the Coast in a couple of days at an added cost of 25 cents a case. He decided in favor of the air shipment when the San Francisco merchant promised to follow the suggestion of a member of the American team and advertise the products as being "made last week in the best British kitchens and rushed to our customers by air."

GETTING across American viewpoints was one of the toughest problems the visiting team met. The director of a cycle works simply couldn't understand why, since Americans had so much money, they didn't buy as many cycles as the French and the Belgians and the British.

When he was told that the average adult American considers an automobile a necessity and a bicycle a luxury, he thought for a moment and then said: "But even those who can afford both a car and a bicycle just aren't interested in my vehicle."

Patently the visitors pointed out that few Americans are interested in any vehicle as such. What they are interested in is what it will do for them. The fact that the manufacturer used the best steel, the best rubber, and the best ball bearings might sell his bicycles in Europe; in the American market he was urged to play up cycles as offering riders an easy and pleasant way to keep

physically fit and reduce middle-aged spread.

The manufacturer of a British vacuum cleaner took great pride in telling the Americans that his company had stifled competition to such an extent that they controlled more than two-thirds of British consumption, but he expressed no concern over the shockingly low percentage of homes in Great Britain which possessed any vacuum cleaner at all.

A MAJOR reason why so many British business men think more in terms of protecting what they have than of expanding is their uncertainty about the next moves of the Labor government or even whether Labor will continue in office. Cartels, non-competing territory, general restriction of trade—these are created fully as much by public officials as by business men.

When the government nationalized the transport system, one of its first moves was to take steps toward decentralizing and restricting the manufacture of a number of products like biscuits and beer. Through its virtual monopoly of trucks and complete monopoly of railroad cars the government has made it impossible for many a south of England factory to sell to north of England or Scottish markets—because, according to official statements, it is not in the national interest.

Yet one of the delightful aspects of the British form of government is its inconsistency. The government-owned British Broadcasting Company does not permit any commercial sponsorship. But the same BBC publishes a weekly program guide, *Radio Times*, which is fat with advertising. The Board of Trade, similar to our Department of Commerce, is publisher of the *Board of Trade Journal* which carries a huge amount of industrial and financial advertising.

The government is one of the largest users, as well as one of the largest sellers, of advertising. Government-owned industries promote their products and services as vigorously as private enterprise. The railroads carry the same posters they did before nationalization, advertising their tours and their hotels. The nationalized electric industry buys newspaper space to sell cooking with electricity, while in the adjoining space the nationalized gas industry tells the housewife she can do it better with gas.

A striking example of British freedom is

the copy which government publications and trucks carry from associations and corporations which attack the Labor plans for further nationalization.

V

WAS the American "invasion" successful in showing British manufacturers that it could be to their selfish, as well as the national, interest to sell more to the United States? The greater number and variety of British goods in our stores is not necessarily an index, for many would be here anyway. It is doubtful that the American team converted any rank unbelievers. It did, however, influence the thinking of many Britishers who were toying with the idea of trying the American market. It helped many others who were already in this market, but not very successfully, by advising them on outlets, agents, pricing, advertising, sales tactics. The members may not have been more convincing than government leaders, but their confirmation of the doctrine of more sales to the dollar areas seems to have convinced a number of Britons that profit and duty can sometimes go hand in hand.

Shortly after the conclusion of the meetings, the chairman of the Incorporated Sales Managers Association of Great Britain wrote to a member of the American team:

As a private citizen I am so fervent about the need for the present Anglo-U. S. trade position to be righted—for the sake of world peace (and that is what it really boils down to)—that not only will I do everything in my power to help, but I will treat it as a private war to prevent any others from going along the old "play-boy" paths beaten out by "missions" and documented in "reports" which may have cost a heap of ECA dollars, but are not at all thereby made valuable, because nobody reads them.

A maker of wallpaper and printed fabrics who had been doubtful of his ability to compete in the American market wrote a New York friend two months after the conclusion of the conference:

My chairman (or, as you would say, my president) has just returned from a fortnight's trip to the U. S. A. with some new

patterns of our fabrics. He succeeded in securing enough business to keep us fully extended for the next six months, so the British people will have to wait that much longer before we can sell here. On the wallpaper side we could do better if your people did not mark them up so high. Ordinarily the mark-up is two and one-half times over factory cost on your own manufacturers, but they mark ours up four and one-half times, apparently on the assumption that if the public wants British goods they will pay for them. It makes it difficult in such a competitive market, but good fun.

Three months later he wrote: "The orders we are receiving from America on our new wallpaper are treble those received last year, so that in spite of the big mark-up, it seems that the quality and design of our goods are appreciated by the American public. We are proud of the fact that we have been able to enter a very competitive market and keep there."

An automobile manufacturer who changed his mind about not exhibiting at the British Automobile Show in New York last spring, after talking with the American team, was pleasantly surprised to book orders at his booth for several dozen diesel-powered busses. A pump manufacturer, concerned with the difficulty of maintaining parts and service depots all over the United States, discovered that he could license U. S. manufacturers who would make, sell, and service his products. A biscuit manufacturer, appalled by the size of the American market, discovered that New York state alone could absorb all of his biscuits that were available for export.

Whatever the combination of causes and circumstances, British goods will have made a bigger dent in our buying this past year than ever before. In the city of Indianapolis, for example, import revenue collections, mostly from goods from the British Isles, were four times greater in August 1950 than for the same month of the preceding year.

And the American business man doesn't seem concerned. Perhaps it is a change in outlook, perhaps it is because business is now so good he doesn't have to worry about foreign competition. When the Americans returned to their native shore they were booked, as solidly as they would allow themselves to be, on the luncheon circuit of sales, advertis-

ing, and service clubs. Having been chastised by many for going out of their way to encourage the British people to compete over here, they expected to meet at least a smattering of severe criticism. To their surprise they found a generally prevailing attitude that it is much better for the British to sell in this market, and thereby earn the dollars they so desperately need, than for us to con-

tinue handing out money through the Marshall Plan or in other ways.

This attitude may be temporary. If domestic business and employment should sag, we Americans may rush to our congressmen for relief. But for the present at least, the average Englishman fears the strongly competitive American market much more than the average American fears British competition.

The Harrowing

E. A. MUIR

Here on the piazza I find it hard
To fear pride, to avoid contemptuousness,
So spring my fields, so shine my house and yard,
So soberly and singly I progress.
All this is mine and this is all of me
And little I care now what else there be.

Cornfields and pasture, garden, herd, and pond—
Demand and supply so neatly brought together
I've learned to count on nothing from beyond
Except some pests and sudden shifts in weather.
All this is mine and this is all of me
And little I care now what else there be.

All of my passion is for diligence,
I have no wish for more or richer range,
If I'm in debt it is to vigilance,
If I know aught it is that life is change.
All this is mine and this is all of me
And little I care now what else there be.

And then a blast leaves all my peace infected—
There is my wife—my wife—and I'd forgot,
O, waster of days. My fairest fields neglected,
And bedlam worlds flood my fragile plot.
And this is mine and this is all of me.
It little matters now what else there be.

And still she is my wife. And good and fair.
And perhaps she thinks of me. No skill or rule
Or just deserts could ever make me dare
Expect this bliss—lo, I am fortune's fool.

After Hours

NOT long ago a friend of mine moved out of a ground-floor apartment in midtown Manhattan. When I heard of the vacancy I promptly volunteered the names of several people who might have been interested, only to be told that even the previous occupant was to have no voice in the future of her home. The management was determined to transform it into a doctor's office. Both she and I thought ill of this plan, and as I passed the building during the weeks that followed I was meanly pleased to see that a shingle hanging by the door ("Doctor's Office Available") was still there. Then one morning it was gone. In its place was a neat sign with the words, "Dianetics Consultants," in thin white script on a dark background.

The investigation on which the following report is based began at that moment. I thought, "Doctor indeed," and marched into the building. A well-built young man in his early twenties, with a crew cut and horn-rimmed glasses, answered my ring. "Good evening," he said instantly, "how are you?" I stepped back a pace and said that I'd like to talk to him if he wasn't busy.

"Of course," he replied. "Come in. I'll be with you in ten minutes. Make yourself comfortable." He vanished into what had been the bedroom, leaving me in a living room that had once been familiar. Now it had in one corner an office desk with a swivel chair behind it and a maple chair in front of it; in another corner, a straight chair; and nothing else in any direction across miles of empty floor. I sat down in the maple chair, studied the neat arrangement of pencils on the desk, and decided that having come this far I might as well see what a Dianetics Consultant had to say for himself.

He was back in ten minutes, precisely, with an older man who was carrying his hat. From their conversation I gathered that this was a first visit. The client left after making an appointment for the next week, and I was alone with the consultant.

"Now," he said brightly, sitting down opposite me, "what can I do for you? What's your name?"

I told him and added candidly that my interest in Dianetics was journalistic. I had only a vague idea what it was and I hadn't even read the book, *Dianetics*, although I knew that it was a best-seller.

"If you really want to find out about Dianetics firsthand," he said, "you ought to go out to Elizabeth where Doctor Hubbard—the author of the book and the man who discovered the whole thing, you know—has a training school." Then, with considerably more eagerness, he added that he didn't mind if I hadn't read the book since consultants usually preferred to see people who hadn't.

ANYONE who had read the book, it appeared, was capable of becoming a consultant himself and "auditing" other people, but many Dianeticians elected to go to the training school before they set up in business. This consultant had attended the five-weeks course in Elizabeth, New Jersey, but he was not yet "certified" because his own case had proved "a particularly tough one."

He had first heard of the Dianetics cure for mental and emotional problems, he said, in the magazine *Astounding Science Fiction*, while he was studying for a Ph.D. in physics at Columbia. Then he read the book through "at least twelve times," took a leave of absence

from Columbia, and crossed over the river Hudson into his new profession. He was still on leave, auditing eight hours a day (at a fee of \$10 an hour), and he wasn't at all sure he'd ever go back to Columbia. In his own Dianetics sessions he'd managed to recall a period, very early in his life, when he heard his mother say firmly, "You mustn't take physics." This, as he now realized, referred to cathartics rather than the science to which he had perversely devoted so many years of his life.

"Look here," he suggested amiably, "instead of my explaining any more, how would you like to have a trial run?"

"All right," I said, and following his instructions I took off my shoes and lay down on a studio couch in the inner room.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Very comfortable," I replied.

"Nervous?"

"Not yet," I said.

His voice took on a note of authority. "Close your eyes," he commanded. "When I say 'Canceled,' any suggestions I have put in your mind will be gone. If at any time you don't like the proceedings, open your eyes and sit up and we'll stop. There is no hypnosis involved. You will always be in command of the situation. What do you like to do best?"

I had met the question before in parlor games, with notably poor results. While I was desperately trying to decide he hastily amended it to, "What outdoor sport do you like?"

I said swimming, and he asked me to describe the last time I could remember swimming and having a good time at it. As I was telling him he interrupted me periodically to ask if I could feel the water, taste it, see it, hear sounds around me, and so on; and he seemed gratified when I filled in the details. I was still swimming happily when he asked, "What is the first time in your life that you remember experiencing pain?"

I was reaching back into an awkward and frequently painful childhood when he snapped his fingers. "No," he said. "It must be spontaneous."

We went on to easier questions: how old I was, where I was, what the date was. He snapped his fingers again and repeated the earlier question. I had been cheating a little

by thinking about it in the meantime and I came up with an incident when I was about five, involving my finger and a knife. He took me through the scene step by step, asking me to experience it again. But, in spite of boundless encouragement, I failed miserably to feel the knife cut my finger. We made at least a half-dozen tries, interspersed with finger snappings and other questions. (Much later it occurred to me that perhaps when he asked me how old I was he hoped I would answer, "Five," but I remained persistently in the present.)

Eventually he turned to the most recent time I could remember feeling great pain or grief, and I did much better. Even so we had to go through the episode three times and I had a feeling I was letting him down by not producing visible signs of emotion. "Feel it," he kept saying. "Feel it down there in your stomach."

"All right," I said at last, "I feel it." But he didn't seem satisfied.

"Canceled," he said loudly. "You can sit up now."

He told me my "somic," visual, and audial memories were excellent and that I was a case he'd like to handle. He added that I would be an unusually easy one to audit. My trial run, he continued, hadn't been exactly like the customary first session since we had skipped the long preliminary interview that would have given him pertinent facts and clues.

We chatted for a minute and he explained that Dianetics went all the way back to the period before birth. Most people, after a time, found themselves able to recall scenes and conversations between their parents and others in the months before they were born—scenes that had great bearing on their present difficulties. Many also re-experienced birth itself. When I said I didn't think I cared to, he smiled tolerantly.

We had just begun to go into what the consultant thought about psychiatry (for which he had a certain respect as an earlier "artistic" approach to what Dianetics was coping with "scientifically") when I heard the bell ring in the next room and realized my time was up. We parted on friendly terms, though I am still bitterly at war with the real-estate interests who recognized his credentials. Somehow I feel I got more out of

the cocktail parties that used to be held in the same rooms. Occasionally you even heard people covering the same territory.

Two of a Kind

Two movies of the new crop commend themselves to the theater-goer—more to the theater-goer, if there is such a distinction, than to the movie-goer. Both “*Cyrano de Bergerac*” and “*All About Eve*” are stylistically conventional; not that this is a disfiguring fault, but they do not stimulate the delights and distresses to be had from the medium of film for its own sake. You are likely to find that your sensations on seeing them will echo earlier theatrical experiences. Both may readily be associated with the stage. “*Cyrano*” is of course José Ferrer’s movie version of the famous play. “*All About Eve*” is the latest in a long line of movies involving acting about acting. Another link between the two is appropriately sentimental. “*All About Eve*” opens with an ancient actor addressing a society of distinguished theater-fanciers. The speaker is played by Walter Hampden, whose *Cyrano* is the living memory of several generations of audiences.

The theater’s institutionalized tendency to generate an absorbing self-interest is satirized in “*All About Eve*.” The story, briefly put, concerns the reaction of a group of refreshingly three-dimensional people, confronted with the rise to stardom of an unprincipled actress. By and large the characters, stinkers included, are adult and sympathetic; everyone seems to come off at his or her best, even if the best—in the case of Mr. George Sanders—is a superlative of lip-pursing venality and megalomania (Mr. Sanders is cast as a critic). These are theatrical people; hence overacting is not out of place. They are also open-hearted and cynical by turns, so that the playwright (movie-wright?) can sweeten brittle dialogue with dashes of hearty sentiment. It should be noted that there is a great deal of dialogue. “*All About Eve*” is nearly as talky as “*Cyrano*,” though contemporary tough-talk, rather than blank-verse bombast, is used to achieve the same delicate and—may I add?—romantic effects.

José Ferrer’s *Cyrano* is athletic and incisive, as required by the translation to celluloid, but the flavor of the film is still, like

the original, a sound blend based on fermented corn. Whoever has read *Cyrano* has probably read the book once too often; if you fell for it, it was difficult to get out before you were saturated. A less self-conscious period than the present would find no shame in this, but it makes Mr. Ferrer’s burden heavier; not only must he allow the theater to measure him against Richard Mansfield but also he must be prepared to trespass in thousands of private minds which numberless *Cyranos* already inhabit. To his credit he has stuck to his own interpretation, a kind of two-octave *Cyrano* that reaches for no high notes of poetry and concentrates on making the character credible to contemporaries who have never heard of him. Today’s formula calls for elaborate fencing, which so dominates any scene of sword-play that the ballad-duel nearly loses its point. As I remember Mr. Hampden, he went through the poem at a steady pace and when he came to the last line it was all over. Mr. Ferrer has been forced by present-day standards to become more of a swordsman and a less exacting poet; an extended period of heavy breathing precedes the last stanza and *Cyrano* works up a good sweat before ending the refrain and striking home.

THE search for an acceptable verisimilitude is not necessary in “*All About Eve*.” The ground is so familiar that a number of cafés in which the action sometimes transpires are not even identified; and many of the jokes are private. How many consumers in the mass movie market will be convulsed, for example, at a reference to the William Morris Agency? How many non-New Yorkers will know what is meant by the Hundred Neediest Cases? And yet the conversations sparkle, and the audiences love them, because we all accept as reality a world that is so obviously real to those who made the film—to the writer-director, Mr. Joseph Mankiewicz, and to Miss Bette Davis, who married her leading man as soon as the shooting was over, bringing realism full circle. The reportorial camera can take the eye on improbable errands without losing it, as in the scene in a New Haven hotel room (before an out-of-town opening), in which Mr. Sanders sadistically exercises his intellect on Miss Anne Baxter, while over his shoulder and

through the window we see the hazy outline of the Harkness Tower. Nasty though he was, Mr. Sanders got a burst of applause on his exit, an inverse throwback to the days when villains were hissed by an audience that also accepted the illusion of a whole world imaginatively projected from the stage.

The original audiences of "Cyrano" must have accepted wholeheartedly. The première performance (December 1897) is said to have been one of the great first-night experiences of the French theater, in which the public discovered something it had hoped for but never seen: each line was fitting, yet unexpected, as though the audience were looking into a new-found mirror of its own dramatic taste and finding it good. Over the years the rhymed Alexandrines have lost that magic; today Cyrano's following may admire but it can scarcely share, except by a willing act of self-delusion that the camera discourages. On the screen, papier-mâché shows through the corners of the scenery and Roxane's love of letters seems less deep than her distracting skin. And the *nose*—the nose is a triumph of make-up, overreaches itself, and calls attention to a single device, away from the total deception that is traditional and sometimes possible over the footlights. Thus the inevitable comparisons: "But of course," as one of the critics said after the screening, "I saw it with Coquelin in 1912"—a considerable feat, since Coquelin died in 1909, but Mr. Sanders' portrait of a critic will have prepared you for their devious ways.

Mr. Mankiewicz's movie will have prepared you for much, including more movies from Mr. Mankiewicz. Though the spectacle of Hollywood consulting its own entrails is not pretty, at least the discipline of making movies of something it knows about is good, and leads to flashes of insight in which the outlines of ordinary decency may be dimly seen. "We're going to make a picture like 'Sunset Boulevard,'" one producer has said, "but only half the characters are going to be heels. It'll be what you call a semi-documentary." Like an earlier film on a similar theme—"A Star is Born" (1937)—"All About

Eve" can say harsh things without prejudicing the box office; no feelings are hurt outside the family. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mankiewicz will continue to refine the instrument of tragicomedy that leaves no regrets, since it enables him to make both good and evil character alive and human, in terms of a milieu with which the audience has been laboriously familiarized. Not only does "All About Eve" contain relevant information—like how to butter up an actress, or the way to behave in the powder room of the Stork Club—but it also teaches the useful lesson that reasonable people will band together if you push them too far. The implication of "Cyrano," though it makes individualism infinitely more attractive, is much the same: if you insist too conspicuously in going your own way, someone will drop a log on your head.

Since this principle is both active and ambiguous, it may be applied to whatever background you like, suggesting a multitude of plots. Let us have from producer Mankiewicz the sagas of rising stars in other professions, pushing their ways upward to burn out early and be squashed like Cyrano, but giving satisfaction to all comers. Whether you take a noble or skeptical view, however, do not suppose that Mr. Mankiewicz will escape the eventual charge of sentimentality. "All About Eve" is redolent with an up-to-date aroma, but it tugs at the same old heartstrings. "In the last analysis," remarks Miss Davis in the film, "nothing is any good unless you can look up just before dinner, or turn around in bed—and there he is. Without that, you're not a woman—you may be a book full of clippings, but you're not a woman."

Fifty years from now will they wonder what we ever saw in this self-conscious and inflated posturing? To cut your laughing grandchild down to size you will have to draw on the hallowed traditions of the theater. "All About Eve"? Why I saw it with Bette Davis in 1950."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Churchill: Words and Action

Charles Poore

I COMMEND to your notice a recent book by John Steinbeck, *The Moon is Down*," Winston Churchill, most literate of war leaders, most effective of book reporters, wrote his Minister of Economic Warfare in the blazing havoc of 1942's spring-time, "published this year by the Viking Press of New York. In addition to being a well-written story," the distinguished critic went on to say, putting first things first, as usual, "it stresses, I think quite rightly, the importance of providing the conquered nations with simple weapons, such as sticks of dynamite, which could easily be concealed and are easy in operation."

The next time anyone—highbrow, lowbrow, or snob unassigned—tells you he just has no time to read at all, ask him courteously, sympathetically, how on earth he can stand leading a busier life than Winston Churchill.

You will find Churchill speaking of *The Moon Is Down* in the cathedral reaches of *The Hinge of Fate* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), Part IV of our time's most personal and most majestic war story, better than any new historical romance, bland, wily, assured, and magnificent. In office again today, I have no doubt you'd hear him firing salvos of the same sort at his attendant ministers and field marshals, on land, overseas, and in the air, though hell rocked the planet.

"Pray read *Caught*, by a Manchester manufacturer who calls himself Henry Green," (Viking, \$3) he might shoot at the fellow charged with the defense of his beloved Lon-

don. "It is a rather mannered novel that sometimes seems to tell too much about too few. But I am bound to say that I agree, in principle, with its somewhat elliptically expressed criticisms of this Island's Auxiliary Fire Service. Are we going to get our fair share of axes available from America this year?"

Or, let us imagine a secret document headed, "Prime Minister to Minister of Production, Secretary of State for War, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Director of Military Intelligence, Chief of Combined Operations, and Chief of H. M. Stationery Office:

"I have just read the Advance Proofs (uncorrected) of *The Hell Bomb* [Knopf, \$2.75] by William L. Laurence, a scientific colleague (in my capacity as contributor to the *New York Times*). In it Mr. Laurence says: 'While we may not announce it to the world, we have good reason to expect that the first H-bomb will be ready for testing sometime in 1951, possibly in early summer.' As I have said before, although personally I am quite content with the existing explosives, I feel we must not stand in the path of improvement. But we must not run the mortal risk of being outstripped in this awful sphere. I have written in *The Hinge of Fate* that if the Americans had not been willing to attempt the atomic bomb venture (on which the H-bomb now grows), we should certainly have gone forward on our own power in Canada, or, if the Canadian Government demurred, in some other part of the Empire. We cannot afford to let the whole of this vital factor in our

defense fall into twilight. Pray let me have full reports on our present position."

I have ventured to improvise thus from Mr. Churchill's published statements in *The Hinge of Fate* in order to emphasize his own capacity for showing us what we all know, and all so frequently overlook, that words are no good whatever unless they find use beyond the printed page. Words are action, or potential action, waiting to be released through an alchemy older than the Sangre de Cristo mountain range that literature's latest Laurence describes, blood-red in the dying light where new light was born, at Los Alamos. Others, during World War II, talked and talked and talked about words being weapons, books being bullets. But was it not Churchill who always used them best? Hadn't we all better find more time for more reading?

IN *The Hinge of Fate* Mr. Churchill also uses his knowledge of books for a variety of pleasures, sometimes beyond the call of any duty. While driving from Washington to President Roosevelt's celebratedly secret hideout, Shangri-La, he astonished the Roosevelts and Harry Hopkins by reciting "Barbara Frietchie" as the car passed the Frederick, Maryland, window that inspired our own Bab Ballad. ("And why not," the author in our house says, "wasn't his mother an American?") His audience was obviously unable to correct his misquotations. He then told them what he'd read and thought about Lee and Stonewall Jackson. And: "After a while silence and slumber descended upon the company, as we climbed with many a twist and turn up the spurs of the Alleghenies."

One of the questions discussed that weekend was a proposed meeting between Churchill and another visitor to America, Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The generalissima was in New York, and intimated that she would be glad to receive him there. He couldn't make it. The President suggested lunch at the White House. But: "The invitation was refused with some hauteur." In a strong desire to preserve the unity of the Grand Alliance, Mr. Churchill offered to go halfway if she would do the same. That plan was considered facetious, however, so Mr. Churchill and Mme. Chiang did not meet until the Cairo Conference.

Mr. Churchill read *Moll Flanders* ("about which I had heard excellent accounts," and possibly better than Miss Winsor's Regency moll) while fighting pneumonia, a minor adversary. He thought well enough of Defoe's novel to pass it on to his doctor, "to cheer him up. The treatment was successful." He quoted Kipling, untroubled by that great writer's fluctuating literary fame. When Tobruk fell and things got rough in Parliament he triumphantly capped a quotation from Macaulay.

Who but Churchill would cite another great ironist to praise Montgomery when the Allied hinge of fate swung at long last at Alamein, where ten thousand men fell in twelve days as compared to sixty thousand men on the first day of the first world war's Somme? Monty certainly did like to wait around till he had a hell of a lot of armor. Well, says Churchill, "he believed, as Bernard Shaw said of Napoleon, that 'cannons kill men.'"

There are many accounts of battles in private with Stalin here, before and after Stalingrad. The Soviets, in those days, had not unfurled their best-known contribution to the United Nations: voting, "No, no, no." On the contrary, whether it was for guns or planes or tanks, or convoys to carry their eleven billion dollars' worth of Lend-Lease, their eternal cry was, "More! More! More!" Here is the by now famous account of Churchill being asked around to Joe's place after a final, formal, stormy meeting in the Kremlin: "Stalin seemed suddenly embarrassed, and said in a more cordial tone than he had yet used with me, 'You are leaving at daybreak. Why should we not go to my house and have some drinks?' I said that I was in principle always in favor of such a policy."

At a table in Stalin's small apartment, set by a housekeeper and Stalin's red-haired daughter, they ate and drank and talked till two-thirty in the morning. They were served the usual quantities of food and wine that always make accounts of Soviet festivities sound like wedding dinners at the marriage of a liquor dealer's son and a delicatessen keeper's daughter.

At first Stalin pecked through the courses, but when "a considerable sucking-pig was brought to the table" at half-past one, A.M.,

his usual dinner hour, he asked Sir Alexander Cadogan, who had arrived with a communiqué, "to join him in the conflict." Cadogan said no thanks, whereupon, Churchill writes, "our host fell upon the victim single-handed."

A little earlier, Churchill had asked Stalin whether the war had been as rough on him as collectivizing the farms. "Oh no," said Stalin, "the Collective Farm policy was a terrible struggle." "I thought you would have found it bad," Churchill observed, "because you were not dealing with a few score thousands of aristocrats or big landowners, but with millions of small men." "Ten millions," said Stalin, holding up his hands. As he thought of millions of men and women being blotted out or displaced forever, Churchill remembered, but did not say aloud, Burke's dictum: "If I cannot have reform without injustice, I will not have reform."

ONE of the books Mr. Churchill read before writing this one was Robert E. Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, and he corrects here, with wonderful adroitness, a salient statement on the salient issue of the unconditional surrender policy he had contributed to Mr. Sherwood's volume.

"I heard the words 'Unconditional Surrender' for the first time from the President's lips at the [Casablanca] Conference," Mr. Churchill wrote Mr. Sherwood some time before *Roosevelt and Hopkins* appeared in 1948. But that was by no means the end of that. When he brought out his 1950 edition, early last year, Sherwood noted that Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* mentioned the President's unconditional surrender formula as being in the papers of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on preparations for Casablanca. Furthermore, Anthony Eden told Mr. Sherwood in July 1949, that cables found in the Cabinet's files called for corrections. These cables were aired in November 1949, when Mr. Churchill agreed he had been wrong, showed that President Roosevelt had also been a bit hazy or hasty in his recollections, and proceeded to pour some scalding oil on his former colleague and present antagonist, Foreign Minister Bevin.

Why Bevin? Well, Bevin, a war-time member of Churchill's coalition cabinet, was now claiming that Churchill hadn't consulted them at the time of Casablanca, on that; and now, as Attlee's Foreign Minister, he was having a terrible time in dealing with Germany, partly as a result of the unconditional surrender policy.

That's all Churchill needed to hear. He saw his opening. And he struck hard. He produced a cable he had sent Attlee, Bevin, and the rest of the wartime coalition cabinet on January 19, 1942, five days before the end of the Casablanca Conference. The cable said he and FDR were proposing to draw up a statement at Casablanca, including "a declaration of the firm intention of the United States and the British Empire to continue the war relentlessly until we have brought about the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan." What would the cabinet think of that?

To which Attlee & Co. replied: "The Cabinet were unanimously of opinion that the balance of advantage lay against excluding Italy"! Didn't that show they were in favor of the unconditional surrender formula itself, and only wanted Italy included? Didn't it show that Bevin had been consulted, had known about the unconditional surrender policy, and had agreed to it? "I think," Mr. Churchill said, silkily, "Mr. Bevin was mistaken in saying he was not a party to that opinion before President Roosevelt's speech was given to the Press."

Indeed, Mr. Churchill spoke so well that it was almost possible to overlook the detail that Mr. Churchill had been flagrantly mistaken, too. For while making a handsome correction of his error Mr. Churchill brought delighted laughter from the House by saying there was always a great danger in quoting from memory when these things cropped up about the tumultuous past. They all remembered the advice which the aged tutor gave to his disciples and followers on his deathbed when they came to him—"Verify your quotation."

That fracas is reported in Sherwood's 1950 notes, from an account of the debate in the London *Times*. Now, in *The Hinge of Fate*, Mr. Churchill goes over it all very

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moothly, even heightening the luster of the clinching anecdote by adorning suitably the "aged tutor" to professorship, in this version, and widening the application of the newly-promoted aged sage's advice with one sibilant consonant: "Verify our quotations."

Always magnanimous in victory, Mr. Churchill gives a hearing to every opinion on the Darlan deal when the Allies landed (remember: we "landed" in North Africa; we invaded Italy and Germany; we liberated France) at Algiers. Indeed, I think he is more than fair about that whole sorry business, where we were damned if we did or didn't. It seems to me that he is rather forbearing, on the whole.

For what, you might ask the next person who tells you that the unexpected assassination of Darlan was much too good for him, do you suppose might have happened if we had immediately recognized De Gaulle as rightful ruler of France, and started him on a sweeping march to power and glory?

Well, the vitality of Mr. Churchill's history lies also in its capacity to stir further arguments—not alone in its weight in settling them. The last word has by no means been said on who was right and who was wrong about all the plans and counterplans for invading the Balkans, for not invading the Balkans, for trying to get into France in 1942, for not even trying to get into France in 1943, and so on and on and on.

WHEN Mr. Churchill wrote his definitive one-sentence review of Steinbeck, the moon was really down for the Allies. That was in May 1942. Rommel was running rampant across the top of Africa. In the Atlantic, the free world's convoys drowned; the Caribbean was on fire with burning tankers. In the Pacific we had not yet seen the sunrise at bloody and symbolic Midway. In Russia, things were going so poorly that fellow-travelers, safely suffering far away, could get thrills of vicarious audacity by howling for the Second Front.

Things got better after that, as you see again in these pages, which end in June 1943, with Churchill and Eden flying home from Africa,

where they might keep Eisenhower and Alexander up all night with talking, but the imperial little old Montgomery retired promptly at ten.

Out of the Bible itself had come the code name for perhaps the most fantastic of all Mr. Churchill's dazzling sprays of schemes, the one called Habbakuk. What was "Habbakuk"? It was a plan to use artificially thickened icebergs—that's right, icebergs—as floating landing fields for planes in the Atlantic. "When the berg begins to move southward, so that it is clear of ice floes," Mr. Churchill said, "vessels can come alongside and put all the equipment, including ample flak, on board." If that sounds preposterous, remember that the artificial harbors built on the French coast in June 1944 once sounded even more so. And so, in that day, no doubt, would the infernally supernal hydrogen bomb that William L. Laurence tells us about in the first important book on what may be the final important weapon, *The Hell Bomb*.

We needed a match to light hydrogen for the Hell bomb. We needed a rather special match, since it had to have a pretty hot flame. It had to have a warmth around 50 million degrees centigrade, and that's a good bit hotter than the temperature in the interior of the sun. We got a promise of the match when the atomic bomb worked at Los Alamos. The trick now, the trick on which the future of humanity might pretty literally rest, is to get it to light the right kind of hydrogen. Mr. Laurence explains the care and feeding of Hell bombs in a wonderfully lucid way. He goes into staggering financial and scientific problems with patience, tact, and a remarkable gift for dramatizing the unspeakable.

Whenever he comes to a thorny patch or an abyss on man's endless road to universal destruction, you breathe a sort of relieved sigh. You think, well, maybe we'll all live a little longer, after all. But of course you've still got to grapple with the Laurentian ranges of figures. ("To make a bomb of a thousand times the power of the A-bomb would require 1,000 kilograms of deuterium at a cost of \$4,500,000, or 171 kilograms of tritium and 114 kilograms of deuterium at a cost of more than \$166,000,000,000 at current prices,

not counting the cost of the A-bomb trigger.") And that \$166 billion does seem a bit stiff, even at current prices. Then, with large-scale production, Mr. Laurence starts bringing the price down, and you know we're all in this together.

The feeling of fantasy fades, when you read just how coldly possible it seems to be to achieve the astounding destruction that Einstein and others have told us is within the Hell bomb's range. The Russians may be hot on one too. And Mr. Laurence reminds you that Klaus Fuchs, the traitor, may have passed on all sorts of information he got at Los Alamos.

WHAT makes a man a traitor? A thousand cases may bring a thousand answers—and a buzzing swarm of words such as "hysteria" and "red-baiting" and "intolerance"—when anyone ventures to point out that there really is such a thing as treason, and that treason is defined in the Constitution, though that passage is not always quoted by people who can recite the Bill of Rights. In *The Traitor* (Farrar, Straus, \$3), William Shirer, who wrote *Berlin Diary*, has produced a novel designed to show what made one Oliver Knight, American newspaperman, betray his country and serve Nazi Germany. The episodes that probe Knight's inflamed mind are not as convincing as the scenes that show Germany in flames. You sometimes feel that Mr. Shirer wanders pretty far from his main point, Knight, in hortatory discussions of what other people did, and when, and how, and why. Yet there is a lot that is worth remembering in his book, and it is clear that Mr. Shirer mainly needs to cultivate the storytelling art that Winston Churchill singled out in Steinbeck.

One of our day's ablest, subtlest, and most entertaining storytellers is Henry Green, whose target-titled novels—*Nothing*, *Loving*, *Back*, and now *Caught*—have been arriving from England again lately, stirring cackling fury in his enemies and cheerful pleasure in his friends. There seems no prospect that his comedies of the mind and tragedies of the heart will displace those worthy novelists who do so much to bring magic down to earth and the

late G. A. Henty up to date. But try reading *Caught*, the story of a brilliantly bewildered public-school Englishman, widowed, witty, forlorn, and unresigned, working as an ordinary fireman in the extraordinary London of the war's first months. You will see what startling lights and colors Green can find in the most probable and in the most improbable material.

ONE of the outstanding trends of 1951 will be a sharp increase in the America-must (or What-shall-we-do-to-be-saved?) books. They will scarcely agree on anything but urgency. They will range from advocacy of non-violence to proposals for preventive war. They will be useful to have, since they will keep in the happily incurably optimistic American mind the desperate peril we have somehow learned to take as a matter of course. More about these, next month, *Deo volente*.

Another trend, I predict, will be the wholesale "rediscovery" of "forgotten" authors. We have, of course, been holding trial-trends for this intermittently in recent years, starting with revivals of writers who had really been forgotten (often for singularly good reasons) and rising to the well-meant absurdity of trying to believe that hardly anyone remembered Ford Madox Ford's requiems for post-Raphaelitic tories or the golden skill of Scott Fitzgerald.

And another trend will be a fresh spurt in the ungovernable march of the anthologies. These are going to crash into the revivals, and the result will be worth watching, for reasons that elude me at the moment. The signs of the coming collision, however, are already multiplying.

When Somerset Maugham grew tired, last fall, of seeing his works scattered through innumerable new anthologies, for example, he brought out one of his own, *The Maugham Reader* (Doubleday, \$5), with an introduction by Glenway Wescott that felicitously managed to praise and disparage Maugham simultaneously, in a tone of remorseless idolatry. But so much half-forgotten Maughamiana turned up in the book—including a couple of

plays, "Our Betters" and "The Constant Wife"—that the book clearly constituted a revival as well as an anthology. John Marquand has perhaps gone him one better by reissuing an early novel separately, with the thought that it's new if you haven't read it before, which applies with equal force to "Cinderella."

Where will it all end? It may soon reach the point where authors will consider the anthology and revival rights ahead of original publication. As a confirmed revivalist, and as a man who is even now brooding over the possibility of issuing a book to be called *The Good Anthology of the Better Readers of the Best Little Treasures of the Year*, I do not complain.

But I hope some paper will be left over for new writers with something fresh to say.

I CANNOT think of any American author who deserves and will repay a revival—what a word!—more than Stephen Crane. True, *The Red Badge of Courage*, which Ernest Hemingway has rightly called "one of the finest books of our literature" and "The Open Boat" turn up all over the place. And *Maggie* will keep a covey of bibliographers haggling for hours. And *Twenty Stories*, selected by Carl Van Doren (Crane, he memorably said, "is still a living writer not because he was prophetic but because he was excellent. Prophets come and go. It is excellence that is timeless."), appeared as recently as 1940, when men were going out once more to try to see war as clearly as Stephen Crane—who had not seen war when he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*.

Now John Berryman has written *Stephen Crane* (Sloane, \$3.75), a combatively devoted biography, for the admirable American Men of Letters Series. It is the most thorough, the most learned, the most painstaking book on Stephen Crane in existence. It owes a great deal to Thomas Beer's incomparable *Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters* and it goes far beyond Beer's book, without ever managing to achieve anything like Beer's genius for making you want to read Stephen Crane. The debt to Beer is handsomely acknowledged—

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Professor Fodorski, by Robert Lewis Taylor.

A Saturday afternoon in October with the radio blaring out the Princeton-Cornell game three rooms away is perfect background for the reading of this "hilarious novel about football." Against such a background the story of the charming little D.P., ex-professor of engineering at the University of Wittenberg, who comes to America and gets a job at the football-mad Southern Baptist Institute of Technology and becomes a football genius and eventually coach, seems amusing, touching, and quite in tune with the staccato reporting and hoarse roarings which periodically emerge from the radio down the hall. One is convinced by and absorbed in the adventures of the little man, so unpolitical that when, during the occupation, he was "pushed, pulled, starved, brow-beaten, pummeled, inquired into, lined up, and otherwise inconvenienced," he finally asked in mild perplexity of the man behind him in line, "They are perhaps hostile to engineering?" His American adventures, as he starts applying his engineering skill to football formations, his great good will in understanding American folk and folkways are indeed riotous while the reading lasts. When the game is over and the radio-madness subsides in the room down the hall, the book, too, fades out a little. But a most pleasant couple of hours between kick-off and final whistle.

Doubleday, \$2.75

A Diary of Love, by Maude Hutchins.

A year or so ago Mrs. Hutchins wrote a book called *Georgiana*, the story of a young girl's discovery of sex and decline into nymphomania which I found brilliant though bordering on the neurotic. This book is a story about a collection of people so erotic that their actions and reflections range all the way from

being fairly nauseating to downright dull. They live in their tiny little senses and the world is never with them. For collectors of erotica only, I should think.

New Directions, \$2.50

Randall and the River of Time, by C. S. Forester.

Everyone knows that the author of the Captain Hornblower series cannot be dull and that he has an extraordinary ability for making history live. But I think it will come as a surprise—it certainly did to me—that he can make the fate of a young middle-class British soldier during and after World War I a matter of such moment. The soldier was an ordinary, good lad, son of a schoolmaster, who like most of his contemporaries had gone straight from school to the trenches. His reactions are predictable and unglamorous against an unglamorous background. No swords and banners here. But drama and tension come into his life inexorably, and one feels them coming with mounting excitement and absolute identification. If Mr. Forester wanted to prove that he could write an enthralling story without the trappings of the costumed past, he has certainly accomplished his purpose. To be sure, that particular war background is history now. But all the overtones are of the present.

Little, Brown, \$3

Return to the Beach, by Margaret Shedd.

This story of a young American returned from war with a mortal injury and the psychological effect of his illness on the girl he marries, his mother and father, and his great-grandfather, is tortured and tortuous in spite of good writing. So little happens in terms of action, so much in terms of recollection and throwbacks—especially the interminable family history dug up by the great-grandfather for the benefit of the great-grandson. It makes for confusion in structure as well as in idea. One feels that what the author is saying about this man's brief life is what she recounts of his feelings on the Pacific island beach where he was wounded. "They knew they had to get up the beach as soon as possible. That in a sense was all they

you can count clustering references to Thomas Beer until you grow tired, as I did, of endlessly writing "B" "B" "B" in the margins—and a sort of posthumous argument with Beer is forever carried on, chapter after chapter.

There is also a psychological examination of Stephen Crane that reminded me of the time Newton Arvin put Moby Dick on the analyst's couch in *Herman Melville*. All these insights or distractions aside, Mr. Berryman has brought to light an amazing amount of information about the young man who died, securely famous after a life of spectacular insecurity in New York, Mexico, Cuba, Greece, and England, in 1900, having been born in 1871, just seven years before Carl Sandburg, four years before Robert Frost, three years before Somerset Maugham, and twelve years after John Dewey.

The mythical sins attributed to Stephen Crane cluster inevitably around many writers; the desperately true privations they endure are listed as sheer improvidence. In Mr. Berryman's scrupulous pages many a lie is nailed, though he knows that the worst tales about Crane will live, malevolently. But so, half a century later, do Crane's own best stories.

He would have been interested in that; he was aware of the growing legend about him; he was a connoisseur of irony; he had written the most haunting of all American lines on war:

Mother whose heart hung humble
as a button
On the bright splendid shroud
of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind,

yet no one has ever understood better than Stephen Crane why men, born to freedom, will go for freedom to places where they touch the great death, and find that, "after all, it was but the great death." He was, perhaps, like Churchill in ending a chapter of *The Hinge of Fate*, "emboldened by the words of Socrates: 'The genius of Tragedy and Comedy are essentially the same, and they should be written by the same authors.'"

BOOKS IN BRIEF

did know. Now it had come down to this business of a race with set limits—to get as far as possible.” But the thought is so involved with symbols that don’t come clear—death on two beaches, a childhood friend (also afflicted with worries about time) who goes berserk, the old family patriarch—that one has to search too hard for a real meaning and especially for a real story.

Doubleday, \$3

Non-fiction

Operation Cicero, by L. C. Moyzisch. Postscript by Franz von Papen.

A true thriller of wartime espionage taking place in the German embassy in Ankara during the fateful years of 1943-44. Between October and April the German government paid out £300,000 (part of it counterfeit to be sure) for British documents handed over by the Albanian valet of the British ambassador at Ankara. They weren’t exactly unimportant documents, either, for they included minutes of the then current meetings in Moscow, Cairo, Teheran, and suggested the forthcoming Operation Overlord. The first-person story, by the German attaché himself, is told with a certain literary dash and great suspense and excitement, and the von Papen postscript gives one an eerie sense of having eavesdropped on history.

Coward, McCann, \$2.75

The Blue and the Gray: The Story of the Civil War as Told to Participants. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. Foreword by Douglas Southall Freeman.

The subtitle says really about as much about this large and attractive two-volume document as can be said in a brief review. When one adds that “participants” means journalists, poets, doctors, chaplains, and housewives as well as soldiers (of all ranks) and that the volumes are brilliantly annotated by the editor and profusely illustrated, one explains why many people will get, with these homely and on-the-spot records, a great deal closer to the life and times of the Civil War years than they ever have before. With pride we mention that there are many excerpts from the pages of *Harper’s*, by such authors as D. H.

Strother (“Personal Recollections of the War”), W. F. G. Peck (“Four Years Under Fire at Charleston”) and others.

Bobbs Merrill, \$12

The Land of Little Rain, by Mary Austen. Photographs by Ansel Adams. Introduction by Carl Van Doren.

People who know and love the rainless country of the West have been saying for years that this beautiful book, first published in 1903, should be re-issued. In this new edition the lovely prose of the distinguished author is made even more vivid, if possible, by Mr. Adams’ pictures of the mysterious and vast and lonely land between the Sierras south of Yosemite, south of Death Valley, and into the Mojave Desert. Her book is nature study, geography, and poetic prose most moving in human terms though what she describes is usually empty of human habitation. It seems to me that her nature descriptions have a quality not unlike those of Mary Webb in *Precious Bane*:

For two summers a great red-tailed hawk has visited the field every afternoon between three and four o’clock, swooping and soaring with the airs of a gentleman adventurer.

In June the leaning towers of the white milkweed are jeweled over with red and gold beetles, climbing dizzily.

I like these truces of wind and heat that the desert makes, otherwise I do not know how I should come by so many acquaintances with furtive folk. I like to see hawks sitting daunted in shallow holes, not daring to spread a feather, and doves in a row by the prickly bushes, and shut-eyed cattle, turned tail to the wind in a patient doze. I like the smother of sand among the dunes, and finding small coiled snakes in open places, but I never like to come in a wind upon the silly sheep.

This book is only one of many which Mary Austen wrote from her great store of interest and observation, always acute, always original. In his introduction Carl Van Doren writes: “Her best-remembered idea is the American Rhythm. She found it in what I think strange places. Once at a dinner, speaking to a large



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group of admirers, she said that Lincoln's words, 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' owe their cadence to his familiarity with an ax in his youth." Her essays are full of such arresting ideas.

Houghton Mifflin, \$6

Classics and Commercials, by Edmund Wilson.

These essays and reviews which appeared in American magazines during the nineteen-forties (the *New Yorker*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *Partisan Review*) are superb examples of the journalist's art, in the best sense of the word. Whether they tell of contemporary novelists, detective fiction, literary figures and aspirations, past, present, or future, they link their subject with contemporary thought (and stimulate it) in a way to give most journalists who call themselves by that name something to think about. They are thoughtful, literate, and truly critical in a sense which gives the name critic as well as journalist a dignity they have been in danger of losing altogether. . . . Dorothy Parker, Katherine Anne Porter, Thackeray, Dr. Johnson, Kathleen Winsor, Saroyan, Oscar Wilde, Evelyn Waugh, Sartre, Emily Post—they all lie newly revealed in proper perspective under Mr. Wilson's honest but usually compassionate dissection.

Farrar, Straus, \$5

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Revell Co., \$2

Book Forecast

One of the best titles for our time is *The Age of Longing*. Arthur Koestler uses it for his new novel which Macmillan will publish at the

end of February, and part of it will appear under the title "Interlude" in our February issue. The story, set in the middle nineteen-fifties, has a European background. . . . His book is one of several long-awaited new novels by well established authors to appear on publishers' lists this "spring." James Hilton's *Morning Journey* (the first in four years) will come from Little, Brown in February as the Literary Guild's choice for March. It is the story of an actress who could never escape the Sven-gali influence of her first director. For later in the spring the Guild has reserved a Maine fishing story, *Candlemas Bay* (Morrow), by Ruth Moore, who wrote *Spoonhandle* and *The Weir*. . . . In March comes William Saroyan's story of a movie idol, *Rock Wagram*, from Doubleday; as does a first novel, *The Dividing of Time*, by Elizabeth Sewell, the story of a young girl who finds she must live her life over.

Chaplin Biography

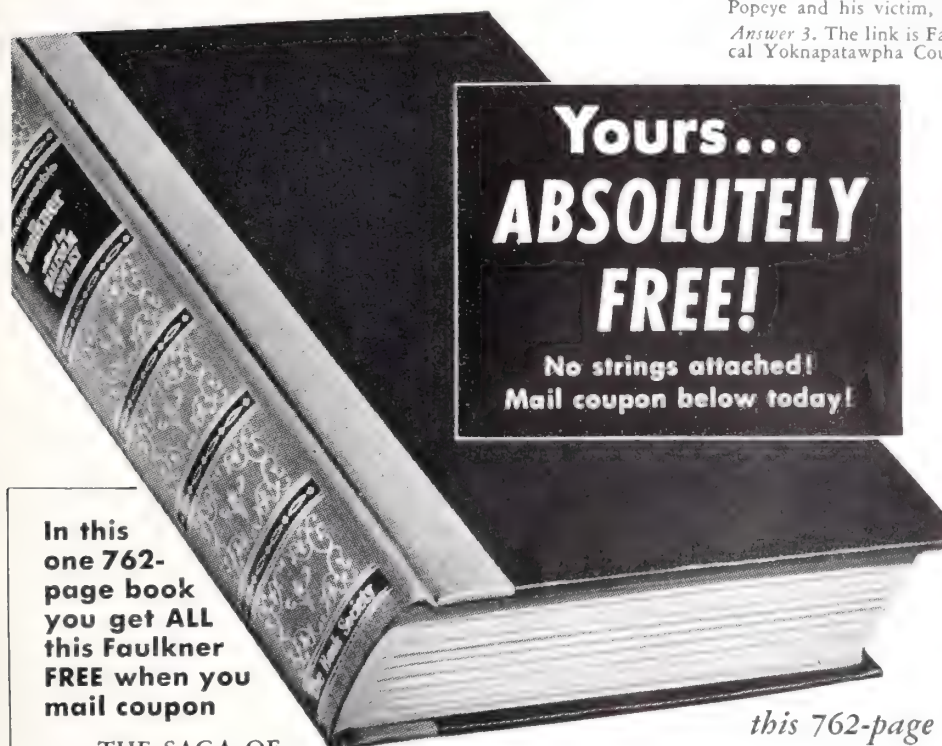
Henry Schuman, Inc. will publish in March a biography of Charlie Chaplin by Theodore Huff, who was for five years curator of the film library at the Museum of Modern Art. The book which will have more than a hundred illustrations, will deal particularly with Mr. Chaplin as artist.

Still Unscheduled

For later in the year Random House announces a new novel, still untitled, by Irwin Shaw, author of *The Young Lions*. . . . Louis Bromfield is at work on a new novel to be called *Mr. Smith* (first full-length novel in six years) for Harper; Carson McCullers is working on one for Houghton Mifflin called *Clock Without Hands*; and Knopf will bring out before too long Elizabeth Taylor's new *A Game of Hide and Seek*. Little, Brown announces that there will be a new Mazo de la Roche "Jalna" book before summer and that in the fall they will publish with some excitement a real Western called *Cattle Upon a Thousand Hills* by Marguerite Wallace Kennedy, who early in the century lived on a 120,000-acre ranch in Arizona.

What's your score on these questions about **WILLIAM FAULKNER**

and the works for which
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Answer 2. "Sanctuary"—the best known and most violent of all his novels wherein appears the incredibly wicked Popeye and his victim, Temple Drake.

Answer 3. The link is Faulkner's mythical Yoknapatawpha County, in Missis-

issippi, whose mythical population of 15,611 persons include all those amazing Faulkner characters who live, love, hate, rape, pray, decay and die in these nine novels...the townsmen and backwoods whites...some heroic, some diabolical—all unforgettable.

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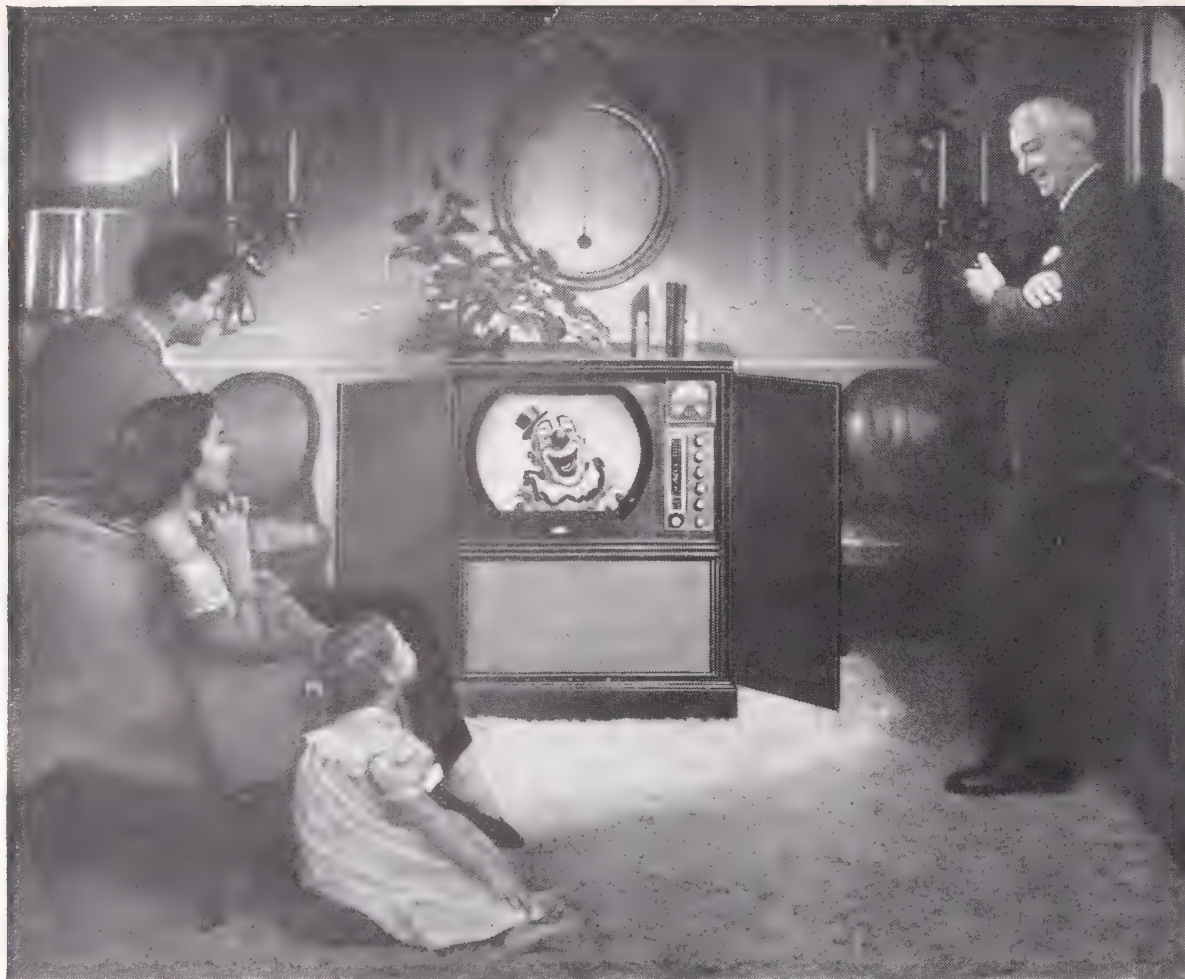
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Vol. 202

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THE common cold, we glibly say, is a virus. So is poliomyelitis. So are scores of other diseases of varying degrees of seriousness. Yet few of us know what the word virus really means, or wherein viruses differ from other infectious diseases. Next month **Dr. Howard A. Howe** of Johns Hopkins sets down and explains what is known about viruses, in the first of a series of two articles. The second, to appear in April, will deal more specifically with polio and in particular with the problems involved in developing a vaccine against this dreaded infection.

THE two Hiss trials spotlighted, among other things, the anomalous situation this country finds itself in when the First Amendment of the Constitution, which guarantees freedom of speech, clashes with the Fifth, which assures every individual a fair trial—or, in other words, when the newspapers pre-try a case on the basis of evidence not yet introduced in court, and thereby influence the jury. In the March issue **Dorothy Dunbar Bromley** takes up the difficulties of “Free Press vs. Free Trial,” drawing examples from the Hiss case and many other recent cases which have received considerable publicity, and evaluating various suggestions for reform which have been put forward.

SUMNER WELLES continues his account of our Far Eastern relations from Pearl Harbor through Hiroshima with sidelights on our handling of the present crisis; and **Fred Hoyle** comes down from the stars and the outer reaches of space to our own earth and other nearby planets.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief*; RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors*; JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors*. DAVID FREDERICK, *General Manager*; WALDO W. SELLEW, *Advertising Director*; FRED M. SINGSEN, *Assistant to the Publisher*; JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Circulation and Promotion Manager*.

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Personal & Otherwise

FROM Professor Gordon N. Ray, head of the English department at the University of Illinois, comes a quotation from Arnold Bennett's novel *Clayhanger*, published in England in 1910, which amusingly reinforces not only what Rebecca West said in our Centennial issue about *Harper's* popularity in England but also what the Editor said about the Magazine's overwhelming gentility at the turn of the century. The passage describes the hero, Edwin Clayhanger, settling comfortably into his easy chair "to savor *Harper's*."

This monthly reassurance that nearly all was well with the world, and that what was wrong was not seriously wrong, waited on his knees to be accepted and to do its office. Unlike the magazines of his youth, its aim was to soothe and flatter, not to disconcert and impeach. He looked at the refined illustrations of South American capitals and of picturesque corners in Provence, and at the smooth or the rugged portraits of great statesmen and great bridges; all just as true to reality as the brilliant letterpress; and he tried to slip into the rectified and softened world offered by the magazine. He did nothing so subtle as to ask himself whether if he encountered the reality he would recognize it from the presentment. He wanted the illusions of *Harper's*. He desired the comfort, the distraction, and the pleasant ideal longings which they aroused.

It is a devastating portrait of middle-class man and middle-class journalism at their flabbiest. No wonder, if this is how it was, the middle class was in for a rude awakening!

The Middle in a Pickle (and the Masses on Top?)

One measure of the rudeness of the awakening to which the Clayhangers of 1900 were subjected is the appearance in *Harper's* fifty years later of *C. Hartley Grattan's* article "The Middle Class, Alas!" (p. 39). The middle class is having a tough time of it these days, as P & O—a bourgeois from way back—can personally testify. There is no use even trying to slip into "a softened and rectified" world.

And yet there are a few hopeful signs, in spite of the all but universal bleakness of middle-class prospects throughout the world. In England, for example, where the middle class voted the Labor party into power in a mood of woebegone self-distrust, the Labor government has already discovered that it needs the "closest collaboration" of the technicians, administrators, and managers who up to now have been produced almost exclusively by the middle class. Even in Russia and her satellites, where the bourgeoisie has been or is being completely liquidated, the essentially bourgeois functions are still frankly recognized as worthy of state encouragement. No sooner have the Communists wiped out the middle class than they set about trying to create its functional equivalent: the corps of professionals and semi-professionals who are required to direct and manage a modern society.

But, as Mr. Grattan says, such people in the Communist countries are only "creatures of the state, middle-class folk with their guts pulled out." And there is some doubt, even



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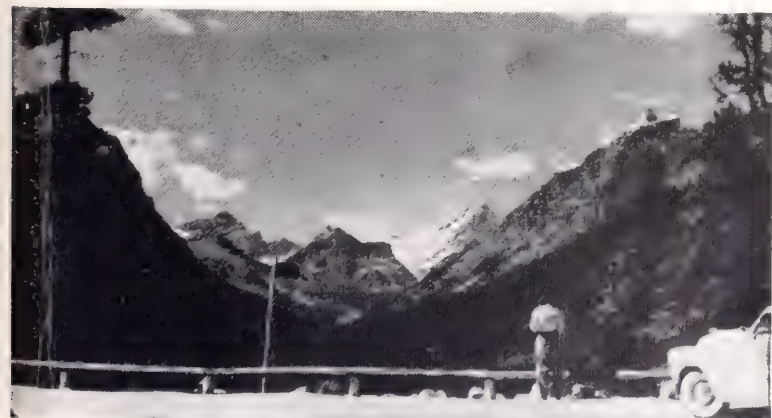
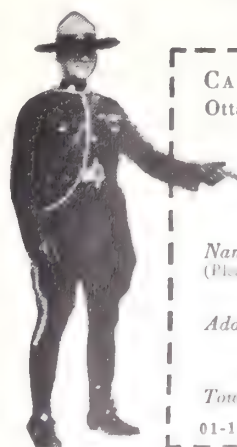
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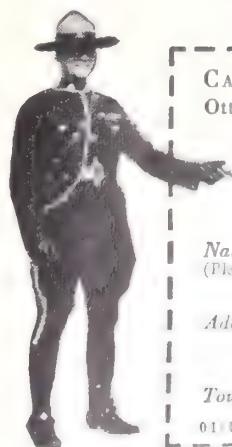
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in the merely socialist countries, whether a bourgeois can be made into a bureaucrat without visceral damage.

In a world where, as Mr. Grattan says, "the embarrassment, erosion, and extinction of the middle class . . . are characteristic features of the times," there are, then, two rays of hope. First of all, those who are most determinedly attacking the middle class are discovering that they cannot get along without the professional and semi-professional abilities which, historically, the middle class alone has been able to provide in quantities sufficient to manage and direct a modern industrial society. And second, there is as yet no evidence that an eviscerated middle class can reproduce itself, no matter how efficiently it may carry out its other functions. If it cannot, if what the Communists recognize as middle-class virtues can be bred only in a bourgeois society, there may yet be a chance that men will refuse any longer to accept the anti-bourgeois clichés which for a generation have been undermining the middle class's prestige and self-assurance.

In the United States this is good news. At least to most of us. For whatever the middle class may be in economic terms, in psychological and social terms it includes the vast majority of Americans.

MR. GRATTAN has contributed so often to our pages (most recently to the Centennial issue last October) that there should be no need to remind *Harper's* readers of his many articles and books on both economic and literary subjects. We'll let it go this time, then, with a passage of autobiography which P & O extracted from him several years ago but which has not been printed before.

At various times since I reached the age of usefulness [he wrote], I've been a news-boy; a clerk in a butcher shop, in a grocery, in a fruit store, and in a haberdashery; a bobbin boy in a silk mill, a bellhop in a summer hotel, a school teacher, a private secretary to an advertising executive, a private secretary to the vice president of a business school, a magazine editor, an editor of sociological research and statistics for the federal government, a fellow of the Carnegie Corporation; but mostly for the past twenty-five years a free-lance

writer. . . . I can't recall that I ever intended to be a writer. I once intended to be a Certified Public Accountant. I view people who have become what they set out to become with more alarm than respect.

The pictorial comment on the middle class is the work of *Sahula-Dycke*, the first to be published in this magazine. The artist is the son of the Czech violinist, Jan Sahula, who brought his wife and family to New York in 1908. The mother's family name was Dyk, of a line of painters; Sahula-Dycke began to draw before walking or talking. He studied at Carl Werntz's Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where he later taught. He works in both the commercial and fine arts.

Among his paintings, his favorite is a mural of two boys on horseback which is in the chapel of Cal Farley's Boy's Ranch at Tascosa, Texas. The best thing he has written, he believes, is a mathematically integrated treatise on designing, *The Way to Design*, published in Dallas in 1943.

Raspberry Jamboree

Hartley Grattan is probably right in his supposition that the survival or the disappearance of the middle class (that's *still* us, remember) depends on the outcome of the race between rising costs of war and of social security on the one hand and increasing productivity on the other. If so, there is a ray of hope to be found in *R. E. Cochran's* "Confessions of a Jamboree Scoutmaster" (p. 59).

Don't let P & O give you the idea that this is a special "Middle-Class Issue" of *Harper's*. It's not. But it is often amusing to observe how two or more articles in a given number, though they were written and accepted without reference to one another, touch upon different aspects of a single basic problem or develop what might be called variations on a single theme. Mostly it is mere chance if this is so, and that is the case this month. In fact, by tying Mr. Grattan's article on the middle class to the piece on the Scout Jamboree P & O is probably stretching a point.

And yet, anyone who seriously faces the problem of middle-class survival as Mr. Grattan presents it will, I think, be likely to read Mr. Cochran's article with special interest.

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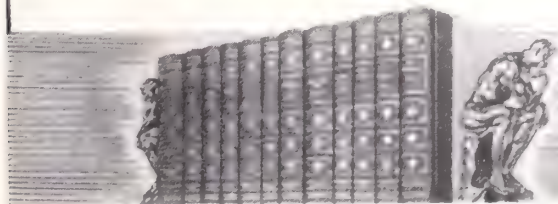
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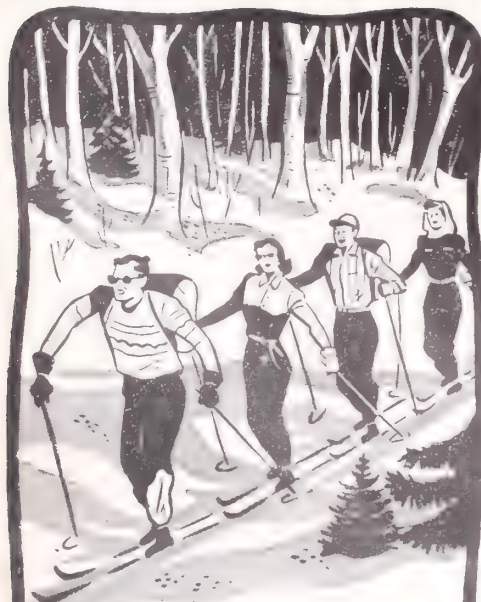
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Santa Fe, N.M.

It would be hard to imagine a more incurably enterprising (which is to say, incurably middle-class) outfit than the Boy Scouts of America. And nothing P & O has read in a long time has done so much as Mr. Cochran's account of the Valley Forge encampment last summer to confirm his faith in the unregimentable ingenuity of the average middle-class American male.

Mr. Cochran was there, as leader of his own troop of Scouts, and his account has that engaging air of unpretentious honesty which always distinguishes the truth from official publicity releases. As planned, and as officially described, the Valley Forge Jamboree was a Clayhanger's dream of what a patriotic pilgrimage for youth should be. In fact, however. . . . But read for yourself what it was like. The Boy Scouts are quite a gang. Their Jamboree at Valley Forge simply proved again what Aunt Polly and the widow Douglas learned long ago. You can dress up Tom and Huck in respectable fustian, but they are still Tom and Huck.

Robert Osborn's work is so well known to our readers that we introduce his version of the Boy Scouts simply by quoting a letter to P & O:

Robert Osborn, along with Mrs. Osborn, is the proud parent of two potential hellions filled with IDs as big as houses. The two boys, when they get on to the Scouting age, will probably not be taken into any troop . . . and will go in for scrounging instead of Scouting.

Our other preoccupation at the moment is building a house in the Salisbury (Connecticut) hills and



Osborn's ID-Kids

we conclude Mr. Blandings was at fault—not the builders. . . . These contractors, architects, well-diggers, etc., couldn't be nicer and more direct. The stone work is all being done by a seventy-seven-year-old Italian trained in Switzerland.

Earth and High Heaven

• • • Our leading article this month is a document of major importance in the history of United States policy in Asia. Face to face, as we now are, with a crisis in our relations with China and other Oriental nations, it is important for us to understand the backgrounds of our present policy. In "Roosevelt and the Far East" (p. 27) former Under Secretary of State *Sumner Welles*, writing with obvious authority and inside knowledge, traces the course of our Far Eastern policy through the crucial years of President Roosevelt's administration. Next month, in a second article, he will continue his narrative to Hiroshima and comment upon developments since World War II.

The present article will form a part of Mr. Welles' forthcoming book, *Seven Decisions That Shaped History*, which Harper & Brothers will publish this spring.

Mr. Welles became secretary to the American Embassy in Tokyo in 1915, after his graduation from Harvard, and was a member of the foreign service of the United States until his resignation as Under Secretary of State in 1943. For a decade he had performed a series of special assignments under President Roosevelt. In the foreword to his new book Mr. Welles observes:

The public in general still has the idea that the conduct of foreign policy is a proceeding carried on in an Olympian atmosphere. On the contrary, the determination of the foreign policy of a government, like the conduct of relations between two or more governments, has from time immemorial been as much affected by the consequences of selfish rivalries and petty jealousies and vanities as by honest differences on major issues. And so it is today in the conduct of American foreign policy. The more realistically American opinion recognizes that these factors have often governed the determination of their



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national policy, and the determination of the policies of other countries, the better they will be able to understand the why and the wherefore of foreign relations. . . .

[This book] is not intended to be primarily a refutation of the allegations of this or the other author. It is far from being an apology for an American administration that will never need an apology. It is an attempt by one who played a part in many of the events with which this book deals to offer the unvarnished truth about American decisions that did "shape history," and to show why those decisions so radically changed the pattern of our present and future lives.

•••"Interlude" (p. 48) has been lifted, with the author's permission, out of *Arthur Koestler's* new novel, *The Age of Longing*, which will be published in this country by Macmillan in the last week of February and in France and England a month later. *The Age of Longing* is Mr. Koestler's first full-length novel with a European setting since *Darkness at Noon*, that is, since 1939. We have not read the book but we take the author's word that this chapter is not really typical of the novel but is rather, as the title indicates, an "interlude" told by an imaginary narrator which interrupts the narrative proper. The scene of the novel is Paris; the time is the middle nineteen-fifties. In Mr. Koestler's words, the novel "is not a visionary tale of the distant future but merely carries the present one small step further in time."

Mr. Koestler's books reflect his active part in the political and military struggles of Europe and the Middle East since about 1926. Born in Hungary in 1905, he was educated at the University of Vienna, began his career as a foreign correspondent in the Middle East, Paris, and Berlin, and traveled in Soviet Russia and Central Asia in the early nineteen-thirties. After covering the Spanish Civil War for the London *News-Chronicle*, he was imprisoned by General Franco and the Vichy French; and he later served in the French Foreign Legion and the British Pioneer Corps.

His books began to appear in 1938, with *Spanish Testament*. Since then, as they have come out, he has drawn to him an increasing number

of readers of many nations and languages who believe he has expressed for them with peculiar force the intellectual and spiritual conflicts of our times. The most recent of them was published in 1949—*Promise and Fulfillment*.

Along with Graham Greene, John Dos Passos, James Farrell, and Aldous Huxley, Mr. Koestler was one of the founders of FIF ("Fund for Intellectual Freedom, Inc."), which exists for the purpose of assisting writers and intellectuals who have escaped from totalitarian countries into Western Germany. The organization aims to enable these exiles to return to creative work by advancing funds for writing a book, securing living quarters, passage overseas, or any other effective means. Authors who want to help may assign part of their income—not less than 10 per cent of royalties derived from a certain territory or all income derived from a given work or from screen or stage rights—to the fund, which will be distributed under the guidance of designated members of the International Rescue Committee and the Secretariat of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Europe.

•••"The Origin and Fate of the Stars" (p. 60) is the whopping Part III of *Fred Hoyle's The Nature of the Universe*, a new examination of the world as the astrophysicist sees it and a new description of how it works and where man comes into the picture—as one of our editors summed it up, "a few notes about how everything is everywhere." Mr. Hoyle, who teaches mathematics at Cambridge University in England and is a senior fellow at St. John's College, has been working on the research which led him to his conclusions and hypotheses about the "New Cosmology" since his early twenties just before the second world war, and much of his work has been in collaboration with Raymond Arthur Lyttleton, his colleague at Cambridge, whom he mentions frequently in his articles. During the war, Mr. Hoyle worked on radar with an Admiralty research group, but continued his studies in astronomy in his spare time.

Though professional papers and a book published in 1949, *Some Re-*

cent Researches in Solar Physics, introduced much of Mr. Hoyle's work to scientists, he did not become known to laymen until last year, when the British Broadcasting Corporation presented Mr. Hoyle himself in a series of radio talks, first on the Third Program and later, because of his success on this more limited medium, on the Home Service with some 3,000,000 listeners. These talks, which *Harper's* is now running in revised form in five articles, have been published in England as a book, *The Nature of the Universe*. Harper & Brothers will publish a revised American edition on March 28. If you will turn back to our December and January numbers, you will find Mr. Hoyle discussing, first, "The Earth and Nearby Space," and, second, "The Sun and the Stars." In Part IV (March) Mr. Hoyle will come down out of the Galaxy to concentrate upon the Earth and planets once more and, finally, in Part V (April), he will fix upon man and his relation to the cosmos.

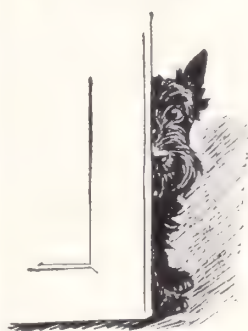
Lest this young scientist seem too formidable a figure, we quote here an episode from his early youth as told in a letter from his wife to his American book editor. He was born in a Yorkshire village in 1915, the son of a small business man in the wool industry; he got a love of classical music from his parents and a drive toward intellectual work which might free him from the hardships of the industrial world. Mrs. Hoyle wrote:

Before he went to school, at the age of six, he had taught himself to tell the time and "to do his tables up to 12x12." He played truant from his first two schools (once because the teacher smacked him for counting four petals on a flower which normally owns five. Perhaps one of his petals had dropped off because he had only four on his specimen. His sense of justice was outraged and he refused to go there again) before he finally settled happily in a village school two miles over the moors. He walked this two miles four times a day until he was eleven when he won a scholarship to the local grammar school.

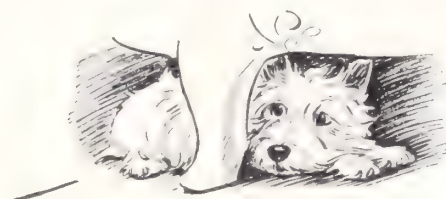
One other item reported by Mrs. Hoyle amplifies the portrait. Last summer, Mr. Hoyle played Bottom



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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

in a local (Great Abington) production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to the delight of critics in the village and town audiences, and he wrote a comedy for the local society to produce after Christmas.

●●●In April of 1950 we published "The Blue-Winged Teal" by *Wallace Stegner*, a story which we felt worthy of spring. Herschel Brickell later selected it for *Prize Stories of 1950*, and the judges awarded it first prize among the O. Henry Awards. Now for February, we have Mr. Stegner's "The Traveler" (p. 79), which is surely worthy of the long thoughts of this darkest of snowy months.

Meanwhile, Mr. Stegner, who is regularly professor of English at Stanford University in charge of the Stanford Writing Center, is far away, somewhere at this moment on a round-the-world tour, under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. Accompanied by his wife and son, he went by air to London, Paris, Brussels, Dusseldorf, Rome, Athens, and Cairo, expecting to spend the dead of winter in India, to proceed thence to China, the Philippines, and Japan, and to return home in late March. The purpose of his trip, in general terms as he described it, was to make "contact and common cause" with writers in those countries. Now as we view that prospect in December, P & O wonders about some of those expected "contacts," the world having shifted frontiers in the interim.

Mr. Stegner's most recent book, published by Houghton, Mifflin last August, was *The Preacher and the Slave*, the story of Joe Hill and the I.W.W. He has written often about the West, but perhaps "The Traveler" goes back to his boyhood on a farm in Iowa.

Arthur Shilstone, whose drawings illustrate "The Traveler," has previously drawn for *Harper's* pictures in many moods. He is a New Yorker who trained at Pratt Institute, spent three years abroad with the Army Engineers, and worked with Norman Bel Geddes. His water colors have been shown at the National Academy and at the Fifty-seventh Street galleries. He has done illustrations for Simon & Schuster and for newspapers and magazines.

●●●*Otto Kleppner's* vigorous "no" to the common question, "Is There Too Much Advertising?" (p. 85) comes as the result of the author's more than thirty years in advertising. He is now head of The Kleppner Company, a well-known agency in New York, and has served as a governor of the New York Council of Advertising Agencies.

Mr. Kleppner began working in his father's grocery store at the age of ten—the authorities weren't much concerned in those days about "working papers" for youths. He later attended New York University School of Commerce at night and earned his degree of Master of Commercial Science in 1922. He received that university's Distinguished Alumni Award in 1936.

Besides being head of a prominent advertising agency, Mr. Kleppner has written a book which has been adapted as the basic text in most of the schools and colleges teaching the subject—*Advertising Procedure*, now in its thirty-third printing, published by Prentice-Hall.

"Is There Too Much Advertising?" gives Mr. Kleppner's view of what constitutes the creative essence of the competitive system. Advertising, he told us, provides a good window through which to watch what goes on in the minds of management.

Differences of opinion not only about the value of advertising but even about its right to exist are so frequently expressed in conversation and writing that we believe the reasoned testimony of a man who sees the activity as essential to the competitive system is worth recording. Hence this article. But it is also worth adding as a point of curiosity that a *Pravda* editorial, as cited last December 3 in the New York *Herald Tribune*, stressed that "more and better advertising was necessary for the progress of Soviet trade." It is true that advertisers in the Soviet Union must get the approval of the Ministry of Trade, but the impulse to tell the consumer exists even in Communist business. Now that a red and blue neon sign has been installed in a square in Moscow enjoining citizens to deposit their savings in the bank, Times Square had better look to its lights.

•••If Hartley Grattan pays his respects to one group of the British people in "The Middle Class, Alas!" in this issue of *Harper's*, another light on the picture of Britain's experiment in government is furnished in "The Men Who Run England" (p. 93) by **E. M. Hugh-Jones**, who sees matters from the inside of England—from what slant we leave it to you to try to determine.

Since 1926, Mr. Hugh-Jones has been successively lecturer, tutor, and fellow of Keble College, Oxford. He was scholar of Winchester and New College, Oxford; he has been in the United States both on a Rockefeller traveling fellowship in 1933-34 and as a visiting lecturer at Notre Dame University in the summer of 1948. With E. A. Radice he is co-author of *An American Experiment* and *Woodrow Wilson and American Liberalism*. Last December he went on a two weeks' lecture tour in Western Germany and Trieste.

Joseph G. Farris, whose drawings illustrate "The Men Who Run England," has done art work for other magazines and for exhibition along Main Street in Danbury, Connecticut, where he lives. After three years in the Army, 100th Infantry Division, as a machine-gun section leader, he studied at the Whitney Art School. This Army-plus-art-school background has been a productive training for many young *Harper's* artists.

•••Readers who care about poetry and take an informed interest in the art—we guess there are many in our audience—can have a good deal of pleasure with this number of *Harper's*, comparing themes and schemes in the three poems of the month.

Polly Boyden ("Inseparables," p. 47) is a newcomer to us. She has lived for the past fifteen years in Truro, Massachusetts, a lonely spot far down on Cape Cod, exposed to the weather (including hurricanes). Her work is writing.

Mark Van Doren, whose poems have appeared in this magazine frequently in the nineteen forties, has been during most of that period professor of English at Columbia. He won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1939, has written many volumes of verse (the latest was *The Careless*



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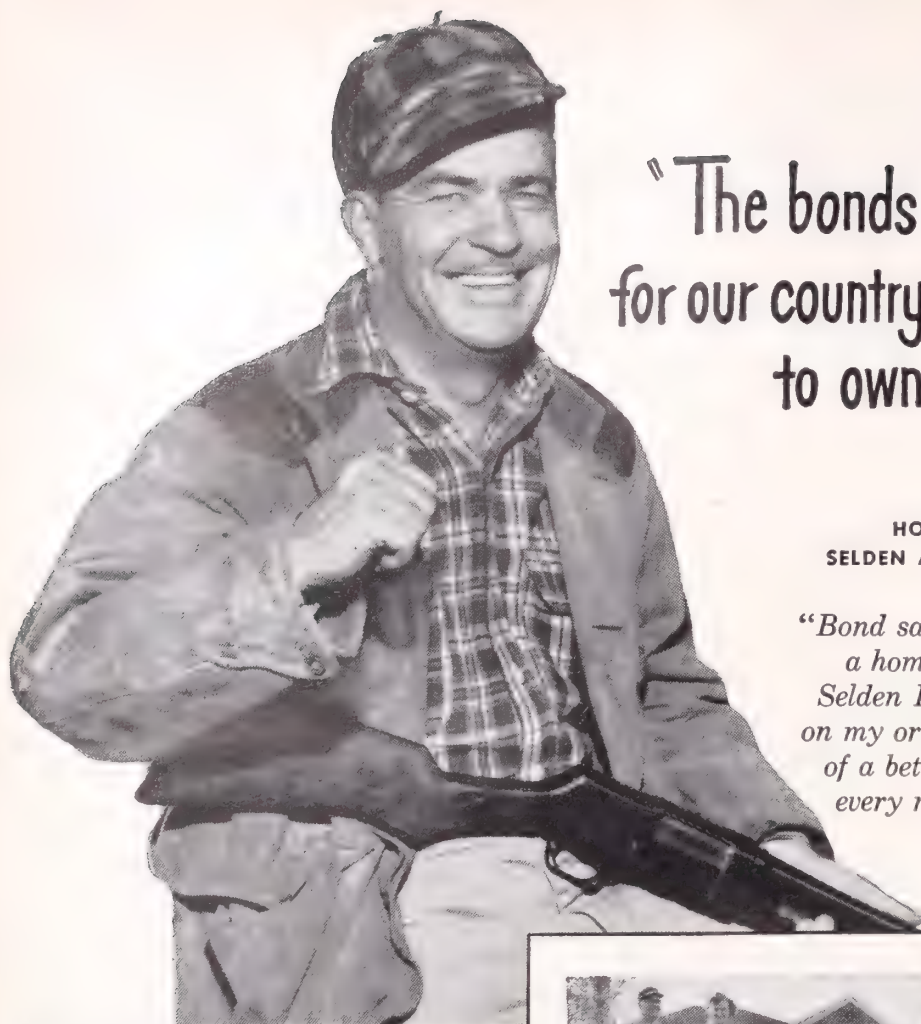


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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street New York 16, N. Y.

Clock), three novels, and several books of criticism. "Remembered Gaiety" (p. 67 is so unpretentious in its form and idea that you should read it more than once. But you would anyway.

Alexander Laing wrote a short story for *Harper's* back in 1940; "Parents, Beware" (p. 92) is the first of his poems we have published. Mr. Laing is director of the Public Affairs Laboratory and one of the supervisors of the Great Issues Course for seniors at Dartmouth College, and a teacher of a Humanities course which begins with Homer and ends with Voltaire. Mr. Laing's story, "The Workmanship Has to Be Wasted," was reprinted in the O. Henry prize collection.

Lizzie's Parent—

From Annette B. Hopkins of Baltimore, Maryland, we have an interesting letter of correction.

To the Editors:

In looking over your very entertaining section, "Personal and Otherwise," in the December issue, I found an error which I hope you won't object to having pointed out.

On page 6, col. 2 you say: "... the Magazine, whose first issue 'transferred' Charles Dickens' 'Lizzie Leigh' to its pages, along with several pieces from Dickens' magazine *Household Words*..."

"Lizzie Leigh" was not written by Dickens but by Mrs. Gaskell, author of *Cranford*. It was published in the first issue of Dickens' new journal, *Household Words*, on March 30, 1850, and given the distinction of first place, after the Editor's "Preliminary Word." Since the story was printed anonymously and Dickens' name as "Conductor" of the magazine stood conspicuously in its pages, the editors of *Harper's* must have assumed that he was the author of "Lizzie." The error is quite understandable. Dewitt and Davenport of New York who brought out in this same year, 1850, a pirated edition of the story made the same mistake: "Lizzie Leigh: a Domestic Tale from *Household Words*. By Charles Dickens." As I am writing a biography of Mrs. Gaskell, these matters happen to be fresh in my mind. . . .

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LETTERS

Sidelights on Hoyle—

To the Editors:

"No one has yet seen the opposite side of the moon."—Fred Hoyle in *Harper's Magazine*, December 1950 ["The Nature of the Universe"].

The lady, Luna, since her birth,
Has circled coyly round the Earth,
And, though she titillates his tides,
She never shows him both her sides.

But Jupiter, from outer space,
Peruses more than just her face,
And Mercury, when in conjunction,
Stops to watch her axis function,
While ever-ardent, blushing Mars
Investigates her beauty scars.
Even Neptune, deep in night,
Winks at Terra's satellite.

The information they absorb it's
Certain spreads throughout the orbits;
Four-mooned Uranus eyes the slat-
tern,
Rings start quivering on Saturn,
Venus whispers, "Really, dear,
Not even wearing atmosphere!"
And Pluto, viewing lunar hips,
Whistles from his grand ellipse.

But moonbeams earthward bound
are pure
Reflections from a face demure,
And Terra, withered with frustra-
tion,
Vents his passion in rotation.

S. C. FLORMAN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Apparently it is not safe to project backward three centuries an attitude toward science that to us seems so natural as to be almost inevitable. Mr. Fred Hoyle does just this in "The Nature of the Universe" when he quotes Hamlet to Ophelia,

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,

as showing Shakespeare's intense interest in Copernican cosmology, which he states the poet showed "on every possible occasion."

My father,* who was both an historian of science and a lover of poetry, once combed Shakespeare's works to discover allusions to the new science of that day. These two lines from "Hamlet" are the only possible reference he could find to that subject, and even then he considered rather doubtful, for Hamlet may have been indulging in pure, unscientific rhapsody.

PRISCILLA SMITH ROBINSON
Anchorage, Kentucky

Mr. Martin's Mecca—

To the Editors:

The article in the December issue by John Bartlow Martin on a Negro housing situation in Chicago ["The Strangest Place in Chicago"] was indeed very valuable—America could certainly stand more like it. I think a great many people are unaware of the deplorable state of Negro housing in this country. However I think the article tends to convey a misleading impression about the situation, because of the way it makes the conditions at the Mecca appear as something unusual and as the title puts it "strange." The truth is that these conditions are quite common in practically all of our large cities—in many instances far worse than those at the Mecca.

Just recently I completed a survey of rental housing costs for the

* Preserved Smith, Professor of History at Cornell, 1922-41, author of *A History of Modern Culture*.—*The Editors*.

U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics in Cleveland, Ohio. I came upon several housing accommodations in the Negro living area which were far worse than those described by Mr. Martin. Not only were these units in a deplorable state, but the rents charged for them were exorbitant. . . .

Apparently these people are paying a considerable amount for housing, and yet their seeking for better accommodations at a comparable cost is completely stultified because of the constant discrimination against them. . . .

I hope Mr. Martin will write more articles on this subject—making an attempt to cover the conditions in other cities.

EARLE RAMSDELL
Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editors:

It's good to see John Bartlow Martin back. His report on the Mecca is Martin and *Harper's* at their respective bests.

MRS. HARRY WILLIAMS
New York, N. Y.

Many Thanks—

To the Editors:

This is to express my appreciation over the last three issues of *Harper's* which are all especially good and have given us thorough pleasure and enjoyment. Your November issue was one of the most readable and interesting issues I have ever read, with each article particularly enjoyable. Such reports as William Zukerman's ["Church and State in Israel"], Richard Rovere's book reviews, and the excerpts from the Boswell Journal are all outstanding.

HARRY WEISS
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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U. S. Information Service

LETTERS

U. S. Books Preferred—

To the Editors:

I read with great interest the article entitled "American Goods Preferred" by Fred M. Hechinger in your December issue.

I think you may be interested in knowing that between 1945 and 1950 no less than 560 American books were translated and published in Germany, and that furthermore American books were published in recent years in many other foreign languages, including French, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Finnish, Dutch, Icelandic, Czech, Polish, Slovakian, Japanese, Russian, Hungarian, Romanian, Hebrew, Hindi, Tamil, Bengali, etc. I have personally arranged for the translation and publication of various books in these languages. . . .

The above facts merely serve to emphasize Mr. Hechinger's statement to the effect that American culture is being widely disseminated all over the world, by showing that even this branch of "American goods" is being preferred abroad.

MAX PFEFFER
 New York, N. Y.

Bind Promiscuous—

To the Editors:

In reading the story "Promiscuous Unbound" in the December issue, I became nostalgic for the dear old *Harper's* of long ago, with its wealth of reading fit for human consumption. I can't see how that malodorous thing got into *Harper's* even at this date, although I have regretfully noted the deterioration of *Harper's* for some time.

If this goes on, I will be an ex-subscriber when my present subscription expires.

MRS. LELA WILLSON BARRETT
 Southern Pines, N. C.

Israel Once More—

To the Editors:

In the November issue Mr. William Zukerman writes on "Church and State in Israel," seeking to prove that the government of Israel is attempting to force a theocratic regime on its people. I regret to have to state that from beginning

LETTERS

to end this article is distinguished by misrepresentations, exaggerations, and half-truths.

It is not denied that a religious problem exists in Israel. Anyone more familiar with the country would know that large and vocal sections of the population do indeed object to certain aspects of the present situation, and that the subject is freely ventilated in the *Knessett* (parliament) and press. . . .

The limitations of a letter to the editors preclude either a complete refutation of all Mr. Zukerman's misstatements or an analysis of his conceptions of "democracy," "theocracy," and "racism." Even a restricted reply will suffice, however, to reveal the absurdity of his claims of "religion by force," "Rabbis offered the power of the State to enforce . . . religious precepts," etc.

The elementary truth is that there is no statutory obligation on anyone in Israel to observe the precepts of Judaism or any other faith. Observance is entirely voluntary, as is non-observance or agnosticism.

Saturday, the day of rest to the majority of people, is so recognized officially. Those observe it who wish to. Utility services operate; so do taxis, restaurants, cafés; museums and sports grounds are open.

It is not true that Reform or any other congregations are required to conduct their services according to the Orthodox pattern. (There is even a small so-called "Hebrew-Christian" congregation that worships as it pleases.) The state does not build or maintain Orthodox synagogues. Nor does it maintain rabbis except those who serve in the Rabbinic Courts.

There is no state law on the subject of diet. As an emergency measure consequent upon Israel's economic difficulties, the government has been importing directly or under its control meat supplies and other foodstuffs. Both kosher and non-kosher meat has been imported. The slaughter of livestock locally (about 40 per cent of the total meat consumption in the past six months) conforms with religious observance or not, as the consumers may choose.

On the question of immigration, Mr. Zukerman's statements are equally untrue. . . . No religious test of any kind has ever been imposed

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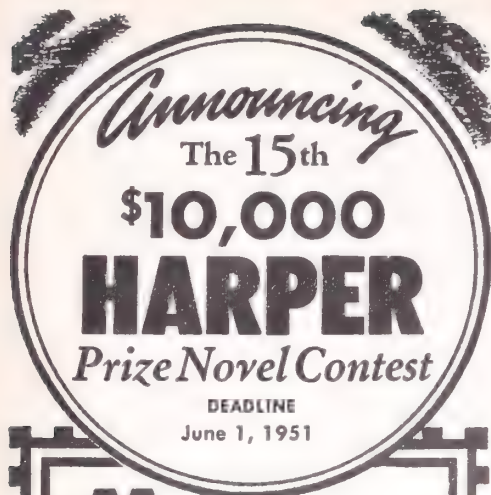
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LETTERS

on applicants for immigration. Those whose need is greatest, such as Jews from Europe and from the Arab countries, have been admitted first. To suggest that immigration is controlled to give preference to Orthodox over non-Orthodox immigrants is deliberately misleading.

The main evidence in Mr. Zuckerman's case appears to be laws of personal status, such as marriage and divorce, administered by the Rabbinic Courts. The legal code of a civilized nation is not the summary product of a matter of months. In the thirty months of its existence, a period in which Israel has had to husband its maximum resources to grapple with the crushing problems that beset it, it has formulated only a very minor part of its new code. In the interim it has carried over the legislation of the previous Mandatory Government. The jurisdiction of the Rabbinic Courts in laws of personal status is part of the legal structure so maintained. . . . No new legislation has been introduced to establish or reinforce Orthodox Judaism, and the only new legislation hitherto drafted in this sphere is concerned with insuring equal rights for women.

Mr. Zuckerman's definitions and interpretations of the Rabbinic laws of personal status are, moreover, fantastically wrong. For example, far from children born out of wedlock being . . . "treated as outcasts," having no status under the religious law and not even being permitted to marry in the Jewish fold, there is, indeed, no such conception as illegitimacy for any Jewish child under Rabbinic law. . . .

Mr. Zuckerman knows as little of the character of the people of Israel as of the operations of their legal system if he thinks that their democratic instincts have suddenly become palsied over the religious issue. The people recognize, as he does not, that Israel's religious problem is as difficult as religious problems always are, and perhaps in this instance more so. Its solution will be dictated by the moral and social traditions and aspirations of Israel, manifested by the will of the people.

Y. H. LEVIN
Press Counselor
Embassy of Israel
Washington, D. C.

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MAGAZINE

Roosevelt and the Far East

Sumner Welles

EVEN the most friendly of the many Roosevelt biographers have a tendency to imply that the President gave little thought to foreign affairs before 1939. The impression created is far from accurate.

In the first place I doubt whether any American President since John Quincy Adams has been so well versed in the diplomatic history of his own country or so thoroughly familiar with the modern history of Europe or of Asia. His knowledge of geography was exceptional and his grasp of the principles of geopolitics almost instinctive.

During his first administration the desperate condition of the country necessarily forced the President to dedicate the major part of his attention to the reform and recovery program. Yet even during those first hectic "Hundred Days" of the New Deal there was hardly a major foreign government that did not send a spokesman to Washington to talk over its own problems, as well as world problems, with the President.

It is quite true that during Hitler's first years in power the President, like most of us,

underestimated the extent of the Nazi menace. But he never underestimated the danger to the United States in the course of aggression on which Japan had embarked in 1931. In the four months between his first election and his inauguration he conferred twice with Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of State under Hoover, on Far Eastern affairs. He soon thereafter announced that he was wholeheartedly determined to support the Stimson policy of non-recognition of Japan's conquest of Manchuria.

Now generally forgotten apparently is the President's deep concern for the success of the disarmament conference held in 1933. In fact, about the only common-sense recommendation laid before the conference was the Roosevelt proposal to define aggression.

As early as the winter of 1936 the President was already so worried by developments in Europe and in Asia that he initiated the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, to insure the defense and solidarity of our hemisphere if it should be again confronted with a world war. One may also

This is the first of two articles by the former Under Secretary of State, tracing our Far Eastern policy since the beginning of the Roosevelt era. They will be part of his book, Seven Decisions That Shaped History, to be published this spring.

recall his initiative in creating the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees in 1938, and his repeated efforts to dissuade Hitler and Mussolini from their fatal partnership in crime, as additional concrete evidence of his constant concern with foreign affairs.

Almost at the outset of his first term he ordered the Treasury Department to see what could be done to help Chiang Kai-shek's government to overcome the ever-increasing economic difficulties caused by the Japanese threat. Arming the Chinese forces and keeping them mobilized was a vast drain on China's resources. The government was unable to secure adequate revenues. Worst of all, the shrinkage of Chinese currency was creating a chaotic situation even in the Chinese provinces that were in no immediate danger of Japanese invasion.

Here the responsibility could not be laid at Japan's door. The problem was created by the silver purchase act passed by the Congress of the United States in 1934. Silver had long been the basis for China's currency. When we increased the price of silver from thirty cents to \$1.29 an ounce, it was not long before China's silver came flooding into the United States. In China the results were disastrous. The business life of China was dislocated. Her export trade from the ports that were still open came to a halt. Inflation commenced the long upward spiral that reached such fatal heights by the time the Nationalist government later took refuge at Chungking.

Unfortunately, all the help the President could offer was recurrent loans from various governmental agencies, and recurrent suggestions for internal reform. The former were necessarily no more than stopgaps. The latter, whether well or ill considered, were scarcely feasible under the conditions then existing in the invaded country. The one sure method to prevent increasing chaos—the repeal of the silver purchase act—was wholly impracticable, because of our own recovery program and because of the influence of the silver states in the Congress.

THE preferential attention which the President gave at first to Far Eastern problems was partly due to purely personal reasons. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy for more than seven years, he had be-

come imbued with the Navy's conviction that Japan was America's Number 1 antagonist. And no one close to the President could have failed to recognize the deep feeling of friendship for China that he had inherited from his mother's side of his family. His mother, in fact, had lived in China as a small girl, and he himself loved to tell over and over again stories of the dealings members of his family had had with various Chinese dignitaries and merchants in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. A personal equation of this kind undeniably influences the thinking of a man even in high office. Quite apart from the moral, international, or economic issues that were involved, it was, therefore, only natural for the President to be profoundly concerned when Japan first invaded Manchuria. He became ever more incensed by Japan's conduct as the years passed.

In the spring of 1934 the Japanese government issued a proclamation that in effect asserted its right to hold a protectorate over China. A few months later Japan announced her intention of withdrawing from the Washington Naval Treaty, which limited the naval armaments of all of the major powers. In 1936 Japan aligned herself with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy by signing the Anti-Comintern Pact. In July of the following year the Japanese armies invaded China proper, beginning the ever-expanding occupation of Chinese territory that was to continue uninterruptedly until Japan's final defeat eight years later.

It had by now become perfectly clear that all the liberal and Western-minded men who had once been real factors in Japan's political life had no longer any voice in determining Japanese policy; the ultra-nationalists and militarists had a firm grip upon the government, and nothing short of force, or the conviction that they would encounter superior force, would make them abandon their plan to impose Japanese suzerainty over the whole of the Far East.

Neither China nor Japan had officially declared war upon the other. The President decided to take advantage of the discretion granted him by the Congress and refused to invoke the Neutrality Act which would have prevented the sale of munitions to both countries. Had the Act been applied its effects upon China would have been far more harm-

ful than its effects upon Japan, for China was already almost entirely dependent upon the United States for its means of self-defense.

What more could the United States do in the light of the conditions that then existed? Secretary Hull periodically issued pious remonstrances, but these, needless to say, proved as a deterrent to be as potent as the proverbial snowball in Hell. As Herbert Feis says in his admirable book, *The Road to Pearl Harbor*, "We were trying to make foreign policy out of morality and neutrality alone."

France, confronted with a rearming Germany, was preoccupied with her own defense. The smaller countries with possessions in the Far East had no force at their disposal. The British government, so long as Stanley Baldwin was Prime Minister and such men as Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare were Foreign Secretaries, refused to consider any kind of concerted international action. It had been largely responsible, as the Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia so depressingly demonstrated, for preventing the League of Nations from imposing sanctions upon any powerful aggressor.

II

ALL through the summer of 1937 the President grew increasingly restive. He had become convinced that in its own interest the United States should not sit placidly by while a brutal military dictatorship allied with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy moved to bring the immense resources and the reserves of man power of China and of South-eastern Asia under its own control. In any world in which such regimes became dominant, human freedom and democracy could not long survive.

Apart from issuing additional "preachments" Secretary Hull suggested no concrete action. Protests against the seizure of American properties and interference with American nationals in China were from time to time registered with the Japanese government. But as the scope of the Japanese occupation of China grew, our protests were increasingly disregarded.

Finally, the President ordered the Navy to send him large-scale maps of the Pacific. These were placed upon a stand in his White

House office. He had come to a conclusion about something that could perhaps be done.

It was in July 1937, shortly after Japan's invasion of China, that he first talked over with me the plan that he had in mind. This was no less than to impose upon Japan a trade embargo to be enforced by units of the American and British Navies stationed at strategic points in the Pacific. Japan's economy depended largely upon the American and British markets. If these markets were denied to her, Japan could not hope for long to continue her onward march.

I remember asking the President whether he did not believe, since we were fully aware that the Japanese Army controlled the Cabinet of Prince Konoye, that such a step on our part must necessarily result in war. He said that he did not think so. Japan was already so heavily committed in China that her economy was stretched to the breaking point. If her trade were shut off she would bog down long before she could get access to the oil and other raw materials in Southeast Asia that she would need. He did not believe she would dare risk war at that juncture.

I also remember asking him what assurance he had, in view of our past experience, that the British government would be willing to go along with so radical a policy. His answer to this was that he had reason to hope that the new British Cabinet—for Neville Chamberlain had by now replaced Stanley Baldwin, and Anthony Eden was the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—would not only have more "guts" than its predecessor, but that it might be able to see that the survival of the British Commonwealth was at stake. He added with a chuckle that the British financial interests at least must realize that they would lose their vast holdings in the Far East if Japan were permitted to make Asia a Japanese colony.

SHORTLY thereafter I left Washington for several weeks. During my absence the President abandoned his plan. I know that Admiral Leahy, then Chief of Naval Operations, favored it. Whether the President was deterred by the remonstrances of the Secretary of State, by his knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain would not agree to joint action, by the opinion of most of the ranking admirals in the Navy Department that a

quasi-blockade of this character must end in war for which the American Navy was not then prepared, or by his realization that an isolationist Congress and an isolationist country would react violently against so radical a move, I never learned. I suspect, however, that he finally decided that public opinion would refuse to support any action that entailed even the remotest possibility of war.

Yet the incident is of peculiar interest since it lights up the background of the President's famous "Quarantine" speech delivered in Chicago in October of the same year.

And what the President urged in that speech—that the decent members of international society "quarantine" all aggressor nations—was precisely what he had been turning over in his mind earlier that summer. The ostracism by any community of an evil-doer implies that he will be cut off from all communications unless he is willing to reform. The free, decent, and peaceful members of the family of nations had to decide, as the President put it, "whether our civilization is to be dragged into the tragic vortex of unending militarism punctuated by periodic wars, or whether we shall be able to maintain the ideal of peace, individuality, and civilization as the fabric of our lives."

On this issue he saw eye-to-eye with a man who was to become his own Secretary of War three years later. On the day after the President spoke at Chicago, Mr. Stimson in a radio address made this categorical statement:

We have . . . gone far toward killing the influence of our country in the progress of the world. At the same time, instead of protecting, we have endangered, our own peace.

Our recent neutrality legislation attempts to impose a dead level of neutral conduct on the part of our government between right and wrong, between an aggressor and its victim, between a breaker of the law of nations and the nations who are endeavoring to uphold the law. It won't work. Such a policy of amoral drift by such a safe and powerful nation as our own will only set back the hands of progress. It will not save us from entanglement. It will even make entanglement more certain.

I have written elsewhere of the failure of most of the members of the President's own Cabinet to support his policy. Only Harold

Ickes, Henry Morgenthau, and Henry Wallace favored it. Mr. Hull was not only incensed that he had not been consulted but was vehemently critical of the speech itself. A majority of the President's spokesmen in the Congress shared that feeling. Many Republican leaders took as much partisan advantage of the incident as they could, and, particularly in the Middle West, catered to isolationist sentiment by charging that the President was preparing to plunge the country into war.

The only way in which the country as a whole could have been persuaded to study the President's suggestions objectively was by the immediate delivery of a series of educational speeches throughout the country and over the radio by leading members of the Administration. So far as I can now remember not one of them volunteered.

In Mr. Stimson's book, *On Active Service*, he accurately says: "In the months that followed, Mr. Roosevelt seemed to conclude that the country was not ready for strong medicine, and the speech remained an isolated episode in a continuing pattern of inaction."

BUT President Roosevelt can hardly be held responsible for this "pattern of inaction." Had he been publicly supported by a few more men like Mr. Stimson himself, the American people might more easily have understood the gravity of the world situation and the fact that no greater threat to their peace or security could be found than in inaction itself.

Even in the armed services the feeling prevailed that anything that might touch off a showdown should be postponed. After the Japanese attack in Chinese waters upon the American gunboat *Panay*, it was only Admiral Leahy, so far as I now recall, who urged that the President's personal message to the Japanese Emperor, demanding a disavowal and indemnities, be followed up by the imposition of trade sanctions.

The President's dilemma was accentuated by the very natural reluctance of the other countries most directly effected by Japan's invasion of China to take any forthright action without the certainty of American cooperation.

The United States had suggested a meeting at Brussels, in November 1937, of the nine signatories to the Washington Treaty of 1922,

which regulated their relations in the Far East—Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States, China, Japan, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Portugal. Although the Soviet Union was not an original signatory, she was invited to attend because of her vital interest in the Far East. Japan, however, refused to be represented, and spurned all idea of a negotiated solution of her aggression against China.

Norman Davis, so often our delegate at international conferences, was once more the American representative. Anthony Eden spoke for Britain. The other nations were represented by their leading statesmen.

After the failure to procure joint international action when Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931, or at the time of Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia, it was hardly surprising that the Brussels conference opened in an atmosphere of defeatism or that it closed in an atmosphere of even deeper gloom. The only courageous note, in fact, that was heard at the conference was sounded by Mr. Eden. But he made it emphatically clear that, if Britain were to join in imposing economic sanctions against Japan, the remaining signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty must agree to join in collective military action to protect Britain's Far Eastern possessions should Japan decide to strike back. The Soviet Union and the Netherlands adopted the same attitude.

President Roosevelt thus found himself hemmed in within a vicious circle. The other powers, including the Soviet Union, were ostensibly prepared to undertake economic sanctions against Japan, but only if the United States would pledge itself to military action should this prove necessary. The President was willing to join in a commercial and financial quarantine of Japan, but he knew that neither the Congress nor American public opinion would authorize him to make any commitment that entailed the use of armed force were Japan to attack the Far Eastern possessions of some other power.

Upon his return to Washington, Norman Davis told me that he felt very keenly that he had not been properly supported by his own government. Yet at that time, what more could the President have done? The "Quarantine" speech had provoked a new wave of extreme isolationism in the United States. Only a few months before, in the case of the

Republican government of Spain, Congress had almost unanimously adopted "neutrality legislation" which prevented the victim of an aggression from even securing armaments for defense from private manufacturers within the United States. Certainly it would reject a policy that might well involve this country in a war with Japan. It was a strange anomaly that the President who only twelve months earlier had been returned to office by the greatest electoral majority in the history of the United States should now find himself prevented from following the course upon which he believed the safety of the country depended.

ALL idea of a trade embargo upon Japan, whether unilateral or by joint international action, was now given up. Yet with the stubbornness that was so characteristic of him when he was convinced that he was right, the President continued to cast about for some other way to make it more difficult for Japan to continue her conquest of China. The possibilities were necessarily limited. One to which he gave considerable thought, and which he talked over with me upon several occasions, now seems far-fetched in the light of all that has subsequently taken place, but it was a prime favorite of the President for several months.

For a number of years large ocean-going Japanese fishing vessels had been extending their operations further and further into the waters adjacent to our own Pacific coast. They had canneries on board. An increasing number were cruising along the ocean shelf that extends some ninety miles from the coasts of the states of Washington and Oregon. The operators of the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River and of other regions of our Northwest complained that the Japanese fishermen, although outside our own territorial waters, were taking the bulk of the salmon that were headed for American rivers and were thus depriving American fisheries of a large percentage of their normal catch.

The Japanese fishing fleets were reaping year by year a richer harvest. The President believed that, if their activities could be curtailed, Japan would be deprived of at least some percentage of her foreign exchange. He conceived the idea that the United States could legitimately maintain that conservation

of the American people's normal food supply required that the ocean shelf extending from our Pacific coast be declared closed to all alien fishermen.

It was pointed out to the President that it would be inconsistent for the United States, at a moment when it was doing its utmost to promote the observance of international law throughout the world, to take action that would clearly violate principles that we ourselves had recognized. It was also argued that any such announcement would inevitably involve us in serious controversies with such maritime powers as Great Britain herself, and bring retaliatory action. At length, but most reluctantly, the President abandoned this project as well.

III

IT WAS always exhilarating to work with the President. He had an exceptionally fertile mind, and a mind which usually refused to concede that any problem was insoluble. He was unwilling to agree that in the realm of statesmanship there could be such a thing as a dead-end street. Mistakes he could and did make. But when we remember the number and magnitude of his problems, domestic and foreign, the wonder is that he was able successfully to solve so many of them. To me the ingenuity with which he so often devised the most effective solution in a given circumstance was a constant source of amazement.

During the next two years the President never swerved from his purpose to use such powers as the American people were willing to grant him to thwart Japan's undeclared war of conquest.

As the alignment of Germany and Japan became ever closer, it was evident to the President that the deal made by Stalin and Hitler in August 1939 gravely increased the probability of an ultimate clash between Japan and the United States. For if at the instigation of the Nazis the traditional hostility between Russia and Japan was superseded by a full partnership in a joint conspiracy, the Japanese Army could no longer hope to expand in the north. It must, on the contrary, limit its ambitions to the south. But the more its ambitions there were realized, the greater would be the menace to the

Philippines and to the legitimate strategic and commercial interests of the United States in the southern reaches of the Pacific.

How justified these apprehensions actually were has now been revealed by secret documents that have come to light since the end of the war. The fourth article of the so-called Ribbentrop Plan, the Nazi master-blueprint, provided that Germany, the Soviet Union, Japan, and Italy would jointly agree to preserve "as their respective spheres of interest:

"(a) the South Seas region for Japan;

"(b) Central Africa for Germany;

"(c) North Africa for Italy;

"(d) the Middle East, including Iran and India, for the Soviet Union."

And the official Japanese policy as secretly laid down by the Japanese government in July 1940 was declared to be:

(1) to maintain a firm attitude toward America on the one hand; to effect on the other hand a sweeping readjustment of Japanese relations with the Soviet Union as well as a political combination with Germany and Italy; (2) to take stronger measures against French Indochina, Hongkong, and foreign concessions in China looking to the prevention of aid to the Chiang regime; (3) to practice more vigorous diplomacy toward the Netherlands East Indies, in order to acquire vital materials.

While, needless to say, neither the White House nor the Department of State had at that time any inkling of the precise details of these decisions, the new policies resulting from the rapprochement between Germany, the Soviet Union, and Japan were plain for all who cared to see.

THE professional Roosevelt critics and the fanatical Roosevelt haters now, like some of the more liberal Roosevelt supporters then, make much of the fact that during the following critical years the American government continued to permit the shipment to Japan of oil and of scrap iron and steel, all urgently needed in the prosecution of Japan's war effort.

In *The Road to Pearl Harbor* Herbert Feis has published a highly detailed and completely documented account of the successive steps that were taken between 1937 and the close of 1941 to restrict and eventually to cut off trade between Japan and this country.

But since I myself took some part in determining American policy at that time and bear my share of responsibility for the decisions reached, this additional explanation seems warranted.

The so-called "moral embargo" had been initiated by the Administration in June 1938 to discourage private companies from shipping airplanes and airplane parts to Japan and to dissuade American financial interests from extending credits to Japan. High-octane aviation gas was subsequently included in the moral embargo as well as all raw materials that could be used in the manufacture of airplanes.

The provisions of our Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Japan prevented us from placing an embargo on exports to that country unless a similar embargo was imposed on exports to all other foreign countries. The Treaty contained a six-months termination clause. Consequently, only six months after notifying Japan of our intention to renounce the Treaty could we shut off or restrict the oil and the scrap iron that she was buying in this market.

Moreover, the President, in view of the gathering storm in Europe, was seeking desperately to persuade the Congress to amend the Neutrality Act so that the Western democracies could procure here the means for self-defense. He feared the effect upon the country should Japan make an issue of the announcement that we intended to end the Treaty. Yet on July 26, 1939, the notice of termination was given and this government regained freedom of action in January of the following year.

In the summer of 1940, at the very moment when Hitler had subjugated France and when the fate of England seemed to be trembling in the balance, the Secretaries of War, of the Navy, and of the Treasury made a concerted effort to persuade the President to stop all exports of oil and of scrap to Japan. Their plan further provided that Britain's oil requirements were to be supplied by the Western Hemisphere, that the oil refineries and wells in the Netherlands East Indies were to be destroyed, and that the British were to concentrate upon the destruction of Germany's oil stocks and synthetic oil plants. They hoped in this way to halt the German and Japanese war machines.

As Mr. Stimson has recorded in his diary, I opposed this plan, at a White House conference attended by Secretaries Stimson and Knox, and myself as Acting Secretary of State. I opposed it because I believed that in a moment of such supreme danger to the United States as the summer of 1940 it was unwise to risk goading an already berserk Japanese Army into an attack upon an almost crippled Britain and an almost defenseless Netherlands that would probably involve the United States herself in war. It seemed to me, especially in the light of Mr. Churchill's recurrent warnings, that a Japanese assault upon Britain's colonies in the Far East might be anticipated at any moment, and that it would be the height of imprudence for the United States to strike the spark that might readily set off the powder keg.

Moreover, both the Navy and the Army, as represented by Admiral Stark and by General Marshall, had expressed to me their insistent belief that such an embargo would most probably result in an early attack by Japan on the Netherlands East Indies and Malaya. The United States, they said, was not yet prepared for the war into which that action might draw her. I knew therefore that the views of the two Secretaries were not shared by the top ranking professionals in their departments.

The President was inclined to accept the recommendation of Stimson and Knox. He at first decided to sign a proclamation placing the export of all oil and of all scrap metals under control. But later, upon my most earnest appeal, he reversed his decision. The proclamation finally issued established controls only over lubricants that could be used in aviation, and certain grades of scrap iron and steel.

The following year, after the Japanese armies had commenced their movement to the south, the control of the export of iron and steel scrap was made all-inclusive by a further Presidential order. The controls over the export of oil, however, remained unchanged for the time being.

IV

WITH the signature of the Axis Pact in September 1940 Japan openly became a full-fledged ally of Germany.

The alliance was a patent attempt to intimidate the United States, and to prevent us from taking further coercive action against Japan and from giving further assistance to Great Britain.

But by this time the dangers and uncertainties of the preceding months had been to some extent dissipated. The British had triumphantly withstood the German air assault. American military and industrial production was rising sharply. Our rearmament was proceeding apace. And both the American people and their Congress were far more disposed to seeing their government take resolute action.

Through intercepted messages sent out by the Japanese government we knew in July 1941 that Japan had decided to consolidate her stranglehold on French Indochina, to take over Thailand, and to press still further southward.

The President instructed me to tell the British government that "if Japan now took any overt step through force or through the exercise of pressure to conquer or to acquire alien territories in the Far East, the government of the United States would immediately impose various embargoes, both economic and financial, which measures have been under consideration for some time past."

He further instructed me to inform the Japanese government that, if Japan moved into Indochina, we could see no further use in continuing the negotiations that Secretary Hull had begun the preceding winter in the hope that our common difficulties could yet be solved.

A few days later, on July 24, the Japanese invasion force arrived in Camranh Bay.

The President immediately sent for Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Ambassador. He requested Admiral Stark and myself, as Acting Secretary of State, to be present at the interview. He told the Ambassador that he had permitted the continued export of oil to Japan in the hope that this decision would tend to keep war out of the South Pacific. But, he added, if Japan now attempted to seize the oil supplies of the Netherlands East Indies, the Dutch would unquestionably resist, the British would immediately come to their assistance, and war would result between Japan and the British and the Dutch. In view of our policy of assisting Great Britain, the

situation would immediately become exceedingly serious. The President concluded with this proposal which I quote from a memorandum of the conversation which I made at the time:

If the Japanese government would refrain from occupying Indochina with its military and naval force, or, if such steps actually had been commenced, if the Japanese government would withdraw such forces, the President could assure the Japanese government that he would do everything within his power to obtain from the governments of China, Great Britain, the Netherlands and, of course, from that of the United States itself, a binding and solemn declaration, provided Japan would undertake the same commitment, to regard Indochina as a neutralized country. . . . This would imply that none of the powers concerned would undertake any military action of aggression against Indochina, and would refrain from the exercise of any military control within or over Indochina.

As soon as it became apparent from the intercepted Japanese messages that Japan would persist in her venture, the President issued an executive order freezing all Japanese assets in the United States and thereby bringing under the direct control of this government all financial and import and export trade transactions involving Japanese interests.

Both the British and Dutch governments took similar action.

The phrase that Roosevelt once used in 1941, when he told Churchill that he was "babying Japan along," has been grossly misinterpreted to mean that his policy was one of feeble appeasement.

The concrete facts above cited, as well as even a cursory examination of the conditions that existed at the time the phrase was used, make it clear that no such interpretation is warranted. The "babying along" tactics were used after it was altogether clear that the Japanese militarists would never give up their plans for conquest unless they were met with superior armed force, and upon urgent and repeated insistence of the Chief of Staff and of the Chief of Naval Operations that the United States must have time to prepare for defense. As the President wrote Secretary Ickes on July 1, 1941, when the latter insisted

that a trade embargo be at once imposed upon Japan, they were adopted because "it is terribly important for the control of the Atlantic for us to help to keep peace in the Pacific. I simply have not got ENOUGH NAVY to go around."

DURING all these increasingly anxious months before Pearl Harbor the President was under constant pressure from those members of his Cabinet who were calling for a more vigorous policy. They contended that the risk of becoming involved in the Pacific when we were struggling to help Great Britain control the Atlantic and had as yet no two-ocean Navy, was justified by the possibility that a more vigorous policy would cause Japan to abandon her plans for conquest.

There was at that time no one of my colleagues in the State Department who was less "appeasement-minded" than Herbert Feis, or who was more firmly convinced of the need for a positive and constructive foreign policy. His own conclusions, as published in *The Road to Pearl Harbor*, are for that reason well worth quoting here:

My own best surmise is that stronger and earlier action would not have caused Japan to slow up, then desist from its course. More probably, I think, it would have caused it to move farther and faster. The Indo-chinese expedition would probably not have stopped in the north. The terms of the alliance with the Axis might well have been more clinching. Not improbably, Japan, despite the reluctance of its Navy, would have ceased to dally with the Indies. Or, in the coming January, when Hitler was greatly to want Japan to move against Singapore, it would have done so. In either event, the crisis in the Pacific might well have come during the winter of 1940-1941, instead of the next one.

Such, rather than peace in the Pacific, would have been, I think, the outcome of an earlier application of compelling sanctions, unless the United States had been willing (and sufficiently united in sentiment) at the same time to send the Pacific fleet to Singapore, to make known that it would join Britain, France, and Holland in the defense of their Far Eastern possessions. That might have worked. If it did not, the United States would have been at war.

Throughout 1941 the Prime Minister had been urging the President time and again to warn Japan that the United States would not stand to one side if she attacked Britain. The British position in Europe still seemed desperate at the beginning of 1941. Their Navy, hard pressed to maintain the British lifeline across the Atlantic, could not have attempted to cope with the Japanese fleet in the Far East. The British government was convinced that it was only fear of the United States that kept the Japanese from attacking the British colonies in the Far East that winter. Yet even as late as August 1941, at the time of the Atlantic Charter meeting, the President did not comply with Mr. Churchill's insistent request that he issue a peremptory warning in the nature of an ultimatum to the Japanese government "to halt and desist." He felt that, unless the Japanese government were convinced that the threat would be at once backed up by superior force, it could only do more harm than good.

THE story of Secretary Hull's negotiations, first with the Japanese Ambassador, Admiral Nomura, and ultimately with both Nomura and Kurusu, the special envoy sent by the Tojo Cabinet to Washington in November 1941, has been recounted at length. Every incident, however, trivial, in this final stage of our prewar relations with Japan was brought out under the full glare of publicity by the Congressional Pearl Harbor Investigating Committee. I am persuaded now, as I was then, that Secretary Hull's negotiations were fully justified.

In the course of the more than sixty conferences that took place between the Secretary of State and the Japanese representatives all means of reconciling fundamentally irreconcilable policies and interests were fully explored, in the attempt to avert, or at least to postpone, a final crisis—an effort upon which both the United States Army and Navy ever more strongly insisted. This government at last even considered offering the Japanese a "*modus vivendi*," calling for a three months' truce, under the terms of which, in return for a Japanese agreement to refrain from all further aggression during that time, the American government would relax its total embargo and freezing orders.

Before it was taken up with the Japanese

envoys the proposal was submitted to several of the other governments most directly concerned, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the Netherlands. They gave it only lukewarm approval, although no decided opposition. But when it was submitted to T. V. Soong, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, then serving as his special representative in Washington, and to Hu Shih, the Chinese Ambassador, a tempest was aroused. They were both adamant in their insistence that, if the plan were carried out, it would amount to no more nor less than selling China down the river, and would irretrievably destroy whatever morale still existed among the Nationalist Armies fighting the Japanese.

Unquestionably the mere fact that we were known to be willing to urge such a project, however justified, seriously impaired the confidence of Chiang Kai-shek and his entourage in the United States. It was, indeed, responsible for much of the friction and suspicion that clouded relations between Washington and the Nationalist Chinese government in subsequent years.

T. V. Soong is, in my judgment, in many ways one of the ablest of the statesmen with whom I had to deal during the war years. He had made himself thoroughly familiar with the way in which public relations may most advantageously be handled in Washington and with the methods best calculated to enlist the sympathetic interest of influential members of Congress. In the course of his investigations he had learned that a former official who had recently taken up "the practice of law" in Washington could more than probably be of considerable help to him.

In any event, the day after the Chinese Embassy learned from Secretary Hull of the "*modus vivendi*" that was under consideration, the columns of many newspapers were filled with diatribes against the State Department and with allegations that our "policy of appeasement" had now culminated in our being blackmailed by the Japanese. The corridors of the Senate and of the House of Representatives resounded with vehement protests. Chinese opposition was successful. The project was shelved.

As we look back, it becomes entirely clear that our submitting such a project for the consideration of the Chinese government seriously weakened the moral strength of our

position. It led the Chinese to suspect that the United States would be willing to sacrifice China if and when it served American interests. Most important of all, we can now see that Japanese agreement to the "*modus vivendi*" could have in no way averted the final catastrophe.

V

I DO NOT believe that the President himself ever had any faith that the Hull negotiations would result in an agreement to which the American government could legitimately subscribe. In my talks with him before the Atlantic Charter meeting as well as immediately thereafter—and this was a time when the negotiations had reached a long impasse—he never gave me the impression that he thought any firm understanding with Japan was possible.

He did, however, make it very plain to me that he thought the immediate danger was an attack by Japan upon some British possession in the Far East, or even more probably upon the Netherlands East Indies. What worried him deeply was that, though this would immediately threaten our own vital interests, it might be impossible to persuade either the Congress or the American people that it was tantamount to an attack upon our own frontiers and justified military measures of self-defense. He felt, however, that Japan would not attack the United States directly until and unless we found ourselves involved in the European war.

In that connection these excerpts from a memorandum of Harry Hopkins written some weeks after Pearl Harbor and published in Robert Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* are of peculiar interest.

I recall talking to the President many times in the past year and it always disturbed him because he really thought that the tactics of the Japanese would be to avoid a conflict with us; that they would not attack either the Philippines or Hawaii, but would move on Thailand, French Indochina, make further inroads on China itself, and possibly attack the Malay Straits. He also thought they would attack Russia at an opportune moment. This would have left the President with a very difficult problem of protecting our interests. . . .

Apropos of the Roberts Report, which indicates that the State Department had given up all hope of coming to an agreement with Japan, it seems to me that hardly squares with the facts. It is true that Hull told the Secretaries of War and the Navy that he believed Japan might attack at any moment. On the other hand, up to the very last day, he undoubtedly had hopes something could be worked out at the last moment. Hull had always been willing to work out a deal with Japan. To be sure it was the kind of deal that Japan probably would not have accepted, but, on the other hand, it was also the type of deal that would have made us very unpopular in the Far East.

Hull wanted peace above everything, because he had set his heart on making an adjustment with the Japanese and had worked on it night and day for weeks. There was no question that up until the last ten days prior to the outbreak of war he was in hopes that some adjustment could be worked out.

A further excerpt from an earlier part of the same Hopkins memorandum shows more clearly than any other contemporary document the difficulties in which the President was enmeshed in his persistent effort to carry out the policy that he fervently believed was best calculated to promote the security of the United States.

The President told me about several talks with Hull relative to the loopholes in our foreign policy in the Far East insofar as that concerned the circumstances in which the United States would go to war with Japan in the event of certain eventualities. All of Hull's negotiations, while in general terms indicating that we wished to protect our rights in the Far East, would never envisage the tough answer to the problem that would have to be faced if Japan attacked, for instance, either Singapore or the Netherlands East Indies. The President felt that it was a weakness in our policy that we could not be specific on that point. The President told me that he felt that an attack on the Netherlands East Indies should result in war with Japan and he told me that Hull always ducked that question.

I remember when I was in England in February 1941, Eden, the Foreign Minister, asked me repeatedly what our country

would do if Japan attacked Singapore or the Dutch, saying it was essential to their policy to know.

Of course, it was perfectly clear that neither the President nor Hull could give an adequate answer to the British on that point because the declaration of war is up to Congress, and the isolationists, and, indeed, a great part of the American people, would not be interested in a war in the Far East merely because Japan attacked the Dutch.

Harry Hopkins' remark that "the President felt it was a weakness in our policy" that we could not inform the British or the Dutch that we would participate in joint military action against Japan if their territories in Southeastern Asia were attacked is a remarkable understatement. The inability on the part of the American President to say what he would do in certain contingencies was not merely a "weakness in our policy"; it had made it wholly impossible for him for a period of exactly four years to carry out the policy that he himself believed to be vitally important to our security.

IN THE light of the facts that I have recited the picture seems to me to be very plain. As early as the summer of 1937 the President had reached the positive conclusion that, if Japan were permitted to continue unchecked along the road upon which she had first set her feet in 1931 when she invaded Manchuria, world peace could not be maintained, and the security of the United States would inevitably be gravely jeopardized.

The Quarantine speech of the following October failed to evoke any favorable congressional or popular response, but it did call forth a blast of furious denunciation which made it plain that the policy he believed to be essential could not be carried out. The Brussels Conference, which might have agreed upon joint collective action, failed for precisely the same reason. That kind of thinking still prevailed in the Congress and throughout the country up to and including the final days before Pearl Harbor.

There is surely good reason to believe that in 1937 a total trade embargo, imposed by a Britain not yet involved in a war for survival, together with the United States and the remaining members of the Nine Powers, and

backed if necessary by force could have compelled the Japanese army to abandon its plans for aggressive expansion. But between 1939 and 1941 the imposition of such an embargo by a crippled Britain and a United States at bay, supported only by such scattered forces as the remnants of the Nine Powers could then muster, could have served only to incite Japan to risk an immediate war with the Western democracies. The decision of the American people to reject the recommendation their President made to them in his Quarantine speech lost this nation its best chance to avoid war with Japan.

America's need for a United Nations organization under which collective action against an aggressor might be instantly possible became more apparent to the President in consequence of his heartbreaking difficulties in finding ways to carry out a Far Eastern policy that would work. I know that he frequently recurred to this theme in our discussion of the drafts of what later became the United Nations Charter.

IT IS, of course, obvious that our Far Eastern policy carried on during the first eight years of the Roosevelt Administration could not have been adopted unless the

President had authorized the steps that were taken under it. In that sense, good or bad, successful or unsuccessful, Roosevelt must bear the responsibility for it. But it was never the policy that he himself would have adopted if he had been free to act as he wished. It was certainly not the policy upon which he had decided in 1937.

As I write, American forces, with overwhelming popular approval, are fighting in Korea in compliance with the verdict of the United Nations that an aggression has been committed and that the members of the United Nations must join in collective action to repel the aggressor. It seems a far cry to that moment, thirteen years ago, when American public opinion was outraged at the mere thought that another aggressor, Japan, should be punished by a quarantine.

Yet is it not true that if that quarantine had been imposed in 1937, with Japan's knowledge that it would be supported by the armed might of all the countries that had signed the Nine-Power Treaty, our troops would not presently be fighting in Korea? And would not China today be free of foreign domination, and able to join in an international attempt to bring into being a free, a peaceful, and a prosperous Asia?

[Next month Mr. Welles will continue his analysis from Pearl Harbor through Hiroshima, with comments on our Far Eastern policy up to the present crisis.—The Editors.]

He Will Write Letters—

YOU cannot refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon, or clear his judgment; he will not walk dignifiedly through the traditional part of the President of America, but will pop out his head at each railroad station and make a little speech, and get into an argument with Squire A. and Judge B. He will write letters to Horace Greeley, and any editor or reporter or saucy party committee that writes him, and cheapen himself.

But this we must be ready for, and let the clown appear, and hug ourselves that we are well off, if we have got good nature, honest meaning, and fidelity to public interest, with bad manners—instead of an elegant roué and malignant self-seeker.

—From Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Journals*, October 1863.

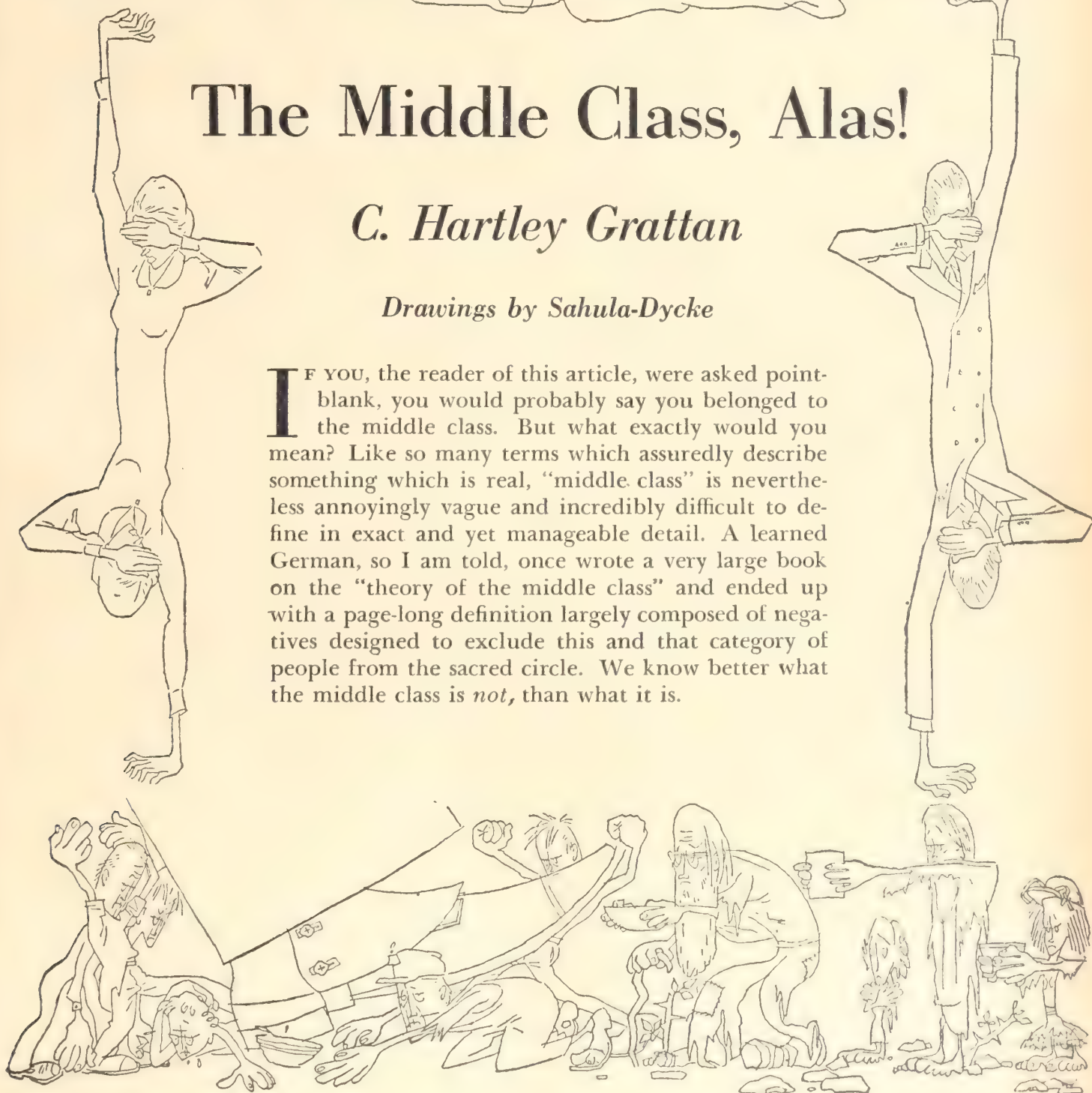


The Middle Class, Alas!

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Sahula-Dycke

IF YOU, the reader of this article, were asked point-blank, you would probably say you belonged to the middle class. But what exactly would you mean? Like so many terms which assuredly describe something which is real, "middle class" is nevertheless annoyingly vague and incredibly difficult to define in exact and yet manageable detail. A learned German, so I am told, once wrote a very large book on the "theory of the middle class" and ended up with a page-long definition largely composed of negatives designed to exclude this and that category of people from the sacred circle. We know better what the middle class is *not*, than what it is.





In America we apparently mean by the middle class that vast body of citizens who are not rich and not poor, who live comfortably, and have all the necessities and some of the luxuries. But a far larger section of our population than this is infected with at least the material ideals of the middle class, even though unable to support them financially. This complicates matters enormously. If, as has been said, a class is what it says it is, then all Americans who claim to be middle class *are* middle class. Depending upon how the interviewers have phrased their question, the class includes from 43 to 88 per cent of the population. On an income basis the upper figure is fantastic, but the lower may be too low. However, membership in the middle class is not all a matter of income, and the most exact figures for "middle-bracket" income recipients would not be the American middle class. Confusion can be further confounded. We are as a people very reluctant to acknowledge any upper class at all and call it opprobriously not an aristocracy but a plutocracy. Moreover, we dismiss the idea of a hereditary, forever downtrodden working class as a figment of an unAmerican imagination. In short, we too universally regard ourselves as middle class to be class-conscious about being middle class. We glory in our vagueness.

In older countries overseas it is different, or so we think. In them the middle class is that group of people which stands, or at least historically stood, between the hereditary aristocracy and the nearly hereditary working class. The middle, also an almost hereditary class, is easily and conclusively identifiable by manners, accent in speech, customary style of living, and ideals, beyond all possible doubt. In a sense—but a very loose sense—there is something in this, but not as much as Americans often suppose. British sociolo-

gists are no more able to pen a simple definition of the middle class than their American opposite numbers; and it was a German who, as I recalled a moment ago, really got himself tangled up in his attempt to define the middle class. However, European countries do have at least a historical memory of a puissant aristocracy, and see its relics around about even today, and they all too often know something of a hereditary working class and peasantry. Between these the middle class historically found its place, and in recent generations it has been a highly favored and socially useful place. So if the middle class overseas also escapes easy definition, we at least feel, probably rightly, that it has been truly middle and not all-embracing as in the United States. It has been sufficiently aware of its middle position to become class-conscious.

THAT the middle class has a distinguished record of creative accomplishment in history is beyond question, especially by Americans who have benefited by its activities in unprecedented measure. Yet no other class has been subjected to so much violent abuse for its alleged crimes and misdemeanors, and none is today under stronger pressure to change its established ways. It is the embarrassed class of this era.

Oddly enough it has conspired in creating its current predicament. It has, with remarkable persistence, bred its own critics and has often supplied its enemies with their ideology of criticism and hatred. A roll call of its critics includes most of the distinguished writers and artists of modern times—think of Matthew Arnold, Henrik Ibsen, Gustave Flaubert, and their coadjutors, heirs, and assigns; and its outright enemies, benign and fierce, include Karl Marx, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and many others of their kinds.

All these were bred of the middle class and all of them stayed within it materially as best they could, however far they got out of it intellectually.

Why the middle class proved so offensive to so many of its brilliant and discerning children we shall not pause to inquire. The fact is all that interests us here; and the related fact that they had an enormous influence on the opinions the middle class entertained of itself and the world. Here I propose chiefly to ask where the middle class is drifting today, now that its reformers so indisputably have the upper hand and show no reluctance to lay it heavily down for disciplinary purposes.

II

THE hand bears down most heavily in Communist countries, where the pre-revolutionary middle class can expect no other fate than extinction, often physical, and in any case in the social sense. If the middle-class individual is not condemned because he is himself an enterpriser, or infected with the enterpriser's psychology, both heinous crimes, he is condemned because he is a carrier of a suspect political ideology, Western democracy, or perhaps merely because he is believed to resist the regime. In any case he joins the "former people" if he survives physically, and the great majority if he does not. The pattern was set in Russia, but so long ago now that the cataclysm has lost some of its vividness. Today the same sort of thing is going on in countries like Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

The process is more intricate than the euphemisms used to describe it perhaps indicate to the casual reader. The middle class does not lie down in its bed of a night and arise the following morning shorn of its former glories. It fades away and, even if with some vicious urging from the new masters, very reluctantly. A British visitor to Budapest in May 1949 later wrote in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*:

The sands are running out for the Hungarian middle classes in town and country. It is hard to realize their state of mind These classes live in a pathetic atmosphere of daydreams, wishful thinking, and ru-

mors. Quite serious people believe from one fortnight to the other that the regime will somehow change in six or eight weeks' time. . . . The Russians, the people believe, for instance, will withdraw their support from the Communist governments of Eastern Europe in exchange for a big loan from America. If there is no agreement then the change will come through war. But the change, surely, must come. . . . So the middle classes carry on gallantly in their traditional style of life, while slowly but inexorably their money disappears. But the countess with the Pauper's Certificate still has a maid, and in the main shopping street of Budapest there are still scores of pretty women wearing their new dresses with undaunted elegance, though one notices that they are already becoming out of touch with the main trend of fashion. It amazes the foreign observer to see elegant cafés and restaurants still frequented by an animated crowd of people, apparently not alarmed by the knowledge that their social and economic death warrant has already been signed.

These people are doomed because their businesses, even when in no sense big, and even if in the retail trades, can be nationalized, closed out, or driven to the wall by state competition; and also (or alternatively) because it is impossible to make money out of urban real estate, since taxes are confiscatory and anyhow repairs cannot be made, or out of rural real estate because the demands of the peasants come first. Those who lived on capital invested in small or large enterprises have the props pulled from under them when their control over their capital is abolished. And if they are not deprived of control on a fixed date, capital slowly loses its income-producing character by virtue of state policies, forcing those still maintaining a middle-class front to live on such of their possessions as can by hook or crook be turned into money. These people fade away, gracefully if the regime tolerates elegant cafés, as in Budapest, but inexorably in any case. The farce changes into a tragedy.

Nor are those numerous members of the middle class who worked for others as managers and technicians in private enterprise in any better position. To work for the state, as they now must, they have to pass strict political tests; and should they pass in the

first instance, when the need for personnel to keep things going is most acute, they run the perpetual risk of being dumped overboard in one of the recurring purges. Since any property income they may have formerly had as a supplement to salary has undoubtedly disappeared, loss of the job in a purge abruptly declasses the victim once and for all. The independent professional groups, the writers, artists, lawyers, doctors, must also pass strict political tests to be allowed to function, and in almost all instances must accept direct employment from the state to survive. On those brigades of people on the periphery of the middle class, like civil servants, white-collar workers, foremen in industry, and others whose status depends upon wage or salary exclusively, the Communists can bear down pretty directly to insure ideological conformity. Conform or lose your job. The circuitous roundabouts reserved for the better-off middle-class people can be avoided.

The Communists act on the proposition that the middle class can be disposed of as a social force by depriving its members of their economic independence of the regime. Without economic independence, the regime's potential opponents are disarmed. Political and intellectual independence are no longer possible; and if one fancies he can stick it out, he chooses a suicidal course. The middle-class people may chatter—at the risk of a spell in the coal or uranium mines for re-education—but they can get nowhere. They are liquidated.

But it is not enough to leave the matter there. There is an important point to be made about what survives the process. To get the answer a distinction must be made between the middle-class psychology and the functions performed by middle-class people in a going society, functions which, we shall see later, are more important in proportion as the society is advanced. The Communists go to infinite pains and fantastic lengths in snooping and cruelty to crush out the middle-class psychology, but they do not attempt to abolish the functional activities of the middle class. In functional terms, indeed, they immediately set about re-creating the equivalent of a middle class: corps of administrators, managers, engineers, upper technicians, doctors, lawyers, artists, writers—the whole panoply of professionals and semi-

professionals who direct, manage, and adorn a modern society. These people the Communists reward relatively well in salary and standard of living if they are loyal to the regime. But they have lost their vital values because they can no longer acquire or contrive independent economic bases for their lives. They are creatures of the state, middle-class folk with their guts pulled out.

III

IN WESTERN democratic countries the middle class does not face forcible liquidation, especially on ideological grounds, but it may suffer severe reverses and perhaps permanent damage through the unrestrained operation of policies of income redistribution and the adverse effects of war costs and inflation. High taxes and high prices, under a "Socialist" government, weaken the middle class. This is painfully clear in the United Kingdom.

There is no longer any debate about the fact that the middle class of the United Kingdom has suffered a reduction of its standard of living since 1939, not to go any further back. The reduction is of the order of 18 to 20 per cent. This is partly the result of the radical development of income-redistributing policies motivated by the idea of equality (or, euphemistically, "fair shares") and aimed to accomplish what Sir William Beveridge called "the socialization of consumption"—symbolized best by the social services and the food subsidies. Partly it is the result of the progressive impoverishment of Britain in which the cost of World War II played so dramatic a role, and also of the inflation. Britain is the one Western country where the policy of income redistribution has gone so far that even its exponents admit it has just about reached its limits. Thus we have G. D. H. Cole agreeing with Sir Stafford Cripps that this is so—the academic Socialist ideologist agreeing with the Socialist politician. Said Cole in May 1949:

Sir Stafford Cripps was right, in his budget speech, to stress the point that, when accruing commitments are taken into account, the limits of income redistribution within the existing system have almost been reached. Even if *all* the surplus incomes which rich people now have to spend were

taken away and given to the poor, they would not suffice to meet the prospective *increases* in the cost of the existing social services.

The joker in Cole's statement is concealed in the phrase "the existing system." He reasons that since the existing system can yield no more, then let us abandon the system altogether and go all out for socialism. Thus while the limits have been reached in one sense, and the middle class has taken some extremely hard knocks, they have not been reached in another sense (or so Cole thinks). The battle for equality will go forward as a battle for socialism.

No wonder the British middle class is reassessing its jeopardized position. Responsible in considerable measure for putting the Labor Socialists into power in 1945, it was also responsible for producing the uneasy balance, only slightly favoring the Socialists, in 1950. The next general election should determine the future of the British middle class. Whether it can as a class recover its old vitality at this late date is an open question.

Exactly how the decline in living standards has effected the British middle class is unclear in the absence of exhaustive studies. But there is some descriptive material that tells an illuminating story. Writes Miss Ruth Bowley:

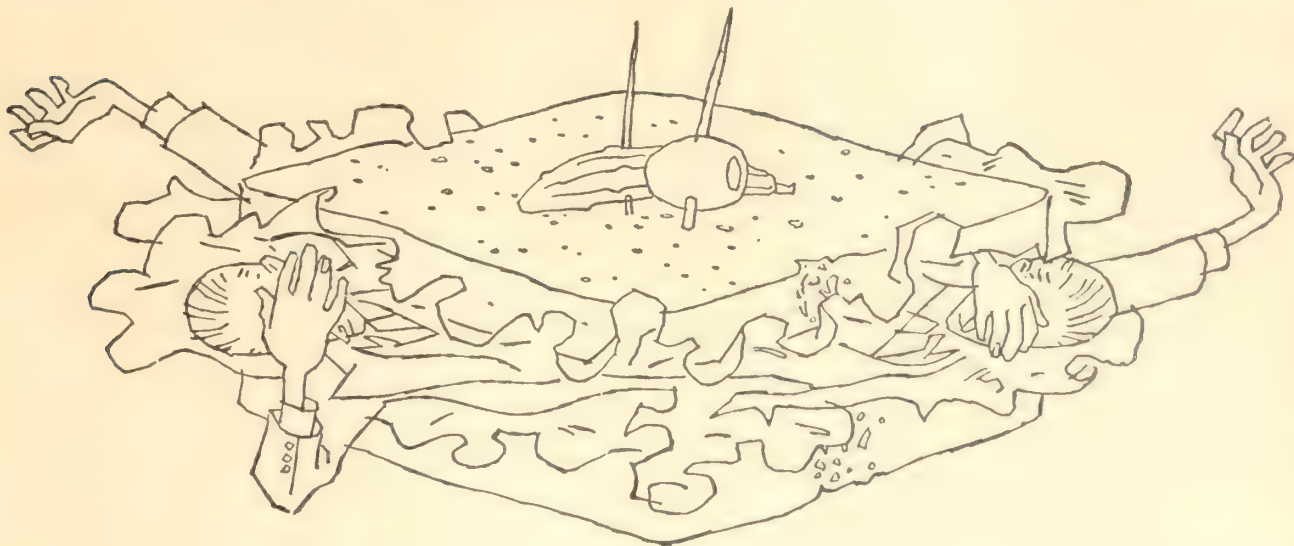
... there is money for food, for rent, for heating, for some utility clothes, and for a few amusements, for these people are far above the poverty line. But in many cases the frills have been discarded. The old struggle for competitive gentility has

ended; now comes the struggle to hold on to the essentials of middle-class living.

Miss Bowley divides the class at the income level of £1,000 (which, of course, buys a better living than \$2,800 buys in the United States) and says that those at or above that level are not so hard pressed as their fellows below it. She finds that the £1,000-and-up people are using up their savings, selling their cars and radio-record-players, letting spare rooms, sacrificing all domestic help (except possibly a daily charwoman), buying very few books (turning to the use of public libraries), and allowing their clothes and homes to get shabbier and shabbier. Below the £1,000-line there is less room for such adjustments. Miss Bowley writes:

When the coalman calls, the family cuts down on housekeeping extras. When the dry-cleaning bill turns up on Thursday, there is no cinema on Friday night. Salaries cannot catch up with prices, and there are few savings to fall back on. Now the wife knows that she must do all the housework and look after the children.

In different terms, the predicament of the British middle class has been stated by Dudley Seers. He has calculated that a man earning £500 a year in 1938 would need £1,225 today to live on the same scale; and one earning £700 in 1938 would need £1,760. Such rises are rarely to be had by salaried people, so retreat from former standards is obligatory. In this retreat, the man whose salary was the higher a dozen years ago has more room to maneuver, as Miss Bowley says.



TO MEET the situation, these British people are not fiddling while Rome burns as are their fellows in Budapest—the British do not go in for such jocosities; rather they are engaged in a more responsible and difficult task of trying to live like middle-class people on a reduced scale and within the new equalitarian environment. Miss Bowley sums up:

On the whole, middle-class families are trying hard to adjust themselves by a simpler life and a greater acceptance of state social security—especially among the younger couples. The changes are harder for the older people, who remember easier times that have gone. Homes are much more austere—the old pattern of the nursery for the children, the drawing room for the parents, and the kitchen for the maids, has vanished. The cost of heating and the lack of labor bring all the family into the living room now. And father, more often than not, takes the place of the departed “general” in the kitchen at night.

Many cultural pleasures have been lost. There is less social meeting, and less travel. Many young married people are living largely on inherited mental capital, benefiting from the home background of a more leisured, wealthier class. The children of many middle-class people today have a less cultured background; they have mothers who know no leisure, fathers with little money for hobbies and amusements. Today the middle class as our parents knew it is indeed disappearing. A new standard of living is taking shape. Time will show if it is a better way of life.

What role, if any, do the British Socialists assign to the middle class? They have, of course, assiduously cultivated it for votes and in recent years have won a substantial response. As Lewis and Maude point out in their admirable study of the class—many others have said much the same thing—a potent factor in bringing the middle class to Labor's support was its sense of guilt:

With this sense of guilt, either as cause or result (who can say which?), went the conviction that the middle class had lost power and, as a class, abdicated leadership. Middle-class ideals were on the defensive. The work of middle-class Socialists and reformers before the war now came to full

fruition. . . . Not only was there a century of ugliness and misery to expiate; there was the great war, which was the result of that dreadful century. Strong and potent . . . grew the feeling that it was a reproach to be middle class at all.

This was all the work of the people I began by mentioning: the children of the middle class who turned upon it and, not satisfied with affronting middle-class manners, morals, tastes, and ideals, went on to plan its reform even unto abolition. This sense of guilt—of being the evil fly in the social ointment—led the middle class to collaborate in its own embarrassment and perhaps eventual extinction, by adopting the political and economic policies of the working class. What future for the middle class does Labor envisage?

Mr. Herbert Morrison has supplied the answer and it should ring a bell in the minds of the readers of this essay. Plainly not too terribly upset by the decline in middle-class living standards, Mr. Morrison began by pointing out that he was talking to the managers, technicians, professional men, civil servants, and clerks of Britain (and *not* the enterprisers)—in short, to the “useful people” (his words) in the middle class. To these “useful people” he said:

For my own part, I do not believe that it is possible to build a Socialist order without the closest collaboration of all the technical, administrative, and managerial sections of society. . . .

My hope and belief is that as public corporations develop, technicians, managers, and experts will really come into their own. They will be increasingly regarded, if not as the salt of the earth, at least as some of the salt. . . .

In short, Mr. Morrison sees a future for the “useful people” as Socialist functionaries. Once again the functional utility of the middle class is valued, but everything else it has represented historically is to go unmourned down the drain. *Ave atque vale!*

IV

AND so we come back to the United States where, if anywhere on the globe, the middle class should still be flourishing in something like its pristine glory. Even in

the United States it is a changing class. It used to include a larger proportion of farmers than it does today. The proportion of farmers is declining, not because of impoverishment but because fewer farmers are now needed to produce even larger crops than formerly. It also includes a smaller proportion of private enterprisers than in earlier times, but this group, unlike the farmers, is still increasing, if at a reduced rate, especially in the service industries where the opportunities are. It isn't doing so well in manufacturing. Similarly the independent professionals—the physicians, dentists, lawyers, architects, artists, authors—are still increasing and probably will continue to increase in the predictable future. But it is the salaried groups of the middle class who are expanding most rapidly—the salaried professionals, managers, technicians, sales and clerical people, and public officials. This is the segment of the middle class on which Professor James Burnham founded his idea of “the managerial revolution”; and it is the segment Socialists and Communists aim to capture, or re-create, to maintain their revolutions.

It is often alleged that the American middle class is impervious to the blandishments of the revolutionists who have done in their opposite numbers abroad. There is, for example, no national American labor party to lead the American middle class down the garden path the way the British Labor party has led the British middle class. But this is not strictly true. For the allegation puts entirely too much emphasis on the externals, not enough on the fundamentals.

The position of the American middle class has begun to be eroded by the same abrasives that have worked so effectively in Britain: the cost of constantly elaborated social services, subsidies (called parity schemes, though undisguised in the Brannan plan), the cost of war, reconstruction after war, and preparation for renewed warfare, and the adverse effects of chronic inflation. But the philosophy of economic equality is by no means so deeply implanted in the public mind in America as in England and the greater amount of economic fat possessed by the Americans saves them from quick and drastic emaciation. It is to the implications of existing policies and trends that I am calling attention, not yet to disastrous end results.

It is also being eroded ideologically by the slipping away of the members on the lower periphery—the white-collar office and store clerks, school teachers, etc.—into the trade unions, where they substitute a labor outlook for a middle-class outlook on economic and political issues, as well as by the multiplication of those persons of all middle-class strata who have adopted on economic and political issues a “lib-lab” (liberal-labor) point of view that is more labor than liberal. It was the rise of the lib-lab outlook in England that destroyed the old Liberal party as an effective force, for in the pinch the votes went to Labor. In the United States, thus far at least, the votes still go to the Democratic party, but they are accumulating for possible use against the Democratic and all other predominantly middle-class parties. It is perfectly obvious, even to the most casual reader



of labor papers and propaganda (as from the political committees of the AFL and CIO), that the liberals they praise and draw to their side are those who are already in large measure more labor-minded than truly liberal. It is also obvious that the labor people are trying hard to establish an identity between the designation liberal and a stand which is pro-labor, or simply and unadulteratedly labor. Labor is trying to capture liberalism and to implant in the middle-class mind the idea that lib-lab policies are the only ones that

men of decent liberal instincts can possibly entertain. This is nonsense, but it is going on every day. Thus far these developments have touched only the fringe of the American middle class.

The consequences in living standards to the American middle class are also not, thus far, as dramatic as they are to the middle classes overseas. Changes are to be noted, but they are often attributable to several causes in combination, not alone to an erosion of middle-class standards by the social policies and



ideological currents we have been examining. We know that the size of middle-class houses has declined (but not the price) and that fewer and fewer servants are employed—a decline which, however, began as far back as 1910—and that as a consequence some eight out of ten family men help with the dishes regularly, frequently, or occasionally (a revelation based on statistics by Procter & Gamble, who should know). We know too that the incentive to strive for high incomes has been somewhat blunted and that the use of savings is changing from investments, especially of a speculative kind, to insurance and annuities. A *Fortune* survey three years ago showed that while middle-class professionals, executives, and salaried employees are still more venturesome than workers, nevertheless somewhere around three out of ten of the former shied away from high-paid but risky jobs in favor of low-paid but secure jobs. It

is also well known that more and more middle-class, college-trained men prefer jobs as bureaucrats in business (and some in government) to the risks of private ventures in independent businesses. The idea of security has invaded the middle class in a big way. Translated into living standards this means that stable moderation is more valued than speculative luxuriousness.

The key to it all—is it not?—is the weight of taxes both on large earned incomes and profits. It is just possible that the American middle class, in spite of its lush living when contrasted with foreign standards, and its resistance to socialism and allied temptations, is beginning to lose its old-time verve under the pressure of taxes which are either designed to redistribute income or pay for wars, past and future.

V

THE embarrassment, erosion, and extinction of the middle class—three stages of the same phenomenon—are characteristic features of the times. But in the hurly-burly we inhabit, little thoughtful attention is given to the question of what the changes really portend for society. We know very well what the world is like under communism, where the middle class has gone down the drain, but what will it be like in the West if the middle class really finally fades away? But first it is necessary to inquire if it is necessary for the West to find out by actual experience.

The only answer to this question I can give is this: it seems to me that there is in progress a race between income redistribution schemes and war costs on the one hand, and productivity (and total national production) on the other. If productivity and total production rise fast enough, and the proponents of redistribution are restrained by reason or events, we may achieve a balance which will leave the middle class in a healthy if less privileged position and the working class markedly better off. I can generate considerable optimism that this will be accomplished in the United States, but less optimism about the United Kingdom. The United States may be the last country in the world in which the middle class continues to play a strategic role in society.

We have, as far as I know, but one instance in history of what happened to a society which in purposeful blindness liquidated its middle class. I refer to Rome. The story is told in the late Professor Michael I. Rostovtzeff's superb book, *Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*. As I read the story, the collapse of Roman civilization in the West was caused in considerable measure by the destruction of the urban middle classes at the behest of, and on behalf of, the army which was chiefly recruited from barbarian peasants. As Rome came under ever-stronger pressure from the German and Slav barbarians and the resurgent Persians, the cost of maintaining the army multiplied apace and taxes rose to crushingly high levels. This was bad enough. But the peasants gave another twist to the screw. The city bourgeoisie had always lived on the peasants' backs and the gap in living standards between them was enormous. Nobody knew how to begin to close it

and nobody was interested in finding out. Animated by envy and hatred of the bourgeoisie, the army peasants successfully sought to use the state power (which the army in any case controlled) to plunder their long-standing enemy. This policy, insofar as it had any ascertainable meaning, was a policy of leveling. The combined policies were summed up in the remark of Emperor Caracalla, "No one but myself ought to have money, and that in order to give it to the soldiers."

Of this poisonous mixture of military necessity and fanatic social policy, the middle class died. It petered out in the third century A.D. Thereafter Rome's doom was sealed. All analogies between Rome and the modern world are imperfect—this one included. But Rostovtzeff's thesis should nevertheless give us pause, for it is a story which tells us what happened when a middle class was eliminated from society. It is the only complete story of such an event we have.

Inseparables

POLLY BOYDEN

SOLITUDE walks by my side
Where shells and seaweed mark high tide
While panic trots at heel.

This panic is a slavish cur
Who licks the boot of his master
And whining, wags his tail.

He follows us up Dyer's Hollow,
Past pickerel weed and the tall marsh mallow,
His belly on the ground.

We climb a dune, we leap a ditch;
His master picks a bayberry switch
And wantonly strikes the hound,

And laughs, and lengthens out his stride,
Drawing me closer to his side,
While panic eats our dust.

Thus solitude walks out with me
While hound at heel, submissively,
Follows because he must.

Interlude

Arthur Koestler

THE weather had been abnormal for some time. At first the weather reports contained merely the usual statements about "the hottest 11th September since 1885," "the worst Atlantic gale in twenty-seven years," and the like, based on data which were assembled by bearded men in meteorological offices who were probably called "Meteorological Registrars" or "Assistant Weather Statisticians," and whose one ambition in life was to be able to announce "the 15th July with the heaviest snowfall on record"; though there was presumably also an oppositional faction among them who were passionately searching for a "15th July nearest to the statistical average" and for "the most normal summer since 1848." It must also be assumed, given the mentality of pre-Pubertarian man, that the two factions who called themselves respectively the "Apocalyptists" and the "Normalists" hated each other with as much idealism and venom as any two rival political parties, philosophical schools, government departments, or literary cliques.

However, this time the Apocalyptists were scoring an uninterrupted series of victories, and visibly getting the upper hand. The "hottest 11th September since 1885" was soon followed by "the hottest of any September day since 1852," and this by "the hottest September on record." By that time the daily weather report had gradually migrated from its traditional place at the bottom of the first column on the last page to the top of the front page. The bearded Assistant Weather Registrars were having the time of their lives

and beginning to dream of the Legion of Honor or the C.B.E.; for just like the lucky gambler at the roulette table or the winner of a lottery, they felt that in some obscure way this sensational weather was all their own doing.

Few other people, however, seemed to share in their feeling of elation. The heat and the drought (caused by the smallest amount of rainfall in any September since 1866) killed the late crops, burned some of the most renowned English lawns, and laid a number of hydroelectric stations dry. This led to the usual dreary consequences: municipal warnings to save water and electricity, followed by reductions in the industrial power supply, and so on. The European public, which during the last few years developed a violent allergy to all kinds of rationing, saving, and public-spirited exhortations, became increasingly irritable and weather-conscious. Swarms of helicopters and airplanes were mobilized to make rain by sprinkling silver nitrate and dry ice on the mean little cirro-cumulus clouds high up in the troposphere, but all they achieved were short local thunderstorms and a number of casualties among the rain-makers themselves, who got caught in the small but violent atmospheric sneezes which their chemical snuff produced. The newspapers published their stock pieces about sun spots, eleven-year cycles, and magnetic disturbances, while ignorant rumor spun yarns about the mysterious aftereffects of the latest X-bomb trials and radioactive clouds. These rumors were fed by the exciting controversy between

This section of Mr. Koestler's forthcoming book, The Age of Longing, is an interlude, a satiric commentary standing as a separate part of his otherwise closely integrated novel, his first with a European background since Darkness at Noon.

the American and the Commonwealth* press about the recent X-bomb explosion in the Ural Mountains.

It had been an unusually gigantic bang, whose tremors had been recorded by seismographs over half the earth, and which had been wrapped in an equally enormous and dense cloud of official silence on the part of the Commonwealth. A full week had passed before a short, laconic statement by the Commonwealth News Agency mentioned in an almost deprecatory manner that the biggest-ever X-bomb had been exploded in a routine trial with "satisfactory results." But no sooner had this statement been made public than the U. S. State Department released a series of photographs to the press. These photographs had been taken by one Captain Bogarenko of the Commonwealth Air Force who had been sent on a high-altitude reconnaissance mission over the trial area and, on seeing what there was to be seen, had suffered such a shock that he decided on the spur of the moment to desert. He had headed southward, refueled twice in Oral and Tashkent, and reached Persia where he had contacted the U. S. Legation.

THE photographs showed no particular horrors. The high-altitude panoramic view displayed a rather lovely valley surrounded by rugged mountain peaks, and a medium-sized crater in the center of the valley. Round the crater there could be seen faint, concentric rings as in bird's-eye views of volcanoes, which obviously marked the area of devastation. Under the magnifying glass, however, there appeared in the devastated areas tiny specks of a regular shape, and it was the sight of these which had aroused Captain Bogarenko's curiosity and induced him to circle lower and lower, in defiance of his explicit instructions and of the dangers of radioactivity. The remaining photographs, taken from medium and low altitudes, revealed the startling fact which was responsible for Bogarenko's flight abroad. The site where

the trial bomb had been exploded was the approximate center of a large, modern, thickly-populated industrial town. Judged by the number and size of its buildings, this town must have housed at a conservative estimate at least five hundred thousand people.

Though only a few of the buildings had remained standing, it was easy to see that they were recently erected ferro-concrete structures: large regular cubes and long, brick-shaped buildings equipped with power plants, transformer installations, and high-tension wires; in other words these buildings had obviously been factories and laboratories. The whole town had a strictly geometrical, semi-circular layout which showed that it had been planned and built for some definite purpose.

Captain Bogarenko, who was a nice and energetic but not a very bright man, had come, while he circled over the dead town, to the conclusion that it had been built, populated, and equipped with all modern conveniences for the express purpose of being destroyed as an experiment. Though he considered this procedure unnecessarily wasteful and cruel, it was no concern of his, and he would probably have passed over it with a shrug, as he had often done before when faced with similarly puzzling decisions of his government; in fact this kind of energetic shrug which involved the whole upper part of the body was Captain Bogarenko's most expressive gesture. However, as he lowered his plane to almost roof-top level, he saw here and there a few human shapes emerge from the rubble and crawl among the charred corpses. They had probably been attracted by the roar of the plane and tried to signal for help, but somehow their gestures and the way they moved did not seem right, for every single one of the dozen or so of these shapes crawled on all fours, obviously unable to rise to its feet. Whether they were insane, blind, in great pain, or all of these together, it was impossible to determine; at any rate they gave Bogarenko the creeps and made him turn the nose of his plane toward Persia, with "the balance of his mind temporarily disturbed," as English coroners are fond of saying when pronouncing a verdict of suicide. Only when it was too late, and he had already delivered the photographs and his somewhat incoherent report, did the truth dawn on him.

* The official change of name from "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" to "Commonwealth of Freedom-loving People" (or "Free Commonwealth" for short), foreshadowed by similar changes in official terminology, was decreed by the Marshal of Peace in the early nineteen-fifties.

The truth was of course that the town had not been destroyed on purpose, but had blown up by accident. It had in fact, as the photographs unmistakably showed, not been a real town but an enormous assembly plant for X-bombs and probably other experimental weapons, purposely built in one of the most inaccessible areas of the Ural range. Its existence had for some time been known to the competent American authorities, but this knowledge had been kept secret by them. It was quite inconceivable that the Commonwealth government should have deliberately destroyed its latest and biggest effort of safeguarding Peace Through Strength. Some of the capriciously unstable tritiron nuclei must have got out of hand; or maybe some of the physicists on the spot had decided that the most reasonable course for them to take was to blow themselves up, plant and all. However that may be, it had certainly been, to use the language of the weather statisticians, "the biggest bang in recorded history," and a severe setback to the Commonwealth.

FOR a full week after publication of the photographs, there was again complete silence from the Commonwealth. Then another bomb exploded, this time a metaphorical one: a diplomatic bombshell. It came in the form of an official Commonwealth communiqué, addressed to the world at large. It stated that the Commonwealth government's "Commission of Inquiry into the Recent Explosion in the Territory of the Autonomous Republic of Kasakstan" had produced irrefutable evidence to the effect that this explosion had been caused by a high-powered nuclear bomb of American type, which had been dropped from an aircraft belonging to the armed forces of a "hostile power." This unprecedented act of criminal aggression had caused the "death of tens of thousands of men, women, and children" who had been engaged in a peaceful large-scale irrigation project to transform the barren mountain area into fertile vineyards and cotton plantations. The Government of the Commonwealth of Freedomloving People reserved the right to take all necessary steps of self-protection and retaliation against the hostile power responsible for this cowardly crime of undeclared warfare. As a precautionary measure it had ordered a partial mobilization of

its armed forces and closed the frontier of its territory to all traffic, telegraphic and telephonic communications.

On the same day the Commonwealth press carried a short notice in small type to the effect that the director of the Commonwealth News Agency, which had issued the original communiqué about the "successful trial," had been arrested for having published "misleading information referring to the causes of the explosion," and had confessed his crime.

Naturally the Commonwealth government's new disclosure had caused widespread indignation, panic, and disorder in both hemispheres. The general strikes in France and Italy were accompanied by huge peace demonstrations which clashed with the police, smashed the windows of several U. S. consulates, and burned several consignments of American orange juice in the ports. The French extreme Left asked that the President of the U. S. A. should be immediately tried as a war criminal. The Conservative papers suggested that Europe should be declared neutral territory, and that it would be a good idea for the American President to meet the new Father of the People to discuss world peace. A progressive pacifist organization launched an appeal for funds to send relief to the devastated town as a gesture of international good will. This appeal found an exceptional echo; money and gifts poured in from every country of the globe, like sacrificial offerings to placate the gods and deflect their wrath. And as charitable gifts are always accompanied by sympathy and good will, the Commonwealth had never stood higher in the public's favor for many years past; even her most fanatic enemies had to admit that her leaders had, on this occasion at least, shown a remarkable restraint by not going immediately to war.

The United States government of course cut a deplorable figure in all this general excitement. The more they kept repeating, "We haven't done it," the more suspect they became in the eyes even of their sympathizers. Matters were made worse by the indiscretion of a certain publicity-loving Senator, the head of some appropriation committee or other, who, in the course of a television interview, declared with great solemnity: "I know as a fact that our conscience is clean in this matter. It must have been done by somebody else."

This seemed to knock the bottom out of the official theory that the explosion had been caused by an accident, which by that time nobody believed anyway. "In a planned socialist industry no accidents are possible," the new Father of the People declared in a massive four-hour speech, two full hours of which were devoted to a bitingly ironic discussion of the main events of history in the light of the State Department's "accident theory": "No doubt from now onward all children in the so-called schools of the so-called United States will be taught that Brutus killed Caesar by accident (laughter), that the Emperor Nero put fire to Rome by accident (laughter), that Titus destroyed Jerusalem by accident (laughter), that the Turks took Constantinople by accident (laughter)," and so on. By the time he arrived at Napoleon's burning of Moscow by accident, and being destroyed by the Russian armies by accident, with another hour of examples to go, everybody in the audience was hoarse, faint, and weeping with laughter. From then onward no progressive-minded person could mention the accident theory without blushing; the very word "accident" had become an international joke.

This, incidentally, had been the new Father of the People's first public speech, and it had struck a sensationally novel tone: the public was delighted to discover that the somewhat monotonous and didactic style of his predecessor was to be replaced by the delicate humor of what came to be known as "Socialist Sarcasm in the Service of Peace." Almost immediately Socialist Sarcasm became the approved style of Commonwealth public life, letters, and art. The whole Commonwealth press published portraits of Serafin Panferovich Polyushkin, a Stakhanovite of sarcasm who had committed five hundred and forty-seven sarcasms in a single hour; a number of editors, painters, and novelists were dismissed from their posts and delivered to public contempt for "insufficient attention paid to the struggle on the Socialist Sarcasm front." But all this merriment did not alter the fact that war might break out from one moment to another. The people listened to the flood of Socialist Sarcasms with chattering teeth.

Somewhat belatedly, the State Department advanced the proposal that an international Commission of Experts should investigate the

causes of the disaster, and submit its findings to the world. To everybody's relief, the Commonwealth government accepted the suggestion at once. The Security Council, which had not met for several years, was resurrected in haste to decide the procedure to be followed. The debates, however, dragged on, for the two principal parties were unable to agree on the exact wording of the resolution. The resolution submitted by the U. S. A. proposed "that all available information and full co-operation should be given and extended by the organs of the Commonwealth government to the Commission in order to facilitate its investigations on the spot"; whereas the Commonwealth resolution proposed "that all available information and full co-operation should be given and extended by the organs of the Commonwealth government to the Commission in order to facilitate its investigations." The Commonwealth resolution was the first to be put to the vote; but although the difference between the two texts consisted merely in three words, the U. S. A. and its client states voted against the resolution, whereupon the delegates of the Commonwealth indignantly walked out. Thus once again the U. S. government stood branded before progressive world opinion as the saboteurs of peace and international understanding.

JUST at the moment when the tension had become well-nigh unbearable, the Commonwealth government issued a new communiqué which caused enormous surprise and a world-wide sigh of relief. It stated that the Commission of the Commonwealth Government Experts had terminated their inquiries into the recent explosion in the territory of the autonomous Republic of Kasakstan and had confirmed its earlier findings according to which "this explosion had been caused by a high-powered nuclear bomb of American type dropped by an aircraft belonging to the armed forces of a hostile power." The Commission, however, had found additional and irrefutable evidence which enabled it to identify the hostile power in question; it was the Rabbit Republic. The main evidence was the discovery, arrest, and subsequent confession of the pilot himself who had committed by order of his government this criminal and cowardly act. Losing control of

his craft subsequent to the dropping of the bomb, he had bailed out over a deserted range of the Urals, and after wandering about in the mountains for several days, had been discovered by a Commonwealth Security Patrol, still carrying in his wallet the written order for the dropping of the bomb, together with a detailed map of the location. On his arrest the pilot had declared: "I admit that I have committed a crime against humanity by order of my criminal superiors and want to clear my conscience by a full confession exposing the devilish machinations of my government against the Commonwealth of Freedom-loving People." His public trial would take place within the next few days.

As already mentioned, the surge of relief was enormous all over the world. It completely drowned the feeble squeak of protest from the government of the Rabbit Republic, which was promptly overthrown and replaced by members of the Unified Party for Peace and Progress. When the new government asked the Commonwealth Army for help and protection against the enemy within, a request which was generously granted before it was even made, the U. S. A. and her client states were only too glad to confine themselves to the handing in of their routine protest-notes on printed forms and to leave it at that.

These printed protest-forms which had lately come into diplomatic usage, and which simplified to a considerable extent the work of the various chancellories, were modeled on the accident report forms of motor car insurance companies. The somewhat stilted formulas used on these occasions were all set out on the forms in beautiful italic type, and only the date, the nature, and place of the alleged violation of the treaty, law, or legitimate interest in question, had to be filled in by hand. The protest forms were of five categories: "F" (friendly), "C" (cool), "S" (sharp), "G" (grave), "G²" (very grave), and "GS" (grave and very sharp). As a rule, diplomatic controversies consisted in the successive exchange of these protest-forms running through part or whole of the gamut, from "F" to "GS²"; and by the time a G² or GS² was handed in, the measure against which the original protest was directed had of course become a generally accepted *fait accompli*. The cumbersome coded instructions which in

earlier days governments used to send to their ambassadors abroad were now reduced to laconic messages based on the language of a popular card game, the most usual of which was "raise him by two."

THUS once more the clouds had passed, but again only metaphorically. The real cloud in question—that curious spiral-shaped cloud which Captain Bogarenko's photographs had shown hovering like a coiled serpent over the dead town, kept haunting the public mind. Was it going to dissolve, or expand, or drift away; and if so in what direction? In spite of all the reassuring statements by experts, who ridiculed the notion that a radioactive cloud which had been observed more than a month ago in the distant Urals should exert any influence on the climate in Western Europe, the superstitious public mind continued to suspect some mysterious connection between the super-bang and the abnormal weather.

At last, on October 2, the hottest autumn spell in the history of weather recording came to an end. Rain fell abundantly, the temperature cooled down to normal, the Assistant Weather Statisticians of the Normalist faction began to creep out of their dens and to prove that, by taking the last winter equinox as a starting point, the total amount of rainfall and the mean temperature in the shade, computed over the whole period, came closer to the ideal average than in any other year since 1903. Unfortunately, within a fortnight from the first rainfall, a hitherto unknown form of influenza epidemic began to spread new disquietude among the public with its already frayed nerves. The average course of the disease was a mild three-day attack with the usual symptoms of a common cold, though accompanied by higher temperatures. This was followed by a period of apparent recovery, lasting from ten to fifteen days, during which the patient displayed symptoms of a pleasurable overexcitation as if under the influence of an intoxicating agent. The third and final phase was characterized by vomiting, violent headaches, and disturbances of vision of the neuralgic type: the patient's visual field appeared as if cut into half either horizontally or vertically and, while in one half vision remained normal, in the other half it was distorted, blurred, or

completely blacked out. These symptoms again lasted from ten to fifteen days and were followed by, as far as anybody could say, complete recovery. The mortality rate was low, and in the few cases in which death occurred, it was due either to secondary complications or to constitutional weakness.

Unfortunately, one of the first people who fell ill with this new type of flu was Captain Bogarenko who, as an American video commentator put it, "had swallowed more radish soup than any other living person on earth."* This led to a new wave of superstitious rumors, so stubborn and widespread that the new epidemics came to be known as "Bogarenko's disease"—regardless of the unanimous opinion of the whole medical profession, according to which radioactive infection could never produce these symptoms. Incidentally, the virus of "Bogarenko's disease" was soon afterwards isolated by Kronenberg and Dretl of Johns Hopkins. It turned out to be a virus which had been driven crazy by the unending spate of new antibiotics and the effort to keep abreast with them by developing new and better drug-resisting strains. Thus the unfoundedness of the public's apprehensions was once more demonstrated beyond doubt.

Nevertheless, the public remained nervous and apprehensive; and its apprehensions grew when, at the beginning of November, the thoughtful British government decided to provide every holder of a National Registration Card with a pocket Geiger-counter and an anti-radiation umbrella, free of charge. This purely precautionary measure, the Home Secretary explained in the first of a series of broadcast talks, was designed to get the public into the habit of thinking in terms of modern weapons, and to give people a feeling of safety and self-assurance. "You all remember," he concluded his speech, "what a hellish nuisance it was to carry our gas masks

during the whole of the last war although the occasion to use them never came. I hope that these new gadgets will prove just as superfluous, and I am sure you will keep them nevertheless handy and in good repair, if for no other reason than that they cost a lot of money, and this money comes ultimately from the taxpayers', that is your own, pockets."

This speech caused a number of indignant protests from bishops and clergymen because of the unprecedented use of the word "hellish" in a broadcast talk. "Where will we be," wrote the Archbishop of Canterbury, "if members of the Cabinet give the nation the example of using bad language?" The matter was raised in the House of Commons at question time, when several young Labor members tried to defend the speech on the grounds that expressions like "Hell," "Go to Hell," "What the Hell," etc., had become so firmly incorporated into American parlance and hence into fictional literature, that they could hardly be considered any longer as bad or offensive language. "But this country is not America," answered several voices from the floor. In the end both the Home Secretary and the British Broadcasting Corporation had to apologize; so everybody was satisfied and the whole matter was soon forgotten.

BUT not so in France, where some enterprising private firms opened a line in Geiger-counters and anti-radiation umbrellas, and made a roaring trade in them. Unlike the solid and clumsy British G-counters which looked like grandfather's watch complete with utility chain, and made everybody's pockets bulge, the French variety was disguised as fountain pens for men, and as lipsticks or compacts for women. One firm even produced them in the shape of ankle bangles which were supposed to start jangling like castanets when radioactivity was about. As for the umbrellas and parasols, there was no limit to fantasy in their shape, color, and design; and as the action of these umbrellas depended on a built-in electric circuit which was supposed to absorb or deflect radiation, it was only logical to use the current to feed at the same time a tiny camouflaged radio-receiver.

The boulevards had never been more enchanting than on these late, sunny November days when crowds of promenaders walked un-

* "Radish soup" was a popular slang word of the period, of somewhat obscure origin, but probably originating in England and modeled on "pea soup"—the cockney word referring to the thick, yellow texture of the London fog. Before they had their first real taste of it, people in Europe had no very clear ideas about diffuse, atmospheric radioactivity; they imagined it variously as seated in a cloud, mist, or dense fog. Hence the expression "radium soup," which soon became transformed into the more homely "radish soup."

der their gay, open parasols, everyone surrounded by a faint aura of music from the *Radio Diffusion Nationale*—like a procession of figures on a musical clock. It hardly seemed to matter that the delicate G-counters kept going haywire all the time and indicating deadly doses of radiation whenever the vacuum cleaner or the refrigerator was turned on. The umbrellas, on the other hand, had a tendency to charge the people who carried them with static, which sometimes discharged itself in cracking sparks at a handshake, kiss, or other bodily contact. This was of course a heaven-sent gift to cartoonists and the song writers; "My Radioactive Baby" became the popular hit of the season.

Soon, however, the usual strident voices from the Left were raised in protest. These professional spoil-sports and fun-killers, who would never let people quietly enjoy themselves, pointed out that "the masses" were unable to afford these expensive gadgets and were therefore left without protection, while survival had become a luxury reserved for the privileged bourgeoisie. At the same time, however, they claimed that the gadgets sold to the gullible public were completely ineffectual, which somewhat spoiled the argument; for if they were really useless, then obviously rich and poor were in the same boat, and democratic justice was re-established. Then came the famous "*Scandale des Parapluies*"—the disclosure that one of the main shareholders in the company which produced the umbrellas ("*Société Anonyme pour la Fabrication des Parapluies Anti-Radioactives*," abbreviation: "SAPAR") was the Radical Socialist Minister for War. The government was forced to resign, there were more strikes and demonstrations; finally the new government gave a solemn promise that Geiger-counters and anti-radiation umbrellas of the most reliable make would be distributed free of charge to every citizen as soon as supplies were available in sufficient quantities. But now both the independent and the

dependent Left raised a new hue and cry: they charged that the government's statement was the clearest proof of its policy of war and aggression in the service of the bankers of Wall Street. Whereas the moderate Left merely deplored the government's squandering the nation's resources in this unproductive way instead of concentrating all efforts on raising the standard of living, the extreme wing exhorted the masses "to refuse to accept the sinister gadgets of the imperialist warmongers and thereby to become accomplices of their aggressive designs." The whole controversy, however, remained largely theoretical, as the first consignments of government-supplied counters and umbrellas had already been cornered by the black market and smuggled into Belgium, where they were sold at a handsome profit.

THUS the golden autumn days passed like a procession of pilgrims, occasionally frightened by marauding tribesmen, sometimes anxious, sometimes gay, exhilarated by adventure, and increasingly tired by their journey into the unknown. As the days passed they became shorter, and there was a curious air of finality about this shrinking of the span, by a few minutes each day, between the rising and the setting of the sun, and the steady lengthening of the night. Of course, after the winter solstice the process would be reversed; but who could nowadays be certain even of that? The hottest September in human memory had been followed by the strangest epidemic ever known; now there were all kinds of curious disturbances in radio-reception, and jagged stars or lightning bolts appeared across the television screens. In the end all these mysteries turned out to be quite unconnected, except in the superstitious public's mind, with the coiled spiral cloud in the Urals. Nature herself seemed to wage a war of nerves on her latest prodigal offspring, as if to discourage his incestuous poking in her sacred nuclear womb.

How to Recognize a Communist

"I was told by my Soviet superior never to read the *Daily Worker*, or any liberal publication, or to express any liberal thoughts, or even give any thought to liberal ideas myself."

—Harry Gold, testifying in the trial of Abraham Brothman, November 20, 1950.

The Easy Chair

Our First Testing

Bernard DeVoto

THERE might be no more Presidents after George Washington, there might be no more United States. Through 1793 and 1794, the fifth and sixth years of the Republic, crisis piled on crisis till the most despairing fears that we might not survive till the next election were the most justified. The new political system might prove too weak to stand the pressure of its fierce internal antagonisms. The Indians might lop off a full half of the nation's greatest potential wealth and strength, the public domain that lay north of the Ohio River. The whole trans-Appalachian West might fall away of its own intent or from federal inability to hold it, or it might rise in an insurrection promoted by the underground efforts of three empires to detach it. And the eighteenth century's fourth world war had begun when the new French Republic declared it against Spain and Great Britain. The United States might be drawn into war with any of the three powers, and if it could hope to defeat any of them it would meanwhile be defenseless against either of the other two.

The ultimate answer, if the nation could survive long enough, was being worked out by such people as the thirty or forty thousand who in each year crossed the mountains and in a multitude of queer craft embarked on the Kanawha, the Tennessee, or the Ohio. Crossed the mountains, frequently while fighting Indians and always under threat of having to, and tied up their boats at night with an axeman stationed at the mooring rope. But how to survive till the answer could be made?

In July 1794 federal courts could not operate in four Pennsylvania counties west of the mountains, a marshal's writ would not run, and boisterous gangs of frontiersmen harried federal officials, burned their houses, and looted the mails. Their main grievance was a confiscatory federal tax on whiskey, their one exportable product and indeed their medium of exchange; it was a justified grievance. They talked themselves into a concerted uprising and early in August perhaps as many as six thousand of them, organized and armed, marched into Pittsburgh. They talked about burning the town but didn't, they talked about marching eastward over the mountains, and they talked about adding western Pennsylvania to the Republic of the West (or the eastern province of Spanish America) which various hopefuls in Kentucky and the Tennessee country wanted to set up. Most of this was idle or drunken talk but some of it was intention and some of the intention had been bought with Spanish funds.

FOR the President the issue was simple: the law of the Republic had been defied and its authority, thus challenged for the first time, must be maintained. The issue turned on an even simpler question: would the people of the United States, hardly accustomed as yet to a national government, divided by fiery political conflicts, in fear of three wars—would they support the use of federal force to coerce the citizens of a sovereign state? If not, the Republic would die before autumn; if they would, it could face the next threat. They would. Washington

raised his army. It marched over the mountains, considerably enjoying the excursion, and met no trouble on the western side. There was a saturnalia of political oratory and then everyone settled down to an exercise in self-government which perfectly succeeded. Twenty arrests were made. One prisoner died before he could be tried, seventeen were acquitted, and a lunatic and an imbecile were found guilty. Washington pardoned them and the insurrection was over.

The combined French-American forces at Yorktown had not exceeded 16,000. The army of 1794, composed of militia from four states, numbered close to 13,000. It was in fact the biggest single army the Americans had yet had and it was commanded by two of their fightingest generals, Daniel Morgan and Light Horse Harry Lee. No such numbers were needed to collect an excise in western Pennsylvania.

To raise the force so handily, equip it, and get it over the mountains was a notable military achievement. And when the feat had been performed Morgan camped for the winter at the forks of the Ohio, a prime center of continental strategy, with a mobile force of 2,500 ready for use. It would not be used against Indians, for in the same August when the Whiskey Boys scared Pittsburgh, General Anthony Wayne had brought a twenty-year Indian war to an end by winning the battle of Fallen Timbers, on the lower Maumee River in Ohio.

THE objective of that long war was the West—the objective of others besides the Indians and the Americans. The United States could not last if it lost the West and from 1776 on, the interest of everyone else was to make sure we lost it, the interest no less of France and Spain, our allies, than of our enemies the British. After the Revolution the West remained a focus of international power politics, diplomatic intrigue, and underground conspiracy. The British found reasons to retain the forts and trading posts in the Old Northwest which the peace treaty bound them to surrender, and from them continued to supply and incite the Indian tribes whose survival depended on keeping the Americans south of the Ohio. The Indian trade from these American lands was immensely valuable to Canada, the minimum

hope was to keep everything between the Ohio and the Great Lakes a buffer state inhabited only by tributary Indians, and the full hope was to regain it for the British Empire as soon as the United States should be drawn into any war. So the governors of Canada and the military commanders treated the tribes as allies and supplied them with munitions for the war that threatened to stop the western emigration and break up the union. There were long pauses in the Indian wars south of the Ohio and the worst of them were over by 1791, but there was no end to them on the north bank.

The Indians badly beat the American forces under Colonel Harmar in 1790 and in 1791 they practically annihilated the regular army, inflicting on Governor St. Clair the worst defeat Americans had ever had to take. It was literally to save the West, and therefore the Republic, that Wayne was called from retirement in 1792. The tribes would make no peace, and their Canadian principals would let them make none, unless the United States would abandon the Northwest. Disingenuous peace negotiations dragged on through 1793 while Wayne trained his new army in guerilla warfare and the Canadians rallied the tribes and stiffened them here and there with British soldiers who exchanged uniforms for war paint. Shortly before Wayne opened his campaign in 1794 the Governor of Canada announced that war between Great Britain and the United States was certain, and his lieutenant led a task force to build a new fort on American soil square in Wayne's probable path.

Washington had such demonstrations to think about in Philadelphia while his big army was recruiting and while he waited for word of Wayne's battle. Wayne fought it in August and in a couple of hours shattered the Indian confederacy, almost within sight of the British fort, toward which many of the defeated fled. War depended on one man's nerves, the British commandant's; he was under orders to fight if Wayne should attack and Wayne would have attacked if the fort had opened to the Indians. They were steady and the gates stayed shut. Wayne cleaned out the countryside, bypassed the fort, and went about his job. Through the next year he cajoled and coerced the tribes into a general submission. Now he had

within easy reach of Canada a force greater than Canada could oppose it with. And Dan Morgan was at the forks of the Ohio.

WAYNE died and was succeeded by James Wilkinson, who had been intriguing to depose him and who now became the ranking officer of the army. He had long been in the pay of Spain, reporting on American affairs and advising his employers in their unceasing efforts to foment any kind of trouble that might take the West out of the United States. Washington seems to have known of his treachery.

The President had already had to deal with an immigrant revolutionist. When the world caught fire most Americans saw in the French Revolution an extension of the forces which their own had freed in the world and sided with France as the champion of liberty as well as an old ally. Many changed sides when the king was executed and many more when in March 1793 news came that the war had begun. The hurricane had been loosed and the weak Republic might grow rich from the suddenly opened commerce of the West Indies and from piracy, or privateering, on the shipping of the belligerents. It might also be destroyed forthwith. Destruction as a minor incident of the world war was so pressing a danger that nothing else counted beyond holding it off month by month while we mustered such strength as we had. Congress panicked but the President and his Cabinet maintained a hard realism, the Francophile Jefferson no less than the Anglophile Hamilton, and in April Washington issued the Declaration of Neutrality which was to be the basis of American foreign policy for over a century and which opened for a while a kind of channel round the most dangerous reefs. On the day it was published the strangest representative any nation has ever sent here landed at Charleston. He was Citizen Minister Genêt; he traveled toward Philadelphia through a continuous popular ovation and had cost France all hope of American help by the time he got there.

Genêt left no indiscretion or insolence uncommitted. His noisy threats to appeal from the President and the Supreme Court to the American people could be disregarded. But war with Great Britain from still another cause loomed in his commissioning privateers

and directing a maritime offensive from his ministerial office. He was here in fact to force the United States into war with Great Britain—and with Spain. He built an espionage network in the West, which was already honeycombed with Spanish espionage, and tried to attach to it all the vagrant plots to take Kentucky out of the union and the counterplots to seize New Orleans. He commissioned American citizens in the Army of the French Republic and ordered them to raise forces for the “liberation” of Louisiana and Florida, after which it would be a good idea to conquer Canada. (One commission went to George Rogers Clark, who had helped to create the United States by securing the West for it during the Revolution.) He lacked funds for large-scale subversion but was striking matches in a powder magazine. Any of the small plots could have exploded into an “incident” and they had to be stopped. Washington stopped them. By August Genêt had plummeted into mere absurdity and his recall was requested. Since returning to France meant the guillotine, he chose to stay here and marry a Clinton.

The Administration's steadiness held for Spain too. Everyone knew that, as Jefferson was to put it a few years later, “There is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy.” That spot was the southern end of the continental axis, the mouth of the Mississippi. Three options: it must be free to American use, it must be American, or the United States must break up. That was the force of the Spanish menace; moreover, there had been no time since the end of the Revolution when Spanish agents had not been inciting Indians against the Americans, trying to detach the West, and trying to force the United States into war with France or Great Britain. If war with Spain came we would win and profit from it—but would be an easy prey for anyone who might attack us. It must be prevented if possible and the most promising preventive ran the risk of precipitating it. The army that marched over the Alleghanies was visible alike to New Orleans, Madrid, and all groups of trigger-happy Kentuckians.

BUT the catastrophic danger was war with Great Britain. As 1794 came on even Jefferson knew that whatever might

prevent it must be done, and even Hamilton feared that nothing could prevent it. The violation of neutral rights (that eventually led to war in 1812), three hundred American ships seized in 1793, the Governor of Canada proclaiming war, his military establishment preparing it, the Western tribes waging it with British equipment, the desire for war of Eastern shipping interests and Southern tobacco interests and Western land and colonization interests, the possibility that the English might march an army across American soil to seize Louisiana and so hem us in at the west as well as the north—from any of these could come a war that the United States might not survive. It was against this black background that Washington made a final effort to negotiate with Great Britain and chose for the job the Chief Justice, John Jay.

Out of the negotiation came, in November 1794, a treaty that saved the essentials but satisfied no one. The American concessions it embodied seemed to an inflamed and divided people so humiliating that it passed the House of Representatives by only two votes, which were switched from the opposition at the last moment. (The House was concerned because it had to appropriate money to carry out one of the articles.) Washington himself, who signed it with little hope that he could get it accepted, believed that Jay had given up too much. Yet Jay had got all that could be got from the most powerful nation in the world whose energies were concentrated in a war for survival. And what he got was enough. The treaty took the British out of the American West: it achieved the territorial integrity of the United States. It ended their control of the Western tribes: the main current of American development could flow on unimpeded. So it prevented the catastrophic war, strengthened the United States against the other disruptive forces, and permitted it to grow stronger while the wars of the French Revolution continued and those of Napoleon succeeded them.

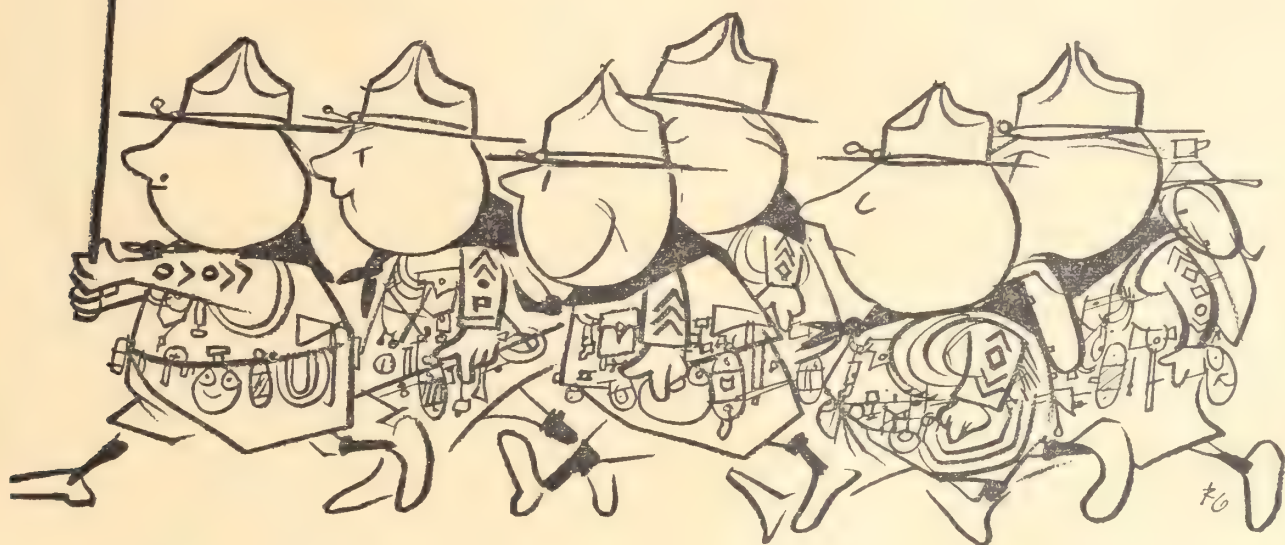
Jay got his treaty because realistically appraised strengths met realistically. Wayne had won his Indian campaign and his army was a force in being on the Canadian frontier. The United States had raised another army almost three times as large, and at the forks of the Ohio it was as visible to London as to Madrid and Paris. Great Britain abandoned

its hope of confining the United States east of the mountains and of restoring the Empire south of the Great Lakes. By doing so it made Canada secure, prevented an American military alliance with France, and retained the most profitable market for its manufactures.

SO NONE of the three wars came and the Republic was saved from destruction in its sixth year, the year also of Terror rising to climax and leading on to the 9 Thermidor. It was never again in such peril till that dolorous February when Lincoln reached Washington as President-elect, and even then the odds were not so fearful. What saved it in 1794 was a combination of fortitude, daring, and accurate calculation of risk in proportion to results. The world situation could not possibly have been worse, nor the United States weaker. No solution seemed possible but there was one: not to be stampeded.

The meager potential power we had must be converted into usable power and must be used only where it would count most. To begin the conversion was to notify three possible enemies that the best time to attack us was right now, but it was also to make an attack too costly for what it would buy. At the same time no risk must be run that could not be made good. Precisely there steadfastness paid off. A declaration of war against France, Spain, or Great Britain—and all were violently agitated with formidably persuasive arguments—could not have been supported with effective force and would have exposed us to dangers, insupportable in combination, but possible of containment separately. To raise the army of Lee and Morgan was quite likely to be as dangerous as a declaration of war but it was a risk that could be made good. The Administration took the risk with the maximum of daring. It succeeded—it deterred everyone, from our own fainthearts and subversives, on up to the three great powers that were at war with one another. The problem of survival was resolved into smaller constituents which could be dealt with empirically and in turn. And success in the crucial choice revealed what had not been known before, that no matter what the Republic's other sources of strength might be its greatest one was its capacity to endure under stress.

Confessions of a Jamboree Scoutmaster



R. E. Cochran

Drawings by Robert Osborn

LONG before I started for the 1950 Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, I began to be stirred by the crucial nature of my responsibilities. I was to be Scoutmaster of one of the Jamboree troops. Although my troop would consist of only thirty-five boys, and there were to be twelve hundred such troops camped in Valley Forge, my role sounded all-important in the intelligences which reached me periodically from 2 Park Avenue, New York, the national office of the Boy Scout organization.

"You are the key man in our great crusade to Strengthen the Arm of Liberty," one message informed me.

Your great responsibility at the Jamboree is to see that its basic purpose is accomplished. What is that purpose? It is that the Crusading Spirit of Valley Forge—the

Spirit of Dedication to the Cause of Human Freedom—may prevail over all the doings of the Jamboree. This means that the mechanics of the Jamboree must work so smoothly that no crisis in Jamboree house-keeping may interfere with impact of its inspiration upon the hearts and minds of Jamboree Scouts. For the Jamboree is an experience of a lifetime. Its message to this present generation of American boys may be more significant than we ever dreamed as we planned the great celebration.

I still didn't quite understand my own function as the key man, but my role was described more explicitly in a monitory letter to me from the National Supply Service of the Boy Scouts of America:

It would be tragic if even one of your boys returned from Valley Forge feeling

If you have ever wondered how it would feel to be an adult American male clad in khaki shorts and accompanied on a crowded city street by some thirty-five small boys comporting themselves in your image, read this article by a Boy Scout leader.



that the Jamboree had not lived up to its bright promise. You, as his Leader, hold in your hands much of the Jamboree success. Here is an opportunity for wise and provident leadership. One additional stove supplied by a provident Leader could keep a boy from losing faith. One air mattress suggested by a wise Leader could keep an honored Scout from sullen indifference. A few dollars saved—a boy's trust shattered. Let us resolve to temper our budgets with our conscience. Check the two special Jamboree catalogs prepared for your convenience and protection.

LATER briefing took a less ominous tone. There was a note of courageous optimism in one bulletin saying, "The new and popular plastic air mattress introduced by the National Supply Service takes the terror out of sleeping on the ground. It is a tremendous buy you should not overlook for yourself and the boys who are depending on you for guidance." In addition, my der-ring-do was fortified by reminders that "Outdoor living might be rugged—but good grooming and fine personal appearance help keep spirits high; the Trading Posts will stock standard brand toiletries and bath articles," and furthermore that "If you're dreaming of those delightful campfire snacks for your own gay time, or as a grand treat for visitors, you'll be glad to know that choice, tempting provisions will be as close as the nearest of the five mammoth Trading Posts. A fine selection of tasty tidbits will be on tap. Tinned meats, cheese spreads, canned fruits, jellies, puddings, crackers, to mention just a few."

By now I saw my duty more clearly. Consequently the boys, their parents, and I put aside most of our usual pursuits during the six months prior to the Jamboree and devoted ourselves to money-raising drives. The mothers arranged benefit card parties and rummage sales. The boys spent afternoons and evenings slogging from door to door, selling tickets to a benefit

show. Some of the fathers borrowed money from banks.

By the scheduled date we had accumulated enough cash to provide each boy with the 31 items of personal equipment listed as essential (including 1 Boy Scout knife, 1 sewing kit, and 1 canvas wash basin) as well as with his 2 brand-new uniforms prescribed by Jamboree regulations, his Jamboree-style tent, his special green garter tabs, and his special neckerchief slide. We had paid the \$40 Jamboree fee for each boy and his \$290 traveling costs. We had provided him with spending money for those delightful snacks at the convenient Trading Posts. We had purchased air mattresses and extra stoves to ward off sullen indifference. We had bought (except in rare cases where we could build or borrow) some 192 other items which I was advised were virtually indispensable. These included white chef's hats and aprons for our boy cooks, 4 rolls of aluminum foil, 8 pairs of canvas gloves, 4 metal match containers, 1 record chest, 2 lanterns, 1 parade-size United States Flag complete with staff, emblems, and staff sling. At last we were prepared to make the Crusading Spirit of Valley Forge prevail.

II

NOW my duties entered a more unearthly phase. "Going to the Jamboree, at the Jamboree, and returning home from the Jamboree while wearing the Scout Uniform, the conduct of each Scouter and Boy Scout must be above reproach," the Chief Scout Executive announced, adding grimly but unnecessarily that "This places a great responsibility on all leaders."

I digested his edict uneasily. Even assuming that I could be irreproachable, I was not

sure of the ability of thirty-five boys in their early teens to remain unanimously above reproach during the three-week period of travel and camping. However, my fears proved to be unduly magnified. There is something about wearing a famous uniform, in company with hundreds of others identically uniformed, that has a surprisingly inhibiting effect, even upon American males. My troop traveled to the Jamboree on a special train with seven other troops. Whenever we got off the train, as we did once or twice daily for extended sight-seeing, all three hundred of us comported ourselves so properly that the Chief Scout Executive would never even have pursed his lips at us. We explored various cities rapidly but smoothly, got back to the train on time, and minded our manners.

In the beginning there was a certain furtiveness in the demeanor of some of the adult leaders, who were wearing short pants on downtown streets for the first time since childhood. (Shorts are usually optional in the Boy Scout movement, but were compulsory for all Jamboree participants.) However, the leaders found courage in numbers, and soon were walking the streets as boldly as Dukhobors.

As for the boys, they were proud and unified as I have never before seen Scouts during my twenty years in the movement. In their home town when special occasions have required them to wear Boy Scout uniforms to school or on the streets, they have sometimes balked, for fear of titters or jeers from non-Scout onlookers. But now all at once they felt that Scouting was big-time and front-page. They understood they were members of an organization so huge that it enrolls one of every two American boys of Scout age; so important that Truman and Eisenhower are willing to travel considerable distances to speak at its conclaves; so popular that its uniformed members are greeted cordially by strangers in all parts of the nation. Because the Scout program does not require or even encourage military drill, Scouts almost never seem able to march in step. On this trip they did it, shouting out the cadence calls joyously, making railroad stations resound with their marching songs, throwing back their heads and stepping out for all the world like youth battalions I had seen in Berlin and Rome.

A I watched them transmuted by *esprit de corps*, my mood changed and I lost whatever

derision I had felt toward the national leadership of the Boy Scouts. If the Jamboree trip did nothing else, it began by producing the same pop-eyed enthusiasm that Hitler's Nuremberg rallies did. It made American boys as proud of being Scouts as young Germans were of being Nazis. The boys en route to Valley Forge were not thinking lofty thoughts about liberty or the Crusading Spirit, but they were tasting the old, old intoxication of marching shoulder to shoulder, and they were at least subconsciously proud of the ideology to which they had sworn to conform. I was glad to reflect that Scout ideology isn't anti-anything. Here were thousands of boys full of beans and eager to march wherever they were led; fortunately nobody showed them anyone to march against.

PRESUMABLY no orthodox Scout leader ever will. During two wars Scouting stressed physical fitness, mental resourcefulness, and war-service chores. It steered clear of teaching boys military techniques or even of stirring up their emotions against the enemy. This annoyed many people who insisted, during the first world war, that Scouting ought to become a sort of junior army. William Randolph Hearst went so far as to establish a massive rival organization, the United States Boy Scouts, which equipped its boys with rifles and drilled them in the manual of arms. By means of a copyright-infringement suit which went to the Supreme Court, the Boy Scouts of America finally forced Hearst to disband his organization. Since then no other uniformed corps in this country has been a serious competitor.

Consequently 2 Park Avenue is forever having to fend off powerful people who see the movement's potentialities as a political bludgeon and are either covetous or fearful of it. From time to time various important men in the government have offered to channel



tax moneys into Scouting. This might make the Boy Scouts susceptible to control by their benefactor in Washington; at any rate, this is the unspoken reason why the organization always politely declines. National and local crusaders are often incensed because Scouting refuses to throw its weight into campaigns against bookmaking or liquor or even into fights for more playgrounds or better schools. Perhaps this makes Scout administrators look



passive and craven, but they reason that the only way to keep Scouting widely respected is to keep it out of controversies. They remember the early days of the movement, when labor union leaders forbade members' sons to be Scouts, on the ground that Scouts would probably be used to shoot down strikers. It took 2 Park Avenue years to deodorize itself from Hearst and convince everyone it wasn't anti-labor. Once it even went to some lengths to convince Earl Browder it wasn't anti-Communist. Browder somehow learned that 2 Park Avenue keeps a secret list of men who are forever barred from Scouting, and that this file is called the Red Flag Index. He suggested that this was an index of Reds, and refused to be quieted by assurances that it wasn't. After agitated deliberation the administration finally obeyed a court order Browder procured, and let him look through the secret file for himself. He found that it listed an assortment of neurotics and psychopaths (many of whom keep trying year after year to get commissions as Scout leaders in different parts of the country) but no Communists as such.

The only controversy on which Scout leaders take a side is the question of tolerance. They will fight, and often do, for Negro boys, Jewish boys, and other minority youngsters. Contingents en route to Valley Forge pulled hundreds of Scouts out of restaurants or swimming pools when one or two colored Scouts were refused admittance. The trip through

Southern states was an eye-opener for boys from the rest of the country; they were thunderstruck when they first saw signs "Colored entrance" and "Whites only." Thousands of boys who never troubled their heads about race discrimination before had become indignantly aware of it by the time they reached Valley Forge.

Scouting is still a touchy matter in the South, though not nearly as much so as it used to be. When the national office first sent organizers into the South to start troops for colored boys, some of the local white supporters of the movement announced: "The first time we see a nigger in a Boy Scout suit, we'll shoot him. Then we'll burn every Scout suit and handbook in town." The organizers started colored troops anyhow. There were mutterings and a few resignations, but nothing worse. Today there are hundreds of colored troops in the South. Some of them went to the Jamboree. There must have been a thousand or more Negro Scouts at Valley Forge, and numbers of them were camped within a few feet of Southern white Scouts. I didn't hear of any trouble between them.

III

AS WE had been warned in the preliminary bulletins, the Jamboree turned out to be "typically modern and American." That is to say it was immense, noisy, pervaded by floodlights and loudspeakers and television and hot dogs and Cokes; minutely planned but sometimes confusedly operated; with turbulent moods and a minimum of discipline. The train on which my troop was traveling rolled into Valley Forge at 6:00 A.M., one hour ahead of schedule. We were still trying with might and main to get into uniform and unscramble our belongings when the train stopped and we were surrounded by an enormous reverberating voice, as stern and commanding as the voice of God: "YOU MUST GET OUT OF THIS TRAIN AND LINE UP ON THE PLATFORM! IMMEDIATELY! WHAT IS THE MATTER HERE? EVERYONE LINE UP AND MARCH TOWARD ME! YOU MUST CLEAR THIS PLATFORM!"

The great unseen voice, coming from no one knew where, continued to adjure us for ten minutes. At the end of that time all three hundred of us had shouldered our packs,

clawed up stray items of equipment and clothing in either hand, tumbled out of the train, and formed a disheveled column. At last we shuffled obediently off the platform. Then a more soothing voice took us in charge, through a different public-address system, and coaxed us down a road a mile or more, remarking frequently about THAT DEE-LICIOUS HOT BREAKFAST WAITING FOR YOU AT YOUR CAMP SECTION. When our procession reached the section headquarters we learned that there was no breakfast whatever for us. Food had not yet begun arriving, and anyway each troop was supposed to cook its own meals. Sandwiches (at least the makings) would be ready by lunch time. Meanwhile every troop was expected to set up its camp.

I desperately extemporized a pep talk to my Scouts, urging them to show the same fortitude that Washington's men had shown under vaguely similar circumstances in this valley. Telling a group of boys that they must spend the morning at hard labor on empty stomachs would seem to be a delicate matter, and I watched nervously for signs of the shattered trust which the National Supply Service envisaged. However, the occasion evoked unexpected zeal in my Scouts. They worked hard and excitedly. As soon as anyone finished a task he looked around for something else that needed doing, and pitched into it. This attitude has been no more common at Scout camps than at Army camps, and I saw again that the Jamboree had caught a tighter grip on boys' imaginations than I had anticipated.

Other Scoutmasters made the same discovery. Because trains and busses were jamming into Valley Forge all day long, some troops didn't reach their camp sites until after dark. By then it was raining. Trying to set up a camp on unfamiliar, wet ground in darkness and rain was a dismal job, but the Scouts did it with almost superhuman cheerfulness. During lulls the leaders were fitfully studying several dozen pages of printed and mimeographed instructions which, in the words of GHQ, were "applicable and mandatory."

BY THE second morning of the Jamboree, nearly everyone's enthusiasm had passed its peak. In each of the five convenient Trading Posts there were two television sets in operation day and night, and

hundreds of the Scouts had settled down to steady staring. Those who couldn't find space to sit within view of the screens bought hamburgers and Coca-Cola (no other drink, except milk, was available) and grazed ruminatively through the big tented emporiums, stopping occasionally at some counter to listen as a salesman mounted a stool and gave a spiel reminiscent of a sidewalk pitchman's patter.



The weather was sweltering and damp, so the Trading Posts soon smelled like animal quarters at a circus. Spreading from them, and gradually blanketing most of Valley Forge, went a zoo-like atmosphere of restless vacuity. When meals had been cooked and dishes washed (usually a smooth and fairly rapid operation, because the boys received printed instructions before each meal and were expertly supervised) there was little to do except walk through the mazes of the encampment, which contained almost no open spaces for games or gamboling. Some boys lay in their tents reading comic books or twanging guitars all day. Others simply threaded their way lackadaisically through the crowds for miles, saying nothing and apparently looking at nothing, like Broadway's shuffling multitudes. "More than a gigantic encampment, the Jamboree will become a pilgrimage to one of the nation's foremost shrines," we had been notified in advance, but most of us couldn't see the shrine for the tents.

IV

AS IN all primitive civilizations, the individuals who got around most, saw the most, and formed wide acquaintanceship were the traders. Boys who had things to swap moved purposefully from camp to camp, bartering headgear and badges and souvenirs. Bargaining went on everywhere, and gave the Jamboree such intellectual tone as it possessed, since most conversations took the form of haggling for regional curiosa.

Costumes of the foreign Scouts were the richest tokens in trade, and sometimes led to

mistakes. One brown-skinned Scout in a Moroccan fez, asked whether he spoke English, replied: "Why not? It's our favorite language in Schenectady."



The New Englanders were worthy descendants of David Harum. A Scout from Maine started through camp with a lobsterman's hat worth 15 cents, and after five trades he emerged with a coonskin cap for which he was offered \$7. A New Bedford boy brought along a bag filled with shells valueless except to inlanders who had never seen a lobster, oyster, or clam. He acquired a complete collection of Jamboree shoulder patches for them.

"The trick is to keep a straight face and let the other fellow do most of the talking," one New England Scoutmaster coached his boys. "A Yankee trader never has anything to sell. If a customer wants something bad enough, he'll bid for it. A Yankee has to wait until the price goes high enough. Then he sells, but always reluctantly."

One reluctant salesman from Massachusetts began operations with a small stone he picked from the road in camp. Polishing it, he passed it off as a piece of Vermont marble (very rare—look at it shine in the sun). By barter he amassed a miniature bale of cotton, an air pillow, a piece of Ohio slate, and a souvenir drinking glass from Mississippi.

EVENINGS were supposed to be devoted alternately to small sectional campfires and to great floodlit speeches and pageants in the natural arena known to George Washington as the Grand Parade. However, the Trading Posts were stronger magnets. At any eleven o'clock—and perhaps much later, although I never stayed to see—these tents were thronged with slow-moving expressionless Scouts. Some Scoutmasters became too

lethargic to try to herd their troops to the assemblies or to bed, and merely let boys drift as they chose. Those who attended campfires saw, in most cases, a slapdash catch-all program quite inferior to their own camp programs back home. Almost invariably some adult with an inexhaustible interest in his own remarks bobbed up sooner or later, and harangued the multitude until most of it fell asleep or wandered off.

The arena shows were compellingly sedative, because there was no way for listeners to escape; they were jammed in among acres of fellow captives. Nor could they see much of what was happening on the stage, since it was too distant to be anything but a blur for most of the audience. All they could do was endure the public-address system, through which they were drenched with grandiloquent rhetoric. Neither the President nor General Eisenhower nor the other dignitaries used language which conveyed much to juvenile minds. Inasmuch as exposure to radio from infancy has developed in modern boys the ability to ignore the most insistent and vehement disembodied voices, the arena audience soon sought its own amusements. Some studied comic books until the twilight failed. Others threw paper airplanes and spitballs. Most simply whispered and wrestled among themselves. By the time an arena show ended, around eleven, nearly everyone was asleep.

ONE night, however, the Jamboree's mood of apathy switched suddenly. At ten o'clock of an evening when there had been no arena show, and a good share of the Scouts were therefore already in bed, an alarm was sent to all troop camps: the weather bureau predicted heavy rains and a forty-mile wind before dawn. (The actual prediction was for a sixty-mile gale, but Jamboree GHQ toned down the velocity, in the same way that Army censors soften bad news from the front.) Some 47,000 Scouts went gleefully to work tightening guy-lines and lashing down tarpaulins. Many were busy until midnight. But the storm swerved, and Valley Forge got none of it—to the intense disappointment of the Scouts and the deep thankfulness of GHQ.

However, the boys were somewhat mollified the next afternoon when a sizable thunderstorm hit camp, drenching everything and blowing away some of the lighter parts of the

evening meal. A few officials were dismayed, but the Scouts were delighted. Many of the Pacific Coast boys had never experienced thunder and lightning. Even for youngsters who had seen plenty of summer storms, this was a welcome chance to contend with the elements under romantic difficulties.

The opposite reactions to the weather struck me as symptomatic of the Jamboree's maladjustment: many of the adults wanted everything as comfy as possible, while the boys yearned inarticulately for adventure. It seems to me that, in the determination to protect their charges' health and safety, Scout leaders sometimes become coddlers. The men who believe that sleeping on the ground is terror-inspiring have forgotten their own boyhood. Boys glory in hardship when they can dramatize it; they are repelled by any innovation which seems to make them sissies. If the Jamboree camp—and, incidentally, some of the local Boy Scout camps around the nation—had fewer air mattresses and electric lights and telephones, they might generate more enthusiasm.

However, there is ample enthusiasm among National Staff members for the amenities of indoor Boy Scout life. "As outdoor programs grudgingly give way to the seasons, we again look forward to Scouting under a roof," they were already writing while the Jamboree drew to a close. "Casual life in the open yields to the quickened tempo of the community. Smart appearance is once more a vital force. This fall, wear your Uniform for the wholesome effect on your boys—for your own trim, natty appearance." A price list of Uniform parts followed.

This is not to accuse the movement's propagandists of lacking enthusiasm for what was happening in Valley Forge. Indeed, their enthusiastic writings gave me a new vision of the Jamboree. I hadn't seen, until they pointed it out in their bulletins, that an assemblage of 47,000 Scouts looked like "a jewel-studded sea of glowing young faces," nor that the boys' pageants displayed "a magnificence that might make a circus impresario gape in wonderment."

I hadn't imagined, until a National Staff writer described what happened, that visiting newsmen had been so impressed by their first sight of 47,000 boys marching into the arena. "An excited buzz of incredulity began

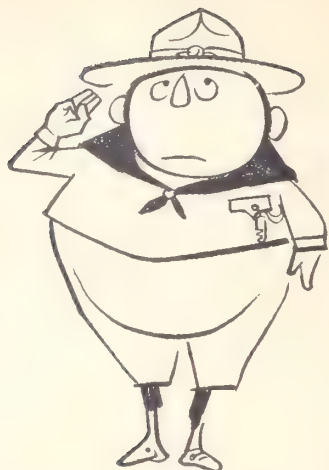
to be heard from the corps of blasé photographers," he wrote in the official magazine. "One half-hour after the first Scouts appeared on the horizon, the columns still seemed endless and the once-phlegmatic newsmen were standing on the press tables, bulging eyes transfixed as if not believing themselves."

WHEN adults can't arrange any excitement for boys, the boys usually ferment their own. It worked out that way during the closing days of the Jamboree. Some of the Southern troops ran up the old Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. In the spirit which inspires college boys to uproot goal posts, Northern troops swarmed in and ripped the flags down. What started as jovial tussles soon developed into medium-sized riots, with several hundred boys slugging for all they were worth. Adults in the area got noticeably ruffled in restoring order.

Next morning a couple of Scouts in one Southern camp invented, or imported, a game



called Confederate Roulette. Obviously inspired by Russian Roulette, the game was simple. Opponents stood face to face at arm's length and threw knives at each other's feet. For each throw which stuck within a blade's length of an opponent's foot, but did not touch it, the thrower scored a point. Few epidemics have spread faster than the fad for Confederate Roulette. By the following afternoon it was fashionable in every corner of the valley. While a Scoutmaster dispersed one group of knife-throwers, others gathered just out of his field of vision. The first-aid tents treated a brisk run of knife-wound patients all afternoon. Luckily it was the last



day of the Jamboree. We all listened tensely to the final commands of the Chief Scout Executive: "Go home with a new vision—with a new dedication—with a new consecration to service to your God, your country, and humanity." We went.

V

ON THE long homeward journey the atmosphere grew electric at times—mostly because Scoutmasters, usually benign and imperturbable, now looked baleful. This was each man's third week of ceaseless question-answering, of struggling night and day to impose his will on three dozen impetuous human beings, of facing new contretemps every few minutes. In three such weeks a man can become noticeably phobic to the sound of his own name. The incessant strumming of a guitar can wear him down like a rubber hose. Inasmuch as repetition lends charm to a humorous sally among boys but not among men, every Scoutmaster clenched his teeth each time his troop filed aboard the train, because he knew he would hear shouts of, "If you can't get aboard get a shingle," followed by cackles of boyish mirth.

The goaded leaders began to sense something diabolical in the nature of their boys, and even to feel themselves stalked by doom. Shortly after our contingent arrived in New York City for a day of sight-seeing, one Scoutmaster discovered that a Scout was missing. The boy vanished while the troop was standing in formation in Penn Station. The leader spent the day in appeals to the New York Police Department, the station master, the train master, the Travelers' Aid desk, the passenger agent, and 2 Park Avenue. A city-

wide search for the lost Scout failed, because he had unconsciously adopted perfect camouflage. At the end of the day he trudged in unconcernedly with another troop.

(He had entered a Penn Station washroom that morning by one entrance, and mistakenly left it by another. Seeing no sign of his troop, he concluded that it had marched off without him, so he simply attached himself to other Scouts and toured the city with them.)

In Detroit a breathless runner brought word to a leader that three Scouts had been accosted by an evil-looking character, and were in his thrall at that very instant. The leader summoned a police car which took him careening down Woodward Avenue with screaming siren. When it pulled up beside the three errant Scouts, they turned out to be having an orangeade with a young man who was an officer of their own troop but had changed to civilian clothes because his uniforms were dirty.

VI

AS OUR train neared home, I panted a little in happy anticipation of surcease from Scouting responsibilities. Our local organization had long ago met its quotas in the two-year Crusade, so there would be no more pressure on me. That was what I thought. The ever-vigilant National Office, however, felt that the fun was only starting. A flash from 2 Park Avenue enlightened me: "In some cases Local Councils have been led to revise their goals, in view of the fact that they were ahead of schedules. The National Council urges that the Unit Leaders, in recognition of the need for Strengthening Liberty throughout this country and the world, be asked to increase the tempo of their activities in the Crusade."

Because we Unit Leaders are unpaid volun-



teers, our superiors can do little more than ask us and urge us. However, the Chief Scout Executive is a man of emphatic urgency. As soon as I disembarked from the Jamboree train and crept into my home, I found another notice from him. There was to be a Victory Round-Up in September.

Soon I got more news: "In the first two weeks of October a great fact-finding effort, the National Roll Call, will be under way all over America. Roll Call officers will work out plans with the Unit Leaders so that each knows the part he is to play."

While I girded myself for the Victory Round-Up and the impending visits from Roll Call officers, I received further stimulation; an advance copy of an advertisement soon to be read by all my Scouts. It heralded a coming National Uniform Inspection. "A challenge to every Scout! Can you hit the 100 mark during the Inspection?" it demanded. The boys were exhorted to buy everything they lacked in the way of uniforms, insignia, and other trappings to make themselves completely official. An aside to me predicted: "This timely message will excite every boy in your Unit! *Boys' Life* displays this stirring challenge—a dare your boys are sure to meet head-on. They will set their sights for the



100 mark. Talk up the Inspection! Make it your Number One project for fall!"

My boys were perversely unexcited by the challenge to buy more uniform parts, but I did my best. In early October I was still breathless from the effort, when the National Office wrote me again: "Now we go into the final stretch of the two-year Crusade. Paced by the highlight events of the Round-Up, we will move rapidly through these next three months to a victorious Crusade climax at the end of December."

When December ended with the fore-ordained victory, I relaxed. But only momentarily. "This does not mean that the Crusade is to be forgotten," the Chief Scout Executive reproved me. "Our National Executive Board has already voted to continue its emphasis on Crusade goals through the coming year." Truly, a Scoutmaster's estate is a noble one.

Remembered Gaiety

MARK VAN DOREN

REMEMBERED gaiety hurts mind and heart
 As present pain is impotent to do.
 The moment's loss, courageously lived through,
 Can die; but not those sudden days that start
 And breathe again, immortally apart
 From earlier, from after. They are few,
 And chance's children; yet their smiles renew
 More sadness than death does with all his art.

The people in this picture think to stand
 On this same rock forever; he that waves,
 And she that simpers—underneath what sun
 Do they lie now, forgetting? Wind and sand
 That blow here since—O, tell me why time saves,
 Merciless, one moment, only one?

The Origin and Fate of the Stars

The Nature of the Universe, Part III

Fred Hoyle

In this article, the third of his series, Mr. Hoyle, who is fellow of St. John's College and lecturer in mathematics in the University of Cambridge, describes the Galaxy, the interstellar gas within it, the birth of stars, the way they tunnel through the gas, globular clusters, binary systems, red-giants, supergiants, novae, supernovae, the future of the Sun and the solar system, and many other related matters. If this is a long article, and by all odds the most demanding of the series, consider how huge and complex is his subject! The Nature of the Universe will be published in book form on March 28.—The Editors.

SEVERAL scenes in nature are of overpowering splendor. Sunrise or sunset, especially when seen in the high mountains, is one of them. So also is the sight of the stars in the heavens. The stars are best seen as a spectacle, not from everyday surroundings where trees and buildings, to say nothing of street lighting, distract the attention too much, but from a steep mountainside on a clear night, or from a ship at sea. Then the vault of heaven appears incredibly large and seems to be covered by an uncountable number of fiery points of light.

Surprisingly, the number of stars that actually can be seen at any time with the unaided eye is only a little over two thousand. These stars all belong to what is usually called the Galaxy, and it is with the Galaxy, our Galaxy, that I shall now be concerned. Ours isn't the only Galaxy in the Universe. It's possible to pick up faint traces of other galaxies when you look at the night sky. But all the stars you can see clearly belong to it and their number increases very rapidly when you do not have to depend on the naked eye. With even a small telescope you can dis-

tinguish about a million stars; with large telescopes, like the ones at Mount Wilson, the number rises to well over a hundred million—all within this one galaxy.

A glance at the sky will show you that the stars are not uniformly distributed over it. There is a bright band of light, that people call the Milky Way, in which particularly large numbers are concentrated. The stars take on this appearance because the Galaxy is shaped like a disk. When you look at the Milky Way, you are looking *along* the disk, and so you see a large number of distant stars. But when you look at other parts of the sky, you are looking *out* of the disk, and you then see only a comparatively few stars—these are just the ones that happen to lie close to us. It is because of their nearness that so many of these stars appear bright.

Now I should like to give you some idea of the size of the Milky Way, and of the distances between the stars. Ordinary units, such as the mile, are not much good for this purpose. As you know, in many astronomical discussions it is best to use light as a measure of distance. It takes light rather more than a

second to travel from the Moon to the Earth, for instance, and we can speak of the distance of the Moon as being rather more than one light-second. It takes light about eight minutes to travel to us from the Sun, and we say that the distance of the Sun is about eight light-minutes. I think you will agree that it gives an extremely graphic description of the distances of the stars when I say that light takes about three years to travel to us from even the nearest of them. And when you look at the Milky Way with a small telescope you can see to a distance of more than a thousand light-years.

Now that we've come to consider the Galaxy I want to raise a new sort of issue. Where did the Galaxy come from? How are stars born within it? How were our Earth and the planets formed? What is going to be the ultimate fate of the stars? These are samples of the things that I shall be considering from now on. I shall deal in this article with the origin of the stars, in a later article with the origin of the planets, and finally with the origin of the Galaxy and of the Universe itself.

TO MAKE a beginning, then, imagine yourself to be looking out across space at the stars of the Milky Way. Perhaps the most important feature of the New Cosmology is the realization that this space is not empty at all. Throughout the Milky Way there is a diffuse gas, usually called the interstellar gas. A gas, you will remember, is a swarm of separate atoms and simple molecules. By far the commonest element in the interstellar gas is hydrogen. Hydrogen atoms are more than a thousand times as numerous in it as all other atoms and molecules put together. As we shall come increasingly to understand, hydrogen is the basic material out of which the Universe is built.

Now although this gas is so rarefied and although it consists so largely of hydrogen, it isn't all quite pure and it isn't uniformly transparent. For it contains clouds of tiny dust particles, which are a great nuisance to the observational astronomer because they produce a sort of fog that limits his vision whenever he tries to look deep into the Milky Way. Thirty years ago it was thought that when we look out at the Milky Way we see the whole of the Galaxy. But we know now

that this view is hopelessly wrong. The fog I've just mentioned cuts down our vision so much that, instead of our being able to see the whole of the Galaxy, we see only about a hundredth part of it.

The Galaxy is a thin disk about 60,000 light-years in diameter. It consists of stars and gas. Near its center the disk is very likely much thicker than it is at its edges, where it trails away very gradually. Whereabouts in the Galaxy do we lie, our Sun and our planets? The answer to this is, near the edge of the disk. If you want to look toward the center of the Galaxy you should seek out the great star clouds that lie in the constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer. But you will not see the center, it is forever hidden from us by the fog we have just discussed. That is to say, you will not see it optically. As you may have heard, certain stars are powerful transmitters of radio waves. Radio waves can easily penetrate the fog, whereas light cannot. So if you really want to detect the center of the Galaxy you should use radio waves and not light. This can be done.

The interstellar gas is certainly extremely rarefied. On an average over the whole Galaxy a matchbox full of it would contain only about 100,000 atoms. This may be compared with the material in a star, like the Sun, where on the average a matchbox full would contain about a million million million million atoms. Yet, in spite of this enormous difference in density, the total quantity of material comprising the whole interstellar gas seems to be appreciably greater than the material in all the stars put together. The reason for this surprising result is that the interstellar gas occupies a truly vast volume. The crucial consequence to be drawn from this new cosmological development is that it is the interstellar gas, not the stars, that rules the Galaxy. It controls the motions of the stars. It also controls their birth and the way in which they are allowed to grow.

II

Now I must introduce you to the idea that this immense disk of gas and stars is in motion, that it is turning round in space like a great wheel. How then do the stars move? The main motion of a star is along a path that is roughly a circle with its

center at the center of the Galaxy. The Sun and the planets move together as a group around such an orbit. The speed of this motion is nearly 1,000,000 miles an hour. But in spite of this seemingly tremendous speed it nevertheless takes the Sun and its retinue of planets about 200,000,000 years to make a round trip of the Galaxy. At this stage I should like you to consider in how many ways you are now moving through space. In the United States you have a speed of about 700 miles an hour round the polar axis of the Earth. You are rushing with the Earth at about 70,000 miles an hour along its pathway round the Sun. There are also some slight wobbles due to the gravitational attraction of the Moon and the other planets. On top of all this you have the huge speed of nearly 1,000,000 miles an hour due to your motion around the Galaxy.

I said a moment ago that the interstellar gas controls the birth of the stars. It is now our business to see how this happens. Astronomers are generally agreed that the Galaxy started its life as a rotating flat disk of gas with no stars in it. There would everywhere be small disturbances in the detailed motions of the various bits of gas, especially near the edge of the disk. To assume a complete absence of such disturbances would be rather like supposing that the flow of water in a whirlpool would be entirely smooth, being devoid of ripples and small eddies.

Now how does a rotating disk of very diffuse gas give birth to compact stars? Well, such a disk would be what mathematicians call gravitationally unstable. That is to say, the attractive force of gravitation would exaggerate any irregularities that were present in it at the beginning. From this it can be shown that the gas would be bound to break up into a large number of separate irregular clouds. This prediction, first made by Jeans, has been confirmed by observation, which shows that the interstellar gas is indeed composed of clouds. The distance across an individual cloud usually is between ten and a hundred light-years. So you see that although the clouds are very big when judged by ordinary standards they are still much smaller than the diameter of the Galaxy. Once clouds have condensed like this, gravitation again exaggerates all the small initial irregularities that they happen to contain. So further con-

densation would take place in each cloud. At this point it is only necessary to say "and so on," for by repeating the condensation process a sufficient number of times, we must eventually arrive at the particularly dense sort of condensation that we call a star. To sum up the stages—first a whirling disk of gas, then eddies, clouds, condensations, and finally stars.

Granted, then, that gravitation must lead to the condensation of stars within the rotating galactic disk of gas, let us consider the simplest case of this happening. This is when a star is formed out of a roughly spherical blob of gas. On account of the very diffuse nature of the gas, it is clear that such a blob has to be enormously compressed before a star can be formed out of it. In fact, the blob has to condense to about a millionth of its original diameter. So compared with the gas clouds a star is a body of very small dimension.

Why does a stellar condensation ever stop contracting? Perhaps I had better clear up this question before we go any further. As a condensation shrinks, its internal temperature rises, and when this becomes sufficiently high, energy begins to be generated in the interior. This is because a process of atomic transmutation is started up—the process I described in the previous articles when we were considering how the Sun works. A stage is eventually reached when the energy so generated is adequate to balance the radiation escaping from the surface of the star. Contraction then ceases and the body becomes a normal star like the Sun.

IT WOULD be possible to stop at this point and to say that we have explained the origin of the stars. But there are several other questions that trouble the astrophysicist. For instance, we could ask: why is it that all the interstellar gas has not yet been condensed into stars? Or again: why do stars possess some degree of rotation? The answer to this last question is connected with the fact that every cloud of gas and every stellar condensation is in motion around the Galaxy. I cannot explain here exactly why it should be so, but it can be proved that this motion has the effect of generating a rotation in every condensation as it contracts. As I shall show later, this apparently innocent detail of the condensation process has a profound influence on the evolution of exploding stars.

Then there is the question: does the condensation of a star cease once a compact stellar body has been formed, or does condensation continue indefinitely? As I had something to do with answering this question myself, I should like to digress here for a moment. One afternoon, just about eleven years ago, I was invited out to tea by Lyttleton, now one of my colleagues at Cambridge, whom I had then heard of only by name. It transpired that we were both interested in the problem of explaining the marked changes that have occurred in the Earth's climate, about which I shall be saying more later. It further turned out that we had quite independently been thinking along very similar lines, and in the course of the discussion, by a stroke of good fortune, we hit on the clue to the answer to my last question. Of course, scientific research is not only a matter of drinking tea. While indolence is very important in itself, some hard work has to go with it. But for myself I find it very difficult to work to set hours, or to have to tailor my views to fit an official doctrine, as seems necessary in Russia.

III

TO GET back to our question: what happens to a star once a compact stellar body has been formed? Well, owing to the ripples and eddies that are constantly present in the interstellar gas, the star soon finds itself moving through the gas. But any such relative motion between star and gas is small compared with their common motion around the Galaxy. Instead of the star rushing through the gas, it drifts through. The situation is similar to one person overtaking another in the corridor of a train. There is a relative motion between them, but this is usually small compared with the speed of the train.

As it drifts like **this** through the interstellar gas a star tends to pick up more of it. The rate at which it attracts the gas and the way it picks it up can be studied mathematically. It turns out that the gravitational field of the star pulls in gas from far and wide, and as the star moves through the gas it leaves a huge empty tunnel behind it. The distance across the tunnel is enormously greater than the size of the star. The exact value of the diam-

eter of the tunnel depends on the speed of the star through the gas. The smaller the speed the broader the tunnel. So the slower the motion of the star through the gas, the more gas it picks up.

Perhaps this is the first time you have heard of these tunnels, but I can assure you that they are very important in the New Cosmology. The tunneling process evidently increases the quantity of gas within the star. How long does the star continue to grow? The answer to this is that tunneling cannot stop so long as the star is immersed in gas. But a more important question is this: can the quantity of material in a star be increased to a really marked extent in this way? Well, the star will not increase much unless its speed through the gas is exceptionally small, and by small I mean not more than 5,000 miles an hour. When the relative speed of star and gas is about 30,000 miles an hour, as it is for most stars, the tunnel is too thin for the changes to be appreciable, even over long time intervals. Notice, by the way, that a speed of 30,000 miles an hour is still small compared with the common speed of about 1,000,000 miles an hour around the Galaxy.

Now there are very few big stars in the Galaxy. Only about one star in a million is more than ten times as massive as the Sun. Lyttleton and I believe that these stars are just the ones that have had particularly low speeds through the gas during the last 100,000,000 years. Accordingly these stars have been drilling out extremely fat tunnels and have swept up tremendous quantities of interstellar gas, and that is why they are big. You will probably wish to ask whether our Sun is tunneling out interstellar gas at the present time. Lyttleton, Bondi, and I think that the Sun is certainly sweeping up gas. I will describe one of the reasons why we feel pretty confident about this. If you look at the Sun under normal conditions—for instance, at sunset—it appears to have a sharply defined edge. This is part of the surface that radiates most of the light and heat into surrounding space. It is this surface that is at a temperature of about 6,000° C. Now during a total eclipse of the Sun you also see a faint delicate outer atmosphere, an atmosphere with two parts. The much more extensive outer part is called the corona. You may have seen photographs of the corona—and very striking photographs

they are—taken during an eclipse of the Sun.

In the total solar eclipse of 1878 streamers in the corona were observed to stretch as far as 5,000,000 miles from the Sun. These streamers were simply captured interstellar gas falling into the Sun. They had the appearance of gigantic flames because they were made visible by the power of the Sun's rays.

Now we can use such observations of the solar corona to estimate the size of the tunnel drilled out by the Sun. It turns out that the diameter of the Sun's tunnel is at present about 1,000 times greater than the diameter of the Sun itself. Large as this may seem it is really rather a thin tunnel. It is certainly too thin for the amount of material in the Sun to increase appreciably, even if the process were to go on for as long as 10,000,000,000 years. The reason for this is that the Sun's present speed through the interstellar gas is much too high for a fat tunnel to be really possible. But the Sun's speed through the gas must be changing continuously, owing to eddies and other disturbances within the gas. So this result applies only to the present. Was the Sun's tunnel fatter in the past? What is the chance of its becoming fatter in the future?

LET us take the past first. There is little doubt that at several periods in the Sun's history the tunnel must have been very much wider than it is now. This can be deduced from the history of the Earth's climate, which provides clear evidence that at certain times the Sun must have been considerably warmer than it is at present. For example, coal is found in Spitzbergen within 12° of the North Pole. Now this coal required the prolific growth of a type of plant normally associated with semi-tropical conditions. Or again, fossilized plants have been found near the South Pole. It also seems possible that the famous problem of the cause of the Ice Ages can be solved along these lines. Curiously enough, meteorologists suggest that an *increase*, not a *decrease*, of the Sun's heat is needed to produce an Ice Age. The necessary increase is, of course, much less than would be required for plants to grow at the poles. The main points of the meteorologists are these: an increase in the Sun's heat would produce an increase in the cloudiness of the polar regions, and this leads to a more equable climate: that is to say, the winter tem-

perature is raised and the summer temperature is lowered, provided the increase in the Sun's radiation is not too large.

The reason for the lowering of the summer temperature is that the clouds reflect an increased proportion of the Sun's light back into space and prevent it from ever reaching the ground. Now the crucial requirement for the formation of huge ice sheets is a lowering of the summer temperature. For in many places great quantities of snow are deposited during the winter, but no glaciers are formed because the snow melts away in a month or two near midsummer. A more equable climate in such places must lead to the formation of permanent ice sheets.

Now it is known that the Sun cannot have been warmer in past times because of changes in its own internal structure. It seems likely that the increase in radiation necessary to produce big climatic changes is due instead to the infall of interstellar gas onto the solar surface. I have explained that the Sun sweeps up all the gas lying inside a tunnel. As it approaches the Sun the speed of infall of this material increases and eventually it rains on to the solar surface at speeds of more than 1,000,000 miles an hour. As you know, when a moving body is stopped by impact the energy of its motion is converted into heat. Exactly the same thing happens when the gas falls into the Sun. Its impact with the Sun produces heat, and the effect of this is an augmentation of the Sun's normal emission of radiation into surrounding space. That is to say, the Sun emits more radiation than it would do if it were not tunneling out interstellar gas.

At present the augmentation does not have very much effect on the light and heat reaching the surface of the Earth. But even though the tunneling process is weak at the present time it does have one important effect. Without it the whole problem of broadcasting would be very much harder. The reason for this is that the extra radiation arising from the gas falling into the Sun consists in the main of ultraviolet light and mild X rays, and these are responsible for producing what are called the ionized layers in the Earth's atmosphere. Without those layers broadcasting would be more difficult and far more limited than it is. So we owe a very practical debt to this tunneling by the Sun.

TO RETURN to the history of the Earth: to produce a climate hot enough for tropical plants to grow near the poles, the diameter of the tunnel drilled by the Sun would have to be more than a hundred times wider than it is at present. For this to occur the Sun's speed through the interstellar gas must have at one time been no more than about 5,000 miles an hour. All this happened, according to geological evidence, about 200,000,000 years ago. It is as well for us that the tunnel did not stay as fat as it was then, otherwise the Sun's mass would have increased appreciably during the last 200,000,000 years, and by now the Sun would have got too warm for our comfort. Luckily this did not happen, but the occurrence of four Ice Ages during the past million years shows that the width of the tunnel has been varying quite a lot lately. As I have just said, the tunnel is quite small now, its width is only a thousand times the diameter of the Sun itself, but if the tunnel should widen out again, we shall be due for another Ice Age when the great northern glaciers will spread out and will once again cover much of North America. If the tunnel should widen out still further, the Sun's heat will become so great that the ice sheets will melt and tropical conditions will spread to the poles of the Earth.

In a previous article I said that if the Sun is not much changed by processes outside itself, it will remain much as it is at present for the next 10,000,000,000 years. Then, because of internal changes, it is certain to grow gradually hotter and it will grill the Earth until the oceans boil. What I had in mind when I talked about outside processes was that the Sun's tunnel might widen out owing to changes that are constantly taking place in the motion of the interstellar gas. If the tunnel should widen out to a really large size and should stay like that for the next 1,000,000,000 years, the amount of gas swept up will appreciably increase the Sun's mass. This is not very likely to happen, but it is of interest to consider its consequences if it does. There is a chance of about one in a hundred that the Sun will increase its mass three- or fourfold in the next 1,000,000,000 years. Such an increase of mass would lead to about a hundredfold increase in brightness, and this would just about melt the surface of the

Earth. At any rate the surface rocks would become sticky. There is a chance of about one in 10,000 that the mass of the Sun will increase about twentyfold from this cause. The consequent increase of brightness would then be about ten thousandfold and this would just about vaporize the Earth. The figures I have given you show the chance of the Sun entering on a spectacular career. They are small, but not negligibly small. In fact, they are considerably larger than the chance of winning a big sweepstake. But, whether this happens or not, the fate of life on the Earth will be the same. As I've said before, we shall certainly be roasted. These questions are important only in deciding whether this will occur sooner or later.

YOU will understand that what I have been able to say about the condensation of gas into stars concerns only the main issues. There are many other consequences of the ideas we have been discussing. Among these I might mention that the Galaxy has a large number of satellites. These satellites are not single bodies like the satellites in the solar system, but gigantic clusters that each contain more than 100,000 stars. They are usually referred to as globular clusters, a name derived from their spherical appearance. But, vast as the globular clusters are, they are genuine satellites in the sense that they are small compared with the Galaxy itself. At present nearly all of them lie outside the disk that forms the Galaxy. But they move in orbits because of the gravitational attraction of the Galaxy, and we can show that these orbits are of such shapes that the clusters must pass through the galactic disk from time to time. It is not impossible that one day a globular cluster might pass through the particular bit of the Galaxy in which we are located. If this should happen more than a thousand stars as bright as Sirius could be seen, and there would be a moderate chance that a star belonging to the cluster might come close enough to appear as bright as the full moon.

There are about a hundred of these globular clusters and each of them must have passed through the galactic disk many times. As you will readily perceive, the effect of all this is to cause a good deal of localized disturbance within the Galaxy. To begin with,

the disturbances affect both stars and gas, but the gas recovers comparatively quickly and reverts substantially to its initial state, whereas the stars do not. I cannot explain what happens in precise detail, but the main effect on the Galaxy is that the disk of stars becomes thicker than the disk of gas. Points such as this are of interest to the astrophysicist, because it means that quite a high proportion of the stars in the Galaxy have suffered disturbances that have pushed them out of the interstellar gas, or at any rate have pushed them out of the gas for most of their lifetimes. These stars, therefore, cannot grow much by the tunneling process. This detail has importance, as I shall mention later, in our method of finding the ages of the stars.

Another interesting question that I cannot discuss in any detail is this: what happens if a star passes through one of the clouds of dust, which as I said earlier also occur within the disk of the Galaxy? This problem has been investigated by Lyttleton, and he finds that if the speed of the star through the dust cloud is sufficiently small it will capture great quantities of it, and form them into separate, loose bundles of particles. These loose bundles are the comets. It is more than probable that it was in this way that the thousands of comets which move round the Sun have come into being.

IV

THERE is one other consequence of all this tunneling that is so important that we simply must give some attention to it. Without the process I am now going to discuss, the Earth and the planets could not have been formed. We shall only be able to start the argument now; the main details will have to come in a later article. For the most part two neighboring stars do not stay together throughout their lifetimes. But from time to time circumstances arise when this does happen. We then speak of the two stars as having formed a double system. To begin with, the distance between the two components, as the two stars are usually called, is not very different from the normal spacing of neighboring stars. But the components of a double system sweep out two roughly parallel tunnels in the interstellar gas, assuming of course that they happen to lie inside

the gas, and the effect of this tunneling is to bring the two stars closer together. At first the two tunnels are separate, but if the process continues long enough a stage is reached when the tunnels merge together, and the double system, or binary as it is often called, has simply one tunnel, the proceeds of which are shared by the two stars.

As the components come together they move in orbits around each other, orbits which are at first flattish ellipses but which gradually become circular in shape. About a thirtyfold increase in the mass of the system is sufficient to take the two stars from an initial separation of, say, a tenth of a light-year down to a separation of only a few light-minutes, or even less than that. The time required for the two components to go once around each other also changes from an initial value that may perhaps be as great as 100,000 years down to a period of only a day or two. When this stage is reached the two stars are so near each other that they are practically in contact. It is natural to ask whether this does not continue until the two components actually merge together into one star. I think this does happen, but what the fate of such an amalgamated star is likely to be is just another of those topics that lie outside the scope of this series.

LET us turn now to observation. Observation shows that binary systems are extremely numerous. In fact, about as many stars belong to double systems as there are single stars like the Sun. This gives you a measure of the importance and universal application of the tunneling process. The various double systems observed show all stages of the evolutionary sequence I have just discussed. That is to say, the separation of the two components varies in the different systems from extremely large values down to cases where the two stars practically touch each other. Multiple systems containing more than two components also arise. For instance, a binary can join with a third star to form a triple system. Quadruple systems can be formed in two ways, either by joining two binaries or by a fourth star joining with a triple system. Both these types are observed. Still more complicated systems can be formed. The prize specimen is Castor, of the pair Castor and Pollux, which contains six stellar

components. And the famous Pole Star, instead of being one star as it appears to be, is really five. Even larger groups can be formed. The same tunneling process also explains the formation of some of the groups of stars that you see in the sky. For instance, it is probable that the well-known group, the Pleiades, were produced in this way. Since the main stars of the Pleiades are large, we can infer that the tunneling of interstellar gas has been very important in this cluster. In fact, it is probably in full swing at the present time.

V

Now all this may explain how stars are born, and how the different varieties of stars arise. But it doesn't explain what will eventually happen to the stars, nor does it give us any idea of the age of our Galaxy. These are the questions we must now consider.

Let us begin, as so often we do, with the Earth itself. The geologists have shown that the Earth must be at least 500,000,000 years old, and that throughout this time the Sun must have been shining pretty much as it does now. But geophysicists have done even better than the geologists in getting an idea of the age of the Earth. I cannot explain now exactly how they go to work on the problem, but most of their methods depend on the radioactivity of the uranium present in the rocks of the Earth's crust. All their estimates come out around 2,000,000,000 years. So we can say that our Galaxy must be older than 2,000,000,000 years, because the Galaxy must be older than the Earth.

Next, what information is there about the ages of the stars? The astrophysicist grapples with this question by considering the atomic processes that lead to hydrogen's being converted into helium inside normal stars like the Sun. We know the rate at which hydrogen is being consumed in some chosen star. So if we also know how much hydrogen was initially available it is a fairly straightforward calculation to find how long the supply will last in this star. Every housewife makes similar calculations. Knowing the rate at which you burn coal and how much coal you have got, it's easy enough to see how long it will be before you run out of fuel. The calculations of the astrophysicist are exactly

similar to this in principle though more complicated in detail. Hydrogen takes the place of coal, and the rate at which it's being consumed can be got from the brightness of the star, just as you could get an idea of how much coal you were using from the heat of your fire.

Proceeding in this way we find that in a star as massive as the Sun the hydrogen supply would last for about 50,000,000,000 years, which must therefore be the greatest possible age of the Sun. But nearly all the Sun's hydrogen is known to be still unconsumed, so we feel pretty sure that the Sun cannot yet be anything like as old as this. So whereas the Earth shows us that the Galaxy must be at least 2,000,000,000 years old, the Sun shows us that the Galaxy cannot yet be as old as 50,000,000,000 years.

To get a still more precise estimate we must consider a special class of star known as the red-giants. To understand the importance of the red-giants we might digress a moment to notice that the main danger we have to avoid is in getting our age estimates confused by the fact that a star can constantly refuel itself by sweeping up further supplies of interstellar hydrogen. To avoid this confusion as far as possible, we consider only stars that now move for the most part in those regions in the Galaxy where for some special reason there happens to be little or no gas. We next look for stars that have just about reached the end of their store of hydrogen. As I explained in an earlier article, we can recognize stars in this state; they are the red-giants. These stars are the ones that are particularly large in size, and we know that a star cannot have a very large volume unless most of its hydrogen has been used up. Then it only remains to estimate the amount of material present in each star, and this can be done with considerable accuracy by using their observed brightness. So finally an estimate of the age of each red-giant can be obtained. This has been carried out for a large number of cases. The results are very satisfactory. No estimate exceeds about 4,000,000,000 years, although a lot of stars do come close to this value. So it seems that 4,000,000,000 years is a pretty good value for the ages of the oldest stars in our Galaxy.

This estimate will probably surprise you, as it shows that although the Earth is younger

than the oldest stars in our Galaxy, it is not very much younger. Also it means that even if the Sun belongs to the oldest stars it has still lived only long enough for about twenty trips around the Galaxy. So you will realize that our Galaxy is still very much in its early youth. If instead of only getting a momentary peep at it, we could observe our Galaxy throughout two or three rotations, we should see that, far from being a worn-out structure, the Galaxy is really a scene of violent and never ceasing activity. We should, in fact, see the dynamic picture that the New Cosmology presents to us.

When I was at school I learned history in such a way as to think a period of a century or two was a very long time. It came as a shock to realize later that the real history of man must be measured not in centuries but in tens and perhaps in hundreds of thousands of years. But even this is only the briefest tick of the clock compared with the ages of the rocks in your garden and the stars in the sky. What is so important about the time estimates of the astrophysicist is not that the results are staggering almost beyond belief, but that they are quite definite and precise, more precise than anything we know about the history of man if we go back more than a few thousand years. We are inescapably faced with the situation that our Galaxy is not a timeless structure, but something that came into being about 5,000,000,000 years ago. How did it come into being? What is the significance of periods of time like this? These are the deeper issues that come out of our present discussion. The answers to them must form a part of our cosmology when later we come to consider the Universe as a whole.

VI

WE HAVE now settled the ages of the stars and the age of our own galaxy. It remains to deal with the question of the ultimate fate of the stars. Let us begin by considering another exceptional class of star—the supergiants. The supergiants are stars far more massive than the Sun. For definiteness consider a supergiant that contains ten times as much material as the Sun. Such a star would be at least a thousand times brighter than the Sun. The reason for this is that massive stars are extremely prodigal in

the rate at which they consume hydrogen. Indeed in such a star the supply of hydrogen can only last for about 500,000,000 years. This is much less even than the age of the Earth. Indeed, the lifetime of a supergiant is so short that it must be a common occurrence in the Galaxy for supergiants to consume entirely their supplies of hydrogen.* What happens to them then?

The answer is that the supergiant slowly collapses. This comes about because it continues to lose energy at its surface. That is to say, the star continues to radiate light and heat into surrounding space, and this loss has to be made good by the star's slowly collapsing inward on itself. In other words the star develops into a collapsed supergiant. As it does so its central temperature necessarily becomes greater, and the leakage of energy to the surface also becomes greater. So the first effect of the loss of radiant energy at the surface is not to cool off the star but to heat it up. But this is only achieved through the star's living on its capital, through its collapsing inward on itself.

How long can such a collapse continue? To answer this question I must now remind you that every star is in rotation. And by a well-known principle in mechanics, as a star collapses, its rotation becomes more and more rapid. As it does so, the internal forces set up by the rotation become larger and larger. This cannot go on indefinitely. A stage has to be reached at which the rotary forces become comparable with gravity itself. At this stage such a star begins to break up through the power of its own rotation. But this is not the end of the story. We must look a little deeper into the contraction process if we are to understand the different sorts of collapsed stars observed by the astronomer.

So long as the radiation that escapes from the surface of a star like this is the sole cause of the collapse nothing very violent can happen. The rotary forces increase too slowly for that. What happens is that the star breaks up not in one enormous explosion, but through the steady showering off of material

* To some extent the rapid consumption of hydrogen in a supergiant is offset by the tunneling of further supplies of hydrogen from the interstellar gas. But sooner or later the tunneling must fail to keep pace with the increasing rate of consumption.

rather like a gigantic catherine-wheel. The steadiness of this process is occasionally punctuated by a sort of spluttering in which a cloud of material, roughly comparable with the Earth in total mass, gets ejected into space with a speed of about 10,000,000 miles an hour. When this happens the hot inner regions of the star become exposed for a while and this leads to a temporary increase in its brightness. Such occurrences are familiar to the astronomer who refers to them as ordinary novae. But explosions on a far grander scale than this are also observed, and are called supernovae. We are constantly being told how terrible the hydrogen bomb is going to be. One hydrogen bomb would be sufficient to wipe out the whole of New York. But compared with a supernova a hydrogen bomb is the merest trifle. For a supernova is equal in violence to about a million million million million hydrogen bombs all going off at the same time.

WE MUST now see how the supernovae arise. I have mentioned that, as a collapsed supergiant shrinks, its internal temperature becomes greater. Reactions between atomic nuclei must become more rapid as the temperature rises. When the temperature has risen about a hundred-fold the conversion of helium into heavy elements like iron must become very important. Now, if the collapse proceeds far enough before the rotary forces break up such a star, these nuclear reactions must start to *absorb* energy instead of generating it. This situation, which goes the opposite way from everything we have considered so far, is due to the large-scale production of free neutrons. When this stage is reached the loss of radiation from the surface becomes by comparison quite unimportant, and the star then collapses catastrophically because of a rapid absorption of energy by the nuclear processes and not because of a slow loss of energy at its surface. Instead of being slow and steady, taking hundreds of thousands of years, the collapse becomes swift and catastrophic. The rotary forces grow rapidly until they become so large that the collapse of most of the star is halted and a large part of it gets flung out into space in a supernova explosion. Such an explosion is the most violent outburst occurring in Nature.

To sum up: the stages in the production of a supernova are these: first, a massive supergiant begins to collapse because of the continual escape of radiation from its surface. As contraction proceeds, rotation becomes more important. The final requirement is that rotation must not break up the star until after the absorption of energy by nuclear reactions has brought about a catastrophic collapse. Otherwise the star will simply splutter its way through a long series of ordinary nova eruptions instead of reserving the whole breakup process for one colossal explosion.

Calculation tells us a good deal about the state of a supernova just before the outburst. The collapse must go on very far before this happens. In spite of the enormous amount of material in the star, it must become considerably smaller in volume than the Earth. It emits hard X rays from its surface into surrounding space. It is so enormously dense that a matchbox full of material taken from its central regions contains about 1,000,000,000 tons. Its surface rotates with a speed of about 100,000,000 miles an hour. And the time required for its catastrophic outburst is as little as one minute. Indeed if some cosmic jester were to grab hold of the Earth and were to put us near such a body, the whole of the Earth would be entirely crushed and would be spread as a thin scum over the surface of the body. This is not just a piece of whimsical nonsense, because, as we shall see in the next article, the Earth actually was at one time a part of a supernova. And the material of which you are made was at one time inside a supernova.

VII

BEFORE we leave these stars there are two or three other points that we ought to consider. Not all the material of a supernova is blown away in the explosion. A dense stellar nucleus, containing perhaps about one-tenth of the original amount of material, is left behind. What happens to this remnant? Well, after getting rid of most of its material in the explosion, the remnant is able to cool off. It passes gradually, as it cools, from a blue-dwarf to a white-dwarf, and it's probably in this way that the white-dwarfs observed by the astronomers have come into being. White-dwarfs as such may not have

much interest for you, but I think you will find them much more interesting when we come to see that the parent of our Earth and planets is now a white-dwarf that probably lies far off in the Galaxy, unnamed and unseen.

Supernovae have other interests for the astrophysicist. As a recurrent theme in these articles we have noticed that hydrogen is the basic material out of which the universe is built. Helium is common in stars compared with other elements because it is produced in appreciable quantities inside them. The abundances of the rest of the elements are so small that it is natural to ask whether all the material in the Universe started its life as hydrogen. It seems to me very likely that this is correct. I think that the other atoms have all been produced within the stars, in particular that the heavy elements, such as iron, have been built up in the dense collapsed supergiants we have just been discussing. The explosions of these stars distribute material in interstellar space, where some of it forms into great clouds of dust particles that we discern with the telescope. It is also likely that some of the material escapes altogether from the Galaxy into surrounding space. I shall mention this again when later we come to consider the origin of the Galaxy itself.

But interesting and exciting as these tremendous explosions are, we have not yet settled the question of the ultimate fate of the stars. So far we have been concerned only with exceptionally massive stars—the supergiants. Now we must consider small stars, stars like the Sun or even less.

To deal with the final fate of the Sun let us suppose that the Sun is not going to sweep up further large quantities of interstellar gas. Then the amount of material in the Sun will remain pretty much as it is at present. On this basis the future history of the Sun during the next 50,000,000,000 years or so will follow the lines I have already described, when I said that the Sun will grow steadily more luminous as its hydrogen supply is converted into helium, and this will go on until the oceans boil on the Earth. And I then went on to say that as the Sun grills the Earth it will swell, at first slowly and then with in-

creasing rapidity, until it swallows the inner planets one by one: first Mercury, then Venus, and then the Earth. Mars is likely to be the last planet to suffer this fate, but it is possible that an even further extension as far as Jupiter may occur.

All this refers to a stage just before the Sun's hydrogen becomes exhausted. Once the internal hydrogen is used up, energy generation through the building of helium will cease, and the Sun will then begin to collapse. Its swollen size will disappear. As it shrinks, the surface will change from the dull red color that must occur in the distended state I have just described. First the surface will warm up to a bright red, then to a white heat, and then to a fierce electric blue. Will the Sun become an exploding star? The answer to this question is, no.

When a star like the Sun shrinks to about the size of the Earth a new form of pressure begins to develop inside. This new pressure is important because it operates without a high temperature being necessary. When it comes into action it will allow a star like the Sun to cool off without any further collapse being necessary. I cannot explain now exactly why this should be possible, but it is what will happen for small stars. For supergiants, on the other hand, cooling off without an explosion cannot occur, because this new form of pressure is not powerful enough to prevent the collapse of really massive stars.

To end our story of the eventual fate of the solar system: once the Sun starts cooling off, the escape of radiation from its surface into surrounding space will reduce the temperature in the interior. After about 500,000,000 years the steely blue color of the surface will change to white. The Sun will then be similar to the white-dwarfs we considered a few moments ago. With the further passage of eons greater than the present ages of the stars, the surface will cool to a dull red, and then after the lapse of a still greater span of time the light will go out altogether and the Sun will be a black-dwarf that moves through space accompanied by its retinue of unlit planets—that is to say, accompanied by those planets that it had not consumed at an earlier stage.

[Next month Mr. Hoyle will discuss the origin of the Earth and the planets; in the April issue he will conclude this series by describing the expanding universe.—The Editors.]

The Traveler

A Story

by Wallace Stegner

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

HE WAS rolling in the first early dark down a snowy road, his headlights pinched between dark walls of trees, when the engine coughed, recovered, coughed again, and died. Down a slight hill he coasted in compression, working the choke, but at the bottom he had to pull over against the three-foot wall of plowed snow. Snow creaked under the tires as the car eased to a stop. The heater fan unwound with a final tinny sigh.

Here in its middle age this hitherto dependable mechanism had betrayed him, but he refused to admit immediately that he was betrayed. Some speck of dirt or bubble of water in the gas line, some momentary short circuit, some splash of snow on distributor points or plug connections—something that would cure itself before long. But turning off the lights and pressing on the starter brought no result; he held the choke out for several seconds, and got only the hopeful stink of gasoline; he waited and let the flooded carburetor rest and tried again, and nothing. Eventually he opened the door and stepped out onto the packed snow of the road.

It was so cold that his first breath turned to iron in his throat, the hairs in his nostrils webbed into instant ice, his eyes stung and watered. In the faint starlight and the bluish luminescence of the snow everything beyond a few yards away swam deceptive and without depth, glimmering with things half seen or imagined. Beside the dead car he stood with his head bent, listening, and there was not a sound. Everything on the planet might have died in the cold.



Indecisively seeking help, he walked to the top of the next rise, but the faintly-darker furrow of the road blurred and disappeared in the murk, the shadows pressed inward, there was no sign of a light. Back at the car he made the efforts that the morality of self-reliance demanded: trying to see by the backward diffusion of the headlamps, he groped over the motor feeling for broken wires or loose connections, until he had satisfied himself that he was helpless. He had known all along that he was.

His hands were already stung with cold, and around his ankles between low shoes and trouser cuffs he felt the chill like leg irons. When he had last stopped, twenty miles back, it had been near zero. It could be ten or fifteen below now. So what did he do, stranded in mid-journey fifty miles or more from his destination? He could hardly go in for help, leaving the sample cases, because the right rear door didn't lock properly. A little jiggling swung it open. And all those drugs, some of them designed to cure anything—wonder drugs, sulphas, streptomycin, aureomycin, penicillin, pills and anti-toxins

and unguents—represented not only a value but a danger. They should not be left around loose. Someone might think they really *would* cure anything.

NOT quite everything, he told the blue darkness. Not a fouled-up distributor or a cranky coil box. Absurdly, there came into his mind a fragment of an ancient hymn to mechanical transport:

If she runs out of dope, just fill her up
with soap
And the little Ford will ramble right
along.

He saw himself pouring a bottle of penicillin into the gas tank and driving off with the exhaust blowing happy smoke rings. A mock-heroic montage of scientific discovery unreeled itself—white-coated scientists peering into microscopes, adjusting gauges, pipetting precious liquids, weighing grains of powder on miniscule scales. Messenger boys sped with telegrams to the desks of busy executives. A group of observers stood beside an assembly line while the first tests were made. They broke a car's axle with sledges, gave it a drink of the wonder compound, and drove it off. They demolished the carburetor and cured it with one application. They yanked loose all the wires and watched the same magic set the motor purring.

But here he stood in light overcoat and thin leather gloves, without overshoes, and his car all but blocked the road, and the door could not be locked, and there was not a possibility that he could carry the heavy cases with him to the next farm or village. He switched on the headlights again and studied the roadside they revealed, and saw a rail fence, with cedars and spruces behind it. When more complex gadgets and more complex cures failed, there was always the lucifer match.

Ten minutes later he was sitting with the auto robe over his head and shoulders and his back against the plowed snowbank, digging the half melted snow from inside his shoes and gloating over the growing light and warmth of the fire. He had a supply of fence rails good for an hour. In that time, someone would come along and he could get a push or a tow. In this country, in winter, no one ever passed up a stranded motorist.

In the stillness the flames went straight upward; the heat was wonderfully pleasant on icy hands and numb ankles and stiffened face. He looked across the road, stained by horses, broken by wheel and runner tracks, and saw how the roadside acquired definition and sharp angles and shadows in the firelight. He saw too how he would look to anyone coming along: like a calendar picture.

BUT no one came along. Fifteen minutes stretched into a half hour, he had only two broken pieces of rail left, the fire sizzled half floating in the puddle of its melting. Restlessly he rose with the blanket around him and walked back up the road a hundred steps. Eastward, above jagged trees, he saw the sky where it lightened to moonrise, but here there was still only the blue glimmer of starlight on the snow. Something long-buried and forgotten tugged in him, and a shiver not entirely from cold prickled his whole body with goose flesh. There had been times in his childhood when he had walked home alone and been temporarily lost in nights like this. In many years he could not remember being out alone under such a sky. He felt spooked, his feet were chilled lumps, his nose leaked. Down the hill car and snow swam deceptively together; the red wink of the fire seemed inexpressibly far off.

Abruptly he did not want to wait in that lonely snow-banked ditch any longer. The sample cases could look after themselves, any motorist who passed could take his own chances. He would walk ahead to the nearest help, and if he found himself getting too cold on the way, he could always build another fire. The thought of action cheered him; he admitted to himself that he was all but terrified at the silence and the iron cold.

Locking the car doors, he dropped his key case in the snow, and panic stopped his pulse as he bent and frantically, with bare hand, brushed away the snow until he found it. The powdery snow ached and burned at his finger tips. He held them a last moment to the fire, and then, bundled like a squaw, with the blanket held across nose and mouth to ease the harshness of the cold in his lungs, he started up the road that looked as smooth as a tablecloth, but was deceptively rough and broken. He thought of what he had had every right to expect for this evening. By



now, eight o'clock or so, he should have had a smoking supper, the luxury of a hot bath, the pleasure of a brandy in a comradely bar. By now he should be in pajamas making out sales reports by the bedlight, in a room where steam knocked comfortingly in the radiators and the help of a hundred hands was available to him at a word into the telephone. For all of this to be torn away suddenly, for him to be stumbling up a deserted road in danger of freezing to death, just because some simple mechanical part that had functioned for thirty thousand miles refused to function any longer, this was outrage, and he hated it. He thought of garage men and service station attendants he could blame. Ignoring the evidence of the flooded carburetor, he brooded about watered gas that could make ice in the gas line. A man was dependent on too many people; he was at everybody's mercy.

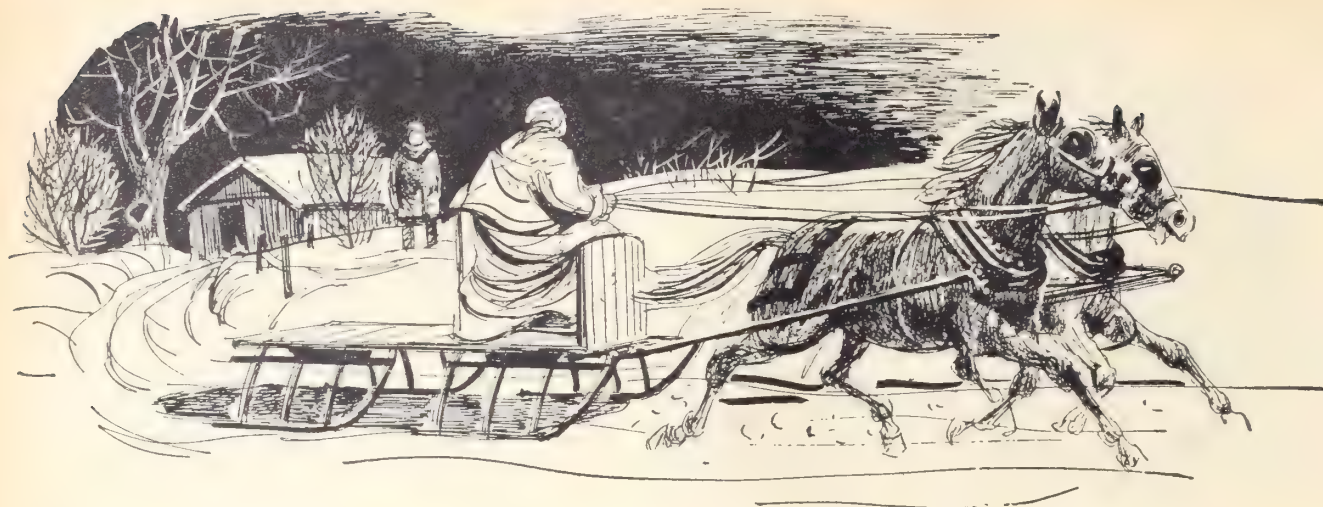
And then, on top of the second long rise, he met the moon.

INSTANTLY the character of the night changed. The uncertain starlight was replaced at a step by an even flood of blue-white radiance. He looked across a snow meadow and saw how a rail fence had every stake and rider doubled in solid shadow, and how the edge of woods beyond was blackest India ink. The road ahead was drawn with a

ruler, one bank smoothed by the flood of light, the other deeply shadowed. As he looked into the eye of the moon he saw the air shiver and glint with falling particles of frost.

In this White-Christmas night, this Good-King-Wenceslaus night, he went warily, not to be caught in sentimentality, and to an invisible audience he deprecated it profanely as a night in which no one would believe. Yet here it was, and he in it. With the coming of the moon the night even seemed to warm; he found that he could drop the blanket from across his face and drink the still air.

Along the roadside as he passed the meadow and entered woods again the moon showed him things. In moonlight openings he saw the snow stitched with tiny perfect tracks, mouse or weasel or the three-toed crowding tracks of partridge. These too, an indigenous part of the night, came back to him as things once known and long forgotten. In his boyhood he had trapped and hunted the animals that made such tracks as these; it was as if his mind were a snowfield where the marks of their secret little feet had been printed long ago. With a queer tightening of the throat, with an odd pride, he read the trail of a fox that had wallowed through the soft snow from the woods, angling into the packed road and along it for a little way and



out again, still angling, across the plowed bank, and then left a purposeful trail of cleanly punched tracks, the hind feet out of line with the front, across the clean snow and into the opposite woods, from shadow across moonlight and into shadow again, mysterious.

Turning with the road, he passed through the stretch of woods and came into the open to see the moon-white, shadow-black buildings of a farm, and the weak bloom of light in a window.

His feet whined on the snow, dry as metal powder, as he turned in the loop of drive the county plow had cleared. But as he approached the house doubt touched him. In spite of the light, the place looked unused, somehow. No dog welcomed him. The sound of his feet in the snow was alien, the hammer of his knuckles on the door an intrusion. Looking upward for some trace of telephone wires, he saw none, and he could not tell whether the quivering of the air that he thought he saw above the chimney was heat or smoke or the phantasmal falling frost.

"HELLO?" he said, and knocked again. "Anybody home?" No sound answered him. He saw the moon glint on the great icicles along the eaves. His numb hand ached with the pain of knocking; he pounded with the soft edge of his fist.

Answer finally came, not from the door before which he stood, but from the barn, down at the end of a staggered string of attached sheds. A door creaked open against a snowbank and a figure with a lantern appeared, stood for a moment, and came running. The traveler wondered at the way it

came, lurching and stumbling in the uneven snow, until it arrived at the porch and he saw that it was a boy of eleven or twelve. The boy set his lantern on the porch; between the upturned collar of his mackinaw and the down-pulled stocking cap his face was a pinched whiteness, his eyes enormous. He stared at the traveler until the traveler became aware of the blanket he still held over head and shoulders, and began to laugh.

"My car stopped on me, a mile or so up the road," he said. "I was just hunting a telephone or some place where I could get help."

The boy swallowed, wiped the back of his mitt across his nose. "Grandpa's sick!" he blurted, and opened the door.

Warmth rushed in their faces, cold rushed in at their backs, warm and cold mingled in an eddy of air as the door closed. The traveler saw a cot bed pulled close to the kitchen range, and on the cot an old man covered with a quilt, who breathed heavily and whose closed eyes did not open when the two came near. The gray-whiskered cheeks were sunken, the mouth open to expose toothless gums in a parody look of ancient mischief.

"He must've had a shock," the boy said. "I came in from chores and he was on the floor." He stared at the mummy under the quilt, and he swallowed.

"Has he come to at all?"

"No."

"Only the two of you live here?"

"Yes."

"No telephone?"

"No."

"How long ago did you find him?"

"Chore time. About six."

"Why didn't you go for help?"

The boy looked down, ashamed. "It's near two miles. I was afraid he'd. . ."

"But you left him. You were out in the barn."

"I was hitching up to go," the boy said. "I'd made up my mind."

THE traveler backed away from the stove, his face smarting with the heat, his fingers and feet beginning to ache. He looked at the old man and knew that here, as at the car, he was helpless. The boy's thin anxious face told him how thoroughly his own emergency had been swallowed up in this other one. He had been altered from a man in need of help to one who must give it. Salesman of wonder cures, he must now produce something to calm this over-worried boy, restore a dying man. Rebelliously, victimized by circumstances, he said, "Where were you going for help?"

"The Hill place. They've got a phone."

"How far are they from a town?"

"About five miles."

"Doctor there?"

"Yes."

"If I took your horse and—what is it, sleigh?—could someone at the Hills' bring them back, do you think?"

"Cutter. One of the Hill boys could, I should say."

"Or would you rather go, while I look after your Grandpa?"

"He don't know you," the boy said directly. "If he should wake up he might . . . wonder . . . it might. . ."

The traveler grudgingly gave up the prospect of staying in the warm kitchen while the boy did the work. And he granted that it was extraordinarily sensitive of the boy to know how it might disturb a man to wake from sickness in his own house and stare into the face of an utter stranger. "Yes," he said. "Well, I could call the doctor from the Hills'. Two miles, did you say?"

"About." The boy had pulled the stocking cap off so that his hair stood on end above his white forehead. He had odd eyes, very large and dark and intelligent, with an expectancy in them.

The traveler, watching him with interest, said, "How long have you lived with your grandfather?"

"Two years."

"Parents living?"

"No sir, that's why."

"Go to school?"

He got a queer sidling look. "Have to till you're sixteen."

"Is that the only reason you go?"

What he was trying to force out of the boy came out indirectly, with a shrugging of the shoulders. "Grandpa would take me out if he could."

"Would you be glad?"

"No sir," the boy said, but would not look at him. "I like school."

The traveler consciously corked his flow of questions. Once he himself had been an orphan living with his grandparents on a back farm; he wondered if this boy went as he had gone, knocking in imagination at all of life's closed doors.

THE old man's harsh breathing filled the over-warm room. "Well," the traveler said, "maybe you'd better go finish hitching up. It's been thirty years since I harnessed a horse. I'll keep an eye on your Grandpa."

Pulling the stocking cap over his disheveled hair, the boy slid out the door. The traveler unbuttoned his overcoat and sat down beside the old man, felt the spurting, weak pulse, raised one eyelid with his thumb and looked without comprehension at the uprolled eye. He knew it was like feeling over a chilling motor for loose wires, and after two or three abortive motions he gave it up and sat contemplating the gray, sunken face, the unfamiliar face of an old man who would die, and thinking that the face was the only unfamiliar thing about the whole night. The kitchen smells, coffee and peanut butter and the mouldy, barky smell of wood from the wood-box, and the smell of the hot range and of paint baking in the heat, those were as familiar as light or dark. The spectacular night outside, the snowfields and the moon and the mysterious woods, the tracks venturing out across the snow from the protective eaves of firs and skunk spruce, the speculative, imagining expression of the boy's eyes, were just as familiar. He sat bemused, touching some brink as a man will walk along a cut-bank trying to knock loose the crumbling overhang with an outstretched foot. The ways

a man fitted in with himself and with other human beings were curious and complex.

And when he heard the jingle and creak outside, and buttoned himself into the overcoat again and wrapped his shoulders in the blanket and stepped out into the yard, there was a moment when the boy passed him the lines and they stood facing each other in the broken snow.

IT WAS a moment like farewell, like a poignant parting. Touched by his pressing sense of familiarity and by a sort of compassion, the traveler reached out and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll have someone back here right away. Your grandfather will be all right. Just keep him warm and don't worry."

He climbed into the cutter and pulled over his lap the balding buffalo robe he found there; the scallop of its felt edges was like a key that fitted a door. The horses breathed jets of steam in the moonlight, restlessly moving, jingling their harness bells, as the moment lengthened itself. The traveler saw how the boy, now that his anxiety was somewhat quieted, now that he had been able to unload part of his burden, watched him with a thousand questions in his face, and he remembered how he himself, thirty years ago, had searched the faces of passing strangers for something he could not name, how he had listened to their steps and seen their shadows

lengthen ahead of them down roads that led to unimaginable places, and how he had ached with the desire to know them, who they were. But none of them had looked back at him as he tried now to look at this boy.

He was glad that no names had been spoken and no personal histories exchanged to obscure this meeting, for sitting in the sleigh above the boy's white upturned serious face he felt that some profound contact had unintentionally, almost casually, been made.

For half a breath he was utterly bewitched, frozen at the heart of some icy dream. Abruptly he slapped the reins across the backs of the horses; the cutter jerked and then slid smoothly out toward the road. The traveler looked back once, to fix forever the picture of himself standing silently watching himself go. As he slid into the road the horses broke into a trot. The icy flow of air locked his throat and made him let go the reins with one hand to pull the hairy, wool-smelling edge of the blanket all but shut across his face.

Along a road he had never driven he went swiftly toward an unknown farm and an unknown town, to distribute according to some wise law part of the burden of the boy's emergency and his own; but he bore in his mind, bright as moonlight over snow, a vivid wonder, almost an awe. For from that most chronic and incurable of ills, identity, he had looked outward and for one unmistakable instant recognized himself.

Yesterday vs. Tomorrow

TO THOSE who have decided that the American people do not understand how desperate their estate is, the answer may be that with death hanging in the balance they trust their experience. They have never seen yesterday win over tomorrow. They believe that history is on their side and that they are on the side of the future.

—From "The Century," by Bernard DeVoto,
in the Centennial issue of this magazine.

Is There Too Much Advertising?

Otto Kleppner

MANY people who raise this question not only answer, "Yes, there is too much advertising," but proceed to describe the particular form they elect for extinction. Some people object to any advertising in behalf of products they consider harmful, such as cigarettes, liquor, drug preparations. Others object to advertising that is misleading, even though it might be technically accurate. Much advertising is just plain silly, according to other critics. "Look at that perfume ad," said one such observer, "and tell me what sense it makes!" Other critics decry advertisements that lure people into buying things they can't afford—television sets, for example. "Man alive! Have you ever seen the way some of the people with television aerials on their rooftops live!" These are among the forms of advertising that people have on their little list.

The most basic criticism of national advertising by its most distinguished critics, however, follows this pattern: Advertising which tells about new inventions, new discoveries, new types of products is socially useful, for it creates more employment, and helps raise the standard of living. But most national advertising, they argue, is nothing but the clamor of competitors, each of whom is trying to entice a man to buy his product rather

than that of the next fellow. Every dollar spent by one and every claim made by one is promptly matched and topped by those of his rivals trying to outspend and outshout the other in order to have *his* brand chosen, each neutralizing the advantages of the other. The advertisers merely swap customers with each other—all at the customers' expense, say these critics.

"Nine-tenths or more of advertising is largely competitive wrangling as to the relative merits of two undistinguished and often indistinguishable products," said Stuart Chase. "Promotional advertising tends to shift consumption from one commodity to another, rather than to increase the total consumption of food," said Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan; and Senator Guy M. Gillette, chairman of a Senate subcommittee investigating why the public pays so much while the farmer gets so little, criticized the mounting expenditures for food advertising. "All of it comes out of the consumer. . . . John Q. Citizen paid that out of his pocket," said Senator Gillette. Unless advertisers themselves see the light, imply those who express these views, it may be necessary for the government to end this wasteful practice, through its power of taxation or by regulation.

Is there a point within the framework of

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our competitive system at which it would be socially desirable to curb the volume of advertising of a product, and if so, where is it?

I would like to address myself to this question.

II

"THIS is a variegated world," said Dr. Joshua Loth Liebman, "where no two stars are the same and every snowflake has its own distinctive pattern." No two people are the same either, and each has his own distinctive pattern of what he likes and what he doesn't like. All who venture into a business do so in the hope of being able to figure out what people will like.

When a man asks you to buy *his* product in preference to another in the same field, he knows that first of all he will have to offer something at least as good as you could obtain elsewhere *plus* some additional reason for buying his product. The reason may be the quality of the product, or its price, or its design, or its packaging, or its flavor, or any of the other attributes which the public might welcome and which he might be able to provide. We have, therefore, a *basic value* generally taken for granted which is common to many products in the field at any given time, plus an additional value, or a *differential*, which is offered as a special inducement to buy that particular brand.

Because people shop to see what better values they can get for their money, advertising loves differentials. "New *single dial* TV control" (Westinghouse) . . . "The bewitching *new color* by Elizabeth Arden" (lipstick) . . . "Now—the GE Clock that *automatically* re-sets the alarm" . . . so run the advertisements featuring the differentials of their respective products. What people buy, however, is the basic satisfaction in the product, plus the differential. As soon as each extra feature which shows merit appears, competitors seek to match or to surpass it; otherwise, they would lose sales. As a result of this rivalry for the buyer's favor, the degree of difference between products in that field closes up. The extra feature that is offered by one product today soon becomes taken for granted as the standard for all such products tomorrow, and serves as the base for future differentials.

Many critics of advertising view these differentials as inconsequential, confusing, and trivial. "All soaps are really alike," "All refrigerators are about equal," "All tires made by the leading companies are about the same," we often hear, "and there isn't enough difference between them to waste all that money advertising them." Those critics take a still photograph of a living process and compare the size of plants standing in a row of flowerpots. They fail to picture the growth in values of all the products in a field today, compared with those of some years ago.

Toilet soap bars today are made from better fats with better control of alkalinity, with better preservatives, and with better wrappers than some years ago—not to say anything about the many improved synthetic detergents which have appeared. He who scoffs at the trivial differentials, or gadgets, which are advertised in electric refrigerators does not scoff nearly as haughtily as would a young housewife if she were offered as new today an unused model of twenty years ago. Today's average refrigerator has a far better refrigerant, a better motor, better insulation, and larger storage space than the costliest model of twenty years ago. Canned soups today have better enriched recipes than when you were a youngster, and are offered in greater variety. Today's tires give over four times the mileage per dollar (aside from excise taxes) of those of twenty years ago, in addition to giving you a smoother and safer ride.

Advertising is the fastest way of telling many people about these developments at the lowest cost per message. Mass communication is as important to our economy as is mass production. That it is available on a nationwide scale to anyone with the price of a one-inch advertisement, and not merely to government bureaus or state trusts, is evidence of democracy at work. The buyer must still decide for himself what he wishes to select. This is an adult responsibility and a small price to pay for the privilege and the opportunity of being able to make such choice. . . . In prisons, they don't ask you to choose from a menu; they dish out whatever they have decided is good enough for you.

Advertising has been frequently charged with diverting attention from the shoddy quality of a product by glorifying its tinsel

trappings. There can be no question that a man should get the quality in a product which its advertising represented; if he does not, a wrong has been done. But we must not forget that people sometimes seek tinsel and chromium and pretty wrappings and fresh styles, and that these differentials are important to them. Whether a man might be better off using his money for some other purpose, and who is to decide that question, are separate matters altogether, beyond the scope of an article on advertising. . . . Despite their frowns, I'll bet those anti-tinsel boys wrap their Christmas gifts in colorful paper—with tinsel bows.

A MOST serious charge against product differentials is that they breed monopolies, and the focal point of this infection is held to be the trade-mark with its attendant wastes of advertising. The minute a man plucks his product from anonymity by affixing his trade-mark, he acquires a monopoly power over that product; the more desirable he makes the product to more people, the greater is the element of monopoly, say these critics. The man who had the world beat a path to his door because he made a better mousetrap was nothing but a monopolist, according to this reasoning.

To do away with monopolies with their "useless differentiation" Professor Edward Chamberlin of Harvard proposes in his widely quoted book *Monopolistic Competition* to limit the exclusive right to a trade-mark to five years, just as patents are limited to seventeen years . . . "after which anyone could make the identical product and call it by the same name. The wastes of advertising about which economists have so often complained would be reduced," says Professor Chamberlin, "for no one could afford to build up good will by this means only to see it vanish through the unimpeded entrance of competitors."

Quite true; there is no sawdust on the ground when there is no construction. Deny a man the right to be known for the quality of the product he offers to the public, and he has little reason to maintain that quality. Deny him the satisfaction and benefits of being recognized for an improvement in the product and he has little incentive to make such improvement, particularly if he has to

risk his money in doing so. It is just as important to preserve this incentive as it is to provide a way in which an individual can discover the products available to him. The advertising of trade-marked products serves both purposes.

Incidentally—if an elephant can be called incidental to the man riding on top of it—the revenue from such advertising has helped make possible our many-paged newspapers, our many magazines at so low a cost, as well as the television and radio programs which we take for granted—free.

III

AMONG other proposals to curtail advertising is one to freeze all advertising at 50 per cent or at some other level of present expenditures. "Each advertiser would be comparatively as well off, and the money saved could be passed out as higher wages or lower prices," say the proponents of this idea.

The American public accepts as a basic freedom that of shopping for the products it wants—each man to his own choice. In turn, each man who has a product to sell has the liberty of *telling* about his product to others. This right is not the exclusive privilege of present advertisers in proportion to their appropriations but is the heritage of everyone who has a product to sell. Freedom of speech is no less precious when a man talks about his product than about his politics. An advertiser must assume responsibility for *what* he says, but to curb *how much* he may say about his product when newsprint is available and radio and television stations have time to sell is an invasion of freedom of speech.

We may be moving into an era of greater government control under a wartime economy. But if, as a matter of basic policy, the government by regulation or by taxation were to dictate to an industry selling to the public *how much* advertising it might do, that threat could reduce the voice of a business to a whisper, and the whisper to silence, allowing a newly born business not even a squeak, except by permission. The assurance that the same curbs were being imposed "equally" on all members of an industry would not be an effacement of the wrong, but a multiplication of it.

BUT advertising has abused its freedom with its exaggerations, deceptions, pseudo-scientific claims, half-truths, and outright frauds, it has been said.

The morality of business today should be viewed as the present development in a continuous progression. Neither the traveling pack-peddler who first appeared in England in the seventh century nor the wagon-peddler of the last century lacked the power of enthusiastic enlargement of the virtues of his product. The desire to present most favorably a product one wishes to sell has never changed. But when a man publishes his claims in an advertisement he experiences a series of checks on what he says, aside from those checks dictated by his conscience, because it is easier to hold a man to account for what he proclaims in public than for what he whispers in private. His claims are subject to review by various governmental agencies, the publishers, the broadcasting stations, and the public.

In addition to basic morality, there are certain functional reasons why an advertiser who hopes to stay in business seeks to *deserve* the buyer's confidence. First of all is the realization that the effectiveness of an advertisement depends entirely on the degree to which it is believed and accepted. Second, most consumer advertising is for repeat items. Such advertisers could not afford to persuade a buyer to try the product once, if there was not a reasonable hope that he would buy it over and over again. Third, in the case of costly consumer durable goods—bought only once in a long time—stoves, refrigerators, television sets—the more a person has to spend for such product, the more will he inquire among his friends what they know about it. Hence, the maker has every practical pressure upon him to say those things and do those things which will satisfy the customers who respond to his advertisement.

During the twelve months ending October 1950, the Federal Trade Commission examined 1,080,646 newspaper, magazine, radio, and television advertisements. Of these, it set aside 30,679 advertisements, or less than 3 per cent, as being possibly misleading. Of course 3 per cent of advertisements which even come under suspicion is still that much too many, and it is hoped that future figures will be still smaller; but the proportion of

deceptive advertisements is far less than critics infer. Though we do not have comparable FTC figures for twenty or forty years ago, it is reasonable to observe that there has been a vast improvement from the days of complete *caveat emptor*, to this advertised age with its "double your money back if not satisfied" offers. . . . Meanwhile, we could well ask that politicians and statesmen keep their promises nearly as well as do national advertisers.

MUCH advertising is derelict, according to other critics, in that it fails to give the buyer the detailed information with which he can make an intelligent selection. Most national advertisements are held to be overcharged emotionally, evasive factually, and useless as a buyers' guide. What specifications are to be furnished to a prospective buyer depends, in the first place, on the importance the buyer may attach to them, and, secondly, upon the place in the buying process where those details may most appropriately be furnished.

Not all products are bought because of their technical efficiency. Some women would rather have sheer stockings than those of service weight which last longer; few would recognize the formula of a perfume, but many would go out of their way to buy a fragrance they liked. A Cadillac car is a social attainment to many, not a mere automobile. Beauty continues to be in the eye of the beholder and pride is still in the heart, and neither can be stated in terms of manufacturing specifications.

A consumer advertisement must also interest the reader in the advertisement as a whole before the reader even inquires about the details of the product. Hence national advertisements often lead off with the influence of the product on the reader, expressed in the language of the reader's own experience, rather than with a technical description of the product. Thus we have a headline saying, "Mama, you're terrific," as a way of presenting a hot roll mix, with the simple directions for baking homemade rolls, and its notation about the other recipes that come in the package.

National advertising is only one step in selling a product. Its task is to interest a person in the usefulness and desirability of the product as a whole, encouraging him to

go to a showroom for a demonstration, or to a retail store for the product itself. The closer a man comes to making a decision to buy a product, the more interested will he be in its details. That is why the tags attached to the merchandise are being widely used for all facts about the quality and performance of the product which might be of interest to the shopper, as well as for guidance on its use and care. More such data will undoubtedly appear at all levels of advertising as more people become interested in them.

IV

FROM Veblen to Brannan there have been those who regard business and advertising as a puss-in-the-corner game, played in markets of fixed boundaries in which the buyers are lured from corner to corner, in a breathless, costly chase. "In such closed markets," said Thorstein Veblen, "the value of purchasing power will be narrowed by approximately the aggregate cost of salesmanship." Dr. Edwin G. Nourse warned business to be sure that its vast use of salesmen "is really being usefully expended toward serving the consumer rather than being frittered away in proselytizing each other's customers within the same or shrinking area of final consumption"; to which we add Secretary Brannan's statement that "promotional advertising does not increase the total amount of food consumed in the market."

Yet how can one talk of markets of fixed size in a country whose population has grown 28 million in the past twenty years—whose babies are now born into a world of canned prepared baby foods and disposable diapers, unknown a generation before?

We now eat 22 per cent more fresh vegetables than twenty years ago, 30 per cent less potatoes, 81 per cent more oranges, 29 per cent fewer apples *per person*. Our per capita consumption of flour and grain products, including those for cereals and bread, has gone down 23 per cent, and that of butter has gone down even more—43 per cent. (Who would be rash enough to call even bread and butter "staples"?) But we drink 56 per cent more coffee—or at least, we did until the recent price jumps. These are per capita changes whose impact is magnified by the

growth of population. One cannot very well dismiss these huge changes in eating habits by saying that "Food is food," that the food market is immutable, and that the shift from one type of food to another has no significance to the consumer—or to the farmer. Markets can expand and contract.

Advertising is only one of many forces that influence our lives and govern our choice of products. The housing problem is making the old-fashioned dining room obsolete; insurance statistics about overweight have changed our ideas of diet, as bakers and candy-makers know only too well; silk stockings have given way to nylons. The men's hat industry is now fighting its way back from the slump started by the vogue of college boys going bareheaded. One of the first questions an advertising man asks of a product is whether or not it is in step with the times.

If the product is in keeping with the trends, and *if* it lends itself to advertising, and *if* the business is internally ready, advertising can be effective in creating and enlarging markets quickly. But if these conditions do not exist, or if a product has been left behind in the procession by technological or style changes, even heroic doses of advertising cannot make up for the acute lack of product research and of styling.

Even though a market as a whole has been shrinking, the producers in that field can nevertheless offer better values in their product in competition for the buyers' favor. Despite the fact that the per capita consumption of wheat flour has been declining for the past forty years, we now have a variety of prepared flours, cake mixes, and prepared pie crusts that have been a boon to millions of housewives—who learned about them through advertising. The economic importance of advertising must be judged not alone by its effect on the size of a market but also by the satisfaction that the advertised product brings to the individual buyer.

You are in a store. You are offered an unfamiliar brand of a product at several cents less than a well-known advertised brand. "It's just the same," says the clerk, "and it costs less because it isn't advertised. That goes to show you how much advertising costs." True or false?

When you buy a product you buy a hope

that it will be as good as you think it will be. You buy on faith. You could ask the clerk, "How do you know it's the same?" If you were in a large department store which has its own testing laboratory, you would have some basis for confidence in his statement. Ironically enough, that very store will be a large advertiser; hence the price of its special brand is lower not because "It isn't advertised," but rather because of the efficiency or the operating policy of that store. But most retail stores and most consumers have to rely on the warranty of the maker.

The more a man has invested in advertising his trade-marked product, the more will he protect this asset by guarding its quality. (The larger the advertising appropriation, the larger usually is the investment in product research and in quality control.) The public merely knows that on the whole it is better satisfied buying a product with a reputation back of it than buying one that does not have such reputation. The warranty of a firm with a well-known product is worth more to the buyer than one from a firm whose products are not so well known to him. With each purchase, therefore, a buyer has his choice of *risks*, not merely of products. It is not accurate to say that two products are just the same *to the buyer* if they differ in the insurance of satisfaction they offer *at the time of purchase*.

The privilege of taking a risk, however, under the free enterprise system holds good for the buyer as well as for the seller.

If national advertisers had not created and launched new types of products and improved them constantly, the unadvertised brands might not even exist, or they might have so small a market that their price would have to be much higher. National advertising thus may help reduce prices even of brands that are not advertised.

It is not at all true that unadvertised products are always cheaper than those nationally advertised. Moreover it is significant that private brands are always compared with nationally advertised brands, never with each other. In fields where nationally advertised brands are not available to provide a basis of comparison, the cost of the private brand can be anything at all; the consumer may be paying a heavy price simply because there is *no* advertising.

V

WHO then pays the cost of all this advertising? The consumer does. He pays for everything that goes into making and delivering the product—the wages, salaries, raw materials, research, salesmen, taxes, dividends. He pays for the advertising, too. *The real question is: Does he get more or less for his money because of that advertising?* Whether he does or not depends upon three factors, only the first two of which are commonly considered in discussions of advertising: (1) the effect of advertising on lowering production costs; (2) the effect of advertising on lowering selling costs; (3) what management does with the resulting profits.

We are all familiar with the mass-production principle of reducing the cost of making each unit by making many units at one time. "The more we make the less it costs us to make" is true chiefly in those industries that use machinery; even at that it is true only up to certain points. The relentless problem of management, however, is to have enough orders on hand all the time to make the product at the lowest cost per unit. Let us assume that advertising helps bring in the volume of business needed to reduce the cost to its lowest point. Does that automatically mean that the price to the consumer is reduced? If not, what happens to those profits? Let's keep an eye on them for a few paragraphs.

The second factor to consider is the effect of advertising on lowering selling costs. The most comprehensive study of advertising costs has been made by Professor Neil H. Borden, of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Nothing he was able to report warranted a broad conclusion on the effect of advertising on selling costs. Nevertheless we can observe that personal selling to consumers is costly, that advertising is the least costly way of telling many people about a product, that advertising helps reduce the time a salesman spends in explaining the values of a product. In those instances in which advertising reduces the over-all selling cost, does that mean the price to the consumer is automatically reduced? And what happened to the extra production profits made possible with the advertising?

That brings us to the third factor, whose

omission in the usual discussions of advertising has led to most of the confusion. What happens to any profits made in a business—including those made through advertising—depends upon *what management decides* to do with those profits, after taxes. It is at this juncture that all the ambition, vision, ingenuity, and courage of a business reveal themselves in deciding how much of the profit to draw out, how much to plow back into the business, how much to pay out to workers, how much to *pass on to the consumer via the product* and in what form.

That form may be as a lower price with the same quality, or better quality at the same price, or both better quality and lower price at the same time. It may be better styling, better design, better mechanism, better packaging, or anything else that makes a man feel better satisfied with his purchase. *The function of advertising is to help create and distribute the better values a business offers in competition for the buyer's selection.*

If, for example, the goal of a business is to make the finest possible phonograph-radio combination, regardless of cost, the purpose of the advertising will be to portray the quality of that machine to the limited number of people who can afford it, and not necessarily to reduce its cost. If, on the other hand, a manufacturer elects to offer the lowest priced portable radio set on the market, then the purpose of the advertising will be to tell about that low-priced set to as many people as possible in order to help sell the quantity of sets necessary to attain that low cost. To the extent that advertising helps achieve the creative objectives of business, it performs an essential economic function.

Advertising is not the solar center of the system around which all business revolves, as the movies and critics picture it, but it is a part of the system which revolves around the buyer. The effort of

trying to please the buyer makes the system go round. That is the nuclear structure of American business. How good the system is can be measured by the better values in more products which it has brought to more people.

Because advertising is only a part of that system, it can be accorded only a part of the credit for the many benefits that that system provides. We have no facts, nor even a cost-accounting approach by which we may properly allocate to the research, production, selling, advertising, and other activities each its due credit for placing in the hands of the consumer the many values in products of which we are so proud. We cannot say, with any certainty, for example, just how much credit each department should get for the fact that tires now ride four times longer per dollar than those of twenty years ago, or that two hundred sheets of facial tissues originally cost 65 cents, while today you get three hundred sheets of far better quality for only 27 cents, or that a mother today can get a wider choice of more nutritious canned baby food at 9 cents a can than she could get for 60 cents twenty-five years ago and could not get at all thirty-five years ago. Until we learn how to measure the influence of men's ideas and work upon each other in a common cause, we must judge the contribution of each activity of a business by the combined achievements as a whole.

However, the greater the responsibility a man has for successfully building a business that sells to the public, the greater the credit he usually accords advertising for its role on the team—going so far, in many cases, as to declare that without advertising he could not have produced that product and placed it in the hands of so many users. The total amount of advertising which is socially desirable is limited only by man's enthusiasm and sagacity in supplying better satisfaction with products to more people.

Parents, Beware

ALEXANDER LAING

THIS is the beautiful world of Choco-Pops.
 ZOOM! Through the asteroids Green Lantern plunges
 Past Goofy, and the Pepsi-Cola cops
 Clinging blunt-fingered to their rocket's flanges.

Here the lost ends of space are slid together,
 And shrill young voices call, planet to planet.
 Here the caped hero dares the airless weather,
 Circling to Saturn's ring, to sit upon it.

Evil's astir. One phoenix-word, "Shazam!"
 Flames Billy Batson into Captain Marvel.
 The wall-brick scatters at his plunge, and WHAM!
 A soggy villain SPLATS upon the gravel.

Sweet non-Copernican, near-Ptolemaic
 Universe, blown out of box-top wishes,
 Tangle of Futuramic and archaic,
 Where brontosaurus falls as the death ray flashes,

Whose are its values? Which absurd child flings us
 A solace for our dream of order, broken?
 What wild astronomy is this, that brings us
 The new world Krypton, seen in a pan of Flakorn?

Moral, foreshortened, slam-bang sky and earth,
 Does it reveal a draftsman, or his clients?
 The best of it is theirs—belief and mirth—
 But was it children who procured these giants?

Grant us one world, Geographer. But where's
 Our true choice, as the edge of reason crinkles:
 That hoof-hacked, Silver-shaken globe of theirs?
 This ball of motes that swings us by our ankles?

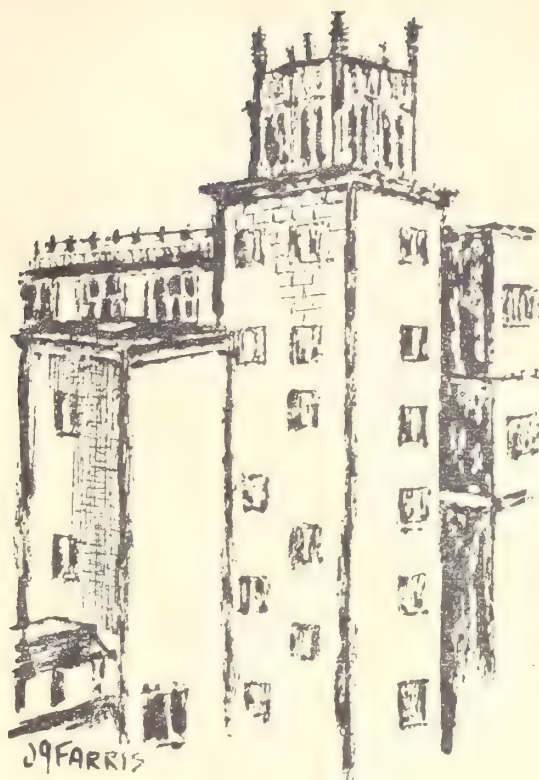
Of my son's oaten hero, shall I say
 The mind-made word that mocks the spirit's hunger?
 Young skies will empty, splendor drain away.
 Hurry and mail the box top! Address LONE RANGER.

A postman, peering through wide Western air,
 Will know him by his mask, his silver bullet.
 Well, who rides firmer earth? Parents, beware!
 There's plenty of time for truth, if you can tell it.

The Men Who Run England

E. M. Hugh-Jones

Drawings by J. G. Farris



TO UNDERSTAND the present situation of the British Labor party one must bear in mind its origin and rise to power. The party's foundation around the turn of the century sprang from a widespread belief in the need for independent labor representation in order to secure the legal position of Trade Unions. That the party thus grew out of the Trade Union movement is important. For to the Trade Unionist the road to Utopia appeared as a struggle, dour even when successful, against injustice; and this has set the tone for the party during the first half-century of its existence and explains much of its current program.

But two other groups also contributed to the foundation of the party—one the I.L.P. of Keir Hardie and the Clarion League of Blatchford, the other the Fabian Society of Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw. Both were composed of persons of the middle class—indeed of all classes—and thus were distinguished from the Trade Union element, but there were also significant differences between them. At bottom the inspiration of the followers of Keir Hardie and Blatchford was a

passionate love of humanity and a belief in the possibilities of social co-operation. By contrast, the Fabian Society had the rather inhuman outlook of efficiency experts, and their demand for social reform sprang from a fastidious distaste for the smells of poverty rather than from sympathy for the pauper. They advocated public ownership of industry because it would reduce waste, not because it would make people happier.

These three groups were able to work together because they were able, on the whole, to agree on particular measures to be advocated, the sort of empirical approach most congenial to the Englishman. Had they, by virtue of political success, ever been faced with the problem of welding their specific proposals into a coherent program with the responsibility for carrying it out, their need to establish a common basis of principle might well have foundered upon the rocky differences of temperament and the party might have fallen to pieces.

But before the first world war the party was not strong enough to stand alone, or to sit alone on either the Government or Op-

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position Front Bench. During that war, however, private enterprise was suspended in many spheres and the mobilization of men for the Services and the rationing of food gave at least to every adult some experience of life under a central directing authority. Its successful outcome seriously weakened the old argument that such a system was impractical, theoretical, and nonsense. Moreover the enhanced importance of the workers in war factories, and as forming the mass of enlisted men, increased the political influence of the party and it began to develop from its previous chrysalis state and to play the very necessary role of the second party in politics.

For the British system, it must be emphasized, is essentially a two-party system, even though representatives of any number of parties—and also independents—may present themselves for election provided only that they are willing to back their candidature with a deposit of £150, to be forfeited if they fail to get one-eighth of the votes cast. How firmly rooted is this system in history and tradition—to say nothing of its proved practical value—has recently been pleasantly illustrated by the insistence of the House of Commons on rebuilding its Chamber, destroyed by a German bomb in 1940, on its old rectangular pattern rather than on the semi-circular plan favored by American and Continental assemblies. Thus is perpetuated the clear-cut distinction between Government and Opposition benches—there are no rows of movable desks or even cross-benches along which parties may imperceptibly merge into one another.

The end of the first world war thus saw the Labor party in a strong position. During the two decades that followed, the Liberal party was steadily weakened despite an attempted resurgence in 1927; while the Conservative party stood upon the ancient ways, under the guidance of Stanley Baldwin who, with his policy of *quieta non movere*, seemed to be the very reincarnation of Robert Walpole.

THE second world war completed the collapse of the Liberals as a party competent to form a government and the rise of the Labor party to the position of second party in the state. As the war became increasingly “total”—a term which the Allies

interpreted to mean universal participation rather than merely increasing nastiness, as did the Germans—many of the fears and inhibitions which had divided the “worker” from the “bourgeois” began to break down. In theory at least, and to a very large extent in practice, the principle of “from each according to his ability” determined the individual’s place in the war effort, not interests or connections. The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton; victory in the Battle of Britain, at El Alamein, and on the Normandy beaches was seen to owe as much to the back streets of Wigan.

On those whose duties kept them at home, perhaps the most violent and effective impact was produced by the mass evacuations of the early months of the war. This movement disgorged the slums of the big cities into small towns and villages, and revealed the prevalence of conditions recalling the famous report by a naval officer on the manners and customs of the natives of Akyab: “Manners they have none and their customs are very beastly.” An initial moment of shock, during which the temptation proved irresistible to blame the slum dwellers themselves, was followed by a revival of the “consciousness of sin among men of intellect and property” to which Beatrice Webb attributed the social reforms of the nineteenth century.

The impact of this exposition in visible human terms of conditions previously only expressed in the decent obscurity of unemployment or housing statistics can hardly be exaggerated. It exploded at intervals during the war years, giving a perpetual impetus to and justification for social (and economic) changes that might otherwise have taken decades. The Labor victory of 1945 was its final political repercussion.

Many other explanations of this victory have been given—most of them no doubt accurate. At the time—and perhaps still—many Americans were puzzled by what they generally termed our “ingratitude to Churchill.” But it is fair to point out that Churchill himself was returned—though admittedly he did lose 10,000 votes to a crackpot with no organization and an election slogan, “Let philosophy prevail and four hours work a day”; it was his party that suffered defeat. Churchill’s first election broadcast—which, in various ways, severely shocked his hearers—

was obviously an expression of his belief that what the country needed, after five years of coalition government, was a return to the vigor of party politics; and although this produced the defeat of his own party he was assuredly right. Coalitions are politically enervating. To some the Labor victory appeared as the "swing of the pendulum"—what in cruder or more honest times was known as "Buggins' turn"—the result of a natural law whereby political parties enjoyed alternately the privileges and penalties of power.

But basically the Labor victory in 1945 was due to a general belief that the building of Jerusalem was overdue in England's green and pleasant land and that it was the Labor party rather than any other that would go ahead fastest with the building; the design was rather secondary. To describe the result as a mass conversion to Socialist or Labor principles would be an exaggeration. At the best the voting figures can only be made to give a majority in favor of Socialism of some 60,000 votes out of some 24 million cast, and certainly not all those who did vote Labor had any reasoned appreciation of the Labor program. But, as in the U.S.A. in 1932, the demand was for "action, and action now"; and the Labor party seemed most likely to satisfy that demand.

II

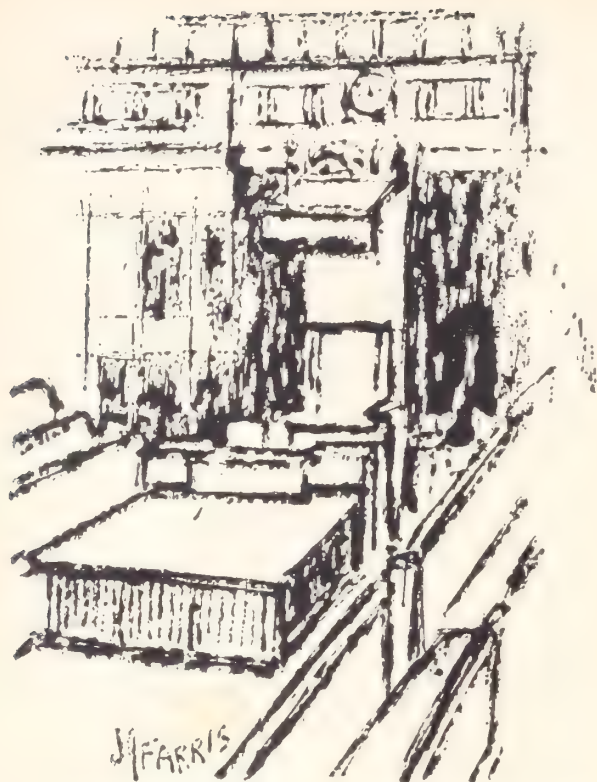
THE course of the past five years has seen the working out of the program put forward in 1945 and it is the proud boast of the party that it has not only carried out the program on which it was returned—itsself a remarkable occurrence—but has carried out all of it. But though this may be true as regards legislation it is also true that the expectations of many Labor voters that a party victory would be speedily followed by the millennium have not been satisfied. It is too much to say that the party is discredited; but their supporters are certainly disappointed and in many cases also surprised.

It is worth looking a little more closely at two of the main causes of disappointment, for they will illumine the difficulties which at present face the party and show how far the stresses inherent in its original formation still remain.

Undoubtedly the most serious danger to the party arises from its connection with the Trade Union movement. In any regime pledged to maintain "full employment" the situation of the English Trade Union movement—bearing in mind its history and characteristic philosophy—would be difficult. It is made the more so by the fact that the party in power is one to whose rise it has strongly contributed and on whose policy it believes that it ought to exercise great influence. Yet collaboration is as difficult as opposition. Economic policy demands restraint in wage demands, which is plumb contrary to one of the traditional objectives of Trade Unionism; rising prices demand, or seem to demand, increased wages at least for lower-paid workers, which the unions, with traditional emphasis on the maintenance of differentials, feel bound to resist; measures to increase productivity come up against their traditional opposition to any form of reorganization designed to "save labor," or as they see it, to "create unemployment."

And all the while, the skimming off of the cream of the Labor leaders into politics or the boards of nationalized industries, at a time when the problem of union organization itself is increasing in complexity, has produced a weakness of leadership which manifests itself in unofficial strikes of a kind particularly harassing to the housewife and ordinary consumer. The belief that the mental development of the Trade Unions has failed to match the rise in the political fortunes of their party is both widespread and justified. It was recently expressed by a Trade Union speaker (himself a coal miner, if I remember rightly) who said, "We have nationalized the industry but have not nationalized the union"—meaning that the union had failed to substitute a national for a sectional attitude. Unless the unions can develop a more statesman-like outlook and improve their own organization they are likely to produce a degree of public exasperation that will seriously endanger Labor's electoral majority.

ANOTHER cause of exasperation is the continuance of regulations and controls. It is true that many have been removed or relaxed. But such removals do not prompt any grateful feelings—and why should they, five years after the end of active hostili-



ties?—while when a relaxation is vaunted, as on one recent occasion by Dalton, as “another little experiment in freedom,” many become inarticulate with fury at his smugness who believe that we already have ample experience of freedom and that it is planning and control that ought to be experimental.

There has been some economic argument to the effect that the way to perpetuate “full employment” is to maintain what is euphemistically termed “a state of inflationary tension” balanced by physical controls, and certainly more leaders of the Labor party accept the conclusions of this argument than would be capable of expressing it in the economist’s technical jargon. As worked out in practice such a policy rather appeals to the worker, who is secured in his job and in his basic necessities and is not hampered by the controls because his desire for economic freedom is satisfied by his ability to buy a television set and gamble in the football pools. But to the mass of the bourgeois middle class—to the man who wants to open a small shop but can’t get a license, or wants to build or add to his house but can’t get a license, or wants to change his coal merchant or butcher or doctor but does not see why he should have to fill out forms for the Ministry of Fuel or Food or Health—life appears increasingly frustrating, without the chance to let off suppressed irrita-

tion by going on strike. Their losses—pressure of taxation, loss of much freedom of economic choice, whether real or illusory—seem to outweigh their gains from subsidized food prices, education, and a national health service, which of course they share with workers whose income has risen proportionately so much more than their own.

Some of the more thoughtful Labor leaders realize the existence of this growing antagonism in a class which in 1945 and even in 1950 gave them electoral support. Herbert Morrison especially takes it seriously as may be seen in the studied moderation of his speeches with their strongly reassuring note to the bourgeois, who are urged to count their blessings both received and to come. It is also at the root of the basic policy dispute in the party now rumbling all the while under the surface: namely, whether the party is more likely to retain its electoral strength if it now advocates a period of consolidation of the changes carried out over the past five years, than if it makes another dash for socialism, continues to press for further measures of nationalization and equality of real incomes, resources, and opportunities, even if that implies the continuance, for as long as thought can reach, of a system of rationing, centralization, and controls.

III

IF THIS were the only problem it might be solved by the normal processes of political calculation. But the party, like Cerberus, finds itself provided with several heads who tend to look in different directions and to growl at one another. Three different groups may be distinguished.

One consists of radical Socialists, who retain something of the enthusiasm of the earlier days but with a bitterness and rancor generally absent from Blatchford and his associates; men whose views are strongly colored by the privations they have known in their youth, who think with their hearts rather than their heads, and are political mavericks when their emotions are involved. Of these Aneurin Bevan is the most notable, Shinwell perhaps the most able. Bevan, as a miners’ agent in South Wales, both saw and experienced in his own person the bitterness bred of economic depression. “I can forgive,” he

has said, "what happened to me but not what happened to others"; and his tongue is loaded with vitriol. Aged fifty-three he is probably at the height of his powers. Shinwell has not known poverty but in him the characteristic Jewish tribalism has expanded into a wider human sympathy. Hugh Dalton and John Strachey also belong to this group, though they have not been tried by the fires of economic adversity; both are from Eton and neither has ever worked with his hands, for Dalton has been a barrister and university teacher, Strachey an author and journalist. It is from this wing that chiefly comes the demand for more Socialism, increased nationalization, and greater equality at the expense of any and all classes except the workers—from whom no further sacrifices are to be demanded. These other classes will remember, or will believe at any rate, that Bevan once called them "vermin" and Shinwell "not worth a tinker's cuss," and that Strachey has implied that they did not take their fair share of the financial burden of World War II.

AT THE other extreme are the representatives of Trade Union opinion (now almost conservative by current standards) and of the old Fabian Socialists, with their doctrine of gradualness and permeation. Among these I would put Bevin, Isaacs, Morrison, and Chuter Ede. These may be accounted the old men of the party, aged respectively sixty-nine, sixty-seven, sixty-two, and sixty-eight, and for none of them, except Chuter Ede (who is a graduate of Cambridge) has their formal education gone beyond the elementary stage. Bevin as Foreign Secretary is in a class and has an importance all his own to which I shall return later. Isaacs came up through the printing trade union and as Parliamentary Private Secretary to J. H. Thomas, who was probably the nearest England has ever produced to the "business unionist"; he is undoubtedly hampered in his dealings with current labor problems by his Trade Union background. Morrison is the ablest of the party leaders, a political tactician of great skill, "organizer of victory" in the last two elections, for whom time and success have overcome the suspicions with which as a "city slicker" (his route to power has been through London County Council politics) he was regarded by many provincial

party members during the interwar years. He is believed to favor a policy of consolidation and his attitude, save when confronting Churchill in the House of Commons, is that of the moderate sensible man, calculated to appeal to the bourgeois "floating vote" which, as might be expected, is found chiefly in the cities. Ede was a schoolmaster at the age of twenty-three and his compressed lips and somewhat brooding eyes still seem to carry the combination of firmness and infinite patience characteristic of those whose hope that the world may be saved by education is perpetually doomed to disappointment. As Home Secretary he has been one of the outstanding if unspectacular successes in a very thankless post, having had to deal with such thorny problems as the proper way for a practicing democracy to deal with neo-Fascist processions, the proposed abolition of the death penalty for murder, and the Peace Congress at Sheffield. On none of these issues has he escaped criticism, sometimes severe; but his wisdom has not been seriously questioned and his integrity never. He and Attlee are the two most solid pillars of the party.

BETWEEN these two wings lies the third section, composed of intellectuals, mostly ex-university teachers, brought into the party as much by humanitarianism as anything, believers in planning but more flexible than the extremists, relatively young men as politicians go in England, in not too much of a hurry but not inclined to wait for, or even work for, a Liberal revival and skeptical of Conservative capacity for rapid action.

Its leader, at least until his illness, was Cripps, a man with much of the single-mindedness of the Cromwellian "Levellers"; but many others are prominent both in and out of office. Pakenham, a Roman Catholic peer, whose adherence to Labor when he was a Don at Oxford was powerfully assisted by being cracked on the head with a steel chair during a Fascist meeting before the war; a bunch of economists, Jay, Gaitskell, Harold Wilson, Antony Crosland; two historians, Gordon-Walker and Richard Crossman. With the exception of Cripps they are all under fifty and their common intellectual background makes them into a curiously compact group, despite individual variations. All were educated at major public schools (Cross

man, Cripps, Gaitskell, and Jay at Winchester, Pakenham at Eton), are graduates of Oxford, and, with the exception of Gaitskell who taught in the University of London, have been Fellows of Oxford Colleges, though Jay never taught in Oxford but went into journalism; most of them served during the last war as temporary civil servants and may be thought to have absorbed a taste for administration. Not without influence among them is Hilary Marquand, a man from Cardiff, educated there and in the United States, sometime a Rockefeller Fellow and Professor of Industrial Relations in the University of Cardiff, where he conducted important social surveys of South Wales.

It should never be forgotten that the university don is potentially the most ruthless of men because he has been trained to search single-mindedly for truth and to accept in full the logic of any situation. This group may lack the burning passion for equalitarianism characteristic of Bevan; but equally, I suspect, it would go further than Morrison. Though intellectually it could dance rings round him it respects his political shrewdness, for in politics it is as yet generally amateur (though did not Woodrow Wilson consider faculty politicians to be superior to party politicians?). Jay has been a junior minister at the center of the economic planning of the party; Gaitskell, appointed at the age of forty-four to succeed Cripps, becomes the youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer since Winston Churchill's father in 1886. Harold Wilson is a short and cherubic north countryman who claims to have drunk level with the Russian Trade Commissar, Mikoyan, during trade negotiations in Moscow; the American movie industry may also know something of his hard head in a bargain. Crosland, so good-looking as to be almost the Stewart Granger of the House of Commons, was only elected in 1950 but has already made his mark by a maiden speech on the Budget in which he criticized his own Chancellor of the Exchequer. Gordon-Walker broadcast to German workers during the war and in politics has achieved high promotion by working hard over the Indian settlement but otherwise keeping quiet; (as Kai Lung said, "The wise duck keeps his mouth shut when he smells frogs"). Crossman between the two wars was a persistent and penetrating student of Nazi

Germany (he is said to have been one of the first to report the massacres of June 1934 in an unscripted interpolation slipped into a broadcast he was giving on the Berlin radio the same night) and was for a while an assistant editor of the *New Statesman*. He undoubtedly jeopardized his chances of promotion by untimely criticism of Bevin's handling of foreign affairs, though currently he is reported to have resigned his editorship and to be working his passage home.

FOR this question of foreign affairs is real dynamite in the Labor party, not just because of the seriousness of the foreign scene, which no one doubts, but because of the complex of personal ambitions centering round the office of Foreign Secretary. That Bevin has stayed on when obviously ill may be partly due to personal ambition, but most of the explanation is that Attlee has been keeping him there to avoid disturbing the equilibrium of the administration to an extent that might have been fatal.

Up to the outbreak of the Korean war this equilibrium has been maintained by the strength and personal integrity of Attlee, who is able to impose a certain harmony at least upon the personal rivalries inevitable in a party which has suddenly found itself in power and is suffering all the embarrassments of a dream suddenly come true. If I have said nothing so far about Attlee it is because his great forte is to be unobtrusive, yet always there. Like Ol' Man River he don't say nothin', or not much; when he does, the matter is first rate although he has a poor delivery, especially on the radio; he just keeps rollin' along. That is the secret, I believe, of his increasing popular appeal, which has no political glamor about it but stems from a feeling that he is immune from the vagaries of the various groups in his party.

The maintenance of the party's internal cohesion has thus depended on Attlee's ability to resolve and compose various opposing forces. First his strangely unambitious integrity made him an acceptable leader to men like Dalton, Morrison, Bevan, Bevin, not any one of whom would have agreed to serve under another.

Second, the eyes of Dalton and Bevan and perhaps Morrison also have been fixed on the Foreign Office. It has been revealed that for

a couple of hours in 1945 Attlee's choice for Foreign Secretary fell on Dalton. One may rejoice that he changed his mind and has subsequently shown his strength and political address by putting Dalton in the Ministry of Town and Country planning where his peculiarities can do least harm.

Dalton is one of the pedagogues of the party and the most dangerous man in it, not so much for any specific views he may hold as because of a fundamental irresponsibility that goes beyond a willingness to experiment to a belief that the consequences of experiment can be ignored; a teen-ager playing "chicken" in a high-powered car, driving the machinery of state forward but every now and then crying, "Look, no hands." This is particularly dangerous because he is ambitious, has prestige and standing in the party and claims to high office in it. Bevan, it is believed, would like to leave the Ministry of Health while the going is reasonably good (*i.e.*, before the Health Service and Housing have to be cut to meet defense expenditure or break down of their own weight) and rather fancies himself as a second Palmerston. (Although he vaunts his working-class origin by refusing ever to wear formal dress, he sports the most expensive silk shirts and the most flamboyant cuff links in London. One thinks of Palmerston "with his whiskers freshly dyed" calling on the Queen.) Both have a substantial personal following in the House of Commons to back their claims.

So it was essential that Bevin should stay in office until the various strains within the high ranks of the party should have worked themselves out and some obvious successor appeared. The first of these events may well have happened. Morrison is practically irreplaceable for his handling of Parliamentary business; Bevan's stock has been curiously and imperceptibly falling ever since the election; Dalton is out of the running ever since the Schuman Plan and his irresponsible embarrassment of the Government by the maladroitness issuing—as party executive, not as a minister—of a party statement of foreign policy that seemed to contradict the official view of the Government. Though Trade Unionists have proved to be successful Foreign Secretaries (Arthur Henderson, for example, and Bevin himself), Bevin's successor will probably come from the "intellectual"

wing; its members suffer from what Chatham called "the atrocious crime of being a young man" but some of them have understudied Bevin as Minister of State. At the moment Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney General, aged forty-eight and an honorary member of the New York Bar Association, is most heavily tipped as next holder of the post. Though the responsibilities of his present post are mainly internal he has done good work at Lake Success and before the International Court at The Hague.

Third, there is the problem of these younger men themselves, typifying a new group of party adherents whose rapidly increasing influence threatens alike the old simple working-class structure of the party and the influence of the Trade Unions in it. How should "working-class" be defined in modern England anyway? Attlee is uniquely suited to moderate between the old and the new, for he has lived his adult life among London working men and is a graduate of Oxford University, was a lecturer for ten years at the London School of Economics, and was a serving officer throughout the first world war.

IV

WE ARE then at an interesting moment of political transition. On the one hand a period of uncertainty in our political equilibrium is coming to an end as the situation crystallizes pretty clearly into the traditional two-party form. The Liberals as a party must, I think, be reckoned as finished. Not that this means the end of liberalism as a creed; it will be found pervading both parties, and the present Labor program might well be described as being essentially more Liberal than Socialist. But for the moment there seems no chance of the party securing an effective measure of political power. The same applies, in an even greater degree, to minor parties; perhaps the most significant aspect of the election of 1950 was the elimination of the smaller groups, Communist, I.L.P., and Independent.

But on the other hand while the organized workers have at last secured the political power forecast for them by Gladstone as long ago as 1889, there are signs that the party has, so to say, outgrown its strength. That



it should be divided on the question of advance versus consolidation could be regarded as one of the inevitable incidents of political strategy if it did not also go beyond purely strategic considerations and raise questions about the basic structure of the party.

For the truth is that the Socialism of the Labor party is peculiar to itself. This peculiarity was recently indicated by the Secretary of the party when he stated that British Socialism was founded not in Marx but in Methodism. In this he was profoundly right, but it implies, and again rightly, that so far as British Socialism (one is forced to use this phrase) is founded in principles at all they are ethical, not economic or political. This did well enough so long as the party consisted of and relied on the Trade Unions, the legal safeguarding of whose position had been the original object of its existence. The problem of "fair does," "fairity," "fairation" (a working-class idiom you won't find in the dictionary but the equivalent of Gladstone's "to continue to be just") did not exist for a frankly sectional party without national responsibilities. It is now seen to be enormously complicated both in fact and for a party whose originally simple class membership has been swamped, if not in numbers at least in influence, by intellectuals and non-Trade Unionists. By the nature of the case these demand

and try to produce political or economic principles applicable to the new situation and in so doing are doubtless hammering out a new Labor philosophy, but it is not what a Continental European would regard as Socialism.

That the party is in search of a philosophy explains the tensions that exist today. First, the tension created by the inability of the Trade Unions to transcend their traditional sectionalism to meet the national responsibilities thrust on them by the success of what they have hitherto regarded as their political wing. Second, the fact that as the political wing itself has developed it has become increasingly permeated by people who have not grown up in the old Trade Union tradition and indeed may well feel that in both their interests the party and Trade Unions should be independent of one another. Third, that in the political party there is this three-way stretch and a complex of political ambitions, through which the party has preserved a somewhat precarious unity based on the personality of Attlee and the continuance in health or office of Bevin.

These divisions should not, of course, be exaggerated. No organization, be it state, or party, is necessarily the stronger for being "monolithic," and the great English parties, in their great days, (as also the American parties) have always been divided; the gap between Isaacs and Gaitskell or Bevin and Dalton is no greater than that between Sir Waldron Smithers and Viscount Hinchinbrooke in the Conservative party today or between Chamberlain and Hartington fifty years ago. The Korean war has closed the party ranks and a new technique of governing with a Parliamentary majority counted on the fingers of one hand appears to be developing. It is virtually certain now that party unity would survive Bevin's retirement, which would produce only minor adjustments. It is more tempting to speculate on what would happen if the pressure of imminent or actual war were to produce the formation of a coalition cabinet.

V

WHETHER Churchill, at the age of seventy-six, should be in a coalition cabinet and in what capacity is the biggest question for the amateur cabinet-maker. As was said at the time of the Atlantic Confer-

ence, when a question was asked about his whereabouts, "Like the elephant at the zoo, you notice when it is not there." For the Labor party, even though its majority is so small, would find it exceedingly bitter to yield the premiership to the leader of the Conservatives. Yet for the country as a whole, it would be inconceivable that the supreme conduct of a war should be entrusted to anyone else. Churchill's own views are on record in the second volume of his history of the second world war: "In any sphere of action there can be no comparison between the position of number one, and numbers two, three, and four." Much might depend on whether war was actual or imminent.

Another problem is that of the Ministry of Labor and National Service, which would have to operate the machinery of conscription, both military and industrial. The holder of this post must be *persona grata* to the Trade Unions, and able to control them to boot, but the present incumbent lacks the power and influence of Bevin. One must assume that Bevin's health would not permit him to undertake control of any department. There is now no other outstanding Trade Union leader capable of tackling the job, for so many of the best have become compromised in the eyes of the workers by joining the boards of nationalized industries and thus becoming identified with the "bosses." Perhaps Chuter Ede or Gordon-Walker might take it on.

Finally, of course, there are personal problems to be resolved, individuals who must be brought in, others who would have to go out because even in the stress of war they would be incompatible; the need to keep a balance between parties, between the two houses of Parliament, and so on.

The offices to be filled may be presumed to be those given in Appendix H of Churchill's third volume, although it is clear that membership of the War Cabinet was determined as much by personalities as by offices; the only departments permanently represented were the Exchequer, Foreign Office, and Labor. Churchill also states that even eight members were too many, but it is probable that the number could hardly be fewer. Let us assume that the Conservatives will demand the inclusion of Churchill, Eden, Harold Macmillan (one of the wartime ministers *en*

mission), and Sir John Anderson (sometime Governor of Bengal, a minister from 1938 to 1945, one of the strong men of the party, who declined to seek election in 1950 after the abolition of the special University seats in 1948); that Winston Churchill would be Minister of Defense and thus Prime Minister with Attlee as Deputy (Lord Privy Seal), and would refuse to have Morrison, who would yield his present office of Lord President of the Council to Macmillan. If Bevin should relinquish the burden of the Foreign Office—which is likely—his place would be filled by Eden and balance would then demand that the Labor party should retain the Exchequer. Bevin might well remain as Minister of State to underpin Gordon-Walker, who would do the heavy work in the Ministry of Labor. The line-up would then be Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, *Churchill*; Privy Seal, *Attlee*; Exchequer, *Gaitskell*; Foreign Secretary, *Eden*; Labor, *Gordon-Walker*; Ministers of State, *Shawcross* (understudying Eden), *Bevin*, *Anderson*. This already makes nine; to reduce to eight either drop Bevin, or put Anderson at the Exchequer in place of Gaitskell; in the latter case party balance would perhaps require that Shawcross and Eden exchange places. It is a fascinating game and one can only pray that we do not have to play it in earnest.



After Hours

MY CONVERSATION with Gloria Swanson, who is rejuvenating a successful career as an actress by playing parts of actresses who have rejuvenated their success, went like this:

"Will you give me a light?" she said. I gave her a light.

"I met you several years ago at my brother's," I said.

"Oh," she said, and then muttered something about the *Mercury* and a "spread" and when I looked puzzled, she said, "I guess I'm confused."

She pushed her hand through her graying hair, and turned on her tiny heel and walked away.

She didn't have far to walk; the room, which was somewhere in the bowels of the ANTA (American National Theater and Academy) Playhouse, was only about twenty feet wide, and we were standing in the middle of it. Our conversation occurred during a five-minute break in a "run-through" of the play "Twentieth Century" on the tenth day of rehearsals. José Ferrer, master sergeant and male lead of the production, had said, "Take five," and the cast had wandered out of the little, low-ceilinged, yellow room into the hall for a smoke.

Mr. Ferrer, known to those present as Joe, didn't take five himself. He spent two of it talking to me and three of it talking to a man who had put up some money for the production. "I'm terrible today," he said. "The only scene I've rehearsed was that last one. I'm not acting; I'm watching the others." This surprised me, as I thought he was acting. In fact I thought he was being extremely funny. He had on a gray flannel suit, a dark brown and black shirt made of printed Balinese or Indian cotton, and a black necktie, which had nothing to do with his being funny. He was playing the role of a tempera-

mental, hyper-egotistical actor-producer trying to woo a famous actress into signing a contract for a production of his, thereby saving him from bankruptcy. He was very funny, but he wasn't as funny as the actress, Gloria Swanson, who evidently *had* been rehearsing.

There were about twelve spectators besides myself at the rehearsal, plus the cast of the play. I couldn't count the actors; they didn't stand still long enough. This is a play which takes place on a train of the same name, and in which people rush around almost incessantly. The center of the room was divided off by benches and folding chairs into the compartments of a sleeping car, and the man who was holding the script would indicate changes in the place of action by saying "Dim up section A" or "Dim up B" and every now and then he would say "Wooo, Wooo" to indicate the passing of another train. What this will all look and sound like when it is produced I'll know by the time this is printed, but I'm sure it won't be any funnier than it was without props or costumes or sets. This run-through was as good an argument for dispensing with theatrical claptrap as any I've ever seen. It moved like lightning; the dialogue was fast and funny; the horseplay incessant and ludicrous. I'm not at all sure that I want to see the play as produced. I am happy to settle for the benches and folding chairs and the chance to watch Miss Swanson laugh at the parts of the play in which she didn't appear and Mr. Ferrer beat his forehead with his fist when he forgot his lines.

"Twentieth Century," which was written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, was first produced in 1932 when Mr. Ferrer was twenty and a junior at Princeton and Miss Swanson was at the height of her fame. Unlike many successful farces, which wither

with the passing of a few winters, this has stayed fresh and its candid and good-humored kidding of everything from racial distinctions and psychiatric conditions to the High Art of the Theater is happily reminiscent of the days before everybody became so constrictingly self-conscious about Tolerance and Philistinism.

"I practically snatched Miss Swanson off a boat from England last month," Mr. Ferrer, whose theatrical versatility and subtlety are a delight, said after the rehearsal was over. "We cast the rest of the play in a day and a half, and we open on Christmas Eve, with four weeks of rehearsals." And then, as though time were wasting, he was off.

Quiet Music

THE sound of a clarinet is made by a vibrating column of air about two feet long, set in motion by wind pressure on a thumb-length sliver of bamboo. Tone and pitch are controlled by the dimensions of the tube of the clarinet and its openings, by the shape of the mouthpiece, the condition of the reed, the skill of the performer, and the conformation of his lips and throat. Loudness is a function of his lung power, and softness—according to Reginald Kell, a virtuoso of the instrument—is a mark of his technique. "If you can play the clarinet softly," says Mr. Kell, "you can do nearly anything else you want with it. My father conducted an orchestra in the days when clarinet players just blew. He taught me to play so quietly that when I got my first job I just sat there, you know, and they could hardly hear me."

Mr. Kell, a Yorkshireman of quiet temperament, needs every bit of his six-foot frame and strong jaw to bring throaty and shivering tones out of his slender instrument, but the results are worth hearing. His records, for which he is better known here than for concerts, have been issued by many companies (Victor, Columbia, London, Mercury), and Decca, in its new Gold Seal series, will record at least twelve works from the clarinet repertory with Mr. Kell. When he came to this country two years ago, joined the Musicians' Union, and announced his intention of becoming an American citizen, he had played first clarinet with nearly every major

symphony orchestra in England. Now forty-four years old, Mr. Kell has been at the top of his profession for more than twenty years, since it was in 1930 (when he was twenty-four) that Sir Thomas Beecham gave him his first solo part with the London Philharmonic, and a year later that he was appointed professor of clarinet at the Royal Academy of Music. He estimates that he has played solo clarinet with twenty-six different string quartets, not to mention his own, the Reginald Kell Chamber Players, a hand-picked team for whom he has great hopes.

Though he lives a quiet life in a New York suburb, teaches pupils among whom a number are frankly amateurs, and carries but a moderate schedule of concerts, Mr. Kell makes noises with his clarinet that are far above the ordinary, so far above that music critics who write about him are threatened with exhaustion of superlatives. Casting about for comparisons, several have settled on the cellist Pablo Casals, a musician of such elevated rank that the breaking of his self-imposed exile in Southern France last year was an event of musical importance. What the Basque country is to Casals, Westchester is to Mr. Kell—except for the implication; in place of political exile he has adopted protective coloration. He brings his clarinet to town in a briefcase to avoid attracting attention ("so all the business chaps won't think I'm odd"), and to hear him talk his main interests might be jazz music and baseball.

Mr. Kell was introduced to baseball by jazz musicians who insisted he accompany them to games. At first he could make nothing of it, but one day he saw a flurry of activity on the field and asked to have it explained. "Then I realized I had seen my first double play." From that moment he was a fan, and particularly delighted, when he sat briefly in the audience during a concert he played in at Tanglewood, to hear a voice behind him ask, "Who is this guy Kell? Any relation to George Kell of Detroit?" After one of his performances at Town Hall in New York, a jazz clarinetist told him, "Reg, you sounded like a champ—just like Notre Dame." To which Mr. Kell, by that time a native, replied, "Say, that's as good as the Yankees, isn't it?"

"By its nature," wrote Winthrop Sargeant in the *New Yorker* after the same concert.

"the clarinet is a very fluent and pliant instrument, whose possibilities for lush tone, sensational fade-outs, and rippling scales are easily exploited by hundreds of average musicians. Kell is not an average musician. He uses the clarinet with fastidious reserve, making it the disciplined tool of one of the most truly musical minds I have come across among players of any instrument." The program that evening contained many aggressively modern works—"all that Stravinsky," says Mr. Kell, "and right in the middle a poor little Mozart concerto." He now calls the concert "the rape of Mozart," though indirectly it led *Life* to photograph him playing the clarinet and to bill him as "the finest of all the world's players on that instrument." *Life's* pictures were taken by Leonard McCombe, who has since become one of Mr. Kell's pupils and good friends, and who practices for relaxation, often in hotel bathrooms, when he is on the road for *Life*. "Can you imagine the tone?" asks Mr. Kell.

WHEN I last heard the tone of a clarinet I was standing outside the door of the Park Avenue apartment of another of Mr. Kell's pupils. Fastened to the door with Scotch tape were the words "Merry Christmas" spelled out in red and green pipe-cleaners, placed there by the children of the house, and through the door came the notes of a Hindemith clarinet sonata played by their father, Mr. Benny Goodman. Mr. Goodman had graciously consented to stop practicing for a few minutes to talk about his teacher, but as no one answered my ring I pushed through successive doors, hating to Stop the Music but hoping to knock on each door loud enough to be heard. Mr. Goodman finally shouted, "Come on in," and I found myself in a long room that is used both for living and playing the clarinet, the purposes being virtually equivalent. On a low coffee table was a cigarette carton filled to overflowing with clarinet reeds.

Mr. Goodman, like Mr. Kell, has difficulty in finding words for the sound the clarinet makes, or the qualities that distinguish a man who plays it well. "Mutual admiration society," he said, when I told him that Mr. Kell had spoken highly of him, and he returned the compliment in one expressive sentence: "He's plays the *clarinet*, that's all." The two

had not met until Mr. Kell came to this country, though they had long admired each others' records. Years ago Mr. Kell had brought about a single-handed revolution in the degree of expression allowable to wind players ("I nearly lost all my friends; they thought I'd gone off my head"), and Mr. Goodman admired the easy and natural style he had developed. Mr. Kell, by the same token, admired the freedom of the "jazz boys." He had twice written Mr. Goodman a letter late in the evening and torn it up the next morning ("I thought, why bother," he told Irving Kolodin later, "he'd never answer"), and several times Mr. Goodman had been on the point of sailing for England to find Mr. Kell ("Why don't you go, Benny?" Mr. Kolodin would say to him; "Dammit, I will," Mr. Goodman would answer). Mr. Kolodin, a music critic who had introduced Mr. Goodman to Kell records, brought them together ("In, of all places," said Mr. Goodman, "the Stork Club") and they hit it off from the start. I asked him what they talked about when they first met, and he said, "Oh, we were just gassing." When I pressed him further, he added, "Well, I told him I'd always been afraid he'd turn out to be a stinker, and he told me he'd always been afraid I'd turn out to be a stinker. We got along fine."

I asked Mr. Goodman how he thought Mr. Kell, who had never been in the United States until he decided to settle here, had been able to make up his mind to come. "Well," he said, "you don't do something like that unless you've been thinking about it for some time. I guess he'd been living in this country for ten years and didn't know it." Later the same point came up again in different form, when Mr. Kell himself arrived to hold a lesson. Mr. Goodman had been lamenting the item in that morning's paper about President Truman's indiscreet letter to a music critic. He thought the President should have had his mind on more serious matters, and he did not agree with my suggestion that it might be better for him to lose his temper at local citizens rather than at foreign diplomats. When Mr. Kell took off his overcoat and jacket, revealing a bright green sweater and terra cotta trousers, they spoke of a prize fight the night before ("It was really something," said Mr. Good-

man), of the clarinet reeds on the table ("So that's what they whittle down to," said Mr. Kell), and then of the President's *gaffe*. "I thought it was typically American," Mr. Kell remarked. "If I could show a European nothing else about this country I would show him that."

"How do you like this foreigner?" said Mr. Goodman, spreading his hands helplessly. "That's what they think of us."

Actually what Mr. Kell thought of this country was that "it was the obvious place to come artistically," in spite of the fact that the clarinet is not yet generally accepted here as a solo concert instrument on a par with the violin. One obstacle is the shortage of works (Mr. Goodman has commissioned several) but a greater one has been the lack of a prominent artist who could play the instrument at its best and capture the public imagination. That lack has now been repaired.

Space and Time

SEVERAL weeks ago on a Monday morning a letter arrived in the offices of this magazine that was mailed from Hampstead, London, at 12:45 P.M. on Saturday two days before. On Tuesday we had a phone call from an author asking about a manuscript that we had promised to mail back to him. We had mailed it from our offices (at Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street) on Friday afternoon and it had not reached him by Tuesday afternoon at his address something less than forty blocks away, at Seventieth Street and Park Avenue. Recently I had to go to Boston by plane. It took an hour from my office to LaGuardia Field, fifty-five minutes from there to the Boston airport, and an hour from the airport to my destination. And this morning I had two long-distance calls to make, one to Lakeville, Connecticut (about one hundred miles from New York) and the other to Los Angeles. It took me ten minutes to get Lakeville and about two minutes to get Los Angeles, thirty times as far away.

This is a paradox of time and distance which everyone has surely noticed and which, if one were able to pin it down, must have a profound meaning for our time. Our efforts to conquer distance are, in the least, remark-

able. Once we are airborne or put words into the whirl of electrons, distance vanishes and time collapses. But we have to compensate. A postman crawls up Park Avenue for forty blocks on his hands and knees, pushing a manuscript with his nose; it takes four days. A bus on the way to LaGuardia Field has to allow time for the possibility of jamming up with other vehicles of similar speed in a tunnel, mole-like, under the East River. A telephone operator has to shuttle around Connecticut trying to find Lakeville.

These are all problems that we could solve if we wanted to. I don't believe we want to. We are essentially afraid of the speed we have created, of the spoken word heard all over the world at the same moment (often with a sense of crisis), of the body plucked off the ground in a silver capsule and put down a few minutes later in strange surroundings. Last spring when I flew to Bermuda (three hours by Constellation) and found myself in a story-book world, I was surprised that I resented it; I was unprepared; I had come on a new world without having had a chance to put the old one away in my mind. And I suspect that we create the obstacles to the speed we have worked so hard to achieve because we resent it.

Essentially it must be that we take comfort in the obstacles. Drive into a big city on any Sunday night and sit, sometimes for hours, in a line of cars bumper to bumper for mile after mile. Here is the monster tied down by other monsters. We not only put up with it; we seem to go out of our way to let ourselves become its victims . . . creatures of vehicular sloth. We have created so much time that we must destroy it.

We hear a great deal about the leisure with which industrialization has presented us: time for more recreation, more to do in our after hours. As long as we are ingenious enough to invent ways to keep our advances in speed from being any real use to us, we'll not have to worry about that one. Every new jet plane is countered by a thousand new cars on the road to jam up the traffic. Every new device for speeding the mail by car or helicopter, will surely find a hundred postmen with sore feet. We needn't worry. We'll exert our resentment somehow.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

All Sides of Paradise

Charles Poore

WE HAVE come to an astonishing point in our history when almost everybody seems to be looking back, fondly, at the same mysteriously golden past. That could hardly have happened in the old days. Indeed, it probably was never true before—and it may be just as well, various things considered and the moodier ones ignored, if it is never so again. After all, each generation is entitled to its own misty, antique area of pleasurable remembrance. And anyway, it's high time we really created some sort of a world that future generations can, without horror or dismay, call the Good Old Days.

At the moment, however, as Arthur Mize-ner's admirable life of the greatly gifted Scott Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), serves to show, today's youngsters, today's middle-aged—those hardy veterans of the Lost Generation's forays, battles, and betrayals—and today's older people, are all looking back at the nineteen-twenties with a kind of unanimous delight. You see the talismans everywhere. The stage recalls its scenes, the styles bring back its clothes (men's button-down-collar shirts, however, have lost that extra button in the back) and the girl you pass on the street, wearing a cutout ice-bucket for a hat, is obviously bound for tea at the Plaza or under the Biltmore's clock.

Why? Well, because to older people, the nineteen-twenties, for all their frenzies, are the last years of consecutive tranquillity they can think of, offhand. The middle-aged have taken to recalling the ruddy epoch when they

pranced high—as Southerners used to recall the pre-Sherman manses and magnolias. And to the youngsters, born in the depression years and bounded on all sides by war, war, and more war, the legend of the Jazz Age sounds like a sort of Gay Nineties in approximately modern dress.

There was more to the age than the legend or the remembered look of it, though. And other ages were simultaneously preparing to live or preparing to die. The march of the collars (someone should write a history of ancient and modern times as reflected in men's collars) showed, among others, Calvin Coolidge's shiny little throat cuffs, Herbert Hoover's wedding-cake chokers, and the Army ones, whose tips seem always threatening to overlap, as well as the button-down kind. The age of Fitzgerald really stretches from September 1896, when he was born, to December 1940, when he died.

IN IT was also the beginning of the Age of Roosevelt, set forth in *FDR—A Pictorial Biography* skillfully assembled by Stefan Lorant (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) and *F. D. R.—His Personal Letters, 1928-1945* (Duell, \$10). In it was part of the Tarkingtonian Hoosier Age you see reflected in Jesamyn West's earthy, antic, and imaginative new novel, *The Witch Diggers* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). And it was flagrantly a part of the Age of Mencken, the Baltimore Smart Setter whose tirades and Algonquinades are sketched with unflagging admiration by William Manchester in the rough-and-tumble pages of *Disturber of the Peace: The Life*

and *Times of H. L. Mencken* (Harper, \$3.75).

It was an age that left desperately involved quantities of unfinished business to the ages that followed. A part of that business was partly settled on bloody foreign fields, such as the wartime Italy of M. R. Kadish's searing, searching story, *Point of Honor* (Random House, \$3). Here is a war novel that begins as if it had been written with Norman Mailer's iron fist, goes on as if it were a biography of the characters in Bill Mauldin's incomparable cartoons, and ends in a somber salute to hope.

What else has the present age but hope? Well, it has more good writers and more courageous publishers than it always deserves. I sometimes suspect when I am listening to people who can't find time to read a book and yet take hours to discuss what's wrong with current literature. True, we are presently afflicted with an unusually sticky flood of precious writing by precious authors who write precious well about precious little. But we also have an able lot with things worth saying that are all worth hearing. They should not be widely unread.

I hope that everyone who has read Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted* will now read *The Far Side of Paradise*, for it's a wonderfully interesting portrait of the true Fitzgerald and his fabulous age. And I hope a great many people will read Jessamyn West's *The Witch Diggers*, for Miss West's writing has more salty vigor and exuberance than the combined works of a dozen authors from the moanin'-low set. Her scene is bleak and bare—which heightens, all the more, the richness of her observation and her characterization.

The time is the turn of the century, the locality is southern Indiana, not far from the Kentucky border, and the cast ranges from the fierce and fantastic guests of the county who live at the Poor Farm to the lovers who suffer there in intricately separate worlds of their own. The obvious temptations to make this a quaint and curious period piece have been sternly set aside by Miss West. She is writing about human beings, first, last, and all the time, and she writes about them uncommonly well.

You'll remember Cate and Christie, Lib and Link, for a long time. You'll also re-

member the soldiers in *Point of Honor*. It was originally to have been called *The Responsibilities*, which made even plainer the heavily italicized moral of the story: "What are we fighting for?" But in spite of the fragrantly uncured talk, which begins to sound a shade old-fashioned now (a law of diminishing returns finally checks all stylistic excesses, doesn't it?) the day-by-day adventures of the cannoneers have subtle shades of meaning.

THAT search for meaning, for the justifications of life, animates, in the long run, most new books. It suggests that (certain signs to the contrary notwithstanding) life must be pretty good if so many want so earnestly to improve it. And it is part of all that unfinished business on hand. It turns up now in dozens of what-we-must-do-to-be-saved books and charts for finding ways of getting it done.

Here, for a shining example, is Barbara Ward's new blueprint for survival, a far-ranging examination of what's got to be done to beat the Soviets. Not least among the ingredients, of course, are European brains and American money. Her book is called, this time, *Policy for the West* (Norton, \$3.75), but it also faces East, as realistic books had better, these days, no matter how often we're told that Europe Is the Main Show.

One day, I hope, Bill Mauldin will draw a cartoon of Willie and Joe in Korea, reading a copy of an American newspaper on a beach-head, with one of them saying: "But Europe is the main show, it says here—ya road-company actor."

Miss Ward is so pretty, personally, that her writing, in the best London *Economist* style, usually sounds pretty impersonal. But she has sensible, if sometimes belated, brain waves. As when she tells the West what a fool it was to think there ever were easy ways of handling the Bear that walks like a madman. Her bobbing and weaving through the mazes of Marshall planning and martial dozing are very nimble indeed. And her conclusion is downright poetic. Hear these stirring lines by Miss Ward: "We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom and in it, the Western powers can freely choose and freely act."

And now hear Keats, posted, apparently, to the *Economist's* staff for the duration:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down—

In all truth, the Ward-Keats collaboration, their clarion call for people to do something, not just sit there wringing their hands, is a welcome change from so much of the tragic modern landscape, over there, where Miss Ward seems at the moment to be the best man of all at using the Oxford-Union manner polemically, and even

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and specter-thin and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

IT WAS, you remember, from that same poem, the "Ode to a Nightingale," with Ruth amid the ever-alien corn, that Scott Fitzgerald, who was himself always an alien from Minnesota at Princeton and in New York, always an alien from America on the Riviera, chose the title for his finest novel, for one of the finest American novels of our time, *Tender Is the Night*. And after he had written it he became increasingly an alien anywhere he lived, during those last, tragic years, when, in spite of sorrow and misfortune, he still showed he could write rings around most of his contemporaries in the wonderful beginning of *The Last Tycoon*.

What exorbitant demands are we capable of making on an American writer if we still say that Scott Fitzgerald was merely "full of unfulfilled promise" when he'd written those two, and *The Great Gatsby*, and such stories as "Babylon Revisited" and "May Day" and "The Rich Boy"? You'll find that Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, is still full of pretty wonderful writing, too, if you can drop

the idea that it is Merely a Novel About College Boys and Finishing School Girls into a convenient ash tray before you start. It will soon occur to you, then, that college boys and finishing school girls are really people, too, really human beings—though they've never sailed a raft across the Pacific Ocean or done anything else as practical as that, of course.

Mr. Mizener's biography gets away to a very slow start. You feel that he spent an immense amount of time reading old copies of the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Daily Princetonian*, and the *Nassau Lit*, and that he's hell-bent on using all that material. And it's all used, first and last, if only to prove, once again, that when an author has a good story to tell, he usually tells it from time to time.

In the same way, Mr. Mizener seems to have used the pieces in *The Crack-up*, edited by Edmund Wilson, with a kind of appalling thoroughness. You get the impression, for example, that he quotes different sentences from a single letter in four or five different parts of the biography. Yet it is really only when Mr. Mizener breaks away from that fundamentals-of-scholarly-research starch, and starts sketching freely, using the material about Scott Fitzgerald that he got from talking to people who knew him, that the portrait really comes to life.

Why is that? Mainly, I think, because you can sometimes get a clearer idea of a man or a girl from the expression on the face of the person who is talking than from what is being said. Because impressions absorbed in the mind are more important than material learned by rote. Isn't that why James Boswell is the greatest biographer of all?

IN THE case of Scott Fitzgerald, Buffon's classic statement that the style is the man himself is so true that we gladly let Mr. Mizener lead us again through his books, knowing that Fitzgerald lives on every page. The weary old discussion of just how much Scott Fitzgerald was taken in by the rich is dutifully aired again, though the main point is almost missed—that, in any case, he found rich material

in the gildable chronicle of their gullible lives.

The most poignant commentary of all on that is in a letter he wrote a wealthy friend when in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes: "I do not know very many rich people well, in spite of the fact that my life has been cast among rich people—certainly only two well enough to have called upon in this emergency."

The emergencies accelerated, year by year, and there were many of them, even in the days when he was considered the most carefree character in the carefree age he had invented. He seldom had enough money, he never had enough time, he always drank too much, he always needed more friends—how much he needed them only biographies written some decades from now can fully tell. The living can still exact reticences.

The furies always pursued him. He suffered from the vagaries of Zelda, his wife, the eternal Fitzgerald heroine, as well as from his own, and they sometimes made those around them suffer quite elaborately. Their dreams created nightmares and their nightmares were only partial atonements for their dreams. If anyone said they never grew up, why, that would be a compliment, in a way, considering the harm that was done by some of the people who grew up in the age around them.

Once, Scott Fitzgerald seemed to have won everything. And once, Scott Fitzgerald seemed to have lost everything. But neither statement was ever really true. We know that now, living as we do in a time that is more chaotic than his own age, or his own life, ever was—and seeing, in the midst of it, a Scott Fitzgerald Revival in full swing, with new editions of his novels coming along (they were all out of print when he died) and new anthologies of his stories, and new books about him, always on the way. What would he say about it all? He might say what he said on the title page of one of his novels, *The Beautiful and Damned*: "The victor belongs to the spoils."

A true biographer is about as ruthless a kind of investigator as you can find, and Mr. Mizener is a

true biographer. The world judges biographers by standards which require them to publish most intimate things that it does not encourage people to air in other circumstances. The hallowed process begins with reading the subject's mail and diaries, and goes on to all sorts of medical records, wiving and drinking habits, off-campus love affairs, theological and political views, and the gaudiest sort of hearsay.

You cannot libel the dead? Well, you can certainly make a very different life portrait. When investigators for government agencies of any kind go to work on a living man's biography the most devoted admirer of untrammelled research is naturally apt to sing a very different tune. In a brilliantly written new book, *The Loyalty of Free Men* (Viking, \$3), Alan Barth of the *Washington Post* is deeply concerned with the techniques of loyalty checkers, the provisions of security laws, the treason and perjury trials, and other points where friction develops between our machinery for tumbling out the Communists and their variously labeled fellow-travelers and our machinery for keeping democracy running smoothly.

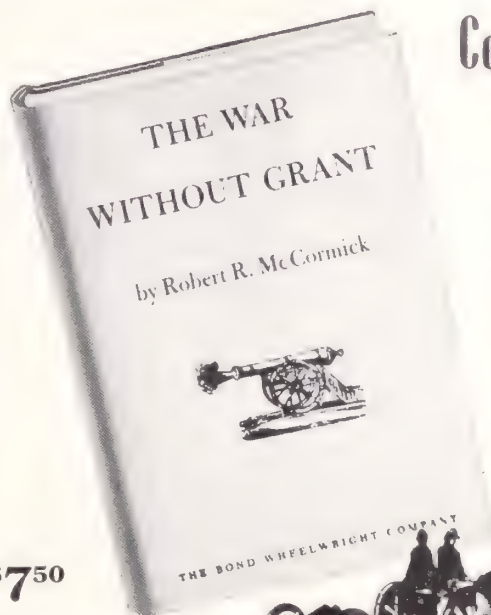
He uncovers a number of blemishes, imperfections, and howling inequities, as who wouldn't when he started to look into any of the restless activities of man. Then, being an editorial writer, he fires salvos of Solemn Warnings at all targets, inviting the usual reprisals. But the fact that Mr. Barth can still get his unsparing opinions published, suitably festooned and garlanded with advance praise from distinguished authorities, gives a reassuring inkling that freedom is not already packing and getting ready to leave for parts unknown.

A longer view of the perils that plague free men is taken by Adoll A. Berle, Jr., in *Natural Selection of Political Forces* (University of Kansas Press, \$2). This is a stimulating philosophical venture. It suggests that the law of political force (Berle's Law, the former Assistant Secretary of State, 1938-44, and former Ambassador to Brazil, 1945-46, must hear his present Columbia legal students calling it) runs by

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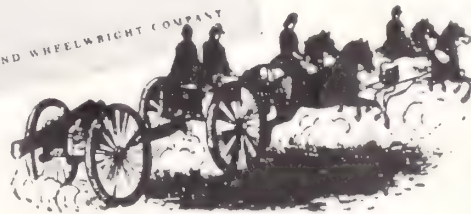
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Mr. Berle is dealing with a vitally serious subject, but that does not prevent him from being cheerfully interesting. In discussing the Hitlerian mystique of brutality, for example, he blandly remarks that "the United States, which does not number among its more recent vices undue attention to abstract thinking," looked on for some time with limited concern. The Europeans, on the other hand, knew that "a philosophical force is gossamer, spun of incomprehensible words; but they also knew that it can produce social results capable of knocking civilization to pieces." However, we've all taken to watching with more lively concern the Soviet plan for distributing poverty and privation over the world in full equality, under police-state auspices.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's increasing concern for just what the Soviets were hatching among their own postwar nest eggs is shown in a cablegram to Stalin that you'll find toward the end of *F. D. R.—His Personal Letters, 1928–1945*. Why, he wanted to know, was subaltern Gromyko to head the Bolshies at San Francisco? "I am afraid," he said, "that Mr. Molotov's absence will be construed all over the world as a lack of comparable interest on the part of the Soviet government" in the great objectives of the United Nations. Well, Molotov finally went. But F. D. R.'s premonitions have proved only too true.

The atmosphere had been spectacularly different in November 1942, when President Roosevelt had written Thomas W. Lamont, a Morgan partner with whom he frequently discussed foreign policy matters: "Dear Tom—I am delighted to see that excellent speech of yours at the American-Soviet Friendship meeting."

You will not find in many of

these letters the resonant, cadenced eloquence that Robert Sherwood and Archibald MacLeish brought to F. D. R.'s style in some of his public utterances. Nor will you find explosive opinions on music critics and Marine publicists. But you will find some pretty brisk words on a multitude of great affairs and tremendous trifles. In a November 1938 letter to Herbert C. Pell, F. D. R. agreed with Pell's suggestion that Munich was only a costly truce and that appeasement would be futile. "Our British friends," he said, "must begin to fish or cut bait." And in a note to Winston Churchill in July 1942, he said he was sorry that the sending of private presents to Britain had to be cut to save shipping: "However, if you personally long for a seven-to-one-Martini, I will send it across pronto."

We now know, at any rate, far more about President Roosevelt than he and all his family could ever have recalled in his lifetime, thanks to the vast range of the illimitable Roosevelt books—and even the family might be surprised to see some of the photographs Stefan Lorant has assembled for *FDR—A Pictorial Biography*. It is a remarkable mosaic of text and pictures, beginning at Hyde Park and returning there at last. He sits on his massive father's massive knee. He rides—prophetically?—a donkey. He appears at Groton, at Harvard, in wedding pictures, and wading in the sea. He becomes a New York State Senator, serves as Assistant Secretary of the Navy (attended by admirals with sarray-fringed epaulets) and moves gradually from the faded, over-enlarged snapshots of obscurity into the glossy prints of fame.

With so much else to distract his attention, F. D. R. could not give proper weight to the lively, late-blooming war that H. L. Mencken waged against him, but that, as you see in *Disturber of the Peace*, scarcely fazed Mencken at all. Which was reasonable enough, come to think of it, since Mencken's own time was always clamorously filled—as a rising Baltimore newspaper man, editor of the *Smart Set*, the *American Mercury*, and a number of more evanescent magazines dedicated to transitory love.

Then there were all the tremen-

dous crusades in false-face that Mencken, sometimes accompanied by George Jean Nathan (they took irregular turns at playing Sancho to the other's Quixote), was always leading against the windmills of politics and in defense of the gin-mills of prohibition. There was the generous help and encouragement he gave young writers, Scott Fitzgerald among them, and there was the furiously energetic work of getting all those books of *Prejudices*, and such, pasted together. And the monument on *The American Language*, surrounded, toward the end, by the sunny garden of reminiscences, watered with Pilsener.

A part of Mencken's charm—he is very much alive, as I write—is that he was not only a magnificently fiery antagonist of all revivalists, but that he was, himself, one of the most religiously dedicated revivalists of all. He flourished most mightily in the nineteen-twenties, which he shared with Scott Fitzgerald. In still far distant future decades I hope they meet on every pleasant side of Paradise.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Loved and Envied, by Enid Bagnold.

In a recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review* Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones wrote a stimulating article in which he remarked, among other things, on how much modern novels, "like the century itself, tend to reflect middle age." Miss Bagnold's novel is an example, and though we may not like the trend, a good one. It is the story of a beautiful woman, fifty-three years old, who has been blessed all her life with a gift for love and friendship. At fifty-three she is still the love of many men and the envy of most women. But her charm carries with it its fatal consequences. Those who belong to her—her husband and daughter—are consumed by the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

fire which burns out the little candles of their personalities. Though as a novel Miss Bagnold's book does not seem quite resolved, it is a study in the destructiveness of charm, a wise picture of middle age and also of old age, and, as anyone who has read *National Velvet* or *Serena Blandish* could guess, a very convincing, almost an exciting story in a timeless European setting.

Doubleday, \$3

Rivers Parting, by Shirley Barker. As one who rarely reads historical novels I had forgotten what "rich in historical background" can mean. This book takes its name, in translation, from the New Hampshire river, Piscataqua, along whose banks the Hampshire men from England settled in the seventeenth century. In England it was the time of struggle between Cromwell and the king; in New England, between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. And in London there was the plague and the fire, and our characters are in the midst of all these things. So much for background. As for characters and situation, there are good whores and bad preachers, near-witches, and two generations' worth of most romantic romance, lovers' partings and lovers' meetings, renunciations and reconciliations, and one prison break that Hollywood might envy. . . . It's an absorbing story all right, but perhaps because I am so little versed in the field, it seems to me that the morality, though laid on thicker than a New England winter, is phony and the happy resolution is more cloying than satisfying. Literary Guild choice for January.

Crown, \$3

The Scarlet Sword, by H. E. Bates. At a furious speed Mr. Bates tells a frightful story of civil war in India centering in a mission in Kashmir which harbors men, women, and children of many nationalities. The ferocious Pathans come down from the mountains, shouting, raping, and murdering as they take over the mission buildings which extend across the informal battle line. It is a breath-taking story from start to finish; horrible, but funny, too, in an incredible way. If it is occasionally repetitious and things hap-

pen too quickly, and if it proves very little in the end except the old story of what horror suffered in common does for all kinds of people, it is still a marvelously vivid and exciting story.

Little, Brown, \$3

Quorum, by Phyllis Bentley.

Miss Bentley weaves her stories as intricately and surely as the best fabrics are woven on the West Riding looms she knows so well. She is first of all a master of the narrative art, and a regional novelist in the best sense of the phrase. In this book, as in *Inheritance* and all her other novels but two, the background is an industrial center in the West Riding country of England. But this is a thoroughly modernized industrial center and the book tells the story of how one meeting of the Ashworth Textile Pageant Committee changed the lives of all who attended it, from the pretty representative of the Youth Groups to the talkative Communist at the foot of the table. It is a beautifully integrated story as well as a panoramic picture of a modern community functioning in a democracy.

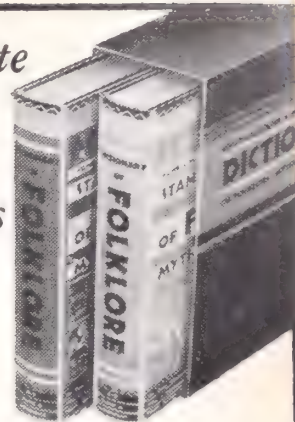
Macmillan, \$3

NON-FICTION

Tito and Goliath, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

In 1936, sitting on the edge of his bed in the Hotel Lutetia in Paris, Nikolai Bukharin (then editor of *Izvestia*, still unpurged by Stalin) told Mr. Armstrong that "national rivalry between Communist states was an impossibility—'by definition an impossibility.'" This book by the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, an authority on eastern Europe, explains how the impossible became possible in Yugoslavia—and so may become possible elsewhere—in ideological, humanistic, and historic terms, as well as in terms of a dispute over power between Tito and Stalin. At a moment when American help to Tito—and what kind it shall be—is a matter of world-shaking importance, the information in this book is invaluable. Happily for us and for Tito, Mr. Armstrong is a very literate man and the book is most

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

enjoyable reading—if one can use so frivolous a word in connection with so momentous a subject.

Macmillan, \$3

Family Reunion, by Ogden Nash.

Twenty years ago Mr. Nash's first book of poems was published. As a kind of anniversary celebration his publisher asked if there weren't enough poems about children in that first book and the nine volumes which have appeared since to make a book for children. He wrote back that he would rather assemble a book for the family "which is a unit composed not only of children but of men, women, an occasional animal, and the common cold." This is the book, made up of those poems on family relationships which "seem still to stand up fairly firmly, by which I mean that the writer can read them without visibly wincing." The introduction, from which I quote, is a joy in itself, but anyone who stops there—and no one can—will miss as hilarious and varied a lot of sound commentary, wisdom, wit—not to mention verse—on the American family as exists anywhere.

Little, Brown, \$2.50

BOOK FORECAST

Three of the important new novels have as their subject World War II or the men who fought it. The first, coming from Scribner's on February 26, is *From Here to Eternity*, by James Jones (who wrote a story called "The Way It Was" published in *Harper's* a little over a year ago). It is a first novel about men in the Army in Hawaii in the time just before Pearl Harbor and the publishers are comparing it in importance with first novels such as *This Side of Paradise*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *Cry, the Beloved Country*. . . . On March 2, Doubleday will publish *The Caine Mutiny* by Herman Wouk, which the catalogue describes as "a big-canvas novel of World War II in the South Pacific, with a smashing love story—by the author of *Aurora Dawn*." . . . And on March 19, from Farrar, Straus & Young, comes the story of a Red Cross girl in wartime London, *Wine of Violence*, by Ralph Ingersoll.

Politics

Viking has obtained the private diaries and papers of the late Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, and will publish them in book form in the spring. They will be edited by Walter Millis of the New York *Herald Tribune* editorial staff. . . . Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, formerly Indian Ambassador to the Soviet Union, sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, and now Indian Ambassador to the United States, "has received permission of her government" to write a book about modern India and its place in the world. It is to be called *This Is India* and will be published by Prentice-Hall in April. . . . Lin Yutang is translating for John Day to publish soon a book by Hsiao Ying called *I Was Mao Tse-tung's Woman Secretary*. She was, but escaped the Party "after nine years of disillusionment."

And Ideas

The three books mentioned above are obviously factual background material on the world situation. Others deal with the ideas that create it—in novel form. Henry Hazlitt, economist and co-editor with John Chamberlain of the new magazine, the *Freeman*, has written a novel to prove the economic and moral soundness of democratic capitalism vs. communism. It is called *The Great Idea* and will be published by Appleton in the spring. The novel starts in Moscow, capital of Wonworld, in 2100 A.M. (After Marx). . . . An event which both the publishers (Doubleday) and Arthur Koestler hail as "a highly significant event" will be the appearance of *The Burned Bramble*, by Manès Sperber. It is the story of men in the Communist movement in Eastern Europe who were in the end finally betrayed by the ideology to which they had dedicated their lives.

Younger Poet

Adrienne Cecile Rich, several of whose poems have appeared in this magazine, has just been announced winner of the 1950 place in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. *A Change of World*, will be published in the spring by Yale University Press.

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Harper's

MAGAZINE

Vol. 202

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

ALTHOUGH, as P&O points out in its opening item this month, American public opinion on international affairs and our place in them has shifted widely since 1938, there's no denying that isolationism is still a live issue in the United States. The interesting thing is what kind of people hold to it today. **Sam Lubell**, a skillful political reporter, has been traveling around the country on a Guggenheim Fellowship, investigating American voting habits and beliefs, and he's reached some significant conclusions on "Who Are the Real Isolationists." We hope that his findings will be ready in time for the April issue. In any case they'll be along shortly.

DAVID DONALD, author of *Lincoln's Herndon*, contributes a lively essay on the Lincoln legend, showing how various political groups have been using the Great Emancipator for their own ends—a kind of companion piece to Albert A. Woldman's "Lincoln Never Said That," which so many of our readers enjoyed in our issue of last May.

THERE'S also a portrait of the Secretary of Air, Thomas Finletter, by **Alfred Douglas**, and a pictorial feature on men's fashions through the years. **E. A. Goldenweiser**, an economist at the Institute for Advanced Study and the author of *Monetary Management in the United States*, takes up the causes of inflation in a timely article that includes suggestions for prevention as well. And in concluding "The Nature of the Universe," **Fred Hoyle** discusses some exciting ethical and metaphysical implications of the new cosmology which he has been describing.

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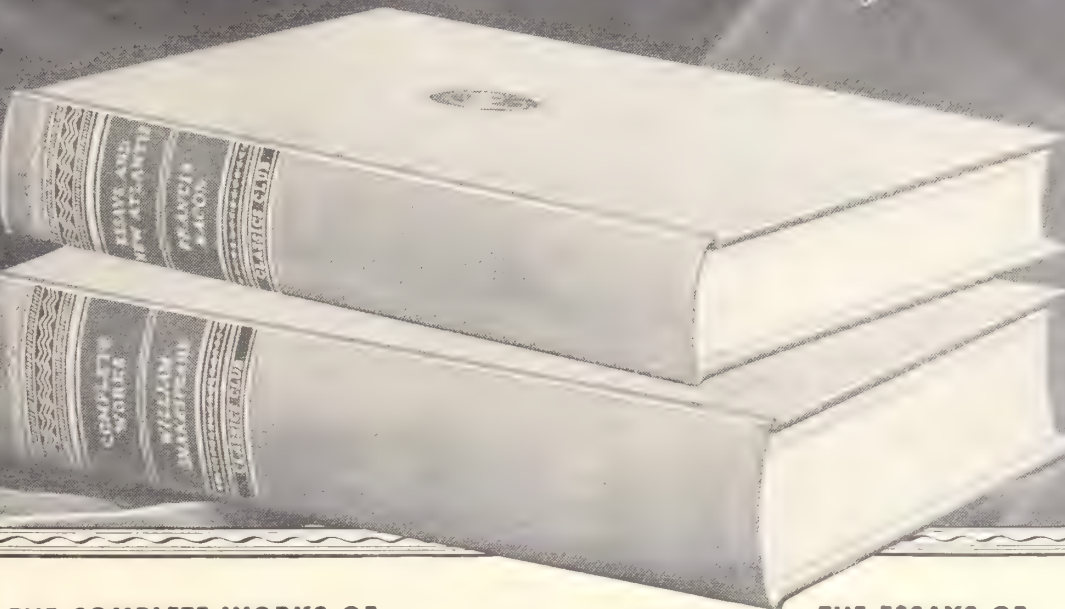
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Personal & Otherwise

IN OCTOBER 1938, at the moment when German troops were occupying the Sudetenland, we published an article in *Harper's* in which Francis Sill Wickware summarized American public opinion as it had been reflected in the Gallup Polls. Now, twelve years later, as we follow the news reports from Korea, from Southeast Asia, from Europe, and from Washington, it is worth reminding ourselves what the world looked like to us then. Here are the main outlines of our views on foreign affairs as Mr. Wickware presented them:

The polls revealed that most of our preoccupation with international politics stemmed from a deep determination to keep the United States out of a war which three out of four of us believed was coming. More than half of us thought we *could* keep out of such a war. Six out of every ten of us were in favor of a resolution to deprive Congress of the power to declare war until there had been a national referendum on the question—except in case of invasion of this hemisphere by an enemy. Yet 80 per cent of us favored a larger Air Force, 74 per cent a larger Navy, and 69 per cent a larger Army. As to the Chinese-Japanese war, although 40 per cent of us said we were neutral, 59 per cent of us said we were in favor of China. Yet 68 per cent of us were unwilling to have the United States aid China with shipments of arms and ammunition. But strangest of all, to a people who last year unquestioningly sent an American army to Korea to fight an invader, are the replies to a question the Gallup pollsters asked in February 1938. The question was: "Should the United States go to war to help any South American country

attacked by any European or Asiatic country?" And the answer was, "No, 68 per cent."

Passage to India

THE world being what it is these days, we are glad to give space here to a letter we recently received from the editor of *India Digest: an International Magazine of Indian Affairs*.

Dear Sir,

At no time in recent history has there been such diverse opinion amongst India and America on various international matters.

A well-informed Public Opinion in both the countries, India and U.S.A., can do much to strengthen the bond of friendship between India and U.S.A.

INDIA DIGEST is therefore setting up a Magazine Exchange Department and will be glad to receive from friends in U.S.A. current issues of any U.S.A. magazines they have done with it for use in India. These magazines will be used in various educational institutions and libraries, colleges and schools, where maximum advantage will be taken from them.

In exchange Indian magazines of international appeal will be mailed to those friends, from here, who co-operate with us in this scheme.

We are sure a number of friends will co-operate with us in our task of promoting better understanding between India and U.S.A.

Yours Sincerely,
Hiro Vaswani

If any of our readers care to send current

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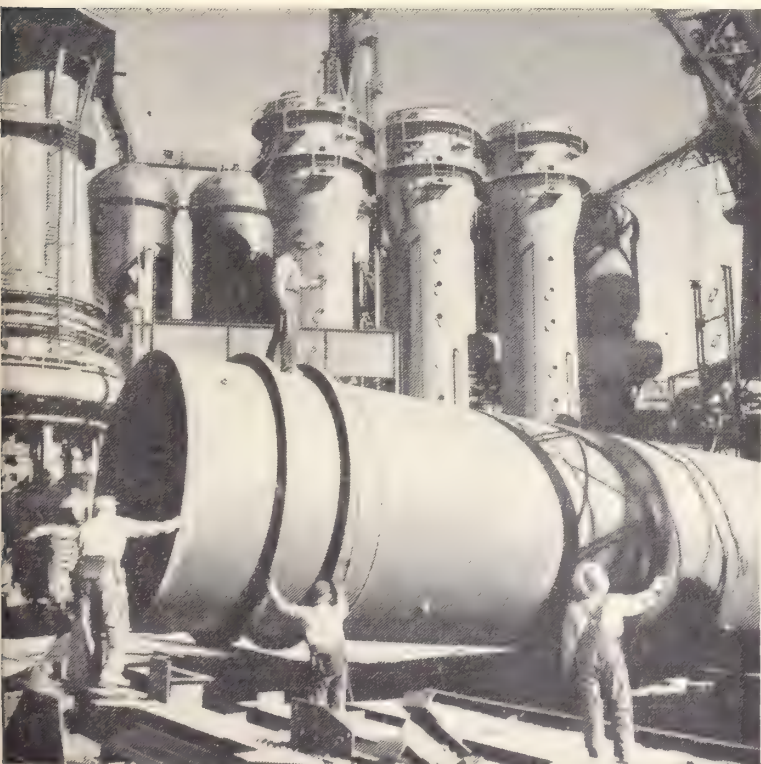
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issues of *Harper's* or other American magazines to the editors of *India Digest*, the address is:

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Brains and Brawn

AS THIS issue goes to press it looks as if the Department of Defense may succeed in persuading Congress to vote its plan for universal military service. But whatever plan is finally adopted, there will almost certainly be some provision for deferring certain bright students, in certain branches of study, in "the national interest." The chances are, of course, that most of the deferred students will be those engaged in scientific studies, because physics and chemistry are still—in the normal, Congress-eye view of the world—more important than philosophy and anthropology, to say nothing of poetry and the other arts. But whatever fields of study may be favored, and however few or many students are deferred, we are almost certainly going to adopt some system which will exempt some unusually brilliant students from military duty. There is a strong temptation to keep brains off the firing line and assign them to a good safe laboratory.

Before we do so, it would be well to consider the warning implied in *Gerald W. Johnson's* article, "Exempt the Bright Boys?" (p. 30). Mr. Johnson argues, with what seems to P & O to be uncommon good sense, that the nation cannot afford to run the risk of isolating a whole generation of intellectuals from the risks and the realities which their contemporaries will have shared. There has been enough of that isolation already in this country, and even more of it in other lands, and it is no good—either for the intellectuals or the rest of us. Besides, don't the armed forces need all the brains they can get?

Mr. Johnson has written many articles and books dealing with basic problems of democracy. The most recent book is *Incredible Tale* (1950), in which he takes a shrewd look at what has happened to the American citizen in the past half-century. Previously he had written biographies of such men as Andrew Jack-

son, Randolph of Roanoke, Woodrow Wilson, Edward A. Filene, Franklin Roosevelt, and Adolph Ochs; several books about journalism (which he knows at first hand, after thirty years in the newspaper business); and several books of history, notably *American Heroes and Hero Worship*. During the first world war he served in the infantry with the AEF in France. His most recent *Harper's* piece was "The Villains" in our Centennial (October 1950) issue.

Double Crossing the Bar

IN THE "Easy Chair" sixty years ago (when George William Curtis was writing it) there was an amusing anecdote to illustrate the "free and independent American's" bland assumption that he is entitled to know everything. It was the story of a man, enthroned on the rear legs of his chair on the balcony of a Western hotel, who arose and tore down a sheet which one of the hotel's guests fastened across his open window to serve as an improvised curtain while he dressed. His reply, when that amazed and indignant mortal objected, was that he merely wanted to see what the fellow was so damned private about.

The anecdote comes to mind after reading *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's* article "Free Press vs. Fair Trial" (p. 90), because it expresses an attitude which underlies the problem with which Mrs. Bromley deals. That problem is the conflict between justice and publicity, or—more accurately—between the Bar Association and the press.

If, as Mrs. Bromley says in effect, it were possible to assume that the police and the courts are incorruptible, there is no doubt that the defendant in a jury trial would be more likely to receive justice if the newspapers and radio commentators were required by law to confine themselves to reports of court proceedings. The courts could hang a sheet in their windows with impunity. But in the United States, police and judges, like the guest in the Western hotel, are legitimate objects of curiosity, and when they screen their windows the "free and independent American" has a natural—if annoying—desire to see what they are being so damned private about.

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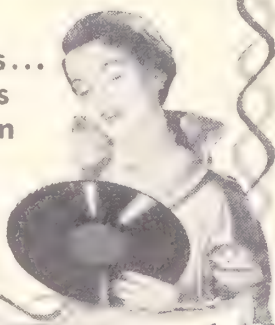
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hotel guest who has nothing to conceal but his shorts, the absence of a curtain can be a serious inconvenience, as Mrs. Bromley's discussion of the Hiss trials, for example, reveals. The accused must be provided with as much protection from prejudging as it is possible to insure without forgetting that modesty is not the only motive for curtaining a window.

Mrs. Bromley's article explores the arguments for and against control of publicity concerning confessions, testimony, evidence, and so on, and comes up with some sane and reasonable proposals. It is a subject she has expert knowledge of, for she has been a member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union for a number of years, and her work as a staff writer for the New York *Herald Tribune* has led her to investigate various aspects of the problem on her own hook.

Mrs. Bromley is also the author of two books, *Birth Control, Its Use and Misuse* and (with Florence Haxton Britten) *Youth and Sex*. She has twice received an award from the New York Newspaper Women's Club.

Postage Due

Taxpayers in New York State got a five-day extension of the deadline for payment of their January 15 income-tax installments this year. Why? Because state and federal authorities had simultaneously dumped more than 1,800,000 tax blanks into the Albany post office and had clogged the works.

This was good news to some taxpayers, undoubtedly. But to those who will read *Josh M. Drake, Jr.'s* article, "The Postman Knows the Answer" (p. 97), it will be just one more indication that the Post Office Department could probably give better service and still get out of the red if Congress and the various departments of the government used their free-mailing privileges with more consideration and restraint.

Our old friend and contributor, Richard L. Neuberger, had a piece in the *New York Times Magazine* last fall in which he discussed the pros and cons of the congressional franking privilege. He pointed out,

for instance, that a candidate running against an incumbent congressman who can frank his mail is at a distinct disadvantage. Senator Bridges has pointed out that it requires \$50,000 worth of postage to send a letter to every registered voter in one of our larger states, unless, of course, you can frank the letters.

It is unlikely that the congressmen who enjoy such advantages will willingly vote to deprive themselves of the frank, even if congressional investigating committees continue to dig up evidence of flagrant abuse of the privilege. But when the public is deprived of postal services in the interests of "economy," the voters may well demand action to prevent congressmen from "lending" their franks to outfits like the Committee for Constitutional Government, which—according to the House committee on lobbying—sent out between eight and ten million pieces of mail in four years under congressional frank, thus depriving the Post Office of about \$300,000 in revenue.

Mr. Drake, a thirty-two-year-old veteran of World War II who lost an arm while serving as an infantry officer, has been a rural mail carrier in Mangum, Oklahoma, for three years. Mangum, in the heart of the old dust bowl, has been his home all his life, except for two years at the University of Oklahoma and four years in the Army. He is married, has a six-year-old daughter, and spends all his spare time writing. During the past few years he has sold numerous stories and articles.

Julius Kroll, who made the lively drawings for "The Postman," has been busy as a magazine and newspaper artist for a quarter-century. Despite the essentially rural-America look of his pictures on this occasion he was trained in painting at the Berlin Academy of Art and began making newspaper caricatures in Berlin before Hitler. He left Germany in 1933, worked in Copenhagen for the next five years, and came first to this country to cover the World's Fair in 1938. He has continued to practice his art in New York, drawing for many publications here, except for a four-year stay in Hollywood where he did caricatures for the movies.



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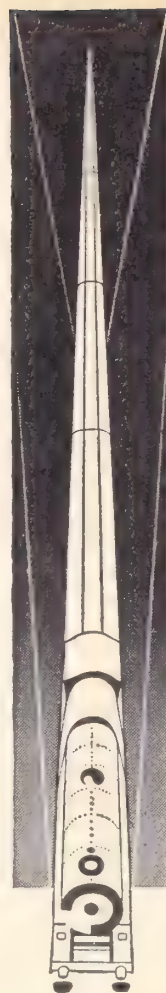
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P & O

Politics and People

...Among those of us who turn to *Elmer Davis* for a nightly radio analysis of what went on during the day, there are differences in the reasons why we listen to his enlightening and astringent report. For P & O, an important reason is that Mr. Davis has the writer's care for words, phrases, and logic of organization. It seems to us, in view of his evident talent and success as a writer, an odd quirk of the times that he became a radio newsman at all; it is only the pleasure he affords us in the role in which he is most widely known that reconciles us to his choice. And the fact that the radio has seemed to him a good job is to us a demonstration of the real value of broadcasting.

But Mr. Davis's excursions into print, when they come to light here and there, remind us that he was first of all a writer (except for that year he taught in the Franklin, Indiana, high school while he was completing his college course at Franklin College) before the radio had grown up to his stature. His first major job, after his year as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford and after an editorial apprenticeship on *Adventure*, was a ten-year staff position on the *New York Times*, ending in 1924. In that year his contributions to *Harper's* began, with a minor essay on the novelist's trade in the old "Lion's Mouth" department, and with the leading article in the October 1924 issue, "Politics—A Two-Handed Game."

Twenty-six years later he contributed his sixty-fourth piece to this magazine in his article for our Centennial issue, called, happily, "Constant Reader." In the meantime he wrote several novels and other prose works, he was employed at CBS as news analyst from 1939 to 1942, and he served as the Director of the U.S. Office of War Information till 1945. Since then he has been news analyst for ABC.

"The Crusade Against Acheson" (p. 23) is, journalistically speaking, a big gun in one of the hottest political battles of our times. Mr. Davis's sympathy for Mr. Acheson is not that of one who grew up in the same school—unless the school of American politics is more homo-

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geneous than we think it is. Its basis will be found inherently and overtly expressed in this article.

...“An Oak Leaf Fell” (p. 33) may cause some readers to recall *Thomas Hornsby Ferril's* last poem in *Harper's*, “Remembering a Red Brick Wall in Rensselaer,” which inspired a number of admiring but puzzled letters. Mr. Ferril, who used to contribute “Western Half-Acre,” a bimonthly essay, is the author of several books of verse, a prominent citizen of Denver, a clever man with a camera and a mandolin. His full-time job is in the sugar business. The next picture you see is one of Tom Ferril photographing a sugar-beet farm.



Poet up a Ladder

...Several years ago (in June 1945, to be precise) we published an article called “Are you afraid of Polio?” It was a survey of what was then known about the disease, written by the senior member of the Poliomyelitis Research Center at the Johns Hopkins University, *Dr. Howard A. Howe*.

Now in an article in this issue and another which will follow next month, he brings the experience of the past five years to bear on the whole question of “Those Virus Diseases” (p. 34) and, in April, more specifically polio.

He is adjunct professor of epidemiology at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health. He and his colleague, Dr. David Bodian, are the authors of *Neural Mechanisms in Poliomyelitis*, which was published in 1942. He wrote the chapter on polio for the well-known textbook, *Viral and Rickettsial Infections of Man*.

His venture into writing for the

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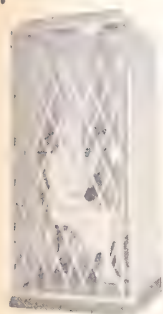
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P & O

general reader in these two articles for *Harper's* is probably due, he says, "to my two children who are about the right age now and who have helped me to appreciate some of the emotional hazards which polio creates for parents. I can readily see how people who did not know very much about the disease, and who are therefore unnaturally terrified about it, could make their children's lives miserable by a long list of 'don'ts.'"

•••"Monte Saint Angelo" (p. 39) is one of the few short stories written by *Arthur Miller*—who, it seems unnecessary to remind you, is busy most of the time with the theater and, recently, with the movies. (Yes, he is the author of "Death of a Salesman.")

A New Yorker by birth, Mr. Miller went to public school in Manhattan and Brooklyn but, on money saved from various brief jobs after high school, he traveled to the Midwest to the University of Michigan. He completed his college course during the depression years with financial aid from the National Youth Administration and with a salary earned as night editor of the *Michigan Daily*. He found time in college to experiment with play-writing, twice won the Avery Hopwood Award, and once the Theatre Guild National Award.

He did his first professional dramatic writing for radio, in scripts for the Columbia Workshop and for NBC's *Cavalcade of America*. After an assignment to collect material for the movie, "The Story of GI Joe," he got under way on his literary career with *Situation Normal* and the novel, *Focus* (1946); his second play produced on Broadway, "All My Sons," won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for 1946-47; "Death of a Salesman" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949. He is now in Hollywood at work with Elia Kazan on a motion picture about the waterfront.

Edward Melcarth, who contributes a new set of Italian drawings for "Monte Saint Angelo," has done illustrations for us a number of times. He is a Kentuckian by birth but was brought up in Paris, attended Harvard, and has lived and worked in France and Italy. He

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has taught painting at Columbia University and is now at the University of Washington as a "visiting celebrity."

•••When General Ridgway, commander of the U.S. Eighth Army, spoke to newsmen after visiting the United Nations line in Korea early in January, he asked them to tell Americans about the "great human tragedy" of the hundreds of thousands of refugees fleeing southward before the Communists. "Everything else is dwarfed by the pathos of this tragedy," he said, "and our American people haven't the faintest conception of it."

It was this side of the fighting in Korea—the effect on civilians—that impressed *Martin Flavin*, whose "Korean Diary" (p. 52) records incidents of the tragedy. Mr. Flavin spent some weeks last fall in Korea on a slow journey through the Far East which had already taken him at that time to Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, and Formosa. He happened to strike Seoul in the interval when it was held by the United Nations forces, the refugees were returning to their homes, and the prisons were jammed with persons suspected of collaborating with the Communists. Shortly afterward, the United Nations withdrawal began, and the refugees started moving south once more; but the change in direction, which may have meant life or death, freedom or captivity, to some individuals, did not change the essential picture of people uprooted or imprisoned. Mr. Flavin stopped in Hong Kong and wrote these pieces, then continued on his way to Bangkok, Singapore, Indonesia, Burma, and India.

If a new book comes from this trip, it will be Mr. Flavin's second volume of reporting on a part of the world which Americans know too little. Last year he published *Black and White*, a volume about his journey in Africa—from which readers of *Harper's* will remember two vivid articles, "Durban Deep" and "African Chief in an Oldsmobile."

Mr. Flavin turned to reporting after a successful career in more than one other field. After a number of years in business, he wrote and saw produced on Broadway a string of plays, including "Children

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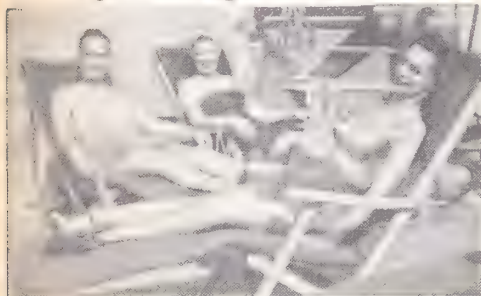
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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

of the Moon" and "Criminal Code." When he began to write novels, with *Mr. Littlejohn*, he found an audience for these too, and in 1943 he went so far as to win the Harper and Pulitzer prizes with *Journey in the Dark*.

•••In reply to a request for news of *Victoria Lincoln*, author of "It's All Right Now" (p. 60), we received word that her home is frequently rocked by explosions. Her son is of an experimental frame of mind. He once had the kindly thought of disinfecting the garbage can with acetylene. Recently, we were told, the sleeping neighborhood quivered when a mason jar full of magnesium, charcoal, and rubbing alcohol (intended for use in night-photography flares) detonated itself, fortunately in the backyard, as somebody had noticed at bedtime that it seemed to be heating up. Neither the jar nor any part thereof was ever seen again. No casualties.

We were informed moreover that the family has a large talking dog—non-English-speaking—who enters into discussions, with vowels and consonants uttered in a pleasant, sustained, conversational voice. As their housekeeper once commented, "But how could he help it, in this family?"

Miss Lincoln is a novelist—her latest book was *Celia Amberley*, published by Rinehart in 1949. In a charming sketch in *Harper's* last September, "Sir Carl of Heldart: A Novell," she presented in synopsis, with lavish quotations from the original, the plot of her first work of fiction, written at the romantic age of fourteen.

•••In December, *Fred Hoyle* concluded the first part of his series of articles on the nature of the Universe by asking a few questions, which went about as follows: has the fragment of space in which the Earth turns anything exceptional to distinguish it from all other parts of the Universe? "Is this procession of night and day, this movement of the Earth and planets around the warming Sun, something really special, or are there lots of places where similar systems occur? When you look at the heavens, how many of

the stars you see have planets encircling them and on how many of these planets might living creatures look out on a very similar scene?"

Now, in this fourth installment, Mr. Hoyle returns to these questions—which have fascinated ordinary men and scholars for centuries—and makes his own bold answer. In addressing himself to the topic, "Where the Earth Came From" (p. 64), Mr. Hoyle not only presents a new theory about the origin of the Earth and the planets but also states his belief in the possibility of the existence of creatures much like us in many other parts of the Universe. In his concluding article next month, he will pursue further his personal interpretation of man's place in the Universe.

•••The battle over Secretary of State Acheson which is described by Elmer Davis in our leading article has been a major issue in American politics since his appointment to that office two years ago. The battle over the President who died in 1945 has been going on since his election to office in 1932 and it looks good for forays-and-sallies to outlast the century. As Assistant Secretary and then Under Secretary of State from the beginning of Roosevelt's office until 1943, *Sumner Welles* was intimate with American foreign policy and with the President and Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Mr. Welles' record and estimate of the personal factors and the basic aims which animated Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his conduct of our policy in the Far East during the formative years make a fascinating background against which to place the current debate over Dean Acheson's responsibility.

"Roosevelt and the Far East" (p. 70) is the second article of two by Mr. Welles which trace the complexities of the prewar and wartime decisions which set the scene for American participation in the conflict in Asia. Last month, Mr. Welles described how the steps which were taken during the early years of the Roosevelt administration, in an effort to quarantine the Japanese without inciting their warlords to battle, were Roosevelt's responsibility without being the "policy that he himself would have

adopted if he had been free to act as he wished." This policy which Roosevelt spoke of to Churchill as "babying Japan along" is one of the *Seven Decisions That Shaped History* about which Mr. Welles has written a new book, to be published on March 28 by Harper & Brothers. In this month's article, Mr. Welles takes up another of those "Decisions"—the settlements made at Tehran and Yalta.

Mr. Welles has written a number of books dealing with American foreign policy, including *The Time for Decision* (1944) and *We Need Not Fail* (1948).

•••When *Paul Mills* sent us "Nocturne" (p. 80) last summer, he was a GI-bill student at the University of Chicago. He was born in Missouri and interrupted his education to work as a surveyor and then to join the Army in 1943. He fought with the infantry in Germany and Austria and was redeployed to the Philippines, where he worked as a reporter on the Army newspaper.

•••*Susan Kuehn* wrote "The Searchers" at Stanford University when she was there last year on a creative writing fellowship. Her writing career has been brief, for she has not been long out of college (Wellesley). But so far her batting average is high: both of her first two published stories were included in Herschel Brickell's *Prize Stories*, one in 1947 and one in 1950. "The Searchers" (p. 81), her first story in *Harper's*, will be reprinted in *Stanford Short Stories*, edited by Wallace Stegner. Miss Kuehn lives in Minneapolis, where she is a feature writer on the *Star and Tribune*; she is at work on her first novel.

The drawings for "The Searchers" are the work of *Aaron Sopher*, another newcomer to *Harper's*. Mr. Sopher has lived most of his life in Baltimore, where he attended the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts, but his drawings and paintings have been purchased for many museums, including Brooklyn, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, and the Cone Collection in the Baltimore Museum of Art. He has had a dozen one-man shows in Baltimore and Washington, and one in Philadelphia at the Boyer Galleries.



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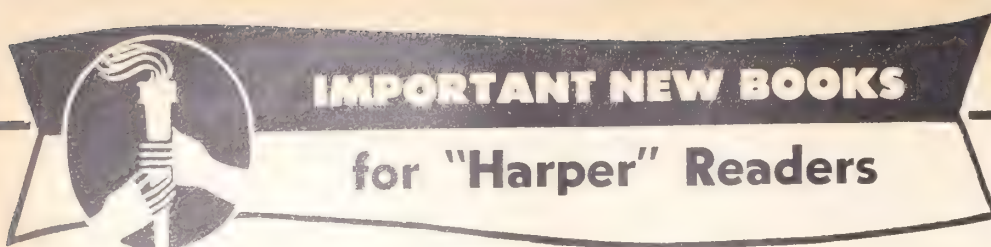


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LETTERS

Strong Medicine—

To the Editors:

Well, DeVoto hit the AMA with everything but the horse and buggy ["Letter to a Family Doctor," January 1951]. No doubt his coloring, in their books, has gone from pale pink to Chinese red.

And that 2 per cent deduction for cash is commercially solid. I thought of it when I was lying helpless in a hospital watching a modest life savings being dissipated at an alarming rate. And they kept urging me to relax. . . .

I'm going to suggest to my medical merchant that he read DeVoto's article with painstaking concentration. If he is capable of it. It'll probably activate him to dig out that shiny new dictionary I've seen among his well-worn medical books, in a futile search for some new cuss words with which to harpoon DeVoto. A vain search, though. DeVoto used them all first. . . .

C. T. WEAVER
Akron, Ohio

To the Editors:

Your Mr. Bernard DeVoto's Easy Chair article about a letter to a family doctor is quite typical of some of today's thinking. He places himself immediately in a certain class with his ideas of right and wrong. His self-imposed reward to himself of 2 per cent is indeed enlightening. I presume he does this with all his bills including Uncle Sam's tax bill. It reminds me of the patient who decided to pay me a certain amount for a service because this was all a certain insurance company allowed for such service. . . .

His attempts to deflate the honest aboveboard efforts of American doctors to present our present and former American way of life . . . are quite humorous except that some people will believe them. His half-truths are characteristic of people who recently sent "volunteers" in

the strength of over a million men to fight the United Nations in Korea. I believe DeVoto is one of them.

The AMA and the nation's doctors' cards are on the table. If DeVoto would get his bottom out of the Easy Chair and investigate truthfully I'm sure he and *Harper's* would be surprised to discover the colossal amount of taxpayers' money which is being and has been funneled into the promotion of the pipe dream of socialism and state medicine. This funneling is being done by a few to promote their own pet dreams. . . .

I resent as fine a magazine as *Harper's* granting space for words from such a dictatorial pompous ass as Mr. DeVoto. . . . I believe Mr. DeVoto is a stingy, grasping, hypocritical, socialistic old man. . . .

DONALD D. McROBERTS, M. D.
Lewiston, Idaho

To the Editors:

Well now, that man surely got a load off *his* chest! Of course, he makes the point—very certainly—which has been blatantly obvious to the odds-on majority of the profession since this propaganda program, cracking at bureaucratic medicine, was conceived. . . .

Some of the means adopted by the AMA to enlighten the general public as to the doctor's place in our social and economic scheme are, we agree, more apt to beget derogatory criticism than favorable. . . .

As B. DeV. prophesies, we will see a repudiation by the profession of this program's undesirable aspects when and if the nation gets out of the international and military mess which it has been led into. At the same time, whatever adjustments must be made to spread adequately medical services and hospital care in the future must be made with the full co-operation of the profession. . . .

We may not be experts on gov-

ernment, on economic and social problems; but we *are* experts on medical service. . . .

E. G. FREE, M. D.
Springfield, Ill.

Finally Under Weigh—

To the Editors:

I disagree with the contention of Gertrude W. Page and the pat and rather pert intent of the Editors "Re 'Under Weigh'" in your January issue [Letters Column, p. 16]. During the twenty years of the past century I spent at sea I never heard the corruption "under way" used anywhere. . . .

"Under way" is a corruption, idiomatically and grammatically incorrect; Webster, Oxford, and even delightful Fowler to the contrary. "Under weigh" is idiomatically and grammatically correct. How "under way"? What does it mean? In twenty *Century* columns of *UNDER* I can find no clue to going under a way, a track, a sea-mile. "Under weigh" has been in use from time beyond searching. When a wind jammer lifted her anchor she was "under weigh" whether on her way, motionless in the doldrums, stuck on a bar, roaring through the Forties, or flapping idly on an airless sea. When the capstan broke out the anchor it was "anchor's away." When it hung on a straight cable . . . "anchor's aweigh" was the word; and it stayed "aweigh" until the anchor was dropped at the journey's end. . . .

Katherine Anne Porter "has an eye and ear for good English" and a soft tongue and pen for the shadings of our marvelous language. Nearly every lexicographer fails just there. . . .

I've enjoyed Katherine Anne Porter's stories and await her *No Safe Harbor* with the certainty of pleasure in the reading, and I was compelled to reply to Gertrude Page's acceptance of the obvious in justice to the way of my youth, and my

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LETTERS

granddaughter's questing when she brought me the January *Harper's*.

W. DARNELL
Long Island, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In this "under weigh" vs. "under way" argument, it is most reassuring to have a real, deepsea-going sailor of the old school lower a lifeboat for me. All dictionaries, thesauruses, and Mr. Fowler aside in this instance, I hope Mr. Darnell's firsthand knowledge will carry enough authority to settle this question once for all. I should think that anyone who was ever on a boat, or who ever read a sea story or heard a sailor song, would know what weighing the anchor means. But I have a growing sense of uneasiness that too many students are getting their words out of dictionaries without attaching their meanings to any living experience. Once I had occasion to use the phrase "sleight of hand." In the proofs the word was changed to "slight." I restored the "e" and the second proof came back with it removed once more. To my disgrace, it stands today in print as "slight of hand."

My thanks to Mr. Darnell; and to the proofreaders at *Harper's* who, after a brief skirmish, decided to let me hang myself in my own style.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
New York, N. Y.

The Danger Point

To the Editors:

In the December issue of *Harper's*, the eminent and audacious statistician, Colin Clark, suggests that taxes equal to 25 per cent of a nation's income are the danger point. Beyond this, inflation and collapse are bound to follow.

Too many variables are relevant to allow the precise answer given by Clark.

The breaking point comes much sooner, the lower the income per capita, the more repressive the tax system, the less generally acceptable the occasion for spending by the government, and the more scarce resources are used up.

These are not the only relevant considerations. A tax equal to 40 per cent of the national income may be too low in a great inflation and in the midst of war, and taxes of

10 per cent of national income may be excessive in a great deflation.

Indeed it would be most unfortunate if the isolationists and fanatical economizers, who have already impaired our military program, should now find support for their obstructionist tactics in the 25 per cent limit now given an aura of respectability by a distinguished economist.

Consider the following:

(1) An inability to raise even 10 per cent of national income in taxes in Latin American countries, with average per capita income of one-fifth to one-tenth that of the United States, explains in part the steady doses of inflation.

(2) Taxes in excess of 40 per cent of the national income in modern Britain have been accompanied by a rise of output to 20 per cent in excess of prewar, by record productivity, profits, and exports, and by relative price stability.

Why? Because the British citizen approves of the programs of the government; because a large part of the outlays are transfer payments (e.g., old-age annuities, which do not use up resources); because the tax system is modern, geared as it is to capacity and fair in its incidence.

(3) In the United States, the striking fact is that, even as taxes as a proportion of income have continued to rise, income and standard of living have gained phenomenally. Few would dispute the fact that taxes, six times as high in 1950 relative to income as in 1860, are much less burdensome than in 1860.

One reason for this is the rise of income and another the improved structure of taxes. Today the country relies primarily on income taxes, whereas even in 1900 the major taxes were consumption and property taxes, which do not meet the tests of equity and adequacy. I hazard the guess that the 1900 tax structure could not today yield taxes for all government equal to 10 per cent of the gross national product (\$30 billion), whereas the present tax structure could easily yield 30 per cent (\$90 billion), a figure consistent with what the President is now requesting.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.



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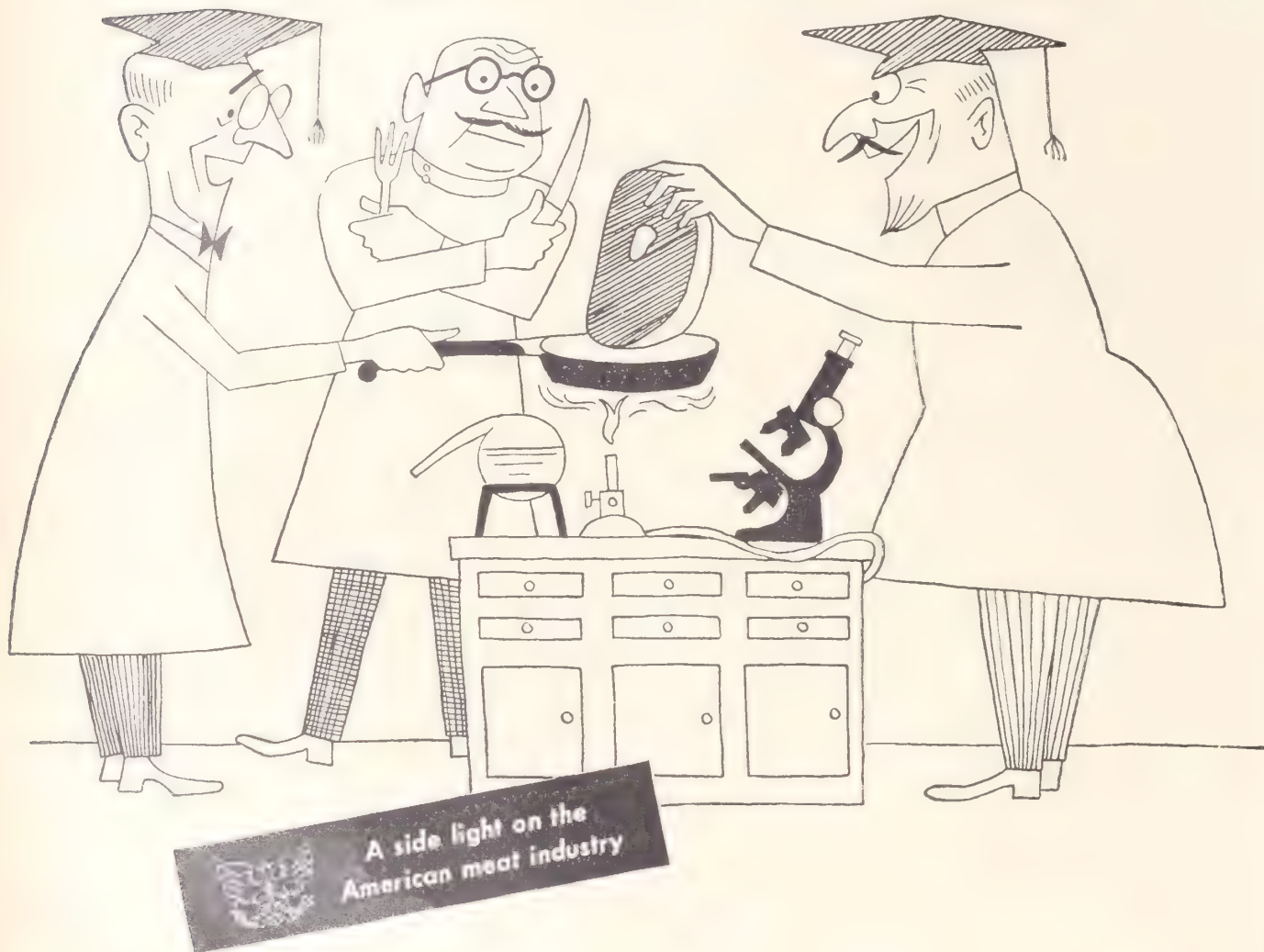
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MAGAZINE

The Crusade Against Acheson

Elmer Davis

WHATEVER else Mr. Herbert Hoover may or may not have accomplished by his foreign-policy speech last December, he at least changed the topic of conversation; and thereby got the Republicans in Congress off of what was becoming a somewhat uncomfortable hook. Ever since the election they had been talking about nothing but the Secretary of State; and finally their party caucuses in both Houses had formally demanded that Acheson must go. Why must he go? Because, they said, he had lost the confidence of the country. Why had he lost it—if or in so far as he had? Because for months past Republican orators had been denouncing him with a virulence seldom equaled, and a shameless mendacity quite unequaled in my recollection. After the election there was little pretense that there had been any truth in these attacks. Said Senator Ives, in presenting the demand for Acheson's dismissal, "Whether or not he is responsible for the dilemma we are in has nothing to do with it." (All through the campaign the Republicans had been insisting that he was

responsible; they disagreed only as to whether he was a traitor or a mere incompetent.) Said Senator McCarran, a Democrat but a highly irregular one, "Whether what has been said about him is either proper or correct doesn't matter now." He had lost the confidence of the country, so he must go.

But Acheson did not go. The resignation he had never written was accepted by several volunteer Presidents in their newspaper columns; but the elected President in the White House said that Acheson was going to stay, and the Republicans in Congress were beginning to look rather foolish till Mr. Hoover gave them a chance to talk about something else. By the time you read this the attack on Acheson may have been renewed; but if so, it may be a little less illogical than it was in December; there has been nothing quite like that in American history. Not merely because they were denouncing as a Communist (or a protector of Communists—they could never quite agree on their story) the man who had done more to check the advance of Russian aggression than any other

The wartime director of the Office of War Information, now news analyst for the ABC network, has been keeping an eye on our Secretaries of State, both in the history books and in real life. He has some interesting comparisons to make here.

public official we have ever had; not merely because they were demanding the dismissal of the man who, at that time, was clearly the most successful Secretary of State since Seward. (Subsequent events have somewhat tarnished the luster of his greatest achievement, the change in the constitution of the United Nations; but Acheson is not to blame for that, nor could the Republicans then have foreseen it.) But for pure irresponsibility their performance has no equal.

THE parallel cited by the President—the demand of the Republican Senators, in December 1862, for the dismissal of Secretary of State Seward—fits only loosely. Those were Senators of the President's own party and they were a majority of the total membership of the Senate. What they proposed was, as the most candid of them admitted, unconstitutional—an attempt to establish something like the parliamentary form of government; with the considerable difference that the President's powers would have been transferred, not to Congress as a whole, but to the Senate. But at least they did propose to transfer the executive authority, not to nullify it; and to transfer it to a group that had a policy, an alternative to the policy of President Lincoln. Their policy would almost certainly have lost the Civil War and disrupted the Republic; still it was a policy, the majority of the Senate was behind it; granted their premises, their behavior made some sense.

No such logic informed the action of the Republicans last December. They were a minority, and would still be a minority when the new Congress came in. The demand for Acheson's removal was overwhelmingly supported in the House caucus; but only twenty-three of the forty-two Republican Senators voted for it. Five voted against it—Aiken, Langer, Morse, and the two Smiths; fourteen others had at least the courage not to vote at all. The President was called on to remove the Secretary of State to satisfy a minority of the House of Representatives and less than a fourth of the Senators, who had no alternative to offer, either of personality or of policy. It was not their business, they insisted, to say who should replace Acheson; and there were almost as many Republican foreign policies as there were Republican Senators. This was

not a proposal—not even a revolutionary proposal—for a different kind of action; it was a program for organizing and institutionalizing impotence.

BUT at this writing (mid-January) Republican policies seem to be beginning to jell. It is not yet clear whether the party will follow Mr. Hoover in his proposal to retreat under the bed and there erect a Gibraltar of Western civilization; or Senator Taft in any of the various ideas he offers, fresh every morning; or whether—as seems not yet beyond hope—the Dewey-Dulles Republicans may persuade their colleagues to recognize the facts of life. At any rate, if the attack on Acheson should be resumed, his enemies will probably have some alternative to offer, whatever it may be worth.

But why this vicious and sustained attack on a man of whom the President said, correctly, that “no official in our government has been more alive to communism's threat to freedom, or more forceful in resisting it”? Senator McCarthy, of course, began it. I shall not speculate on his motives, being neither a psychoanalyst nor an inspector of sewers; nor would it be charitable to comment on the many respectable men who were at first disgusted by McCarthyism, but eventually went along with it because they believed (in most cases, correctly) that it would help them win an election. It was discovered in 1950 that it is less profitable, politically, to say you believe your opponents are mistaken than to call them Communists and perverts; and the consequences of that may be with us for a long time to come.

But why pick on Acheson? Well—last spring, before McCarthyism had conquered a party (or much of a party, for there were honorable holdouts to the last), John Duncan Miller of the *London Times* had interpreted it as essentially “a revolt of the primitives against intelligence.” Acheson is intelligent; he also has the misfortune of being a gentleman, and what in his case proved to be the greater misfortune of being a Christian.

His origins are appallingly respectable—the son of a bishop, educated at Groton, Yale, and the Harvard Law School; an editor of the *Harvard Law Review*, followed by a term as secretary to Justice Brandeis before he went into the practice of law in Washington. He

has, as one of his old friends remarked to me, "all the virtues that were considered estimable when you and I were boys." Also, he dresses well and speaks correct English; for which he has been sneered at by Mr. Fulton Lewis, who also can speak correct English and dresses well enough to impersonate a man of distinction in whiskey advertisements. All this makes Acheson an easy target for the Fascistoid elements in American society—the people from whom the Ku Klux Klan and the Christian Front were recruited, the kind of people who gave Hitler his first mass support. But for all that, you would suppose there must be something in his official record to justify the holy crusade that was waged against him.

There is not.

II

ACHESON has been damned as a New Dealer by those who believe, or profess to believe, that New Dealers are Communists; yet he first became conspicuous in the news as a man who would not go along with the New Deal. A brilliant and highly successful lawyer, he gave up his practice in the spring of 1933 to become Under Secretary of the Treasury. Since Secretary Woodin was often ill, Acheson ran the department during a good part of that tumultuous year; but in November he resigned by request, because he opposed the devaluation of the dollar. Thereafter he returned to his law office, and would probably have stayed there but for Hitler's successes in 1940. Acheson then became active in the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, and early in 1941 left his practice again to become Assistant Secretary of State.

During his four and a half years in that office his duties consisted largely of liaison with Congress, and in view of his recent troubles it is worth noting that he got along with Congress remarkably well. Aside from that he dealt chiefly with economic problems; he had little to do with political policy until August 1945, when he was promoted to Under Secretary. And here appears the first muted announcement of a theme that has lately been blared on numerous Republican trumpets. He was confirmed with only one dissenting vote—that of Senator Wherry, who

accused him of insulting MacArthur. Acheson had said that MacArthur's occupation command was the instrument, not the determinant, of United States government policy, and this statement of constitutional fact was evidently news to Kenneth Wherry.

Acheson remained as Under Secretary till July 1947, often running the Department as Acting Secretary while his chief—first Byrnes and later Marshall—was absent at international conferences. State Department policies are usually the product of many minds, and it is hard to say just who deserves the credit. But Acheson had, as the President has noted, a great deal to do with the Greek-Turkish policy and the Truman Doctrine early in 1947; still more to do with the transformation of the Truman Doctrine into the Marshall Plan, which became the most successful of all our postwar policies. And incidentally he was the first high American official who publicly declared that Russian policy is aggressive—a statement which, made to a Senate committee early in 1947, brought a formal and irate protest from Molotov which General Marshall brushed aside. All in all, Acheson's record as Under Secretary thoroughly justifies his later remark that not even "disinterested malevolence" could call him an appeaser. (But he had underestimated the capabilities of interested malevolence.)

His retirement to private life left him little time for his law practice, for presently he was named vice-chairman of the Hoover commission on governmental reorganization. And about the time that group finished its arduous and fruitful labors, General Marshall's health compelled his retirement, and Acheson was called back into the service as Secretary of State. Whether history will ultimately rank him right up at the top, along with John Quincy Adams and William H. Seward, cannot yet be predicted; but neither of those men, in his first two years in office, accomplished as much as Acheson has done. More than any other man he has created the organization by which the free nations can make most effective use of their united powers to beat back Communist imperialism.

THE first of his great achievements, the North Atlantic Treaty, had been largely prepared by Marshall and Lovett; but Acheson finished the work of concluding it,

and led the way in the more difficult task of persuading the Senate to approve it. He was working on long-term policies too—the policy of building up “situations of strength” from which we could afford to negotiate with the Kremlin with some hope of getting somewhere. And his speech at the University of California last March set forth the conditions on which other nations can safely live in the same world with Russia. They are conditions to which the Russians will never assent except under great pressure, but unquestionably they are the only conditions that would make the world safe for anybody but Communists; they are the objectives at which American foreign policy must aim if it is to make sense.

He has been damned for omitting Korea from our defense perimeter, in a speech last spring (also Formosa, but more of that later). But the Korean Republic had then been set up by the United Nations; the consequent withdrawal of the occupation troops was approved by American military opinion, which was then thinking in terms of global war and held that Korea could not be defended against massive attack except by the commitment of more troops than Korea was worth, on a global scale. Recent events suggest that this judgment was correct. But a very different situation arose on June 25 last; here was a local aggression of the kind with which we had become familiar in the thirties, and the melancholy history of that decade had taught us that the time to stop it was the first time. Every member of the National Security Council advised the President that we must go to Korea's defense, but Acheson seems to have been the most vigorous of them all. Furthermore Acheson, working through Warren Austin at Lake Success, spurred the United Nations to back us up. Their military aid, though minor, has not been negligible; and in the situation of last June the political and moral effect of their support was immense.

But that support could be given only thanks to the accident that the Russians were then boycotting the Security Council. When they rejoined it, it was obvious that they could stop any similar action in future. The result was the greatest of Acheson's achievements—the persuading of the United Nations Assembly to declare its own competence to

act when the Security Council is paralyzed by the veto. As Vishinsky correctly (and furiously) declared, this was a complete change in the character of the United Nations. For the first time it became an organization which could really do something, even if a great power wanted it to do nothing. This was the most brilliant American diplomatic victory of many decades—and the best kind of diplomatic victory, won not by pressure but by persuasion, by convincing other nations that their interest was identical with ours.

The immediate practical value of this is uncertain, at this writing. Acheson gave the Assembly machinery but he could not give it guts; when the small aggression of June was overlaid by the big aggression of November, many members of the United Nations seemed to have no further ambition except to escape notice.

Similarly the value of the Atlantic Treaty is being undermined, at this writing, by our own defeatists; Acheson could not give them guts either. But the machinery is there, if men have the spirit to use it.

III

SO McCARTHY calls him the Red Dean of Washington; Jenner accuses him of a pro-Communist betrayal of the American people; and even decent men, who have repeated their story so often that they have come to believe it themselves, demand his dismissal on the ground that they have persuaded the people to lose confidence in him. The attack on Acheson, said John Dewey after the election, was a victory for the Communist cause that the rulers of Russia could not have obtained by any activity of their own. Why should men who presumably want to stop the Russians have tried to destroy the man who has done more to stop the Russians than anybody else?

Not on account of what seems to me Acheson's one serious failure, the mishandling of German rearmament. Granted that he was under pressure from the military, it was his business to resist that pressure if it threatened to get us into a situation where the Germans could demand a price for defending themselves instead of clamoring for the privilege. But his enemies have not attacked him on that account; most of them are

all out for German rearmament, whether or not either the French or the Germans want it.

China, however, is another matter; American policy, highly successful in Europe, failed to prevent the Communist conquest of China. Whether any American policy, after 1945, could have "saved China" is open to question; especially if it entailed saving Chiang Kai-shek and the men around him. But a noisy, unscrupulous, and well financed lobby insists not only that it could have been done, but that anybody who doubts that it could have been done their way is a Communist; these people ask, "Can Chiang trust the United States?" And aside from these gentlemen (whose activities deserve a more thorough investigation than they are likely to get, in the present political climate) there are others, more respectable, in Congress and elsewhere, who honestly believe that China is more important to American interest than Europe; that we can afford to let France go but we must save Formosa; that Chiang Kai-shek is more deserving of support than Clement Attlee, and that it is our fault, not his, if he was unable to beat the Communists. The *Washington Post* observes that Chiang seems to have lost the "mandate of heaven" which traditionally entitled a Chinese ruler to his people's loyalty, but that he still has his mandate from the Republicans.

To men who feel that way, failure in China naturally outweighs all our successes in Europe. But Acheson's part in making our China policy was very small indeed. The Communist victory was completed after he became Secretary of State but the policy that failed to prevent it was an inheritance from his predecessors. It had begun to take shape in the days of Stettinius; it was formulated, after Byrnes had taken over, by men in the Far Eastern division of the State Department, who passed it on up to their superiors. Acheson as Under Secretary gave it approval which was not indeed perfunctory, but was no more than the judgment of a man who was not an expert on China that so far as he could see it looked all right. Secretary Byrnes did the same; but not till it had been gone over with General Marshall, who was something of an expert on China. They all approved it; but the official responsibility lay with Secretary Byrnes and he has never tried to evade it.

Acheson however is now blamed for it, and for other things for which he was even less responsible. If he had been forced out of office last December it would have been, above all, because he had publicly endorsed the opinions of Jesus Christ, and because the military hero of the opposition party lost a battle. A party has often gained advantage because its favorite general won a battle; but it took political genius—or something—for the Republicans to derive as much profit from MacArthur's defeat on the Chongchun River as the Whigs derived from Zachary Taylor's victory at Buena Vista.

The crusade against Acheson had of course long been going on; but many people thought that the accusations of appeasement or communism were only what Thurlow Weed once called "a good enough Morgan till after election."

And they might have died down, despite the persistent proddings of the China Lobby, if the situation had remained as it was on November 25, when the nation was warm with the certainty of victory in Korea. In September, MacArthur had turned disaster into triumph; when he started his end-the-war offensive everybody in Washington was still so dazzled by the brilliant success of his Inchon operation that they were sure that he could bring it off again. If he had, if the Army had pushed on to the Yalu, the United Nations would not have dogged it when it came to a Korean settlement; and the most ingenious political malevolence could hardly have longer obscured the facts.

But MacArthur's attempt to repeat the tactics of Chancellorsville, on a grander scale, unfortunately ran into a Chinese general more enterprising than Joe Hooker. Thanks to able leadership and hard fighting (by Turks, British, and Koreans as well as Americans) the Army was extricated without disaster; still we had lost a battle and perhaps a campaign, and there had to be a scapegoat for this incredible peripety. But it is a dogma of the Republican faith that MacArthur cannot lose a battle; since a battle had been lost it must have been Acheson who lost it; it was his fault that the Chinese Communists were in Korea, or indeed that they existed at all.

But of course the thing that more than anything else laid him open to attack was

his famous refusal to turn his back on Alger Hiss. Let it be noted, by the way, that Hiss was never an important figure in the State Department. He was a rising young man, a useful technician; but that he ever made policy, at Yalta or anywhere else, is pure (or rather impure) myth. He was however a friend of Acheson, who has said that his friendship is not lightly given; and he had been convicted of a gross breach of public trust. What should a statesman say, in such a case? Most men would have followed what Acheson later called "the counsels of discretion and cowardice," and taken the out of declining to comment on a case which had been appealed; but he chose not to have to remember, the rest of his life, that he had run away from "a disagreeable and dangerous decision."

What he did say meant simply that he didn't like to kick a man who was down; and if he had said just that he would have got into little trouble. Not that Acheson's enemies have any objection to kicking a man who is down; it is safer than kicking him when he is standing up; but phrased in those words, it could hardly be made popular. But Acheson made the mistake, natural perhaps to a bishop's son and a practicing Christian, of quoting some apposite but lengthy observations by the Saviour of mankind; and then they had him. He was a protector of Communists (though all the efforts of McCarthy and his gang have failed to prove that there is a single Communist in the State Department).

IV

THE Hiss episode moved James Reston of the *New York Times* to write that Acheson "seems to lack the gift, absolutely essential in a Secretary of State, of foreseeing how his remarks will look in tomorrow morning's newspapers." Yet they often look pretty good, if not tomorrow morning at least next week. He was denounced for insulting and misrepresenting Senator Taft in his comments on re-examinists; yet it presently turned out that what Taft meant was just about what Acheson thought he meant. (At least, what Taft means on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; he seems to spend Tuesdays, Thursdays, and

Saturdays re-examining and contradicting his own remarks of the day before.)

When Mr. Burt Shotton, who as manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers had won two pennants in three years and kept his team in the running till the last game in the third, was rewarded by being fired, Red Smith of the *New York Herald Tribune* observed that he had made two major mistakes in public relations: he had neglected to acknowledge the superior wisdom of some inmates of the press box, and when he was asked a stupid question he yielded to the impulse to reply, "That is a stupid question." I have never heard Acheson say that, though he sometimes looks it; and to look it can be more withering—and more unfortunate, if you happen to look it at a member of a congressional committee. It is not his fault that he looks like, and indeed is, a Superior Person; but that can be very annoying to members of Congress.

Nevertheless, in his news conferences he displays more candor, and far more sense of humor, than any other Secretary of State within my recollection (which goes back thirty-odd years). Once, I remember, when somebody asked him an embarrassing question, he remarked with a grin, "You wouldn't have known anything about that if I hadn't been silly enough to mention it last week." He seldom if ever takes the advice so lavishly given him by the pundits of the press; which may account for the crocodile tears which not long ago bedewed certain newspaper columns, whose writers sobbed that it was too bad—Acheson was a great statesman and a fine fellow, but he had lost the confidence of the country, so he would have to go.

Well, if you believe Dr. Gallup's not wholly infallible poll, he had lost the confidence of a majority of such citizens as had heard of him (about a third of them, in spite of all the uproar, had not); the Big Lie, repeated over and over, had done its work. The attack on Acheson was indeed only the major aspect of a campaign which included demands for either the resignation or the impeachment of the President; which included also the attack on General Marshall, disguised as an attack on Assistant Secretary Anna Rosenberg, who being a woman and a Jew looked like a safe preliminary target. Just possibly, this case marked the turn of

the tide. The Senate committee which heard the charges against Mrs. Rosenberg not only unanimously cleared her, but sent the evidence it had heard to the Department of Justice for investigation of the perjury which somebody had obviously committed. Moreover, the Senator who was most irate over this outrageous attack was a conservative Republican, Harry Cain; and Mrs. Rosenberg's most energetic and effective defender, during the investigation, was a conservative newspaperman, Frederick Woltman of the Scripps-Howard papers. So maybe the distinction between truth and falsehood is again beginning to mean something.

How much the public cares, however, is still uncertain. Last fall a man named Frank Bow, operating through a Senator (libel-proof, in a speech on the floor), attacked both the integrity and the loyalty of the Secretary of the Interior. Bow's sworn testimony before a Senate committee was contradicted by the sworn testimony of several other people; somebody was lying, and lying on oath. Secretary Chapman was completely exonerated; Senator O'Mahoney said that Bow's charges were an infamous libel; Senator Murray said that a man like Bow should not be allowed to remain at large. So what happened to Frank Bow? He was elected to Congress from Ohio, beating a good man.

Tacitus wrote that the civil wars of 69 A.D. had "divulged the secret of the Empire, that an Emperor could be made elsewhere than at Rome." Sometimes it seems that some of the performances of this past year have divulged the secret of the Republic—that while you may not be able to fool all of the people all of the time, you can fool enough of them

enough of the time to gain your end. The ethics of this sort of thing require no comment; but I should think that at least some of the men who joined in the crusade against Acheson would be concerned about its intellectual implications. They must at least be smart enough to realize that similar tactics might some day be used against them, even if they are undisturbed over what they have done to the basic principles of American public life.

They were operating on the principle that there can be no such thing as an honest difference of opinion, that whoever disagreed with them must be a traitor. In a time of great international tension they had demanded the dismissal of the Secretary of State, just as he was about to start off for an international conference where important and controversial issues were to be decided; they proposed no alternative to his policy, or to him; they had made allegations against him which were utterly, and often ludicrously false; and but for the firmness of the President they would have got away with it.

This nation was conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the principle (among others) that honest men may honestly disagree on public issues; that if they all say what they think, a majority of the people will be able to distinguish truth from error; that in the competition in the market place of ideas, the sounder ideas will in the long run win out. Lately we have been engaged in a cold civil war—it was nothing less, in the year 1950—testing whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

Time will tell.

The Good Old Days

PEOPLE talk politics in Russia with apparent freedom, more so than I expected to find. Men and women expressed their opinions with candor (as I believe), and criticized what they saw wrong in their government. The Russian journals possess more freedom than those of Paris, and the theaters can play pretty nearly what they like. Official tyranny or dishonesty can be shown up by the press or satirized on the stage more freely and safely than in the country of Napoleon III, with all its boasted freedom.

—"A Sleigh-Ride Through Eastern Russia" by Thomas W. Knox, *Harper's*, February 1869.

Exempt the Bright Boys?

Gerald W. Johnson

AS THE year 1950 was drawing to a close an astonishing proposal was laid before Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Selective Service Director—the Nice-Nellyish term we have substituted for the forthright old title of Conscription Officer.

Six committees of educators, appointed two years ago to advise him on administration of the draft law, urged that all high school students whose intelligence quotients run above 120 be exempted from military service at least until they can complete their formal education. They proposed, also, that the government assist any exceptionally talented student who cannot complete his education for lack of money.

In effect this means that unusually bright boys would be deferred for at least four years and, if they qualified for positions in essential industries within that period, they would be entirely exempt. Some understanding of what the figures mean may be gained from the army regulations, which hold that a man whose IQ is below 70 is too stupid to be trusted with a gun and on the battlefield would be more dangerous to himself and his comrades than to the enemy; so the Army refuses such recruits. Going up the scale, if a man's IQ is 110 or better, he is officer material and may be admitted to an officers' training camp if he is otherwise qualified. If the IQ climbs above 140, the examiners be-

gin to suspect that they may have discovered a genius. Thus the point selected by the educators, 120, is slightly above the minimum intellectual capacity required for a commissioned officer, but definitely below the point that suggests that the subject is a mental giant. In short, it means bright boys, but not necessarily wonder boys.

Naturally, the entire report rests on the assumption that the intelligence quotient is a reliable index of ability. This is vigorously and on occasion profanely denied by some observers, who hold that it measures at most no more than a certain verbal facility; but at that, it is the most adequate test available, so the point will not be argued here. The interesting thing is not the real meaning of the IQ, but the real meaning of the educators' stand.

Being American educators they duck and dodge in the effort to avoid using harsh words. All of us are given to that, even our educators. We don't speak of conscription and conscripts, we say "draft" and "draftees," as if the boys were being sent documents demanding the payment of money. We don't even say military service, preferring "military training," as if nobody really expected the men involved to do any fighting. But at the end of 1950 every rational man understood that the ruling objection to sending a young man into the Army was not that his educa-

The author of Incredible Tale and many other books, and a newspaper man with thirty years' experience, Gerald W. Johnson brings to the subject of the draft the same shrewd humor he showed in his delineation of "The Villains" in our Centennial issue.

tion might be interrupted for a time, but that he might stop a bullet. The educators' position is, in the final analysis, that it is not good public policy for the country to permit bright boys to be shot in the same proportion as dull boys.

They were not unanimous. President James B. Conant, of Harvard, and President Vannevar Bush, of the Carnegie Institute, immediately countered with a proposal that all boys at the age of eighteen be subjected to two years' service and the Association of American Universities suggested twenty-seven to thirty months. Of course, they did not mean that literally; cripples, boys with an IQ of 50, and downright lunatics would be exempt; but they did mean all able-bodied and reasonably intelligent boys.

So the matter stood at the end of the year, and poor General Hershey was left with conflicting advice, which is as bad as no advice at all.

Early in January, however, another military man intervened; this was Secretary, recently General, Marshall, who pointed out that boys of eighteen, while physically strong, are still mentally pliable, quick to learn, and therefore rapidly made into good soldiers. At the moment it was all too likely that the country would presently need a great many good soldiers and would need them in a hurry. This has nothing to do with the educational question, but it has all to do with the safety of the country, which is, after all, General Hershey's basic problem.

HOWEVER, the plight of the General is far less interesting than the revelation of the attitude of a large segment of American pedagogy. One suspects the schoolmasters of having allowed themselves to fall into a cultural lag that invalidates their judgment. They seem to believe that American social attitudes toward intellectuals that prevailed in 1900 and even in 1925 still prevail. They are mistaken. Things have been happening recently that have made a great difference in the public estimate of men of learning.

The American passion for education by 1900 had led the American, and especially the one who makes no pretense to intellectuality, into assuming the existence, among the highly educated, of something like the

Hippocratic oath of the medical men. The man of great intellectual attainments was supposed to be, as a type, also a great humanitarian, at least to the extent that his knowledge and skill were dedicated to the preservation and improvement of civilization. This implied a very high intellectual and a rather high moral integrity. In short, intellectuality was widely regarded as synonymous with wisdom.

The populace, it is true, always admitted one exception to, or reversal of, the role. Manufacturers of blood-curdlers frequently wrote of the gigantic intellect turned to evil purposes, the Fu-Manchu type. The mad scientist, an enemy of the human race, is a familiar figure to all addicts to shilling-shockers; but he was mad, indubitably mad, so he no more represented the spirit of science than an inmate of Bedlam represents the general population. Only within the past five years has it been demonstrated repeatedly that perfectly sane scientists are capable of turning science to the uses of cosmic destruction, and that men of immense learning may be political and moral imbeciles.

Before that demonstration the educators' bland assumption that all will agree on the preservation of intellectuals at any cost, even the sacrifice of non-intellectuals, might have been justified, but not now. Today it encounters strong dissent. Today a considerable fraction of the public veers in the other direction—toward the opinion that the shooting of a certain proportion of its able-bodied intellectuals might be rather less of a misfortune to the country than the shooting of the same proportion of its mechanics.

One reason for this is the fact that intellectuals, as a class, already hold one advantage over most mechanics in the matter of exemption from military service. Physical disabilities that bar a man from the Army and also bar him from such occupations as structural steel work and stevedoring, may not handicap him seriously in the library or the laboratory. Many very fancy intellectuals have been 4-Fs. Hunchbacked Pope and club-footed Byron wrote better poetry than any sane man expects the nation's champion football squad to produce; Steinmetz, with curvature of the spine, and Edison, almost stone-deaf, were geniuses; and Roosevelt became a great statesman only after his legs had

been paralyzed. Thus if the Evil Ones should knock off 1 per cent of our able-bodied plowhands, they would knock off 1 per cent of all the plowhands. But if they got 1 per cent of all the able-bodied intellectuals, more than 99 per cent of the intellectuals would survive, because the 4-Fs among them are frequently as good as the athletes. To add to this natural advantage an artificial advantage by modifying the draft regulations would be to concede to the intellectuals an importance in the scheme of things that the general public does not recognize.

IT is the less willing to recognize their importance at the moment because the record of the intellectuals for the past five years has not filled the mediocre mind with unstinted admiration. Speak of intellectuals to the man in the street and you bring to his mind a group of symbols—Fuchs, Wadleigh, Hiss, Chambers, Remington, and the atom bomb, all intellectuals except the bomb, which was the product of intellectuals. His response to this stimulus is not adoration.

Two thousand scientists worked furiously for five years—ten thousand man-years of labor—to produce the thing that fell on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, and when it burst, more than the Japanese city went up in flame and smoke. The popular myth that learning is necessarily beneficent, except in possession of a madman, was vaporized then and there, and the social attitude bent upon that myth had to be altered. If learning is not necessarily beneficent, then preservation of the learned is not necessarily the highest social duty; it all depends upon what the learned are up to.

The physical explosion at Hiroshima was followed by a series of psychological explosions in the law courts, of which the most spectacular and the most destructive was the Hiss case. The peculiar deadliness of this affair, as far as the intellectual class is concerned, is the fact that there is absolutely no way out. Even if you reject the verdict and assume that Alger Hiss was an innocent victim, you are no better off; for in that case he was framed by Whittaker Chambers, another intellectual. Indeed, if Hiss is innocent, then it must follow that Chambers is twice as great a villain as Hiss was alleged to be. Either

way, our intellectual class has flowered in a moral monstrosity.

Wadleigh and Fuchs confessed and the style of their confessions was no help to their class. They acted without anything the ordinary man can understand as a motive. He is well aware that the man of learning is only human and if put in fear of his life or of grievous bodily harm, or if subjected to great temptation may crack, even as you or I. No less a man than Sir Francis Bacon accepted bribes, which was deplorable, but not mysterious. Everyone agrees that it was not his learning that made him do it, but the same human weakness that makes a bank cashier abscond now and then.

But Wadleigh and Fuchs, as far as we know, were neither bribed nor threatened. Apparently they betrayed their trusts out of sheer mental arrogance. What was for the good of the country and the world they knew much better than the poor dumbbells who were acting as King and Prime Minister of England, and President and Secretary of State of the United States. Neither fear nor greed but pride of intellect turned them into traitors.

Now the boy whose report cards carry straight A's makes a more favorable impression on his teacher than one whose reports run consistently from B to D. But Teacher wastes his breath when he tells us that for the good of the country we should protect A from risks that B-D is compelled to run; for granting that A may turn out to be a new John Stuart Mill, it is equally possible that he may turn out to be another Wadleigh, Fuchs, Hiss, or Chambers—for Chambers, remember, admitted being once a Communist and seven times a perjurer. Certainly, A should not be subjected to any *more* risks than B-D; but he should take just as many.

Observation has taught the average American that, however it may be in Russia and other European countries, over here the doctrines of communism seem to make their most effective appeal to two classes—obvious human garbage, on the one hand, and the extremely intellectual, on the other. This doesn't raise the wool-hat boy's respect for the garbage; it diminishes his respect for the intellectual.

That respect is already at what I believe

to be a dangerously low level. I say "dangerously low" because if it were extinguished altogether this country would be not merely on, but far along the road to ruin. The intellectuals are, in fact, our *corps d'élite* because they include the intelligent, as well as the merely learned, and without intelligent leadership there is little hope for any country and none for democracy.

THE business of an elite is leadership. That is its true function in society, its excuse for being. Unless it qualifies for leadership it remains at best merely ornamental, and useless ornamentation is the antithesis of beauty.

Within the past generation this country has been forced into two great wars and is now engaged in a small one that may become great before these lines meet the reader's eye. It has become perforce a militant country, swarming with men, millions of them, who have stood in battle for it. It follows that the men who are to lead America for the next generation must be capable of leading veterans. This does not mean that the leaders must be militarists, for a successful general is frequently the worst sort of peacetime leader; but a country made up largely of former soldiers will not follow a leader who does not understand the soldierly mind.

I submit that no man knows that mind

who has not served as a soldier, or in close contact with soldiers. If the young men who are to be the intellectuals of tomorrow have no share in the pending crisis except to observe it from the shelter of academic walls, then they will not be followed by the men who faced the enemy. In that case, leadership will pass from the intellectuals, the elite, and will go elsewhere—perhaps to be seized by some exponent of nescience, like Corporal Hitler.

Therefore to exempt from military service all bright boys merely because they are bright is not, in fact, to favor them. On the contrary, it is to deprive them of their birth-right, for they were born to leadership and to render them impotent to exercise it is to make them something less than men, to convert them into political eunuchs who must be silent

And hold their manhoods cheap while any
speaks
That fought,

which is a fate infinitely more appalling than death on the field of honor.

Let us have done with all squirming and face the fact—there is no privilege in war. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," we are all one and he who would separate himself from his fellows now should and shall be cast out from them forever.

An Oak Leaf Fell

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

UP FROM the sea I shredded lightning from
My sleeve and knuckled thunder from my hair,
I walked a league but still you did not come,
I could not find you any anywhere;
I cut a hickory stick, I peeled it bare,
I climbed twelve mountains, I was very sullen,
I told a sky to whip a hawk and a mare
To dream, I hickory struck the heads from mullein,
Marigolds even, ere the night had fallen;
Then I beheld you, strolling and suspended,
Golden you were, powdered in clover pollen,
Closer you loitered until nothing ended,
An oak leaf fell, it stopped, it isn't down,
Many an oak tree, many a glacier gone.

Those Virus Diseases

Howard A. Howe

I HAVE just come from my son's room, where I gave him some aspirin and sponged off his face with a cool cloth. There has been polio in the neighborhood, and he started to school only two weeks ago. Fortunately he isn't complaining of a stiff neck, and I am not too worried. Yet sooner or later this child and his younger sister will be infected with the virus of poliomyelitis. It is just as inevitable as measles and, fortunately for most children, far milder—in fact, most of them, and their parents, are never conscious of the whole episode of exposure and infection with this virus which is so deadly for a few.

Yet I wish I knew whether my children had gotten their polio behind them. (Just a little touch of stiff neck, please, so we will know where we are.) It is an uncomfortable feeling always to be waiting and wondering whether one's child may have to pay for his immunity with paralysis. Nor can I take comfort from telling over a rosary of the new wonder drugs, the sulfas and the bewildering number of derivatives from molds. Despite their multiplicity and long names these "antibiotics" exert no healing effect whatever upon poliomyelitis and only doubtful ones on other virus diseases.

There is a complicated and fascinating story back of the apparent exemption of polio and other viruses from the laws which gov-

ern the behavior of the rest of the infectious diseases. Even as I write these words I can imagine the reader confused and mystified by this fantastic, Lilliputian world of "germs" which none the less moves and has its being in a most orderly fashion. Some of its dangerous fascination is reflected in the daily papers, in popular science articles, or even in general conversation. "So and so has caught this or died of that—but how did he get it—why didn't he recover?"

II

PERHAPS it would be well here to give a brief catalogue of the chief agents parasitic on man—those nuisances and worse which live from his body and give little or nothing back except grief. I shall not pause over the bugs, worms, and little one-celled animals which burrow, or crawl, or gyrate in all sorts of probable and improbable places. Nor am I going to deal with the fungi which are rarely real invaders. My concern is the shadowland between the plants and animals. It includes the bacteria, the Rickettsiae, and the viruses, a world of decreasing visibility and increasing dependence upon finding a cozy spot in which to settle down and do damage.

I do not need to do more than mention some of the common bacterial infections:

Dr. Howe, who writes this month about virus diseases in general and next month about polio in particular, has been teaching at Johns Hopkins since 1929. He is adjunct professor of epidemiology and senior member of the Poliomyelitis Research Center.

boils and abscesses, rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, blood poisoning, puerperal fever, tuberculosis, undulant fever (brucellosis), typhoid fever, dysentery, cholera, epidemic meningitis, gonorrhea. These conditions are caused by microscopically visible organisms which take nourishment and reproduce their kind in much the same way as their betters on whom they live. They settle preferentially in the tissues of the body, but are not too particular about location and will thrive in test tubes if they are provided with nutrient fluids to their liking.

Next we come to the Rickettsiae, a group of organisms first described by Howard Taylor Ricketts, producing fevers in which extensive skin eruptions are prominent. This group includes the cause of louse-borne typhus of the old world; the rat flea-borne typhus of the southern United States; Rocky Mountain spotted fever, a colorful and dangerous malady by no means so local as the name suggests; Q fever, which has been giving the milk and beef industry some trouble lately; and lastly, the multifarious scrub typhus, a most unpleasant disease known to numbers of GIs serving in the Southeast Asia theater. Still in the microscopically visible range, these infectious agents are choosier than the bacteria and must invade a living cell in order to propagate. They can be grown in developing hens' eggs but not in fluids entirely free from cells. There is still another small group of organisms which are distinct from the Rickettsiae yet have similar growth requirements. This group is exemplified by psittacosis (parrot fever). Its members are close to the limits of visibility with ordinary microscopes and are usually classified as viruses. However, all of the agents mentioned so far have a very important feature in common—they are susceptible to the action of antibiotics such as sulfa-diazine or penicillin, which derange their body chemistry in such a way that they can no longer mobilize the energy for growth and reproduction.

Finally by elimination we come to a large group of intracellular parasites, the viruses, to which sulfadiazine or penicillin are like so much rain beating on the windows when they are indoors. For the very cells of the body which they invade appear to insulate these agents from outside attack.

UNLIKE bacteria, viruses are parasites within cells. Since they are for the most part invisible with ordinary microscopes, it has required the modern electron microscope to confirm this fact visually. Nevertheless, it has long been recognized that even a few minutes after certain viruses have been brought into contact with susceptible cells it is impossible by any known means to dissociate this unholy union. The virus exerts its lethal effect by entering the cell and diverting its life processes to the production of more virus. This does not always result in the death of the cell, since some viruses actually stimulate cell division, and it is a not uncommon phenomenon that many viruses which cause severe or even fatal infections in man may be harmless fellow travelers in other animal species. A good example of this latter is horse sleeping sickness virus, which produces severe disease of the brain in humans and horses but a symptomless infection in birds, which probably serve as the natural reservoir for the virus. Conversely, herpes virus, from simple fever blisters of man, produces a fatal brain infection when inoculated into the rabbit's eye.

The properties of viruses are very imperfectly known and most of the information about them has been laboriously acquired by observing their effects upon living cells. Methods of study have been as indirect as those of the nuclear physicists, and probably far less exact. Only in very recent years have some of the animal viruses been obtained in relatively pure form and observed with the electron microscope. Of the viruses causing human disease, influenza is probably the outstanding example, and it can now be maintained with considerable certainty that the little spherical particles which may be observed free or sticking to the surface of red blood cells are, in reality, the virus and not some impurity which was carried through the process of concentrating the original infectious material.

Considerable controversy still continues as to whether viruses are living things. Some investigators believe they are chemical substances, enzymes, which divert the life economy of the cells they invade to the production of more virus particles. Some cells are able to support this burden and still remain healthy; others sicken and even die in the

process, and in so doing produce disease. Other scientists argue that the viruses are degenerate bacteria which have lost their cell substance, or cytoplasm as it is called, and consist only of the reproductive part, the nucleus. These imperfect organisms must find a host cell which will supply the needed cytoplasm in order that they may continue their activity. Be this as it may, viruses do not grow outside of living cells, while bacteria spawn freely in the tissue fluids of the host organism.

These differences have a crucial bearing on the question of treatment. The success of antibiotics has apparently resulted from the fact that bacteria for the most part lie in the tissue spaces where they are easily reached by the drugs which interfere with their life processes in various ways. No such approach has been possible with the viruses, because they have no known metabolism of their own and appear to become an actual part of the cells they invade. Thus in attacking them one also attacks the host cells. It is therefore apparent that there must be a new approach to the treatment of virus diseases. Since the virus is really at the mercy of its host cell, some drug must be found which will enable the host cell either to starve out the unwelcome invader or successfully to withstand its metabolic drain.

Among the commonest virus diseases of man are measles, mumps, fever blisters, shingles, the common cold, warts (just to start with the mild ones), poliomyelitis, smallpox, influenza, German measles (which during the first three months of pregnancy may inflict irremediable damage upon the fetus rather than upon the mother who contracts the disease). There is also a group of virus diseases which exist primarily in lower mammals but are even more destructive when transferred to man. This includes yellow fever, rabies, and a rather formidable number of different agents producing brain damage (encephalitis). A list of the more important viruses confined to domestic animals would include distemper, hog cholera, foot-and-mouth disease, the dreaded louping-ill of sheep, Teschen disease of swine, and Rinderpest disease of cattle, all of which last triumverate have thus far been successfully kept out of the United States. (Rinderpest might incidentally be a minor medium for

bacteriological warfare; unchecked, it could kill a large part of our beef supply in a few months.)

III

COMMUNICABLE diseases can be controlled in three ways. The first is to prevent exposure by breaking the chain by which the infectious agent is conveyed from one susceptible host to another. It is best illustrated by the process of sterilization, which is an effort to prevent living organisms from coming into contact with susceptible tissues. The methods employed are legion and familiar to all. They range from the asepsis of the operating room, the chlorination of water, and the pasteurization of milk to less well established practices like the use of ultraviolet lights in school rooms. These methods have been highly successful in curbing typhoid, cholera, dysentery, pus-forming infections, bovine tuberculosis, undulant fever, and the like. They have been reduced to the belly-laugh level by blue lights playing on public toilet seats. And they are of little use in the case of the viruses.

While viruses are readily inactivated by heat, a wide range of chemicals, and ultraviolet light, they unfortunately do not exist for long outside the body of some susceptible animal. Their transfer from one host to another is therefore presumably a most immediate affair. In the case of influenza it probably takes place by direct contact with the mouth spray of an infected individual. Such highly infectious diseases as measles and smallpox are also generally believed to be transmitted in this fashion, which allows little opportunity for intermediate sterilization. At the other end of the scale are viruses like yellow fever and the various forms of encephalitis which apparently never occur free in nature even for an instant, but are transmitted from one host to another by mosquitoes or other blood-sucking members of the insect or spider family. So it is easy to see why the conventional methods of disinfection are of limited effectiveness in controlling virus diseases.

THE second method of dealing with communicable diseases is to limit, by treatment, the infection once it has oc-

curred. As I have already mentioned, drugs and antibiotics, which are among the most successful types of treatment with bacterial diseases, are singularly ineffective in dealing with viruses. This leaves only treatment by immune serums or antitoxins that specifically attack and destroy or neutralize the noxious agent. But although serums can be prepared containing antiviral substances, this method of treatment has had only a limited success with virus diseases. The difficulty lies in the fact that, for the most part, it is impossible to administer the serum early enough in the disease to stop its progress. In virus infections it is unfortunately pretty much the rule that by the time the patient begins to complain of illness the virus is already widely disseminated through his body and so safely sequestered within the susceptible cells as to be out of reach.

Serum treatment is effective in those virus diseases that have an early phase where the virus travels by way of the blood stream from its portal of entry to the tissues where it finally settles and produces damage. For example, concentrated serum antibody in the form of immune or gamma globulin is remarkably effective in preventing or modifying measles, because it can be administered in most instances as soon as a susceptible individual is known to have been exposed. Since the incubation period of measles is relatively constant and provides about ten days of grace in which the virus is quiescent, there is time for the immune globulin to be administered and get a head start. Once symptoms have developed, however, it is of questionable value. In such diseases as poliomyelitis, where the occasion of exposure is usually unknown and the virus heralds its presence by entering the nervous system directly without circulating in the blood stream, it is virtually impossible to apply serum treatment before the virus has achieved its final destination in highly susceptible nervous tissues.

WE NOW come to the third method of combating infectious disease—the prevention of infection after exposure. Put in another way this means that the potential invader is prevented from gaining a foothold in the susceptible organism. There are two ways of doing this. One is to

build up the individual's natural resistance by improving his general physical condition through better diet, proper hygiene, and the like. This approach is apparently not effective in virus diseases and such meager laboratory evidence as does exist would suggest that malnutrition tends, if anything, to increase resistance rather than the reverse.

Increasing age is another factor that modifies the effects of many bacterial diseases. Tuberculosis, for example, usually attacks only the lungs of adults, while in infants and children it is often a generalized infection involving many organs. Similarly, adult human beings may contract infections with diphtheria organisms which invade the throat or the skin, but they rarely have membranous croup (laryngeal diphtheria). Again there is no evidence to suggest that increasing age modifies resistance to virus diseases except possibly in rendering their effects more severe. For instance, when the yellow-fever virus was introduced into the seaports of the United States less than a hundred years ago, or when persons from the temperate zone attempted to live in tropical countries where the disease was constantly present, it produced frightful ravages among adults. Similar instances might be cited for smallpox, measles, influenza, and poliomyelitis too when these viruses were brought into "virgin" populations.

THE word "virgin" is frequently used by students of infectious disease to indicate individuals or groups which are without previous experience. This implies that without such experience they are also without immunity—and this gives us the key to the only remaining, and fortunately the most effective, way of dealing with virus diseases. Immunity against any given virus disease can be acquired either by suffering the disease itself or by vaccination—that is, by the introduction of the agent itself in some less harmful form. It is the duration of such immunity, however induced, plus the ease of transmitting the agent, which determines the pattern of a communicable disease in a population.

Because measles is highly infectious, widely distributed, and productive of lifelong immunity, it is a children's disease over most of the world. There are, however, groups of

people living in areas so remote and sparsely settled that a virus like that of measles cannot be continuously propagated. Being unable to maintain itself outside the human body, it therefore dies out and may remain absent for a generation or more. In such a population, when the disease is reintroduced, it infects old and young alike. A notable example of such an epidemic took place in the Faroe Islands in 1846. The virus had been absent for sixty-five years when it was reintroduced by a single traveler from Denmark. Within a few weeks the disease had covered the entire group of islands, infecting practically everyone except those who had been living at the time of the previous epidemic.

A somewhat similar result can be produced in an average population by another highly infectious virus, influenza, which, unlike measles, is apparently followed by a comparatively short period of immunity. Here again young and old alike may be attacked since apparently no one can conserve his im-

munity indefinitely. Mumps and German measles, although they produce immunity of long duration, are not as widespread as measles and flu, do not have marked epidemic waves, and hence do not tend so sharply to pick out children for attack.

I HAVE introduced this discussion of the general characteristics of virus diseases in order to lay a groundwork for the understanding of the problems involved in the control of one virus disease which is universally dreaded and completely out of hand—namely poliomyelitis. In the article which follows I shall compare it with yellow fever, a much more serious virus infection, which either kills or cures, but one which has been tamed during the past fifteen years. These two have much in common despite the fact that they are transmitted in entirely different ways, and I hope that such a discussion will provide some helpful perspective to those whose fear of poliomyelitis has been mounting through recent years.

[Dr. Howe's second article, "Can We Vaccinate Against Polio?" will appear next month.]

Lafayette, Où Sommes Nous?

Paris, March 4, 1950

35 Rue de Picpus, XIIe Arrondissement

Gentlemen of the Voice of America:

I am here to bring to your attention a slight anomaly which, I believe, might be corrected through your good offices.

I am the keeper of the Picpus graveyard, 35 Rue de Picpus. Here lies Lafayette—I think you may have heard of him—and I wish to ask if you couldn't do something on the air to let the tourists know about him. Last year not a single tourist visiting France came to see him.

I went to the American Express, 11 Rue Scribe, where the Manager, Mr. Hill, told me: "I shall send you busfuls of tourists every Tuesday afternoon." But nothing ever happened.

At any rate I count on you to do something so that many American tourists will come this summer. I have in my cemetery 1,306 people who were guillotined in 1794. As a matter of fact Lafayette was buried here because he married a Miss de Noailles whose parents died on the guillotine.

Respectfully yours,

Eugène Denis
Keeper



Monte Saint Angelo

A Story

by Arthur Miller

Drawings by

Edward Melcarth

THE driver, who had been sitting up ahead in perfect silence for nearly an hour as they crossed the monotonous green plain of Foggia, now said something. Appello quickly leaned forward in the back seat and asked him what he had said. "That is Monte Saint Angelo before you." Appello lowered his head to see through the windshield of the rattling little Fiat. Then he nudged Bernstein who awoke resentfully, as though his friend had intruded. "That's the town up there," Appello said. Bernstein's

annoyance vanished and he bent forward. They both sat that way for several minutes, watching the approach of what seemed to them a comically situated town, even more comic than any they had seen in the four weeks they had spent moving from place to place in the country. It was like a tiny old lady living on a high roof for fear of thieves.

The plain remained as flat as a table for a quarter of a mile ahead. Then out of it like a pillar rose the butte, squarely and rigidly skyward it towered, only narrowing as it

reached its very top. And there, barely visible now, the town crouched, momentarily obscured by white clouds, then appearing again tiny and safe, like a mountain port looming at the end of the sea. From their distance they could make out no road, no approach at all up the side of the pillar.

"Whoever built that was awfully frightened of something," Bernstein said, pulling his coat closer around him. "How do they get up there? Or do they?"

Appello, in Italian, asked the driver about the town. The driver, who had been there only once before in his life and knew no other who had made the trip—despite his being a resident of Lucera which was not far away—told Appello with some amusement that they would soon see how rarely anyone goes up or comes down Monte Saint Angelo. "The donkeys will kick and run away as we ascend, and when we come into the town everyone will come out to see. They are very far from everything. They all look like brothers up there. They don't know very much either," he laughed.

"What does the Princeton chap say?" Bernstein asked. The driver had a crew haircut, a turned-up nose, and a red round face with blue eyes. He owned the car, and although he spoke like any Italian when his feet were on the ground, behind his wheel with two Americans riding behind him he had only the most amused and superior attitude toward everything outside the windshield. Appello, having translated for Bernstein, asked him how long it would take to ascend. "Perhaps three-quarters of an hour—as long as the mountain is," he amended.

Bernstein and Appello settled back and watched the butte's approach. Now they could see that its sides were crumbled white stone. At this closer vantage it seemed as though it had been struck a terrible blow by some monstrous hammer which had split its structure into millions of seams. They were beginning to climb now, on a road of sharp broken rocks.

"The road is Roman," the driver remarked. He knew how much Americans made of anything Roman. Then he added, "The car, however, is from Milan." He and Appello laughed.

And now the white chalk began drifting into the car. At their elbows the altitude

began to seem threatening. There was no railing on the road and it turned back on itself every two hundred yards in order to climb again. The Fiat's doors were wavering in their frames, the seat on which they sat kept inching forward onto the floor. A fine film of white talc settled onto their clothing and covered their eyebrows. Both together began to cough. When they were finished Bernstein said, "Just so I understand it clearly and without prejudice, will you explain again in words of one syllable why the hell we are climbing this lump of dust, old man?"

Appello laughed and mocked a punch at him. "No kidding," Bernstein said, trying to smile.

"I want to see this aunt of mine, that's all." Appello began taking it seriously.

"You're crazy, you know that? You've got some kind of ancestor complex. All we've done in this country is look for your relatives. I mean it, you really have a lust for your history, don't you."

"Well, Jesus, I'm finally in the country, I want to see all the places I came from. You realize that two of my relatives are buried in a crypt in the church up there? In 1100 something."

"Oh, is this where the monks came from?"

"Sure, the two Appello brothers. They helped build that church. It's very famous, that church. Supposed to be Saint Michael appeared in a vision or something. . . ."

"I never thought I'd know anybody with monks in his family. But I still think you're cracked on the whole subject."

"Well don't you have any feeling about your ancestors? Wouldn't you like to go back to Austria or wherever you came from and see where the old folks lived? Maybe find a family that belongs to your line, or something like that?"

BERNSTEIN did not answer for a moment. He did not know quite what he felt, and wondered dimly whether he kept ragging his friend a little because of envy. When they had been in the country courthouse where Appello's grandfather's portrait and his great-grandfather's hung—both renowned provincial magistrates; when they had spent the night in Lucera where the name Appello meant something distinctly honorable, and where his friend Vinny was

taken in hand and greeted in that intimate way because he was an Appello—in all these moments Bernstein had felt left out and somehow deficient. At first he had taken the attitude that all the fuss was childlike and silly and sentimental, and yet as incident after incident, landmark after old landmark turned up echoing the name Appello, he gradually began to feel his friend combining with this history and it seemed to him that it made Vinny stronger, somehow less dead when the time would come for him to die.

"I have no relatives that I know of in Europe," he said to Vinny. "And if I had they'd have all been wiped out by now."

"Is that why you don't like my visiting this way?" Vinny asked sympathetically. He was ever trying to know Bernstein, whom he loved and respected, but who was closed to him.

Bernstein felt Vinny's attempt to reach into him. "I don't say I don't like it," he said, and smiled by will. He wished he could open himself like Vinny; somehow it would give him ease and strength, he felt. They stared down at the plain below, and spoke little.

The chalk dust had lightened Appello's black eyebrows. For a fleeting moment it occurred to Appello that they resembled each other. Both were over six feet tall, both broad-shouldered and dark men. Bernstein was thinner, quite gaunt and long-armed. Appello was stronger in his arms and stooped a little as though he had not wanted to be tall. But their eyes were not the same. Appello seemed a little Chinese around the eyes, and they glistened black, direct, and, for women, passionately. Bernstein gazed rather than looked; for him the eyes were dangerous when they could be fathomed, and so he turned them away often, or downward, and there seemed to be something defensively cruel and yet gentle there. They liked each other not for reasons so much as for possibilities; it was as though they both had sensed they were opposites, as only two men may know that thing of each other. And they were drawn to each other by the lure of the expression which each embodied for the other's failings. With Bernstein around him Appello felt diverted from his irresponsible sensuality, and on this trip Bernstein often had the pleasure and pain of resolving to deny himself no more.

The car turned a hairpin curve with a cloud below on the right, when suddenly the

main street of the town arched up before them. There was no one about. It had been true, what the driver had predicted—in the few handkerchiefs of grass that they had passed on the way up, the donkeys had bolted, and they had seen shepherds with hard mustaches and black shakos and long black cloaks who had regarded them with the silent inspection of those who live far away. But here in the town there was no one. The car climbed onto the main street which flattened now, and all at once they were being surrounded by people who were coming out of their doors putting on their jackets and caps. They did look strangely related, and more Irish than Italian. The two got out of the Fiat and inspected the baggage strapped to the car's roof while the driver kept edging around and around the car as though in fear for it. Appello talked laughingly with the people who kept asking why he had come so far, what he had to sell, what he wanted to buy, until he at last made it clear that he was looking only for his aunt. When he said the name the men (the women remained at home) looked blank, until an old man wearing rope sandals and a skating cap came forward and said that he remembered such a woman. He then turned and Appello and Bernstein followed up the main street with what was now perhaps a hundred men behind them.

"How come nobody knows her?" Bernstein asked.

"She's a widow, I guess she stays home most of the time. The men in the line died out here twenty years ago. Her husband was the last Appello up here. They don't go much by women; I bet this old guy remembered the name because he knew her husband by it, not her."

The wind, steady and hard, blew through the town, washing it, laving its stones white. The sun was cool as a lemon, the sky purely blue and the clouds so close their keels seemed to be sailing through the next street. The two Americans began to walk with the joy of it in their long strides. They came to a two-story stone house and went up a dark corridor and knocked.

THERE was no sound within for a few moments. Then there was. Short scrapes, like a mouse that started, stopped, looked about, started again. Appello

knocked once more. The doorknob turned and the door opened a foot. A pale little woman, not very old at all, held the door wide enough for her face to be seen. She seemed very worried.

"Ha?" she asked.

"I am Vincent Georgio."

"Ha?" she repeated.

"Vicenzo Georgio Appello."

Her hand slid off the knob and she stepped back. Appello, smiling in his friendly way, entered with Bernstein behind him closing the door. A window let the sun flood the room, which was nevertheless stone cold. The woman's mouth was open, her hands were pressed together as in prayer and the tips of her fingers were pointing at Vinny. She seemed crouched, as though about to kneel, and she could not speak.

Vinny went over to her and touched her shoulder and pressed her to a chair. He and Bernstein sat down too. He told her their relationship, saying names of men and women some of whom were dead, others she had only heard of and never met in this skyplace. She spoke, at last, and Appello could not understand what she said. She ran out of the room suddenly.

"I think she thinks I'm a ghost or something. My uncle said she hadn't seen any of the family in twenty or twenty-five years. I bet she doesn't think there are any left. . . ."

She returned with a bottle that had an inch of wine at the bottom of it. She ignored Bernstein and gave Appello the bottle. He drank. It was vinegar. Then she started to whimper, and kept wiping the tears out of her eyes in order to see Appello. She never finished a sentence and Appello kept asking her what she meant. She kept running from one corner of the room to another. The rhythm of her departures and returns to the chair was getting so wild that Appello raised his voice and commanded her to sit. "I'm not a ghost, Aunt, I came here from America. . . ." He stopped. It was clear from the look in her bewildered, frightened eyes, that she had not thought him a ghost at all, but what was just as bad—if nobody had ever come to see her from Lucera, how could anybody have so much as thought of her in America, a place which did exist, she knew, just as heaven existed and in exactly the same way. There was no way to hold a conversation with her.

They finally made their exit, and she had not said a coherent word except a blessing which was her way of expressing her relief that Appello was leaving, for despite the unutterable joy at having seen with her own eyes another of her husband's blood, the sight was itself too terrible in its associations, and in the responsibility it laid upon her to welcome him and make him comfortable.



THEY walked toward the church now. Bernstein had not been able to say anything. The woman's emotion, so pure and violent and wild, had scared him. And yet, glancing at Appello, he was amazed to see that his friend had drawn nothing but a calm sort of satisfaction from it, as though his aunt had only behaved correctly. Dimly he remembered himself as a boy visiting an aunt of his in the Bronx, a woman who had not been in touch with the family and had never seen him. He remembered how forcefully she had fed him, pinched his cheeks, and smiled and smiled every time he looked up at her, but he knew that there was nothing of this blood in that encounter; nor could there be for him now if on the next corner he should

meet a woman who said she was of his family. If anything, he would want to get away from her, even though he had always gotten along with his people and hadn't even the usual snobbery about them. As they entered the church he said to himself that some part of him was not plugged in, but why he should be disturbed about it mystified him and even made him angry at Appello, who now was asking the priest where the tombs of the Appellos were.

They descended into the vault of the church where the stone floor was partly covered with water. Along the walls, and down twisting corridors running out of a central arched hall, were tombs so old no candle could illuminate most of the inscriptions. The priest vaguely remembered an Appello vault but had no idea where it was. Vinny moved from one crypt to another with the candle he had bought from the priest. Bernstein waited at the opening of the corridor, his neck bent to avoid touching the roof with his hat. Appello, stooped even more than usual, looked like a monk himself, an antiquary, a gradually disappearing figure squinting down the long darkness of the ages for his name on a stone. He could not find it. Their feet were getting soaked. After half an hour they left the church and outside fought off shivering small boys selling grimy religious postcards which the wind kept taking from their fists.

"I'm sure it's there," Appello said with fascinated excitement, "but you wouldn't want to stick out a search, would you?" he asked hopefully.

"This is no place for me to get pneumonia," Bernstein said. They had come to the end of a side street. They had passed shops in front of which pink lambs hung head down with their legs stiffly jutting out over the sidewalk. Bernstein shook hands with one and imagined for Vinny a scene for Chaplin in which a monsignor would meet him here, reach out to shake his hand, and find the cold lamb's foot in his grip, and Chaplin would be mortified. At the street's end they scanned the endless sky, and looked over the precipice upon Italy. "They might even have ridden horseback down there, in armor. Appellos." Vinny spoke raptly.

"Yeah, they probably did," Bernstein said. The vision of Appello in armor wiped away

any desire to kid his friend. He felt alone, desolate as the dried-out chalk sides of this broken pillar he stood upon. Who am I? he wondered.

He remembered clearly his father telling of his town in Europe, a common barrel of water, a town idiot, a baron nearby. That was all he had of it, and no pride, no pride in it at all. Then I am an American, he said to himself. And yet in that there was not the power of Appello's narrow passion. He looked at Appello's profile, and felt the warmth of that gaze upon Italy and wondered if any American had ever really felt like this in the States. He had never in his life sensed so strongly that the past could be so peopled, so vivid with generations as it had been with Vinny's aunt an hour ago. A common water barrel, a town idiot, a baron who lived near by . . . It had nothing to do with *him*. And standing there he felt a broken part of himself; and wondered with a slight amusement if this was what a child felt on discovering that the parents who have brought him up are not his own and that he entered his house not from warmth, but from the street, from a public and disordered place. . . .

THEY sought and found a restaurant for lunch. It was at the other edge of the town and overhung the precipice. Inside, it was one immense room with fifteen or twenty tables, the front wall lined with windows overlooking the plain below. They sat at a table and waited for someone to appear. The restaurant was cold. They could hear the wind surging against the windowpanes, and yet the clouds at eye-level moved serenely and slow. A young girl, the daughter of the family, came out of the kitchen and Appello began to question her about food when the door to the street opened and a man came in.

For Bernstein there was an abrupt impression of familiarity with the man, although he could not fathom the reason for his feeling. The man's face was indistinguishable from all Sicilian faces, round, dark as earth, high cheekbones, broad jaw. He almost laughed aloud as it instantly occurred to him that he could converse with this man in Italian. The waitress gone, he told this to Vinny who now joined in watching the man. Sensing their stares, the man looked at them with a merry



flicker of his checks, and said, "*Bongiorno.*" "*Bongiorno,*" Bernstein replied across the four tables between them. And then to Vinny, "Why do I feel that about him?"

"I'll be damned if I know," Vinny said, glad now that he could join his friend in a mutually interesting occupation.

They watched the man who obviously ate here often. He had already set a large package down on another table, and now put his hat on a chair, his jacket on another chair, and his vest on a third. It was as though he were making companions of his clothing. He was in the prime of middle age and very rugged. And to the Americans there was something mixed up about his clothing. His jacket might have been worn by a local man; it was tight and black and wrinkled and chalkdust-covered. His trousers were dark brown and very thick, like a peasant's, and his shoes were snubbed up at the ends and of heavy leather. But he wore a black hat, which was unusual up here where all had caps, and he had a tie. He wiped his hands before loosening the knot for it was a striped tie, yellow and blue, of silk, and not a tie to be bought in this part of the world, nor certainly to be worn by these people.

And there was a look in his eyes that was

not a peasant's inward stare, nor did it have the innocence of the other men who had looked at them on the streets here.

The waitress came with two dishes of lamb for the Americans. The man was interested and looked across his table at the meat and at the strangers. Bernstein glanced at the barely cooked flesh and said, "There's hair on it."

Vinny called the girl back just as she was going to the newcomer and pointed at the hair.

"But it's lamb's hair," she explained simply. They said oh, and pretended to begin to cut the faintly pink flesh.

"You ought to know better, signor, than to order meat to-day."

The man looked amused, and yet it was unclear whether he might not be a trifle offended.

"Why not?" Vinny asked.

"It's Friday, signor," and he smiled sympathetically.

"That's right!" Vinny said, although he had known all along.

"Give me fish," the man said to the girl, and asked with intimacy about her mother who was ill these days.

Bernstein had not been able to turn his eyes from the man. He could not eat the meat and sat chewing bread and feeling a rising urge to go over to the man, to speak to him. It struck him as being insane. The whole place, the town, the clouds in the streets, the thin air were turning into an hallucination. He knew this man. He was sure he knew him. But quite clearly that was impossible. But there was a thing beyond the impossibility of which he was drunkenly sure, and it was that he could, if he dared, start speaking Italian fluently with this man. This was the first moment since leaving America that he had not felt the ill-ease of traveling and of being a traveler. He felt as comfortable as Vinny now, it seemed to him. In his mind's eye he could envisage the inside of

the kitchen; he had a startlingly clear image of what the cook's face must look like and he knew where a certain kind of soiled apron was hung.

And yet it was crazy and he knew that something was happening to him that had never happened before.

"What's the matter with you?" Appello asked.

"Why?"

"The way you're looking at him."

"I want to talk to him."

"Well, talk to him," Vinny smiled.

"I can't speak Italian, you know that."

"Well, I'll ask him whatever you want to know."

"Vinny . . ." Bernstein started to say something and stopped.

"What?" Appello asked, leaning his head closer and looking down at the tablecloth.

"Get him to talk. Anything. Go ahead."

Vinny, enjoying his friend's strange emotionalism, looked up at the man who now was eating with careful but immense satisfaction.

"Scuze, signor." The man looked up. "I am a son of Italy from America. I would like to talk to you. We're strange here."

The man, chewing deliciously, nodded with his amiable and amused smile, and adjusted the hang of his jacket on the nearby chair.

"Do you come from around here?"

"Not very far."

"How is everything here?"

"Poor. It is always poor."

"What do you work at, if I may ask?"

The man had now finished his food. He took one last drag of his wine and got up and proceeded to dress and pull his tie up tightly. When he walked it was with a slow, wide sway, as though each step had to be conserved.

"I sell cloth here to the people and the stores, such as they are," he said. And he walked over to the bundle and set it carefully on a table and began untying it.

"He sells cloth," Vinny said to Bernstein.

Bernstein's cheeks began to redden. From where he sat he could see the man's broad back, ever so slightly bent over the bundle. He could see the man's hands working at the knot, and just a corner of the man's left eye. Now the man was laying the paper away from the two bolts of cloth, carefully pressing the wrinkles flat against the table. It was as

though the brown paper were valuable leather that must not be cracked or rudely bent. The waitress came out of the kitchen with a tremendous round loaf of bread at least two feet in diameter. She gave it to him and he placed it flat on top of the cloth, and the faintest feather of a smile curled up on Bernstein's lips. Now the man folded the paper back and brought the string around the bundle and tied the knot, and Bernstein uttered a little laugh, a laugh of relief. Vinny looked at him, already smiling, ready to join the laughter, but mystified.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Bernstein took a breath. There was something a little triumphant, a new air of confidence and superiority in his face and voice, as though now for the first time it was he who had the private secret and was at home.

"He's Jewish, Vinny," he said.

Vinny turned to look at the man. "Why?"

"The way he works that bundle. It's exactly the way my father used to tie a bundle. And my grandfather. The whole history is packing bundles and getting away. Nobody else can be as tender and delicate with bun-



dles. That's a Jewish man tying a bundle. Ask him his name."

Vinny was delighted. "Signor," he called, with that warmth reserved in his nature for members of families, any families.

The man, tucking the end of the string into the edge of the paper, turned to them with his kind smile.

"May I ask your name, signor?"

"My name? Mauro di Benedetto."

"Mauro di Benedetto. Sure!" Vinny laughed, looking at Bernstein. "That's Morris of the Blessed. Moses."

"Tell him I'm Jewish," Bernstein said, a driving eagerness charging his eyes, as though he were going to answer the doorbell to let in a long-awaited friend.

"My friend is Jewish," Vinny said to the man, who now was hoisting the bundle onto his shoulder.

"Heh?" the man asked, confused by their sudden vivacity. As though wondering if there were some sophisticated American point he should have understood, he stood there smiling blankly, politely, ready to join in this mood.

"Judeo, my friend."

"Judeo?" he asked, the willingness to get the joke still holding the smile on his face.

Vinny hesitated before this steady gaze of incomprehension. "Judeo. The people of the Bible," he said.

"Oh, yes, yes!" The man nodded now, relieved that he was not to be caught in ignorance. "'Ebraio," he corrected. And he nodded affably to Bernstein and seemed a little at a loss for what they expected him to do next.

"Does he know what you mean?" Bernstein asked.

"Yeah, he said 'Hebrew' but it doesn't seem to connect. Signor," he addressed the man, "why don't you have a glass of wine with us. Come, sit down."

"Thank you, signor," he replied appreciatively, "but I must be home by sundown and I'm already a little late."

Vinny translated and Bernstein told him to ask why he had to be home by sundown.

The man apparently had never considered the question before. He shrugged, and laughed and said, "I don't know, all my life I get home for dinner on Friday night and I like to come into the house before sundown. I

suppose it's a habit; my father . . . you see, I have a route I walk, which is this route. I first did it with my father, and he did it with his father—we are known here for many generations past. And my father always got home on Friday night before sundown. It's a manner of the family I guess."

"Shabbas begins at sundown on Friday night," Bernstein said when Vinny translated. "He's even taking home the fresh bread for Sabbath. The man is a Jew, I tell you. Ask him, will ya?"

"Scuze, signor," Vinny smiled, "my friend is curious to know whether you are Jewish."

The man raised his thick eyebrows not only in surprise, but as though he felt somewhat honored by being identified with something exotic. "Me?" he asked.

"I don't mean American," Vinny said, believing he had caught the meaning of the man's glance at Bernstein. "'Ebraio," he repeated.

The man shook his head seeming a little sorry he could not oblige Vinny. "No," he said. He was ready to go but wanted to pursue what obviously was his most interesting conversation in weeks. "Are they Catholics? The Hebrews?"

"He's asking me if Jews are Catholics," Vinny said.

Bernstein sat back in his chair, a knotted look of wonder in his eyes. Vinny replied to the man who looked once again at Bernstein as though wanting to investigate this strangeness further, but his mission drew him up and he wished them good fortune and said good-by. He walked to the kitchen door and called thanks to the girl inside, saying the loaf would warm his back all the way down the mountain, and he opened the door and went out into the wind of the street and the sunshine, waving to them as he walked away.

THEY kept repeating their amazement on the way back to the car, and Bernstein told again how his father wrapped bundles. "Maybe he doesn't know he's a Jew, but how could he not know what Jews are?" he said.

"Well, remember my aunt in Lucera?" Vinny asked. "She's a schoolteacher, and she asked me if you believed in Christ. She didn't know the first thing about it. I think the ones in these small towns who ever heard

of Jews think they're a Christian sect of some kind. I knew an old Italian once who thought all Negroes were Jews and white Jews were only converts."

"But his name . . ."

"Benedetto is an Italian name too. I never heard of Mauro though. Mauro is strictly from the old sod."

"But if he had a name like that wouldn't it lead him to wonder if . . . ?"

"I don't think so. In New York the name Salvatore is turned into Sam. Italians are great for nicknames, the first name never means much. Vincenzo is Enzo or Vinny or even Chico. Nobody would think twice about Mauro or damn near any other first name. He's obviously a Jew, but I'm sure he doesn't know it. You could tell, couldn't you? He was baffled."

"But my God, bringing home a bread for Shabbas . . ." Bernstein laughed, wide-eyed.

They reached the car and Bernstein had his hand on the door but stopped before opening it and turned to Vinny. He looked heated, his eyelids seemed puffed. "It's early; if you still want to I'll go back to the church with you. You can look for the boys."

Vinny began to smile, and then they both laughed together, and Vinny slapped him on the back and gripped his shoulder as though to hug him. "Goddam, now you're starting to enjoy this trip!"

They walked briskly toward the church, the conversation returning always to the same point when Bernstein would say, "I don't know why, but it gets me. He's not only acting like a Jew, but an orthodox Jew. And doesn't even know . . . I mean it's strange as hell to me."

"You look different, you know that?" Vinny said.

"Why?"

"You do."

"You know a funny thing?" Bernstein said quietly, as they entered the church and descended into the vault beneath it. "I feel like . . . at home in this place. I can't describe it."

They picked their way through the shallower puddles on the stone floor looking into vestibules, opening doors, searching for the priest. He appeared at last, they could not

imagine from where, and Appello bought another candle from him and was gone in the shadows of the corridors where the vaults were.

Bernstein stood—everything was wet, dripping. Behind him, flat and wide, rose the stairway of stones bent with the tread of millions. Vapor steamed from his nostrils. There was nothing to look at but shadow. It was dank and black and low, an entrance to hell. Now and then in the very far distance he could hear a step, another, then silence. He did not move, seeking the root of an ecstasy he had not dreamed was part of his nature; he saw a vision of the amiable man trudging down the mountains, across the plains, on routes marked out for him by generations of men, a nameless traveler carrying home a warm bread on Friday night—and kneeling in church on Sunday. There was an irony in it he could not name. And yet pride was running through him like a narrow and cool trickle of water. Of what he should be proud he had no idea; perhaps it was only that under the glacial crush of history a Jew had survived, had been shorn of his consciousness, but still held on to that final impudence of a Saturday Sabbath and a fresh bread. There was a smile on Bernstein's face and he was almost laughing, but he wished he could know why he was proud and why his mind invited the feeling.

He could see Vinny's form between the walls of crypts, coming toward him with springy step. And he knew that now for the first time he would look straight into Vinny's eyes, as though he had been newly joined with something very old and work-worn and honorable.

Vinny came up to him smiling like a young boy. "It's back there! I found it!"

"That's great, Vinny," Bernstein said. "I'm glad."

They walked into the narrow corridor, both stooping, Vinny slightly ahead with the candle raised in one hand, his other grasping Bernstein's wrist. He had never liked anyone grasping him; it always seemed like an invasion of privacy. But now he wanted very much to laugh or to sing loudly, because it felt so rich and fine—a touch of the hand in the darkness.

The Easy Chair

Two-Gun Desmond Is Back

Bernard De Voto

THE humble sheep-walker has come down from the rocks and the bronzed horseman rides again. They are after the National Forests in thirteen Western states; they have been for years. They tried to steal them in 1947, together with all other public lands that could grow a little grass, but they got stopped. They decided that they had been trying to get away with too much at a time, so now they will settle temporarily for control of the forests, with some additional tricky stuff thrown in. Understanding that the methods they thought up for themselves in 1947 were too crude, they have hired some brains to brush a little suavity and finesse over the steal. You have got to know about it because it is your property they want to alienate.

As I said in *Harper's* at the time, if the 1947 effort had succeeded it would have been the biggest land grab in American history. All the public lands that could be grazed at all were to undergo forced sale to stockmen. Those that were being grazed at the time were to be sold to the stockmen who were using them, sold at a rigged estimate of the grazing value alone without regard to other uses or values, and the happy beneficiaries of their own thrift were to have up to forty-five years to pay the gratuity. Any public land that wasn't being grazed but had some grass on it was to be sold on the same terms to the queue of stockmen lined up for it, and presumably anybody who could graze a cow in Yosemite Valley or on the lawn in front of headquarters at the Custer Battlefield could bid it in. The plan had the simplicity of the pastoral mind. But it was barefaced fraud and the pastoral mind did not get away with it. It endangered so many Western and

national interests, private as well as public, that as soon as the light was turned on it public opinion killed it. The bills that had been written were never even introduced into Congress; as one of the congressmen who had been detailed to smooth the way remarked out loud, once the public found out about them they became too hot to handle.

But, again as I pointed out in *Harper's*, there are many ways to skin a cat. The boys got out a different skinning knife and went to work on the Forest Service. The idea was to bring it into disrepute, undermine public confidence in it by every imaginable kind of accusation and propaganda, cut down its authority, and get out of its hands the power to regulate the grazing of stock in the National Forests. The last has always been a major objective, not the ultimate objective but one that is a prerequisite for everything else in the plan. The Forest Service is the federal agency charged with administration of the National Forests on behalf of the public. Grazing is only a minor, subsidiary, and contingent use of the forests, and the Service has to regulate it in accordance with a safe and equitable balance of all other uses. To regulate it, especially, to prevent stockmen from overgrazing the forest ranges, impairing or even destroying them, and gravely endangering other and more important forest values.

Precisely that is what the stockmen want to prevent. They want to get the power to regulate grazing taken away from the Forest Service and turned over to the stockmen who use the forest ranges. Everybody who has even looked into the matter knows what that would mean.

LET'S be clear about something else: this is not the Western stock business as a whole. About nine-tenths of the Western cattle business and about three-fourths of the Western sheep business never touch the National Forests at all. The pressure campaign is conducted by a joint committee, now called the Grazing Committee, of the two big trade organizations, the American National Livestock Association and the National Wool Growers Association, working with various state organizations and a variegated assortment of other helpers. A good many of the small local stock associations and a good many Western stockgrowers as individuals oppose the campaign but they seem unable to make their opposition count. Don't ask me why the bulk of their Western colleagues simply stand by and let things slide; I have never understood why. One does not suspect them of undue saintliness and yet with amazing disregard of self they unprotestingly accept the handicap of the preferential treatment which their competitors who use the forest ranges get from the Forest Service and the public.

As taxpayers they help subsidize that preferential treatment—and so do you. For every dollar a stockman pays to graze his stock on National Forest land, one who leases privately owned grazing land pays at least three dollars, sometimes as much as six dollars. The public, including you, pays the difference; it subsidizes the user of forest ranges by writing off two-thirds of his grazing fee. It then spends part of what it does get improving the range for him.

You and the lessee of privately owned grazing, however, take a worse beating than that. A lot of publicly owned land, the remnants of the Public Domain, was organized into grazing districts under what is known as the Taylor Act, districts which are administered by the Bureau of Land Management, Department of the Interior. (The Forest Service is a bureau of the Department of Agriculture.) For reasons and by methods which I have several times explained here, the local stockmen soon got effective control of the Taylor Act lands. So where a holder of a Forest Service permit pays a dollar for grazing, and where the lessee of private land pays at least three dollars, the Taylor Act licensee pays at most twenty-five cents. (Cur-

rently there is a move on—it probably originates in Moscow—to raise this to about twenty-nine cents.) The subsidy here is eleven-twelfths. You are paying it. The legislation which the Grazing Committee has worked up proposes a study of grazing fees on forest ranges with a view to revision. Guess what "revision" means.

As co-owner of both the Taylor Act lands and the National Forests, you might require Congress to see to it that your licensees get their hands out of your pocket and pay the market rate for grazing, and I don't say that wouldn't be a good idea. Or if your heart bleeds for the sunburned supplicant for your bounty—how long since you could afford a sirloin?—you might at least require him to bid competitively for the privilege of using your ranges. When someone wants to cut timber in your forests he has to enter a sealed bid against all others who want to bid and can make the required guarantees. Not the cowboy and the shepherd, types who are always bellyaching about bureaucratic tyranny.

THE National Forests are the property of the American people. By far their greatest value, Western and national, is the preservation and protection of watersheds. The West is arid country; not only its solvency but its very survival depend on its water supply. On the safeguarding of that water supply and the utmost possible production of water the expansion of industry in the West depends, and the expansion of Western industry may be a matter of life and death to the United States if full-scale war comes. Any future expansion of Western agriculture also depends on water production. Vital parts of every important watershed in the West are in National Forests—and stock-grazing is a threat to a watershed the moment it becomes overgrazing. Many watersheds have been damaged by overgrazing, and the efforts of the Forest Service to reduce and repair the damage—in large part by reducing the number of stock grazed in areas that have deteriorated—have always met with truculent opposition by the stockmen. A prime objective of this campaign, as of all its predecessors, is to end the power of the Forest Service to reduce the number of stock in overgrazed areas. To prevent a public

agency, that is, from administering the public land for the public benefit.

There is no legal right to graze public land. The stockmen have long been trying to create such a right by legislation, to make it adverse to all other forest uses, and to vest it in the present holders of grazing permits—thus handing themselves a fine capital gain at public expense. Grazing on the public lands is a privilege and the man who holds a grazing permit is a licensee. In the forests, moreover, grazing is a subsidiary use, subsidiary not only to water production but to other uses which are worth more to the public and to the balance of properly managed land units as a whole. The forests are after all forests, not primarily grazing areas. They contain the only federally owned merchantable timber, federal reforestation is conducted on them, and they are the basis of the national forestry program. And they have many other uses. In the Western forests to which the proposed legislation is to apply there were just under 17,000 grazing permits last year. There were about 35,000 "special use" permits, ranging from private summer camps through commercial recreation enterprises and on up to prospecting and mining. There were 15,000 revenue-producing timber sales. And more than 16 million people used these same forests for recreation. The proposed legislation undertakes to subordinate all such uses to stock-grazing and then to take the regulation of grazing away from the Forest Service.

I HAVE space to mention only some of the proposals; I will return to the subject some months from now. Most of them are familiar and all of them are aimed at the constant objectives of the stock associations. They undertake to give local boards, composed of the stockmen who use the ranges they are to pass on, the administrative power that is now vested in the Forest Service, ultimately that of the Secretary of Agriculture. The regulation of grazing, that is, would be vested not in the representatives of the public but in the grazers. On their consent all other uses of grazing areas would depend. Any kind of emergency action in the public interest would be impossible. If drought, fire, flash floods, a bad winter, or one of the sudden lapses from productivity to which overgrazed land is subject should

threaten the water supply of a Western town or irrigation district, no action could be taken unless the local board of licensed grazers should, as the proposed bill puts it, "concur."

Even if the board should concur, no holder of a permit could be required to make any changes in less than five years, by the end of which irreparable damage might be done to the range, to the public interests, and to other private interests.

The proposed bill provides that no holder of a grazing permit can have it canceled, or the number of stock it licenses him to graze reduced, if he has borrowed money on it. Nothing is specified about these immunity-producing loans except that they be "bona fide." If I lease a store building from you, that is, I can force you to extend the lease indefinitely and on the original terms so long as I can get someone to lend me money on it. No amount or percentage specified; just legal tender.

It also provides that if land for which a grazing permit has been issued is turned to some other and higher use, or if the number of stock it licenses is reduced, then the holder of the permit shall be "compensated" to the extent of the "damage" he may suffer. Damage not to private property, that is, but to the subsidy he gets from the public. If you want to change the terms of the lease I hold for your store building when renewal time comes, you must pay me damages. Nice going. No miner, prospector, water-user, timber-cutter, or dude-wrangler—no other user of the forests supposes he is entitled to a bonus.

These are some of the proposals the stockmen intend to make for getting administration of the National Forests into their own hands and cutting themselves a melon. There are others, including a tricky one that would change the basis of investment in home property by which many grazing regulations are now scaled. They add up to the old game with a new backfield-formation. But the proposed legislation contains a more dangerous threat to the National Forests, the public lands in general, and the national stake in conservation. It is worded to take advantage of any possible change in public-land administration and it seems to favor unification of land-management policy. That is a very pious

idea—or would be if the plain intent of the whole game were not to bring the regulation of grazing in the National Forests under the Taylor Act, and if this wording were not aimed to bring it under the Taylor Act if the executive departments of the government are reorganized.

The possibility that precisely this might be tried has kept a lot of conservationists from favoring the establishment of a Department of Natural Resources, as a task force and a minority report of the Hoover Commission proposed to do. We foresaw as all too easily possible what the stock associations are in fact now trying to bring about: the degradation, rather than the improvement, of public-lands management. Unification of grazing land under one bureau would indeed be desirable—if certain fundamental principles were applied to it and if certain fundamental values were safeguarded. One absolute consideration is this: the National Forests are multiple-use lands and grazing in them will always be a subsidiary use, whereas the Taylor Act lands are primarily grazing lands and have only minor value for other purposes. For reasons repeatedly explained here it will not do to bring grazing on forest lands under the provisions of the Taylor Act. And it will not do to concentrate the management of public grazing land under the Bureau of Land Management as it is now set up. The former is what the present stock-association campaign is trying to do immediately, and the latter is what the phrasing of its proposed legislation is designed to insure.

YOU had better watch this, now and from now on. The land grabbers are on the loose again and they can be stopped only as they were before, by the effective marshaling of public opinion. Your property is in danger of being alienated, your interests and those of your children are threatened, and your money is to be used to subsidize a small percentage of the Western stock business while it makes further inroads on the public wealth. If the proposed legislation has not been introduced in Congress by the time this column is printed, it soon will be. The only question is whether the

boys will try to do it by a series of first downs or with a touchdown pass that puts everything in one bill. You had better make sure that your Representatives and Senators understand quite clearly what is going on and where you stand. Then if you don't belong to one of the conservation societies, join one and keep in touch.

Another thing. The land grabbers have a habit of talking loudly and indiscreetly. Loud talk in a hotel lobby in Salt Lake City, one summer evening in 1946, was what enabled a reporter to dig out the record of a secret meeting of the Joint Committee, publish the carefully guarded plans for the land grab, and so touch off the public outcry that stopped it. Right now the stock associations are claiming out West that this time they have got the Department of the Interior on their side. They are saying that the Bureau of Land Management and the Bureau of Reclamation favor their proposed legislation.

This cannot possibly be true but the cowboys can gain a lot of ground merely by claiming that it is. For people remember occasions in the past when parts of Interior have lusted to get back jurisdiction over the lands that were withdrawn from it when the Forest Service was created. The plausibility thus traded on ought to draw a flat declaration from Director Clawson and Commissioner Straus that they do not favor the legislation and that no one under their authority will be permitted to assist it.

For there could be no better way to divide the forces of conservation than to let that old issue be revived even in appearance, and no better way of assuring the victory of anti-conservation forces than to increase or create rivalry among the federal bureaus that are charged with conservation. The public needs a solid front, absolute co-operation among those bureaus, and the bureaus need the united support of all conservationists. The brains the cowboys have hired are trying to serve their clients by the old and formidable game of dividing the opposition. We have all got to be on guard, to walk the bounds and keep our eyes peeled, and that goes for your representatives in Congress.

Korean Diary

Martin Flavin

These glimpses of Korea were recorded by Mr. Flavin before the disastrous turn of the tide in late November. We feel that they gain, rather than lose, in weight by reason of what has happened since then. Mr. Flavin, whose present trip through the Far East will be the basis of a new book, is the author of Black and White, a report on Africa today, and of several novels, including Journey in the Dark.—The Editors.

Incident in Seoul

Hong Kong, November 1950

BY WAY of background: Seoul is in ruins. I should hazard a guess that 60 per cent of its important buildings and industrial installations have been gutted by fire or demolished by bombing and artillery, by the liberating armies, both United Nations and Korean, and the retreating Reds. Impossible to say just who did what.

When I visited the city, six weeks after the liberating process, its population was estimated at about one million. It had before the war a million and a half. How many fled before the Red invasion, or were liquidated by it—how many have since found their way back, or have returned to find their homes destroyed, and gone on somewhere else, there is no way of telling. But in the city life goes on in some way, as it does in an ant hill that a ploughshare has ripped through.

The streets are filled with soldiers, both ours and the Koreans; and military trucks and jeeps tear frantically about. But for the civilians there is not any transport—no street cars and no busses; and the city is a

sprawling one, widely scattered in a cradle of surrounding mountains. It is under martial law, and there is a curfew at nine o'clock at night, which is later than one wants to be about, for there are frequent fusillades of shots in the dark, deserted streets—trigger-happy patriots or partisans the Reds have left behind. Our own GIs keep their rifles within easy reach. The front, at the time of which I write, was some eighty miles away, but there were pockets of resistance in between. And no one was quite sure what might happen any day.

There is little light and power in the city, save from private or military sources. Wires and cables still hang in tangled festoons from leaning, broken poles. There is very little food, though the immediate menace of starvation has been checked, for rice is coming in now. There is scarcely any fuel: for a lucky citizen perhaps some scraps of charcoal, supplemented by dead grass grubbed from country fields. And winter came abruptly in the night when I was there, with an icy wind that swept down from Siberia. Next morning the temperature was not far above zero. There are said to be twenty thousand homeless children on the streets of Seoul, but the actual number is anybody's guess. Whatever it may be, on the morning

that I speak of, a GI sergeant told me his outfit had picked up fourteen little frozen bodies, huddled here and there in crannies of wrecked buildings.

When the Reds departed northward from the city, they blew up the railway bridge across the Han, so there is no entrance to or exit from the city by rail. The terminus is on the far side of the river, reached by a pontoon bridge, perhaps five miles from the center of the city, and to be approached by ordinary people in no way save on foot.

On the road that leads to the shattered railway bridge there is an endless procession of walkers—not a throng but a steady trickle: men, women, children, singly, by twos and threes, in family groups, empty-handed or laden with odds and ends of everything—women with infants on their backs and burdens on their heads, a family with a hand-cart, a gentleman with a valise, an old man with a bird cage, leaning on a staff—rich men, poor men, coolies, intellectuals, most of them thinly clad for winter weather. And most of them were leaving: the procession from the city seemed ten times as numerous as the one that was returning.

In response to inquiry, I was informed that many of these people were refugees who had fled the city when the Reds came in; and now, upon returning, had found their homes destroyed and no place to lay their heads nor means of livelihood, and so they were departing once again—no one knew where. It was summer when they fled in summer clothing; and whatever they had left behind had been destroyed or stolen. Many had nothing but the garments on their backs.

So much for background.

I WAS curious to find out something more about this endless trickle of humanity, and so, one bitter, icy morning, in a borrowed jeep, boxed in from the weather with a kind of wooden turret, I set forth to see what I could learn—with a Korean driver at the wheel, and Hong crouched in the seat behind us. Hong was my interpreter, a boy of twenty-one, and a graduate of Chosen Christian College, where he had majored in English literature; presently employed in the Press Section of USIS (United States Information Service) at a wage—quite a bit above the average as wages go in Seoul—

equivalent to about \$15 a month, on which he is supporting his elderly parents and an unmarried sister. And the prices of such few things as there are to buy in Seoul are by no means cheap. For example, a decent overcoat, of which he stood desperately in need, since he had none at all, would cost him two months' salary. But the story of Hong is not the one I started out to tell.

We set out for the bridge, emerging from the city on a broad paved road, at the side of which the trickle of humanity was flowing. At the bridge approach, where a rough pedestrian path descended to the river and the temporary structure on which it could be crossed, we stopped to watch the passers-by from the shelter of the jeep. I was not tempted to climb out of the car: my hands and feet were already numb with cold. I would pick out two or three, I thought, and interview them from the jeep.—“That one,” I said to Hong, pointing to a woman lugging a heavy satchel—a woman of middle age, of the upper class, walking alone with an air of stolid dignity.

Hong leaned out to call her, motioning her to come. She hesitated, doubtfully for a moment, then stepped into the road and stood beside the doorless opening on the driver's side. The expression on her face was one of apprehension.—“Get her story, Hong,” I said. “Where she lives and where she's going. And be quick,” I warned, for I did not want to keep her there in the cold.

But such interviews are not to be accelerated, and there was endless question and response, while the woman's gaze kept shifting to my face, her eyes filled with anxiety, sufficiently disturbing to make me turn away and stare out of the window on the other side. I was beginning to regret I had started the affair when I thought I caught a sobbing sound, or whimper, in her voice. And I glanced around to find that she had vanished, and there was another woman standing in her place, pressed close against the car—a girl in fact, with a baby on her back, and no luggage but a bundle knotted in a kerchief—a pretty girl of robust peasant build, with broad round face and big black pleading eyes, in which the tears were gathering, though she strove to wink them back. She was thinly clad, and her hand, with which she clung to the door frame of the

jeep, as if to hold it back, looked blue and stiff with cold.

She was speaking to the driver, in a whimpering voice, pleading with desperate urgency.—“What does she want?” I asked.—And Hong explained: she had seen the car stopped in the road and had dared to come and ask us for a lift. I shook my head and saw her eyes go sick with disappointment. “We cannot cross the pontoon bridge,” I said.—“Yes, certainly,” Hong nodded, while her glance flew back and forth between us. “But she does not want to cross the bridge. She has just come from there. She is coming back to Seoul where her husband’s mother lives. It is very far to walk. And she is so cold. She does not think she can go on. She is afraid for the baby and herself. She asks if we will take her to the city.”

“Yes, of course,” I said, and motioned her to get into the jeep, while the driver reached his hand to help her. It was a high step and a tight squeeze through the narrow opening, and in her eagerness, burdened with the baby and the bundle in the kerchief, she lost her footing and fell back into the road, the baby underneath her wailing lustily. And she was sobbing now, more from relief than injury, as she scrambled to her feet and with the driver’s help crawled into the jeep and squeezed herself into the back with Hong.

“Where is her home?” I asked.—Hong questioned and translated: she had no home. It was to the home of her husband’s mother she was going. It was far across the city—about five miles, Hong thought.—“Good,” I said. “We’ll take her. Tell her we will take her to the door. There is nothing more to fear and she must dry her tears.” And I glanced back at her face and watched the desperation fade out of her eyes, and saw her numb, half-clutching hands relax.—“And now,” I added, “as we drive along, let’s get her story, Hong.”

AND here it is, as she related it, prompted by my questions: she was nineteen; the baby boy was two. Her husband had been a clerk in the civil court in Seoul—in the official small white-collar class. He had not run away or hidden himself when the Reds came in. He had not thought that they would harm him, for he was only one of the many little unimportant people. But he had

a brother, a soldier in the army. Perhaps they knew of that, and perhaps that was the reason they had shot him. She did not know. But soon after the city had been taken, Red soldiers had come one night to the house in which they lived and had taken him away. And the next day she was told he had been shot. She had gone to the house of her mother-in-law. But she had not stayed there. She had been afraid for her baby and herself, and so she had hastily gathered up a few possessions and had run away out of the city.

She had fled to the south, toward the city of Pusan. There had been many people fleeing from the city, thousands of refugees, entangled with a retreating army. Sometimes they had ridden short distances on trains, in open cars or on the roofs of others. But it had been summer then, and they had not suffered from exposure. A few times an army truck had given her a lift, but mostly she had walked. It had taken her a month to reach Pusan (a fifty-minute trip by plane).—Yes, she had been hungry many times, for there was little food where the army had passed by; and when there was, the farmers would not sell at a reasonable price. But she had always managed to find a little rice for the baby and herself. There were kind people too.

In Pusan she had found her husband’s brother—the soldier in the army. And he had helped her find some work, with which she could support herself—cooking for the soldiers in an army kitchen. She had not suffered in Pusan, though the work had kept her busy from daylight until dark, and the baby had always to be cared for.

At last the news had come that Seoul had been retaken, and the army had gone north to drive the Reds away. Like countless other refugees she had wanted to go home—to Seoul where she belonged. At first there were no trains, but finally there was word that the trains would run again. She had gone to the station and waited there with many other people for two days and nights. Finally, she had managed to get into a car and the train had started. But it had not gone far. There had been a broken bridge which must be crossed on foot, and one must wait again for another train to come. This had happened several times. It had taken her a week to make the trip.

Last night the crowded train on which she rode had reached the terminus across the river. It was dark and storming, and in the night the winter cold had come. There was no light in the train nor any heat. But most of the passengers had stayed in the cars. There had been nothing else for them to do. In the darkness and confusion, all her possessions had been stolen, except the few things knotted in her kerchief, which she had been holding in her lap. She had had no food since sometime yesterday, but there had been something in the kerchief for the baby.

As soon as it was light, she had set out to walk into the city. It had been very cold—the water in the paddy fields had turned to ice. She had walked for a long time, across a wind-swept sand flat, in the long procession of returning travelers; and had finally reached the river and crossed the pontoon bridge, and climbed the steep approach upon the city side. She had felt she could not go much further.—She was so cold, she said. And she held out her hands, which still looked stiff and cramped, as if to confirm and justify her need.—Then she had seen the car standing in the road, and had ventured an appeal for help.

Had she had any news of her husband's mother since she fled from the city, three months ago?—No, she had had no news.—I turned this in my mind. The Reds are reported to have liquidated some thirty thousand people, during their ninety-day occupancy of Seoul. How many more were buried underneath the debris, when whole blocks were leveled by bombs and gunfire, or consumed by raging flames which swept the city, no one will ever know. Certainly, there was no assurance that someone you had parted from in Seoul three months ago, would still be there.

She was looking through the dirty, crackled window of the jeep—ruins which still smoked, and people poking in them; high naked walls of brick and nothing in between them; the smokestack of a factory rearing up out of the rubble.—What did she think of what she saw, I asked.—She was wondering, she said—and again the frightened look was in her eyes—she was wondering how she could find work to provide for the baby and herself.

Would her mother-in-law be able to provide?—No, her mother-in-law was old and

very poor, but she could find shelter there, in the old woman's house. She broke off abruptly, staring through the window, thinking perhaps of what had crossed my mind: was her mother-in-law still among the living?—was the house still standing?

Was there anyone else to whom she could apply?—No, there was no one else.—Perhaps her husband's brother?—But she did not seem to think so. And she had no idea where he was. If she could find work, she said. If she could find work. . . .

WE HAD driven through the center of the city, and far out into a poor and straggling section, where crowded hovels were scarcely worth the bombing, unless by accident, which is not uncommon. In total war the poor have this advantage: what they have is not worth looting or destroying. Still, there had been fires close at hand, and blackened holes remained to mark the spots.

There was an open market on one side of the street.—It was near here, she said, looking eagerly about.—If we would let her out, it would not be far to walk.—I shook my head. We would take her to the door—if door remained. The end of the story was not yet.

We drove on slowly, to the mouth of an alley where she bade us stop. But on close inspection it was not the one she sought and we must retrace our steps to another alleyway.—Yes, here. This was the place. And now she insisted we could not take her farther. And, in fact, it did look doubtful, for the alley was scarcely wider than the jeep, unpaved and humped with mud and lined with crumbling hovels which seemed designed to hold each other up. And perhaps at the end there was no exit from it. Even Hong looked dubious. But there was no turning back. We had gone too far for that.

For a hundred yards or so we bumped along, the residents swarming out at our approach, crowding tight against the walls to let us pass and ragged little children close upon our heels, fascinated by the jeep in a place where quite likely no jeep had been before. The girl was leaning forward, looking through the open door. And now suddenly she pointed, crying out distraughtly, with shrill and tremulous relief.

The house survived: a sort of shed, half open to the weather, though perhaps there was another room behind it—a poor and wretched habitation, but not poorer nor more wretched than its neighbors, not uniquely underprivileged in the Korean scene. And beneath the shelter of it, on the rough brick floor, in full view from the jeep, was a pot with glowing charcoal, a small pot with very little charcoal, but something at least over which to spread your hands, and not less than you would find today in an average fortunate household in the city that was Seoul. And close by this feeble brazier was standing an old woman, wrinkled and scrawny, but very much alive.

She cried out in reply and came running from the porch, her old eyes wide with wonder and delight. And there was a frantic rush of words, of questions and response, as we climbed out of the jeep, while the children who had followed in our wake, gathered in a circle, silent and impressed.

They did not fly into each other's arms. Perhaps their reunion was too moving to invite such demonstration, or perhaps Korean women do not yield to such display. But there was no mistaking the depth of their emotion or the joy that filled their hearts.

Korean Prison

Hong Kong, November 1950

American Marines fought their way into Seoul on September 26, and occupation of the city was completed on the twenty-eighth. The South Korean capital had been thoroughly wrecked by the liberating forces and the retreating Reds. The scene was one of ruin and confusion. The South Korean government, restored to sovereign power, promptly undertook the wholesale rounding up of collaborationists and suspects.

Under date of November 16, forty-eight days after reoccupation of the city, the Home Ministry released the following information: "55,909 suspected traitors and collaborators have been arrested to date. Among those arrested, 15,811 have been released and 1,877 have been tried in court."

They stood facing one another, hands outstretched with palms together and the fingers lightly touching, bowing jerkily from the waist. The baby had awakened, with the motion and the racket, and it raised its little head and looked sleepily about. And the grandmother came close to touch its cheek.

And then they stood together, side by side, facing me and bowing—the jerky little bows, with hands outstretched and tips of fingers lightly clapping. But there was no mistaking what they meant.

"They are thanking you," Hong said. "They are very grateful."

"Good." I smiled and bowed, in the best imitation I could muster. And then we climbed back into the jeep, and bumped on down the alley. They were still standing side by side and bowing, as long as I could see them.

"And now," Hong said, when we had come back into the road, "now I must tell you the other woman's story."

"What other woman?"

"The one we called to question, before this girl came by."

"Oh! Oh yes!" I nodded. And then I shook my head. "It doesn't matter, Hong. I think I've got the general idea."

On November 14, two days before this report appeared, I paid a visit to the West Gate Prison, to see for myself, if it should be possible, what these political prisoners looked like, and under what conditions they were being held.

It was midafternoon of a bitterly cold day when in a borrowed jeep I arrived at the gate in the red brick wall which surrounds the prison—a large one, not far from the center of the city, and close by the West Gate, from which it takes its name. I had little hope that I would be admitted or given any information. But I instructed my interpreter, a student in the local university, to present my press credential and explain the purpose of my visit.

There was much conversation, while I stood by and registered impatience. At length, a messenger was dispatched with my credential, and he presently returned with smiling face and invited us to enter.

We walked across a littered yard and into a big building which appeared to contain the prison offices and quarters of the guards. There were many guards about, or they may have been police; young men for the most part, in shabby uniforms, modeled on the service dress of our own GIs. It is hard to distinguish between the military and police, or indeed to separate their functions. The interior of the building was bare of furnishings, dirty, and disordered.

We were taken into a big room, in which a score of guards were lounging—some at a long table, on which they were cooking food over a charcoal brazier, while others clustered close around an iron stove. It was icy cold inside the building. There was more palaver here, with someone in authority, and again a messenger was sent off with my credential, which was again returned with permission to proceed. The affair was going better than I had dreamed it would, probably because there was no one on the premises who knew just what to do in such a case.

A guard led us to a broken door which was hanging on its hinges, and we went out of the room into a narrow yard, beyond which was a cell block, not unmodern in design: red brick, two stories high, in four sections radiating from a central hub, properly depressing in its aspect, old and shabby and run-down. The Japanese had built it long ago, and no doubt had kept it comfortably filled. The Reds had filled it too, during the ninety days they occupied the city. On their departure they had made an effort to destroy the prison, with fire and explosives, but most of the buildings appeared to be intact. And the cell block we were facing showed no sign of damage.

A door was unlocked and we walked into the hub from which the cell blocks radiated, like the four spokes of a wheel. From this central point there was an unobstructed view into the several corridors. A guard was stationed here, warming his hands over a bowl of charcoal.

The cell doors faced the corridors, the second-story ones opening onto wooden balconies. I estimated there were about fifty cells on each side, or one hundred to a wing, and four hundred to the block. I made these

observations while there was more conversation going on. At last Hong turned to me:

"He wants to know what you wish to see?"

"Are there any political prisoners in here?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"About three thousand."

"Where are they?"

"They are here."

"In this place where we are standing?"

"Yes."

"Are there any women political prisoners?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"About one thousand!"

"Where are they?"

"In another building."

"How long have these political prisoners been in here?"

In substance I was told: most of the detained had been confined about forty days—which meant they had been arrested during the first week of reoccupation. Some had been released, but more came every day. Some had been tried and were awaiting sentence; and some had been sentenced and were awaiting execution. These latter were confined in another place.

"Are the prisoners given work to do?"

"Ordinary prisoners work, but not the political ones."

"Are they taken from their cells for exercise?"

"No, they are not let out at all, except to be examined."

"Can they be visited by relatives or friends?"

"No visitors are allowed."

"Can they write letters?"

"No."

"Can they communicate with lawyers to defend them?"

"No, not with anybody."

"All right," I said. "And now let's have a look at them."

Our attendant nodded cheerfully. "But please—" he warned politely, "—you must not speak with them." And he led the way into a corridor.

The cell doors were of heavy wood, locked with a master key. In each door there was an observation aperture, like a mail box slot, with a lid which could be pushed up from the outer side. Beneath this slot was another

bigger one, through which, I presume, the food was passed.

I paused at a door and looked in through the slot. The cell was about twelve feet square, with a barred window high above the floor which was of wood—narrow planking, highly polished, from the endless shuffling of bare feet. In one corner was a square wooden box which served for a latrine. There were no other furnishings. And the cell, at first glance, seemed to be unoccupied. But then I made out, in the corner near the door, what looked like a heap of dirty clothes. And while I stared at it, a head was lifted from it—and then another and another: apathetic faces, gray with prison pallor—empty eyes gazing dully at the door. I closed the slot and backed a step away, sick with the sight and the prison smell of latrine and fetid mustiness.

"How many prisoners in this cell?"

"Fifteen."

"How many on an average in each cell?"

"Fifteen."

"Why do they huddle in the corner of it?"

"Because they are cold."

"Yes," I said, "I see." The temperature that morning had been twelve above zero. And it was not much warmer now.

WE WALKED on down the line, glancing into one and then another. In some it seemed they were alerted at the sound of our approach, and they would be sitting up and staring at the door. There were all kinds of faces, from teen-aged boys to old gray-bearded men. Some intellectual faces, but not many. Like a group you might pick at random out of a crowded street, of every occupation, from every walk of life. There were sick faces and emaciated ones, and a few whose minds seemed gone.

"How many die each day?"

"Two or three are dead each morning."

We ascended to the balcony. But there was nothing new: same heaps of dirty clothing, same shivering wretchedness. Most of them were dressed in flimsy garments, many without covering on their legs or feet—in whatever they had on when they were apprehended, on the street, in shop or office, or roused out of their sleep in the middle of the night and whisked away from homes and families. A commonplace adventure in this

modern world; one with which the reader must be thoroughly familiar—by account at any-rate. But it is more impressive when you meet it face to face: this depth of human degradation; the reduction of Man, by Man himself, to a level far below the lowest beasts.

In one cell they were sitting, packed together, staring at the door. And when I raised the slot all their eyes were fixed upon it, as if they were awaiting something. And now a guard came up, slid a key into the lock, and opened wide the door. They saw me standing there, a stranger and a foreigner, and perhaps some desperate hope of intervention flashed into their minds. They were bowing, smiling at me, with uncertain, pleading eyes. The guard said something to them and they scrambled to their feet and came out two by two, each holding tight the hand of the one beside him—bowing, scraping, fawning, running quickly, two by two, along the narrow balcony. Among them were two or three who could scarcely stand, from sickness or from weakness; and two whose wits seemed gone, whose faces were mere blanks.

"Why do they hold each other's hands?"

"It is a rule."

"But why?"

"So they cannot escape."

They ran around the balcony, into another cell whose door stood open—as if it was something they had done before and were familiar with.

"Where do they go?"

"For an examination."

We followed to the door. They were seated on the floor, facing a table at which a guard was sitting with some papers spread before him. They were bowing, answering questions, covertly watching me from the corners of their eyes.

"What is he asking them?"

"It is just examination."

But I bade Hong linger within hearing and pick up what he could. It was nothing, he assured me, just their names and things like that, in the nature of a roll call, to make certain they were there.

We went down the stairs and out into the yard and across it to the kitchen, which had been blown up—a departing gesture of the Reds—and had not been restored. Most of

the roof was gone, and the debris of it piled upon the floor. There were three great iron cauldrons, out of which the cooks were ladling buckets full of dirty rice, from which others with small bowls transferred the mess to wooden trays, plunking down the bowls like children making mud pies.

"How often are they fed?"

"Two times a day."

"And what?"

"Each time a bowl of rice."

"Nothing else?"

"No, nothing else."

"And now," I said, "I would like to see the women."

WE CROSSED the yard and made our way into another cell block, no different from the one we had just seen. And the first sound I heard was the wailing of an infant.

"Are there children here?"

"Yes, little ones."

"But why?"

"A baby cannot be parted from its mother."

I opened a slot and looked into a cell, identical with the others I had seen—same latrine box and nothing else. There were fifteen women sitting close together on the floor, with some dirty quilts around them. Perhaps they were unaware they were being watched. Anyway, they did not look up or interrupt their occupations. They were engaged in delousing one another, cracking the nits they picked out of their hair and the body lice that crawled upon them. They were young and old, and there was an in-

fant on its mother's back—the little one that wailed. Perhaps there were others but I did not wait to look.

"I have seen enough," I said.

We went back across the yard, through the big room where the guards were lounging at the table or huddling by the stove. We went out and found the jeep, our driver at the wheel, the engine running. For he was afraid to let it stop, lest the water freeze while it was idle. And we climbed into the car and drove away.

SUCH is the situation of political prisoners in the West Gate Prison, in the South Korean capital—a prison probably superior in appointments to others in the city, and a long step ahead of the provincial ones. I saw no signs of torture or brutality, though no doubt they have their place in the penal system. As for the biting cold, there are plenty of Korean patriots who are suffering equally, and many to whom two bowls of rice a day would be a godsend.

The issue is not hardship, but confinement: whether the accused—and accused perhaps of being nothing more than suspect—are being justly held, and their innocence or guilt being ascertained by something that approximates due process of law. And finally, whether such process is being quickly undertaken, or may be long delayed. For under the conditions which I have described, it would seem that only the most robust, both physically and mentally, could long survive the waiting. These are questions which I cannot answer.

Absolute Weapon

THE history of the adoption of the torpedo as a recognized implement of warfare is not unlike that of gunpowder or of shells. Each in its turn was met by the cry, "Inhuman, barbarous, unchivalrous." But the genius of modern war requires the use of those weapons which shall inflict the greatest possible damage upon an enemy in the shortest possible time, and hence the once despised torpedo now occupies a place in the front rank.

—From "Torpedoes and Torpedo Boats"
by Allan D. Brown, *Harper's*, June 1882.



It's All Right Now

Victoria Lincoln

Drawings by Harry Diamond

I LOVE Maryland. From the minute I first set foot on its soil, three years ago, it's been my place. And still, right up to this summer past, the love has been a guilty love. Always, under my skin, was one uneasy quiver of realization: I knew that if I ever came right out with it and told any neighbor of mine how I really feel about horses, he would turn on me with a look that meant, "Well, why don't you go back to Russia, seeing you like it so much?"

Well, something has happened, the last thing, actually, that I would ever have foreseen. Considering me, considering my husband, considering genetics, I'm baffled. How any child of ours. . . .

But I'm ahead of myself. The point immediately at hand is this: I can tell them now. Gentlemen, I hate horses. If this be treason, you-all can go ahead and make the most of it.

To go back to the beginning, I come of a family with whom horses were an addiction. They not only rode, they even drove carriage horses in town when the sight had become something to point at, like a sandwich man on stilts. As late as the Coolidge era, if they absolutely had to get somewhere fast they called a taxi, but they never seemed to believe in it. And when, eventually, they got a car, their whole attitude toward it implied that it belonged to the chauffeur and that they were just humoring him by getting into it, once in a while. They were not old, quaint, or reactionary. It was just a highly specialized fixation.

From early childhood it was assumed that I, also, loved horses. Actually I did, as a girl, deeply love the sight of myself in a riding habit, and no contact with reality ever quite effaced from my mind a dream of myself sitting on a mad black stallion while the crowd

Victoria Lincoln, a novelist married to a professor, lives in a Victorian farmhouse outside of Baltimore. The family includes two daughters, the son Tom who appears in this article, and a large dog whom she regards more highly than horses.

whispered, "Look, Thayer Lincoln's daughter. . . . Amazing, isn't she? Well, it's in the breed."

In hard fact, however, the only horse I was ever able to manage was a large, elderly mare called Hazel, who had no sense of humor. Other horses always found me a riot.

Oddly enough, I always looked well, mounted. That was what made it so baffling. No riding master could ever see what it was that I did wrong. Apparently, it was just a personality problem. I amused horses. I did not share their amusement.

It was trying, for a child. It was worse as I became older and rode with young men. I can still remember with discomfort a June afternoon when I was riding up a street in Hanover with Dartmouth fraternity houses on both sides of me, their porches well filled. I was pleasantly conscious of young male eyes upon me; I fancied young male minds forming a charming question: Who is that lovely, distinguished girl on the pretty little bay?

At that moment, the pretty little bay turned her own eye to the side. Directly before the

most crowded of the porches was a slightly overgrown lawn, very lush. The bay left the street, crossed the sidewalk, and with exquisite deliberation, began to eat. I brought my crop down hard on her side. She responded with a sigh of abandon, as if yielding to a caress, lay down, and rolled upon her back. I stood beside her, helpless. Not only my escort, but the boys on the porch, found us both very cute. They roared and slapped their thighs.

Some masochistic compulsion made me tell about it later, at home, and my father laughed but he was sympathetic. He told me about the time when he was a boy from Harvard, vacationing on the Isle of Man, with a reputation for American horsemanship to maintain. He talked himself into being allowed to take out a nervous colt with a bad disposition. He really could handle horses, and he had just got back to his hotel, full of gratified vanity, when they met a road-roller.

"The colt went into a panic, and the next thing my father knew he was up the drive, through the high-arched doorway, and in the



lobby before the desk, still on the colt's back. There was, he perceived, only one thing to do, and he did it. He uttered a cowboy yell, dismounted, handed the reins and a shilling to the clerk, and proceeded to his room without comment.

Although he had come out ahead and I had not, the story still comforted me, because the incident had so clearly put not only the audience, but the horse in its place. Some day, I promised myself, some day, as God made me, I, too, would make one of those jokers laugh on the other side of his face. And, eventually, the day came.

TOMMY TINKER belonged to some friends with whom we were spending the weekend. He was a tall hunter with an opinionated smirk, and the stable man was dead in love with him.

"He's a perfect lady's horse," he repeated, several times, as I gathered up the reins. "A perfect lady's horse. I've been a touch off my feed, he says, and they've kept me sort of quiet, last couple of days, he says. Just a nice little stretch-my-legs, not enough to heat me up, that's what he says."

I hoped sincerely that it was precisely what he said. We left the stable at a decorous amble; this is the way the lady rides. From the road I glanced back and saw the stable man still watching us fondly. As I have remarked before, I never did anything that looked funny, and my clothes were right. It was obvious that he felt perfectly fine about entrusting me with his precious Tommy Tinker.

Unfortunately, almost at once, it was also obvious that Tommy Tinker felt perfectly fine about it, too. As I drew him to the left he turned right, sniggering to himself, no doubt, in the expectation that I would pick up the issue and receive my humiliation then and there while his boy friend could still see us.

I did nothing of the kind. I only lifted his head and chirruped. He went a little slower. Why, Tommy, just what I wanted. How clever of you to know! His pace quickened. Again, I affected to be utterly charmed.

This kind of double-talk must have upset him deeply. After all, horses aren't particularly bright, and for a minute or two he seemed to have it worked out that I was some-

one who signaled in reverse. We turned into a country lane of my own choice and went along it at a gentle, rocking-horse canter by my own suggestion. He was behaving, in his first bewilderment, exactly like Hazel, and I began to feel a surprised confidence. I have no idea what Tommy Tinker was feeling, and I had just as soon not go into it. The first inkling I had of any emotional disturbance was when he stopped short, did a smart right face, and took me into a pasture which was separated from the one beyond it by a good, high fence.

I had never learned to jump. However, I found out that though my form may not be impeccable, I still jump pretty well by nature. That is, I don't fall off, or grab the mane, or anything like that. We jumped for quite a while, and I didn't try to suggest our doing anything else, because it hardly seemed worth it.

I would have been wiser to protest. For Tommy Tinker had set his heart on getting a rise out of me, and now, a thoroughly disappointed and embittered animal, he began to run.

There is nothing in the world, I do assure you, that can give you a greater sense of speed, helplessness, and general nearer-my-God-to-Thee than the strange, smooth pace of a horse running away. When you meet up with an ultimate, you recognize it.

I remember feeling surprised that I was going to be killed. After the first few moments, I shut my eyes, and I sat there, as easily as if I were on a horse standing still, surprised, but quiet, quiet but surprised; and then there was a jerk that threw me on his neck, and a slipping and ripping of iron on wood, and we were back in the stable.

I got off Tommy Tinker. My legs were like columns of cold air, but they held me up. I looked at him. He was shaking and breathing harshly, his sides going in and out like a lizard's, and he appeared to have been smeared all over with whipped cream.

At that moment, the stable man came in. He uttered a cry.

"Oh, my God," he said. "What did you do to him? What did you *do* to him?"

I don't understand it. I had just made my peace with my own God, and the poor horse, whatever his intentions had clearly overreached himself. But I felt neither grace nor

pity. I looked Tommy Tinker straight in his glazed, fish-like eye, and I flicked my crop across my boots and spoke for him to hear me.

"He was feeling a little too good," I said. "I just gave him a workout."

And I walked into the house.

I expect that my host was too shocked even to tell my parents. In any event, I never heard any more about it, not even from my own conscience. Tommy Tinker and I had brought each other to the brink of eternity, but he asked for it, and I must say that it has been an abiding satisfaction to me that for once, just once, the laugh broke the other way.

AND then I got married and let the whole business go. My husband is a lovely man. When he wants exercise he just walks around outside and looks at the trees. Traumata, however, have a way of working back up to the surface. And life took us to Maryland.

On the face of it, there's not much reason why that should have made a difference. We are neither leisured enough nor wealthy enough to have much truck with the horse-and-whiskey set.

Maryland, however, doesn't let you off as easily as that.

Maryland is the place where you can see an undertaker in spectacles and a grocer in suspenders riding like gods in a tilting tournament.

"Knight of Maple Dale, prepare to charge," calls the loud speaker, and the grocer mounts.

"Charge, Sir Knight!" And he's off like a centaur. It would scare you.

When the delivery boy burst through the back door, out of breath, to tell me who won the Preakness, I was unsettled. When my children started tuning in on the races as if they were ball games, I was undone. I didn't actually get to the point of looking for a horse under my bed, but I came pretty close.

The first year our son went off to a summer camp in Maryland, he expressed some doubts about riding. Firmer of soul than I, and with no reputation to maintain, he said cheerfully that he didn't trust animals who were a lot bigger than he was. At the end of the season I asked him about the horses.

He said they were all right. Nice. As he does



not express enthusiasms readily, I was amazed.

I was to be more amazed.

Tom's letters from camp this year were, like all his letters, terse and highly illegible. They conveyed, by their material presence, the information that he was still alive, but little else. Then, on Parent's Day, there was a horse show.

We sat, my husband and I, on the grass outside the riding ring. Tom doesn't look like much on a horse. He's growing fast, and he was never graceful.

"He's certainly not a natural rider," said my husband. He was surprised by the red ribbon with the gold letters that said, Second Place Advanced Class. But I wasn't. I don't know much about horses, but I did know that any horse who was promised a good laugh and then given my son Tom would stamp right out to the box office and demand its money back.

I fingered the ribbon and looked at Tom humbly.

"That was a mean-looking, hard-mouthed animal you were on," I said.

He brushed my awe aside with indignation.

"He is not!" he exclaimed. "He's simply a Maryland hunter with a mind of his own!"

And that was good, mark you. With him, that was good.

An extremely pleasant future lies before me.

"I've given it up, myself," I shall say. "But my son. . . ."

If Tommy Tinker were alive, I'd be willing to walk right up to him this minute with a lump of sugar on my outstretched palm.

Where the Earth Came From

The Nature of the Universe, Part IV

Fred Hoyle

In the preceding articles of this series Fred Hoyle has described the Earth and nearby space, the Sun, and the stars in terms of the new cosmology which is in the process of exploration by many of the younger astrophysicists. The bold ideas which he advances in this installment lead directly to his concluding article next month, in which he will describe the expanding universe and his personal view of man's place in it. Mr. Hoyle is fellow of St. John's College and lecturer in mathematics at Cambridge University. His articles were originally prepared as radio talks for the BBC; they will be published in book form by Harper & Brothers later this month.—The Editors.

I AM now going to tell a story. I hope you will find it an interesting story, perhaps even a fascinating one. It is the story of how the Earth itself was born, how it came into being along with the other planets that go to form the retinue of the Sun.

The origin of the planets is one of the high points of the New Cosmology. It affects our whole outlook on life. For instance, the question of whether life is rare or commonplace in the Universe depends essentially on this issue. I suppose that it is because of its cosmological importance that many people are given so strongly to asserting that the planets originated as bits of material that were torn out of the Sun. For some reason or other this idea has a deep-rooted appeal. So perhaps I had better begin by outlining some of the arguments that show why it must be wrong.

The origin of the solar system can only be understood if we appreciate its scale. As I have said before, this can best be done by thinking of it as a model in which the Sun is represented by a ball about the size of a large

grapefruit. On this model the great bulk of the planetary material lies at a hundred yards or more from the Sun. In other words, nearly all the planetary material lies very far out. This simple fact is already the death blow of every theory that seeks for an origin of the planets in the Sun itself. For how could the material have been flung out so far? It was proved for instance by H. N. Russell that if Jeans' well-known tidal theory were right, the planets would have to move around the Sun at distances on our model of not more than a few feet. This notion of Jeans', which still seems to be very widely believed, was that the planets were torn out of the Sun by the gravitational pull of a star that passed close by.

Once this difficulty was appreciated, people attached to the planets-from-the-Sun idea shifted their ground. The planets, they said, were not formed with the Sun in a state as it is at present, but at a time when the Sun had a vastly greater size, as it must have had when it was condensing out of the interstellar gas. But it is hard to see how this can help. To make it work at all it would be necessary

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to demonstrate that a blob of primeval gas—the interstellar gas—could condense in such a way that the great bulk of it went to form a massive inner body—that is to say, the Sun—surrounded at vast distances by a wisp of planetary material. And I do not think that this can be done. At any rate all the attempts that have so far been made to cope with the difficulty seem to me to fall very far short of the mark. Also there is another and perhaps more important reason why our Earth and the planets cannot have originated with the Sun.

I have tried to bring out the dominating cosmic role played by hydrogen, the simplest of the elements. Helium, the next simplest, is produced in appreciable quantities in the inner regions of normal stars like the Sun. But, apart from hydrogen and helium, all other elements are extremely rare, all over the Universe. In the Sun they amount to only about 1 per cent of the total mass. Contrast this with the Earth and the other planets where hydrogen and helium make only about the same contribution as highly complex atoms like iron, calcium, silicon, magnesium, and aluminum. This contrast brings out two important points. First, we see that material torn from the Sun would not be at all suitable for the formation of the planets as we know them. Its composition would be hopelessly wrong. And our second point in this contrast is that it is the Sun that is normal and the Earth that is the freak. The interstellar gas and most of the stars are composed of material like the Sun, not like the Earth. You must understand that, cosmically speaking, the room you are now sitting in is made of the wrong stuff. You, yourself, are a rarity. You are a cosmic collector's piece.

II

HERE then is a way to approach the problem of the origin of the planets. We must find a source of the strangely complicated rare material out of which the Earth and the planets are made. I will begin by telling you the answer in two sentences. There was once another star moving around the Sun that disintegrated with extreme violence. So great was the explosion that all the remnants were blown a long way from the Sun into space with the exception of a tiny

wisp of gas out of which the Earth and the planets have condensed. So the first point to get clear is that the Sun was not always a single star. Before the Earth was born it was one of a pair of stars. As we said last month, such a pair is called a binary system.

Now if you pick a star at random the chance that it will be a separate star by itself, as the Sun is at present, is no greater than the chance that it will be a member of a binary system.

Let us see what can happen if we suppose that the Sun was at one time a component in such a double system. First we make a choice for the distance between the Sun and the companion star it used to have. It is important to realize that there is practically no restriction on our freedom of choice here, because, as observation by telescope shows, the distance apart of the component stars in a binary may be anywhere in the enormous range from a tenth of a light-year down to a fraction of a light-minute. The required distance apart of the Sun and its companion star is intermediate between these extremes, being about one light-hour. That is to say, on a plan with the Sun represented by our grapefruit the companion star would be about 100 yards away. This value will give you a clue as to how the choice of separation is made; namely, so that in the final outcome the bigger planets will be found to lie at the right sort of distances from the Sun.

THE next step is to draw up a set of specifications for the companion star. It must have been appreciably more massive than the Sun. It must have been a very special star. It must have been a star that exploded with extreme violence. It must have been a supernova.

Thanks largely to the work of the two Mount Wilson astronomers, Baade and Minnowski, we know a good deal about the explosions of these stars. When one explodes, most of the material—that is to say, considerably more material than there is inside the whole of the Sun—gets blown out into space as a tremendous cloud of fiercely incandescent gas moving at a speed of several million miles an hour. For a few days the accompanying blaze of light is as great as the total radiation by all the 10,000,000,000 or so

stars in the Galaxy. It was out of such a holocaust that the Earth and planets were born, and it happened in this way.

Not all of a supernova is blown away as gas in such an explosion. But the dense stellar nucleus that was left over after the explosion of the Sun's companion star did not stay with the Sun. One of the effects of the explosion was to give this stellar nucleus a recoil that broke its gravitational connection with the Sun. It moved off, and is now some unrecognized star lying in some distant part of the Galaxy. But before it left the Sun, and during the last dying stages of the explosion, it puffed out a cloud of gas that the Sun managed to hold onto. In as little as a few centuries this cloud of gas spread out around the Sun and took on the form of a rotating circular disk. As we shall see later, the planets condensed out of the material in this disk.

So the real parent of the Earth is not the Sun at all, but some star that is probably unnamed and unseen.

According to the results of Baade and Minowski the temperature inside a supernova is about three hundred times greater than it is at the center of the Sun. At such a temperature all manner of nuclear transmutations occur with great rapidity. The helium-hydrogen reactions which are so important in the Sun are no longer important here. Instead, helium becomes transmuted to elements of what is called high atomic weight; for example, magnesium, aluminum, silicon, iron, lead, and uranium, to name only a few. The importance of this is obvious. It means that the companion star's final gift to the Sun was a cloud of gas with just the right kind of composition necessary to account for the constitution of the Earth and the planets.

Before we go on to discuss the condensation of the planets, perhaps I might mention how this general picture of the origin of the planets has arisen. It is really the outcome of developments that started with Jeans' tidal theory.

First this was modified and improved by Jeffreys. Then H. N. Russell overthrew both these theories with the sort of criticism I referred to earlier. Lyttleton was the next to take up the problem about fifteen years ago. He was the first to realize for certain that the planetary material cannot have

come out of the Sun, and it is to him that we owe the development of the double star idea. Once this stage was reached the remaining steps were more or less inevitably. They arose for the most part through an attempt to put the theory on a firm observational footing.

The final stages in the formation of the planets after the tremendous explosion were comparatively tranquil. A few centuries after the explosion the remnant of the Sun's companion star must have moved far away from the Sun, or at any rate far enough for its effect on the wisp of gas that was captured by the Sun to be unimportant. This wisp of gas then settled down into a flat circular disk that rotated around the Sun—that is to say, it spread out around the Sun and then it settled down into the disk. The main part of the gas must have been distributed in the regions where the orbits of the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, now lie. This means that on the model we are using with a grapefruit sun the main part of the disk must have had a diameter of several hundred yards. At its edges the gas would have trailed away very gradually.

BUT I must now explain how such a rotating disk of gas condensed into the planets as we know them. Once the supernova remnant had receded to an appreciable distance, the temperature of the main bulk of the gas in the disk must have fallen well below the freezing point of water. Many sorts of molecules must then have been formed and, as was pointed out in 1944 by Professor Jeffreys and A. L. Parsons, these molecules must have collected into a swarm of solid bodies by a process very similar to the formation of water drops in the clouds of our own terrestrial atmosphere. But this condensation into solid particles must have been offset to some extent by collisions between the particles themselves, which tend to return material to the gaseous state.

At any particular time there must have been a rough balance between condensation from gas into solid bodies and evaporation that converted solid material back into gas. You might think that this stalemate would have had to go on forever, and it probably would have done so if the raindrop form of condensation were the whole story. But in a situation like this if any particular condensa-

tion should ever happen to grow to a certain critical size, which is about a hundred miles across, the gravitational pull of the condensation itself would begin to play a dominating role. The gravitational field is, so to speak, able to reach out into the surrounding gas and drag it into the condensation. When this happens the rate of condensation is greatly increased. It is this that ensures that such a cloud of gas would form into a few comparatively large bodies rather than into a swarm of much smaller particles. The essential point is that although the chance that a particular body ever grows to the critical size is very small, given sufficient time it will certainly happen in a few cases. The fewer the number of cases the fewer the number of planets into which the material finally condenses. For once the gravitational field of a growing body comes into operation the rate of acquisition of material becomes so large that the first few bodies to attain the critical size then go on to snatch up practically all the material of the disk.

PERHAPS you will see this best if I quote one or two of the results calculated for our solar system. The first condensations to grow large are believed to have taken about 1,000,000,000 years to reach the mass of the Earth. But from this stage only about 100,000 years was needed for such a primordial planet to increase its mass up to the same order as those of the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. This shows you the tremendous accelerating effect of this condensation by gravitation.

Now this has an important consequence. It means that the Earth can hardly have been formed as a primordial condensation. For a condensation would hardly stop short after taking 1,000,000,000 years to reach the mass of the Earth if it only needed a further 100,000 years to go on and become a great planet. It could, of course, be argued that a condensation stopped short at the mass of the Earth simply because all the gas in its neighborhood had become exhausted. This might be a reasonable argument if we had only one case to explain, but there are five planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Pluto, and the Earth—and also about thirty satellites to be accounted for. It would be stretching coincidence much too far to suggest that exhaustion

of material was responsible for cessation of growth in all these cases.

Besides, there is another argument that shows the same thing. None of the present planets can have been primordial condensations, not even the great planets. For owing to the rotation of the disk around the Sun, the primordial planets must have acquired axial rotations—that is to say, rotations like the rotation of the Earth around its polar axis. Once the primordial planets had formed into a compact state, their times of rotation must have become less than about seven hours, and as Lyttleton showed in 1938, a solid planet rotating as rapidly as this must break up under the power of its own rotation.

The great planets, then, must be the main chunks arising from these processes of breakup. Now in the breakup it is also to be expected that a number of comparatively small blobs become detached from the main bodies as they separate from each other. For the most part, these blobs remained circling around the great planets—and these are the satellites of the planets—their moons we should call them. But a few of the larger blobs seem to have escaped, and these are the five small planets—Venus, Mercury, Mars, Pluto, and the Earth. Very probably the Moon was an adjacent blob that became detached along with the Earth. So, to sum up, there were a number of big primordial planets that broke up about 2,500,000,000 years ago, and one of the bits of the debris was our Earth and another the Moon.

III

THIS picture of the way the Earth came into being is I think very important to our studies of the interior of the Earth. It affects our views on the probable temperature of the deep interior, suggesting that it may be much less than was formerly believed. It provides interesting possibilities regarding the origin of the Earth's magnetism. It leads to a plausible explanation of the origin of the surface rocks. For the Earth must have originally moved along a highly flattened path that took it into the inner parts of the gaseous disk. Here the material had not been entirely swept up by the primordial condensations, which were formed much farther out

from the Sun. So the Earth moved through a medium consisting partly of gas and partly of comparatively small solid bodies. This had two effects: one was to round up the Earth's motion into a nearly circular path that lies well inside the orbits of the great planets, and the other was to modify the surface features of the Earth through the acquisition of various gases and solid bodies. The rocks of the Earth's crust may well have originated in this way.

In particular, it is possible that the Earth acquired its radioactive materials during this final stage. Among the gases acquired were probably nitrogen, water, oxygen, and carbon dioxide. The histories of Venus, Mercury, and Mars must have been somewhat different because their orbits took them through different parts of the disk. In particular, Venus seems to have obtained little or no water but very large quantities of carbon dioxide and also possibly nitrogen. Mars, on the other hand, obtained carbon dioxide and water but not so much water as the Earth. The fate of Pluto we do not know.

By now we've covered enough ground for us to refer back to the end of my first article when I said that there are about 1,000,000 planetary systems in the Milky Way in which life may exist. I should like now to tell you how I made this estimate. It must depend, as you will see, on the frequency of supernova explosions within our Galaxy. No supernova outburst is visible in the Milky Way at the present time. But the gases hurled into space by the supernova observed by the Chinese in A. D. 1054 actually can be seen. It was these gases that furnished Baade and Minkowski with the information I mentioned above. Since A. D. 1054 two other supernovae have also blazed out in the Milky Way, one in 1572 and the other in 1604.

On this basis it is to be expected that, on the average, one supernova occurs every two or three hundred years. This estimate, as we shall see later, is strongly supported by the observation of supernovae in galaxies other than our own. At this rate there must have been more than 10,000,000 supernova explosions since the oldest stars were born—which was about 4,000,000,000 years ago. Now something like a half of all these supernovae must have been components in binary systems, and must accordingly have given

birth to planets in exactly the way we have discussed. So in the past, nearly 10,000,000 planetary systems, each one similar to the solar system in the essential features of its constructions, must have been formed in the Milky Way.

NEXT we ask what proportion of these systems would contain a planet on which the physical conditions were suitable for the support of life. I estimate for this about one planetary system in ten, which gives me a final total of about 1,000,000 possible abodes of life within the Milky Way.

I will admit that the last bit of calculation is approximate. But even when full allowance is made for all the uncertainties I do not think that the final total could be less than 100,000.

Our next question is: will living creatures arise on every planet where favorable physical conditions occur? No certain answer can be given to this, but those best qualified to judge the matter, the biologists, seem to think that life would in fact arise wherever conditions were able to support it. Accepting this, we can proceed with greater assurance. The extremely powerful process of natural selection would come into operation and would shape the evolution of life on each of these distant planets. Would creatures arise having some sort of similarity with those on the Earth? The distinguished biologist C. D. Darlington has shown that this is by no means as unlikely as it seems at first sight.

To quote Mr. Darlington's own words, "There are such very great advantages in walking on two legs, in carrying one's brain in one's head, in having two eyes on the same eminence at a height of five or six feet, that we might as well take quite seriously the possibility of a pseudo-man and a pseudo-woman with some physical resemblance to ourselves. . . ."

Let us end by putting all this in another way. I have often seen it stated that our situation on the Earth is providential. The argument goes like this. It is providential that the Earth is of the right size and is at the right distance from the Sun. It is providential that the Sun radiates the right kind of light and heat. It is providential that the

right chemical substances occur on the Earth. A long list of this sort of statement could be compiled, and to some people it looks as if there is indeed something very strange and odd about our particular home in the Uni-

verse. But I think that this outlook arises from a misunderstanding of the situation. Because if everything was not just right we should not be here. We should be somewhere else.

[*"The Expanding Universe," the concluding article in this series, will appear in April.*]

An Old Story

Following is an actual interchange of letters between a Secretary of State and a President of the United States. Only names and dates have been deleted.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:—

The action of the Senate indicates views so widely divergent from mine in matters affecting, as I think, the national welfare and honor, that I fear my power to serve you in business requiring the concurrence of that body is at an end. I cannot help fearing also that the newspaper attacks upon the State Department, which have so strongly influenced the Senate, may be an injury to you, if I remain in the Cabinet.

I therefore hand you my resignation as Secretary of State.

I need not say with what profound regret I shall sever our official relations. I shall carry into private life the deepest sense of obligation, not only for all your personal kindness, but for the confidence and the powerful support you have given to all efforts to improve the service, to extend the influence and the commerce of the country, and to promote in every way its prosperity.

Yours faithfully,

DEAR MR. SECRETARY -----,

I return your resignation. Had I known the contents of the letter which you handed me this morning, I would have declined to receive or consider it.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than to have you retire from the Cabinet. The personal loss would be great, but the public loss even greater. Your administration of the State Department has had my warm approval. As in all matters you have taken my counsel, I will cheerfully bear whatever criticism or condemnation may come. Your record constitutes one of the most important and interesting pages of our diplomatic history. We must bear the atmosphere of the hour. It will pass away. We must continue working on the lines of duty and honor. Conscious of high purpose and honorable effort, we cannot yield our posts however the storm may rage.

With hearty assurance of appreciation and confidence I am

Yours devotedly,

[*You will find on page 96 the names of the Secretary and President involved in this correspondence.*]

Roosevelt and the Far East

Part II

Sumner Welles

WHEN Japan's capitulation was signed on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri* on September 2, 1945, the United States possessed the most sweeping control over the Pacific that any power had ever been able to maintain.

In a long series of costly and bloody engagements its Navy, Air Force, and ground troops had swept the Japanese aggressors back to their home islands from the Pacific territories they had seized. By the surrender terms signed in Yokohama Bay, the Japanese divisions that had overrun so many of the Chinese provinces were committed to surrender to the forces of America's allies, China and the Soviet Union; and the Japanese troops in Southeast Asia to the United Nations armies under the command of Lord Mountbatten. All the strategic Pacific bases from the Aleutians to the Philippines were in American hands. The island of Okinawa, less than four hundred miles from Japan proper, had become an American fortress.

Japan was to be subjected to military occupation for an indefinite period. The victorious allies had agreed that the occupation should be headed by an American Commander-in-Chief, General MacArthur. The occupying forces were to be chiefly American. Responsibility for the determination of occupation policy was to be also primarily American.

In China the Nationalist government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek remained in power. There was good reason to assume that with the pledged support of the Soviet Union and of the United States it would gradually overcome the opposition of the Chinese Communists and consolidate its authority over a united nation.

In accordance with the commitments made at Cairo two years before, which promised independence and territorial integrity to the Korean people, the United Nations was to put the preliminary administration of Korea under a trusteeship of the United States, the Soviet Union, China, and Great Britain, to continue only until the Korean people were prepared to resume their obligations as a sovereign nation.

While a few were questioning the wisdom of some of the Far Eastern agreements made at Yalta, those who were not motivated by purely political partisanship were generally willing to concede that, if these agreements would tend to prevent postwar controversies between the major allies, make for co-operation between Moscow and Washington, as well as between Moscow and Nanking, and promote the rapid pacification and recovery of a devastated sector of the globe, the concessions by China that they involved would be justified in China's own highest interest.

The Japanese invasion of China and of

President Roosevelt's Under Secretary of State here gives a firsthand picture of the background of our fateful Far Eastern policy. This is the second of two articles which will be part of a forthcoming book, Seven Decisions That Shaped History.

Southeastern Asia had speeded the development of new forces that could no longer be checked, and that must radically change the future political structure of Asia. The swift rise of nationalism throughout the Asiatic world from India and Indonesia, through Burma and Malaya, to Indochina and China herself was an unmistakable sign that *finis* must now be written to the history of Western imperialism in the Far East. It was confidently expected that through the means provided by the Charter of the United Nations, the peoples clamoring for freedom could be helped by the older countries, and particularly by the United States, to assume rapidly the responsibilities of independence. Thereby they would be spared many of the birth pangs that have so often attended the emergence to liberty of subjugated races.

No reasonable man could have been so ingenuous as to assume in September 1945 that the infinitely complicated machinery of rehabilitation was going to function smoothly without many a breakdown. Yet he would have seemed to be equally unrealistic had he anticipated all that has since taken place.

AS THESE lines are written, exactly five years after the ceremony on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri*, American troops, acting under the authority of the United Nations, are waging a desperate struggle to repel a Soviet-inspired and Chinese-Communist-abetted invasion of the Republic of South Korea, created and recognized by the United Nations.

All the mainland of China is under the control of a Chinese Communist government notoriously hostile to the United States. Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government has taken refuge on the island of Formosa, which the United States has declared it will help to defend, but whose ultimate disposition must be determined by the United Nations. It is increasingly probable that the United States may be drawn into war with Communist China.

Washington is offering such assistance as it can to the non-Communist governments of Indochina, Indonesia, Burma, and Malaya.

Tibet has been invaded by the Chinese Communists. In India, in Pakistan, and in the Philippines the probability of Communist uprisings is admitted.

By its amazingly effective use of the "big lie" tactics that Hitler so successfully employed, Soviet propaganda has already aroused throughout Asia much animosity against the United States and suspicion of our ulterior purposes. Moscow is using the Security Council of the United Nations as a forum from which to make it appear that truth is falsehood, and that the aggression against the Korean people was ordered not by Stalin but by Truman. The Asiatic peoples are being told that it is not Russia that is preventing the unification of Korea, and the re-establishment of Korean independence, but the "warmongers of Wall Street."

Asia is seething from one end to the other with panic fear. Except for Japan there is no Asiatic country where starvation, misery, and suffering are not more prevalent today than they were five years ago.

Now, why did all this happen?

Is it all due, as the more virulent of President Roosevelt's critics tell us, to his incapacity and illness, to his efforts to "appease" Russia, and to the decisions he made at Cairo, Tehran, and Yalta?

Is it due to the foreign policy, and in particular to the Far Eastern policy, pursued by the United States since the death of President Roosevelt?

Is it due to a spontaneous transformation of Soviet world policy since the spring of 1945?

Or is it due perhaps to a combination of the two latter factors, and to acts of omission and of commission for which both the United States and the Soviet Union have been responsible since as well as during the second world war?

It may be useful on this tragic anniversary to review the record of these past years, and to seek to distinguish facts from myths or vicious fabrications.

II

I WILL take as a starting point a talk that I had with President Roosevelt when I was his guest at Hyde Park one Sunday late in September 1943. The President had also staying with him for the weekend the Crown Princess of Norway and her children, her lady and gentleman-in-waiting, as well as his youngest son and the latter's wife. It was

one of those gleaming autumn days that the Hudson River valley knows so well. We had all had lunch at the President's hilltop cottage. Afterward the President had driven me back to the "Big House," and had taken me into the tiny study where he loved to work, and from which he so often broadcast to the nation. In the course of a conversation that ranged over a multitude of issues he turned to the Far East. After going into the military situation in some detail, he spoke of the political and territorial readjustments that should be made after the war.

He dealt for a while with one of his favorite projects, the severance of Indochina from French control, and the establishment there of a United Nations trusteeship in which the Philippines should play a prominent part. As a result of his talks with Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and with members of the Dutch government, he felt that the Dutch would be able after the war to work out a satisfactory solution for the Netherlands East Indies; one which would give the Indonesian people full partnership in a Netherlands federation. He referred ruefully to Mr. Churchill's stubborn opposition to the suggestions that he had offered to expedite a dominion status for India. But he expressed the firm conviction that as soon as the war was over the peoples of India, either as a unit or after partition, would achieve full self-government.

To the President, of course, the key to the Far Eastern puzzle was China. I need not here elaborate on what I emphasized in my preceding article, his peculiarly friendly regard for the Chinese people, and his belief that American foreign policy in the Far East should be predicated upon a close working relation between the Chinese and American governments. He told me of the innumerable difficulties he had recently been having with Chiang Kai-shek, whom he classified as "highly temperamental." He spoke in no measured terms of the corruption and inefficiency which characterized his administration. He had no patience with the regime's apparent lack of sympathy for the abject misery of the masses of the Chinese people. But he recognized as valid the reasons for its very natural resentment at the meager assistance we were at that moment able to provide, and its irritation at seeing desper-

ately needed material frequently diverted to the British. He felt, he said, that the Generalissimo, limited as his military vision might be, and badly as his troops were fighting, was the only Chinese leader who could keep the Chinese armies in the field against the Japanese and who would be able after the war to hold the Chinese people together. He added that the services he had already rendered China were incalculable. He was worried lest the Soviet government now give overt help to the factions opposing the Nationalist armies. For that reason he was anxious to see us do everything we could to compose the differences between Chungking and the Communists, in order that Chiang could continue fighting the Japanese, and not have to expend the ebbing strength of his troops in fighting other Chinese.

But what he feared most of all was the flaring up of civil war in China after Japan's defeat. The danger there was that the Soviet Union would intervene in behalf of the Communists, and the Western powers would be tempted or forced in their own interest to back the anti-Communist side. We would then see, he said, very much the same situation that we had witnessed in Spain during her civil war, only on a far greater scale, and with graver dangers inherent in it. It was his thought that no spot was more likely to create difficulties in the postwar years than China, unless she could be rapidly helped by the outside world to restore her national economy and to repair some of the damage done by the long years of Japanese aggression. She would also need a firm agreement with Moscow that would prevent the kind of Soviet interference in her internal affairs that had existed continuously after the first world war.

I reminded the President of the talks we had had the spring before with Madame Chiang Kai-shek when she had come to Washington. He had then assured her of his own agreement with the position of the Nationalist government, that no Far Eastern readjustment could be stable or lasting unless China got back not only the territory that Japan had seized, but also the territories taken from her in preceding generations by other foreign powers, including Hong Kong.

The President said he of course remained of the same mind. He realized, however, how difficult it was going to be to convince Mr.

Churchill, or for that matter any British government, that after a war in which Britain had been one of the victorious allies, she should be deprived by the peace treaty of a colony she had held for a century. As for Formosa, he said it should be returned to China; but this arrangement must include the establishment there of a strategic air base for the use of the United Nations police force. He stressed especially the strategic importance of Formosa in enforcing peace in the Pacific.

I remember very clearly asking at that juncture if he was not afraid that the Russians would put in a claim for the concessions which they had wrested from China during the final years of the tottering Chinese Empire, and which Japan had later taken over, as well as for the territories they had ceded to Japan after their defeat in 1905.

The President answered that, while he thought the Russians should, of course, get back the Kurile Islands and southern Sakhalin, ceded under the Treaty of Portsmouth, he was hopeful that they would not claim more than legitimate trade facilities in Manchuria. He was thinking of suggesting that Dairen be made a free port to satisfy them on that issue. (The establishment of free ports in many parts of the world, and particularly in localities such as Kiel where international controversies threatened to arise, was always one of President Roosevelt's favorite formulas. In the case of Dairen, it will be remembered that this was precisely what he proposed to Stalin a few months later at Tehran.)

We did not touch upon the question of Korea at that time. But we had discussed it in several talks earlier that summer, and the President had then expressed the view that Korea should be reconstituted as an independent Republic under a preliminary trusteeship composed of China, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, the United States, and Canada.

The record of our conversation of September 1943 shows in considerable detail precisely what President Roosevelt was then thinking about postwar settlements in the Far East. American influence should be exerted to attain these objectives:

(1) The restoration to China of all territory previously taken from her by conquest, or by coercion;

(2) Support for the Chinese Nationalist government as the only regime capable of unifying China and of preventing a long drawn out civil war;

(3) An agreement between China and the Soviet Union which would preclude Soviet interference in China's internal affairs or encroachment upon Chinese territory.

IN MY next conversation with the President, which took place at the White House a month later, just before he left for Cairo and Tehran, the President mentioned the trouble he had been having in convincing Mr. Churchill that China should be treated as one of the four major powers. He said he had told the Prime Minister that if the major allies were going to undertake the task of keeping peace after the war China should be associated with them.

Mr. Churchill's view, he told me, was that the job should be done solely by the English-speaking powers. He was willing, even though reluctant, to concede that Russia might have to become a partner in the enterprise. The President had the idea that Mr. Churchill's thinking was governed by his unwillingness to see that the British Empire as it had existed at the turn of the century was long since a thing of the past. He himself was persuaded that the Western world, for its own safety's sake, must abandon once and for all the idea that the Asiatic peoples were inferior races, and must work wholeheartedly with China from the outset as the best means of preventing a fundamental cleavage between the West and the East in the years to come.

I have not found in the records of any of the negotiations or international conferences in which the President took part any evidence that he himself ever swerved from the general objectives that he thus outlined to me.

It is true that friction between the President and Chiang Kai-shek's government periodically became acute. Specific pledges of military assistance were sometimes not kept, as when Roosevelt reversed his previous commitment to occupy the Andaman Islands as a part of the Burma campaign. The violent feud between General Stilwell and the Generalissimo gave rise to deep resentment in Chungking, just as the Generalissimo's repeated refusal to abide by American advice

on strategy and personnel aroused equal resentment in Washington. The repeated—and, it must be admitted, bungling—efforts of several of President Roosevelt's representatives in China to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to comply with the demands of the Chinese Communists were productive of misunderstanding, and damaged the prestige and authority of the Nationalist government.

Likewise the profound ignorance of China, and the lack of Far Eastern experience, of certain of the President's representatives there served him in ill stead. These envoys spent much of their time quarreling with each other, or with their subordinates; and, while I know of no instance where they did not try to carry out the President's instructions to further the establishment of a strong postwar China, their erroneous judgment and the wide diversity of their recommendations made it impossible for him to obtain any accurate over-all estimate of the situation.

So badly did these envoys inform the President that he could express the opinion to Stalin at Yalta that, in the light of the information he had received from his latest batch of representatives in Chungking, the responsibility for the refusal of the Chinese Communists to co-operate with the Nationalist government lay with the Comintern and the Kuomintang rather than with the Chinese Communists themselves. Yet despite the inaccurate information that he received, the President neither modified the policy upon which he had embarked nor changed his original objective of a strong and united postwar China.

From first to last the support given by Roosevelt to the Nationalist government of China was unwavering. The amount of military and, even more, of material assistance granted under the President's direction was enormous.

III

THE crux of the charges leveled against Roosevelt's Far Eastern policy is to be found in the charge that by the agreements he made with Stalin at Yalta China was "sold out" and our own strategic position gravely impaired. Let us see just how much justification there is for this.

First in January 1943 and again in October

of the same year Stalin formally committed Russia to join in the war against Japan after Germany's defeat. Those assurances were repeated to the American Ambassador in Moscow in October 1944.

In the earlier stages of the war we were faced with the prospect of a long drawn out and grueling struggle to win back by our own, almost unaided, efforts the control of the Pacific. At that time, the assistance that Russia could have given us, had it been feasible, would have been deemed invaluable.

By the autumn of 1944, however, some of the President's ablest staff advisers had reached a far different conclusion. To them Japan was already to all intents and purposes defeated. The naval and air blockade of Japan was nearly complete. Its continuation must sooner or later bring about her submission without any need for an American invasion of her home islands. These advisers, and among them Admiral Leahy was outstanding, proposed that the United States should limit itself to continuing the naval and air blockade of Japan and to occupying the Philippines and perhaps a number of strategic points on the coast of the mainland of China.

The Army, on the other hand, speaking through the Chief of Staff, General Marshall, insisted that Japan could be compelled to surrender only by a progressive occupation of her main islands, commencing with an American amphibious invasion of the southern island of Kyushu.

This fundamental difference in the strategic advice given to the President first became acute immediately before the second conference at Quebec, which President Roosevelt held with Mr. Churchill in September 1944. At Quebec, after full debate, the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the United States and of Great Britain recommended that, once Germany was defeated, the two countries, *together with Russia*, throw all their available resources into the battle against Japan. They fixed as the time for a probable final victory over Japan a date approximately eighteen months after Germany's defeat. The advice of Admiral Leahy, and of those who held with him, was disregarded by the Combined Chiefs.

The alternatives before the President were therefore these: to adopt or not to adopt the

recommendation of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Their advice represented the considered decision of the heads of the American and British Armies, including General Marshall, whose strategy had consistently proved to be brilliantly successful throughout the North African and European campaigns. Though it envisaged the loss of many thousands of American lives during the invasion of the Japanese homeland, it was the strategy believed to be essential to defeat Japan at the earliest possible moment.

We now know from the evidence produced before the War Crimes Tribunal at Tokyo, and also from the testimony of competent officials who held office in the Japanese government during the war years, that the advice given by Admiral Leahy and those who agreed with him was sound, and that Japan could not have held out for long even in the absence of an invasion. The recommendation of the Combined Chiefs was offered under a basic misapprehension of existing facts. Yet upon a question such as this, which was almost entirely one of technical military strategy, would the President have been warranted in disregarding the recommendations formally submitted to him and to Mr. Churchill by the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the two governments?

Once the President's decision had been made, it necessarily became the foundation for the military and political planning at the Yalta Conference a few months later. And it was the President's highest obligation to take every possible step to ensure the success of the operation and to keep to a minimum the loss of American lives. His military advisers insisted that for this we must have Russian help, including not only the use of Russian divisions against the Japanese armies in Manchuria, but also the use of Russian territory for American Air Force bases.

AT YALTA President Roosevelt told Stalin that, while he hoped the invasion of Japan might yet be found unnecessary, she still had some four million men under arms, and without intensified bombing her defeat could not be foreseen. He asked that for that purpose we be granted bases on Russian soil. Stalin authorized the establishment of American air bases at Komso-molsk and Nikolaevsk, and expressed no

objection to the establishment of additional bases in Russia's maritime provinces.

In a private conference with the President, Stalin then made known Russia's Far Eastern demands:

The Soviet Union wished to obtain from China a long-term lease of Port Arthur, the establishment of Dairen as a free port, a lease of the Chinese Manchurian railroads, and her agreement to the continued autonomy of Outer Mongolia, as well as to the cession to Russia of the Japanese-held Sakhalin and Kurile Islands. Stalin maintained, as he repeated to Harry Hopkins six months later at Moscow, that after the sufferings they had already experienced the Russian people must be given "a good reason for going to war against Japan." He stated that a guaranty by the United States and Great Britain that China would grant these demands must be a prerequisite of Russian participation in the war. The President, and subsequently Mr. Churchill, agreed to these conditions.

It is this agreement which, it is charged by the President's critics, "sold China down the river," and fatally undermined our own strategic position in the Far East.

Of such critics Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, the military expert of the *New York Times*, is surely among the most authoritative and reputable. In his book, *Great Mistakes of the War*, he says that at Yalta

the United States representatives placed themselves in the amazing position of "giving away" territories which did not belong to us, and of undertaking to secure concessions which impaired the sovereignty of a friendly allied state. The political misconception, so obvious now, should have been apparent then; it was not to our interest, or the interests of China, or of the world, to make Russia a Pacific power; it was not to our interest to beg or borrow for Russia's entry into the Pacific war.

Nor should military considerations have affected this political judgment. At the time of Yalta, Japan was already beaten—not by the atomic bomb which had not yet been perfected, not by conventional bombing, then just starting, but by attrition and blockade. . . . The full seriousness of the Japanese plight was not then, of course, completely understood. Our military men were preoccupied and concerned with the

fierceness of the Japanese defense: the tactical situation obscured the hopeless strategic position of Japan, and some of our Commanders took, therefore, far too pessimistic a view.

In his summary Mr. Baldwin concludes: "Russia drove a hard bargain at Yalta. Stalin promised to enter the war against Japan within an estimated ninety days after the end of the war against Germany, but for it he got the Kurile Islands, all of Sakhalin, a half interest in the railways in Manchuria, Port Arthur, a Russian-controlled 'free port' in Dairen, and thus strategic hegemony in important Northeast Asia."

There can be no quarrel today with Mr. Baldwin's assertion that at the second conference at Quebec and at the Yalta conference the Combined Chiefs of Staff were guilty of a "fundamental military misconception." But one may legitimately wonder whether Mr. Baldwin would maintain that, if Russia had not joined in the war against Japan, Stalin would have been thereby prevented from making these claims. In 1945 peoples everywhere believed that the only hope for future peace lay in co-operation between the Soviet Union and the West. The Russian territorial claims were widely regarded as being legitimate and just. Is it probable, once these claims were entered by Stalin at a peace conference, that the United States and Britain could have successfully rejected them?

What I chiefly question is the validity of Mr. Baldwin's further assertion that President Roosevelt's acquiescence in Stalin's demands involved a "fundamental political misconception."

This is the complaint voiced by the four Republican Senators on the Foreign Relations Committee in August 1950. They declared that, "The major tragedy of our time was the failure and refusal of American leadership in 1945 to recognize the true aims and methods of the rulers of Soviet Russia."

IV

AS I HAVE endeavored to show, in his approach to Far Eastern postwar settlements President Roosevelt was guided by the conviction that our interests, the interests of China and of the world, would

best be served by the unification of the Chinese people and the creation of a strong postwar China. He held that the best assurance of this would be a firm agreement between Moscow and the Chinese Nationalist government guaranteeing Stalin's support of the government of Chiang Kai-shek and his non-interference in China's internal affairs.

Those who condemn the policy for which that conviction was responsible now maintain that the hope for Chinese unification was wholly illusory, and that Mr. Churchill's opposition to the recognition of China as a major power was altogether justified.

What, in 1945, would the alternatives to that policy have been?

Had the Chinese people been summarily dismissed as a potentially constructive force in Asia, to welter indefinitely in civil war and anarchy, what other power could have counterbalanced the weight of the Soviet Union in the Far East? The Allies were pledged to disarm and to demilitarize Japan. The Island Empire was to become a Far Eastern Switzerland. No sane statesman would at that time have considered the suggestion that immediately after Japan's defeat she should instantly be rearmed in order to prevent Russia from moving into the vacuum to be created by a decision to leave China inert and impotent.

I can see no alternative to the policy decided upon by the President which in 1945 would have seemed to promise so much hope for success in the construction of a peaceful Asia.

Four years ago I expressed the view* that "Russian possession of southern Sakhalin and of the Kuriles is essential if the Soviet government is to obtain security for its Siberian provinces. Both territories were torn from Russia by Japan. The internationalization of Dairen and the grant of permanent autonomy to Outer Mongolia have a considerable measure of justification. However, the restoration to Russia of the right formerly possessed by the Imperial Russian governments to dominate Manchuria through the control of the Chinese Eastern and South Manchurian railroads, and the lease of Port Arthur as a naval base necessarily fall into a different category. These concessions, which will make it alto-

* *Where Are We Heading?* Harper & Brothers, page 299.

gether impossible for a new unified China to exercise full sovereignty within Manchuria, are all the more objectionable in view of China's absence from the conference table when they were decided."

I have not modified that opinion.

Nevertheless, if Stalin had respected the treaty with the Chinese Nationalist government which he signed at Moscow in June 1945 and which embodied the Yalta agreements, that treaty would have paved the way for the unification of China and for the eventual creation of a strong postwar China.

It may be recalled that when Harry Hopkins was sent by President Truman to Moscow six months after the Yalta agreements were signed, he cabled this report to Washington:

[Stalin] made [the] categorical statement that he would do everything he could to promote unification of China under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. He further stated that this leadership should continue after the war because no one else was strong enough. He specifically stated that no Communist leader was strong enough to unify China. . . . Stalin repeated all of his statements made at Yalta, that he wanted a unified and stable China and wanted China to control all of Manchuria as part of a united China. . . . He agreed with America's "Open Door" policy and went out of his way to indicate that the United States was the only power with the resources to aid China economically after the war. He observed that for many years to come Russia would have all it could do to provide for the internal economy of the Soviet Union.

WHAT to me is the most remarkable feature of Mr. Baldwin's criticism of the Yalta agreement is the implication which must be drawn from the paragraphs I have quoted from his book that President Roosevelt had the authority at Yalta to determine whether or not "to make Russia a Pacific power." Russia had already for a century been a leading Pacific power. It was inconceivable in 1945 that a victorious Soviet Union would meekly resign herself at the peace conference to a denial of her claim for the return of territory earlier taken from her by a defeated Japan.

It was inconceivable that her agreement to respect China's independence and integrity and to promote the unification of China under the Chinese Nationalist government, which the President regarded as essential to China's future safety, could be secured were the United States to refuse to agree to the return of that territory.

It was inconceivable that we could enlist her co-operation within the United Nations, or in the stabilization of Europe and of the Far East if we refused to admit her traditional position as a Pacific power on the ground that this "was not to our interest."

It was inconceivable in 1945 that American or Western European public opinion, then so eagerly hoping that co-operation with the Soviet Union might prove possible, would have supported any such policy on the part of the United States.

Much as I regret Roosevelt's belief that it was imperative for him to acquiesce in Stalin's demands regarding Manchuria, I am fully convinced that the military exigencies he believed then existed, on the report of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, and the advantages to China that he thought would come from a firm agreement with the Soviet Union, justified the decision he made.

The best answer to Mr. Baldwin and to his fellow critics of the Far Eastern agreement signed at Yalta is in these lapidary sentences of Admiral Leahy:*

(1) Russia was our ally, and up to June 1944 took the full force of the mighty German Army.

(2) Fears expressed by many, some in high places, that Russia would make a separate peace with Germany, particularly when we were unable to mount a second front in 1943, had proved unfounded. Russia had kept every military agreement made before that time.

(3) As for political agreements, we had reached at Yalta the first major understanding regarding the postwar world. Russia had shown a conciliatory attitude on the United Nations, on giving France a voice in the control council of Germany, and in agreeing to reorganization of the Polish and Yugoslav governments. In fact, on almost every political problem, after a

* *I Was There*, McGraw-Hill, 1950, page 317.

forceful statement of their views, the Russians had made sufficient concessions for an agreement to be reached, on paper at least.

In view of Russia's record during the war, was there any reason why President Roosevelt should have assumed that the Yalta agreement would be reached only "on paper"?

V

IN THE search for the answer to the fundamental question posed at the beginning of this article, a series of facts may here be cited to throw light upon the reasons why our relations with the Soviet Union have grown progressively worse since the spring of 1945, and why the United States now faces the present desperate situation in the Far East.

When President Roosevelt returned from Yalta, he said that Stalin's position of supremacy seemed to have changed materially since the conference at Tehran. At Tehran Stalin had appeared to make decisions without hesitation, and with no indication that he needed to consult with any other Russian authorities. At Yalta President Roosevelt felt that this was no longer the case. He had the feeling that the leaders of the Red Army had become far more influential.

It is certainly true that from that time on there were many signs that Stalin's policy was designed to curry favor with the regenerated and transformed Red Army. He himself assumed the titles of Marshal and Generalissimo. Military decorations were established, and given the names of the greatest generals of the tsarist days. The military ranks and disciplines of the Imperial Russian Armies were reinstituted. Above all, Stalin inaugurated a foreign policy that was conceived in the traditional imperialistic spirit of the Tsars.

The wording of his proclamation to the Russian people on August 16, 1945, announcing Japan's surrender confirmed his statement to Harry Hopkins, "that the Russian people must have a good reason for going to war." But also it was patently designed to cater to Red Army aspirations. "The defeat of Russian troops in 1904," said Stalin, "left bitter memories in the mind of

the people. It lay like a black spot on our country. Our people believed and hoped that a day would come when Japan would be smashed and that blot effaced. Forty years have we, the people of the old generation, waited for this day."

So grossly does this differ from the classic Bolshevik position laid down by Lenin, who had said that the Russian defeat in 1904 gave the proletariat "reasons to rejoice" and meant that "Russian freedom has come nearer," that it is hard to believe Stalin's proclamation would have been so worded if he had not thought that such a fundamental change in Soviet policy was imperative if a split between the regime and the Red Army was to be avoided.

On reading the very detailed record which Harry Hopkins kept of his talks with Stalin in June 1945, one is struck by the extent to which the views Stalin then expressed are surcharged by the professional military point of view. One must also be impressed by the ominous indications of growing fear and suspicion of the West throughout the series of bitter complaints that Stalin voiced against Great Britain and the United States. They were a warning signal—which was disregarded by Washington. Little, if any, effort was made by London or Washington, either before or at Potsdam, to find a constructive solution for the chief points of difference and to remove all grounds for possible later dissension between the Soviet Union and the Western powers.

HAD the new American President or the new British Prime Minister possessed the measure of vision which was then so needed, they would, for example, have foreseen that the division of Korea into Russian and American zones could not fail to create serious difficulties before long.

Stalin had agreed that the trusteeship for Korea should be held by the United States, the Soviet Union, China, and Great Britain. He had also expressed his approval of President Roosevelt's proposal that no foreign troops should be stationed in Korea after the defeat and withdrawal of the Japanese invaders. But during the months between the defeat of Germany and the surrender of Japan the State Department, with an almost incomprehensible lack of foresight, in view

of the all too evident danger that Korea might become a bone of contention unless detailed agreements were reached before V-J Day, failed to see to it that such an agreement was concluded.

Later, when the Japanese armies were ready to surrender, the War Department in Washington realized that something must be done. Some subordinate officers in the Pentagon hastily recommended that the Russians accept the Japanese surrender north of the 38th parallel in Korea, while the American troops would accept it south of that line. I am told that this line was fixed because it seemed "convenient." Certainly it was fixed by officials with no knowledge of what they were doing, and without consulting any responsible members of the Administration who might have had some regard for the political and economic considerations which the decision so lamentably ignores.

It is important to remember that this step was not taken upon the initiative of the Soviet Union. The mistake might well have been corrected by prompt remedial action. Yet neither the White House, the State Department, nor the War Department moved until it was far too late. The artificial frontier thus set up in Korea rapidly became, as was only to be expected in view of the constantly growing antagonism between the Soviet Union and the United States, an impermeable barrier. By 1946 a familiar "People's Republic" had been set up in the north by the Red Army operating through Korean Communist stooges.

In South Korea the record of American administration is not pleasant to contemplate. The free political system we tried to set up was a deplorable failure. Even had the Koreans placed at the head of the South Korean government been the ablest statesmen that the Far East has produced—which they certainly were not—they could not possibly have succeeded in giving their countrymen peace and prosperity in the face of the difficulties they encountered. They were not given efficient American co-operation. They were not given adequate arms for self-defense or even for the preservation of internal order. They had no encouragement to carry out the radical and far-reaching reforms that the South Korean people demanded. They were constantly frustrated by the propaganda and

subversive tactics of the North Korean Communists.

What those who were then directing our foreign policy fatally ignored was that Korea is of basic significance to China. The control of Korea by any power that may menace the independence of China is a vital danger to the Chinese people. The United States should have foreseen that the agreement upon a trusteeship for Korea, in which China would participate, was of the utmost urgency if China was to be saved from Communist domination.

THIS is not the place to discuss the amazing anomalies and vagaries of American policy toward China since 1945. But once it was clear—and it was surely clear long before 1948 to all who wished to see—that Stalin was violating his treaty of 1945 with Chiang Kai-shek, and disregarding his pledges to the United States to support the unification of China under the Chinese Nationalist government, the imminence of acute danger in Korea was apparent.

Just as Japan violated her solemn obligations to the League of Nations when she refused to permit League authorities to visit the Japanese mandated islands of the Pacific, so the Soviet Union violated its obligations to the United Nations when her puppet government of North Korea refused to permit a United Nations committee to visit the territory under its control.

Once Moscow had taken that step, our failure to take precautionary measures to defend South Korea against aggression from the north can hardly be understood, let alone condoned. If ever a preventive policy was called for, it was called for in this instance. Yet not only were no precautionary measures taken, but official statements were issued in Washington as late as January 1950 from which the only inference to be drawn was that the United States would not lift a finger to prevent aggression against South Korea.

In view of its consistent inconsistency it is difficult, even for the least prejudiced observer, to guess what present American foreign policy in the Far East may be. It would seem to be predicated upon the need for the rapid reconstruction of Japan as a major power to serve as a counterweight to the Soviet Union in the Far East—although the perilous uncer-

tainties in such a policy are glaringly apparent. But whatever it is, or is not, it is certainly not the policy of Franklin Roosevelt. His policy was to make China united and strong so that neither the Soviet Union nor any other alien power could dominate her. His policy was to achieve that objective by supporting the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek. That policy, since his death, has never been wholeheartedly pursued. It was essentially scrapped by the present Administration before the autumn of 1946. It was finally relegated to limbo when General Marshall, as Secretary of State in 1947, overruled General Wedemeyer's recommendation that the United States should give all-out support to the Chiang Kai-shek government.

It is hardly logical for the critics to allege that the Roosevelt policy has failed when it has never been given a fair trial.

IF THE time ever comes when international controversy is less rife and partisan passions here at home have cooled, the objective historian will, I believe, find that the agreement Roosevelt reached at Yalta with

Stalin and Churchill upon a postwar Far Eastern settlement was warranted in the light of existing conditions. The President could not then know that his military advisers were wrong and that Japan would surrender without an American invasion. He could not know that the co-operative relationship with Stalin that he had established would break down almost immediately after his death. In the winter of 1945 he hoped, as did Winston Churchill, that the Soviet government would stand to its obligations, as it had throughout the war years. He could not know that Soviet policy would suffer a radical transformation.

It was his decision that China should be the keystone in the arch of a new Asia. To him, the best way to get a unified and strong postwar China was to do what we could to support the Nationalist government and to make sure that all foreign powers respected her independence and integrity, in entire harmony with our traditional Open Door policy.

It has been the reversal of that decision that has so greatly contributed to the disastrous course of events in the Far East during the past four years.

Nocturne

PAUL MILLS

IT is always thus in this village where we loved.
Years and mountains have slowly grown, slowly
Dug roots in tear-soaked earth we stood on
And wrenched us asunder. So slowly, ripped hearts
Scabbed over as the wound was torn.

Yet always here, our love stalks the ways;
Lurks behind shadows, lies in old corners.
In those parks where our hearts sang together
I, alone in the dark, turn quickly to see
Peering from a bush the soft eyes of our love.
No choice: I must dare to watch, to shiver
As thin ectoplasmic fingers waver, grope
Slowly through the night, to and through bone
To slowly reach, close about, and twist my heart.

It is then I hammer reason with my eyes.
Beg Fate, Christ, Buddha, and the quiet stars
To give me back my love.

The Searchers

A Story by Susan Kuehn

Drawings by Aaron Sopher



THERE was no trace of Danny. He had been lost six hours by then. Lights swung in the darkness as our search party found the way back along the trail we had cut in entering the woods. Mud, caked by water, made my feet so heavy that it was hard to lift them each time. I touched my face, expecting to find a growth of beard, but there was only dirt. All around, there was the green smell of water, of sweat and damp wool clothes and always the scent of the wet, decaying earth. We came on the clearing of my father's farm suddenly to see it filled with people and alive with moving lights.

When my sister June hurried toward us, her hair was mussed up, and the wet night air made it spring up around her face. "What did you find, Graden?" she shouted.

I had to tell her there was no sign of her son. June was eight years old when I was born, but now I felt like the oldest. "We'll find him," I said. "Don't worry." But it was like talking to a stone.

She nodded, and some life came back into her face when she clutched at my arm. "You're not going to give up? You can't leave him alone in the woods at night."

"There must be fifty people out there now. They told us to turn back and get some rest."

"Graden, I'm sorry. I guess I'm half out of my mind," she said. She looked around the crowded yard. "Where's Kendall?" she asked, hunting for her husband. "I don't see him anywhere."

"He wouldn't turn back. He's still out there."



I looked at the dirt-smeared faces of the other men in the half-brightness of flashlights and lanterns and saw that most of them had long red scratches on their foreheads and cheeks. I felt my own face and took my hand away when I touched a gummy line at the jaw. A dot of caked blood lay in my palm. Everywhere in the woods, the branches had reached out to hold us back. Sometimes they held like rope around the waist, and we had to push hard to free ourselves, but there always would be the little, soft-looking ones that were the worst after all, because they clawed at our faces and clothes. Danny's little light sweater would be chewed to pieces by those thorny green branches alone. He was only six years old.

Women who lived near enough to make it had come, bringing food and coffee that we swallowed standing up that night, because the ground was cold, and there wasn't anywhere else to sit. A truck moved into the yard, carrying army cots, and we learned we were supposed to sleep there.

But I couldn't sleep for blaming myself. Danny might have been here now if I hadn't broken my promise to him. When June and her family drove up from Chicago, I had helped Danny build a little house in our back yard. It was going to be a copy of our place, front porch and all, and when he

started working on it, Danny forgot all about his toy model car collection. "You promised me you'd help with the house," he had said that morning. But I had to be a big shot because it was Saturday noon, and drive into Byron City in Kendall Jackson's blue Buick Riviera for everyone to see. I had bought Danny a can of brown paint at the hardware store that morning, to make up for leaving him behind. I felt it still in my pocket when I rolled over on the cot.

I opened my eyes to see June moving around the yard with the other women, pouring coffee and saying nothing. Inside the house, her little girl began to cry, and June hurried inside, coming back to stand in the doorway with Marcia in her arms.

"What are they here for?" the little girl asked. She stared at us. "When's Danny going to come to bed?"

"Never mind." June's voice was flat. She looked like Dad then, with the bones sticking up through her skin, and her lipstick gone.

"It's not fair for him to stay up later than me." But Marcia didn't complain when June took her back inside.

JUNE had been shouting for Danny when Kendall Jackson and I drove back from Byron City. Dad had been watching him when he disappeared, but Danny had gone so quickly that there was no way of telling which direction to follow. Help had come fast. All afternoon a string of cars drove up the bumpy dirt road that led off the highway. Nap Stoner came with Sherman Blatnik, his deputy. Sherman had brought his two bloodhounds with him—queer, ugly dogs with big muscles and sagging faces. I suppose it was the first time Sherman Blatnik had seen June in all the time she had been gone, but all he did was ask for something of Danny's so he could give the scent to the bloodhounds. She brought out his pajamas. They were blue, with little figures of Mickey Mouse on them. The druggist, Everett Handler, and the Cranstons had come over right away, and in the middle of the afternoon, forest rangers and game wardens began to turn up. Just before it got dark, National Guardsmen came. As each group started out, Nap Stoner or Sherman Blatnik had given a pistol to the leader. When

Danny was found, there would be four shots.

I could hear Dad's voice again as I lay on the cot. "This picture was taken in April, when Danny was in his school play," he said. "He's got real light curly hair. You'll be able to see it against the trees." His one good hand couldn't hold the picture still. "I told him to find me a little piece of wood for his house. I thought he was just going around the yard," he said, and you could tell by the way he said it that he had gone through the story so many times that the words didn't have any certain meaning for him any longer. "I just turned my head not more than fifty, sixty seconds."

I could hear Marcia sobbing inside the house. "Was she outside with them when it happened?" Nap Stoner asked.

"She's too young to understand. She never says the same thing twice," June answered. I watched her high heels sink into the earth beneath the sparse grass. "She thinks it's some kind of game."

"I just turned my head not more than fifty, sixty seconds," Dad said. He sat in one spot, not moving except when he turned to peer into the black edge of woods. And he was listening. I could tell that. Then he stood up and wandered off to the left.

"Where are you going?" Nap Stoner asked.

"Over to those spruce trees. I think he must have gone into the woods there."

"We've looked there," Nap told him. "The hounds didn't even get a scent."

"I was sure it was over there," Dad said, walking back to his seat. I noticed then that it was a stuffed parlor chair he had brought out from the house and set on the ground. I could remember when Mother picked out the red slip-cover material, and it looked crazy to see that chair sitting there on the grass.

I watched Everett Handler lie down on the cot next to mine. He was an ugly, good-natured man with scant, light eyebrows and lashes around his pale blue eyes, which gave the appearance of being all white. Before June had left for Chicago, she used to take me in town with her and buy me a coke at Everett's drug store while she would leaf through the movie magazines. That was one thing you could say about Everett, that he never complained when you looked through magazines you didn't buy. After June fin-

ished paging over the pictures of the stars, she would hold her chin up and throw her hair back over her shoulders. She combed her hair a lot those days.

What was it like for her, I wondered. When June married her boss in the Chicago insurance company, Dad and I hadn't gone. Instead, we used the train tickets and clothes money to buy a silver tray. Dad asked her to visit us, and once it looked as if they were coming, but at the last minute they couldn't make it after all. We didn't really believe they would come this time either until we actually saw them drive into the yard. Kendall Jackson had a little, trim mustache that reminded me of a movie star, but I couldn't remember just who. And although June didn't go into town and say hello to people she knew, she seemed glad to be back.

But there was one thing she didn't mention, and finally Dad spoke about it. "You didn't ask about Sherman Blatnik," he had said that morning in the kitchen.

She held a wet glass out in front of her. "How is he?" she said.

"He used to drop in and ask about you before you got married," Dad told her. "He's got a good farm and some hunting dogs."

I had watched her move back and forth from the cupboards. I liked the striped skirt and the high-heeled pumps she wore. "I'm glad he's doing well," she had said.

I lay on the cot, watching the sky and wishing I could fall asleep instead of thinking. When I saw the lights coming out of the trees, I thought maybe I had slept and turned the stars upside down in my mind so that they were on the earth instead of where they were supposed to be. But they were only more flashlights.



It was funny, I thought, how everything had happened at once. Dad got crippled in the tractor accident, and June went to Chicago. That morning, Danny had asked Dad why he couldn't move his arm. June had told him not to ask such things, and it surprised me to see her face get so red.

When someone touched me and said it was time to start out again, it was early morning. During the night, tents had been pitched across our property, and big food tables had been set up close to the house, where men now stood in a line waiting their turns. Nap Stoner was talking to some groups of men, new arrivals who had driven in that morning, and getting them ready to start into the swamp. Some of them I knew, and most of them I didn't.

"I've never seen so many men together like this except once," Mr. Cranston said when we were waiting in the coffee line. "It was a posse for a killer."

WE STARTED out again. The balsam and cedars were far enough apart at the edge so you wouldn't think they were dangerous, but the woods were a tangle further in. The ground was springy and wet all the time, no matter how little rain we had, and a storm two years before had knocked brush and trees down over holes so you could fall down twenty feet if you slipped into one of them. Sometimes, if a dog got lost and didn't return, people believed that this place was where it went. I had gone in there once, daring myself, but the thick tangle of trees made me turn back. I had cut in only far enough to say I had been inside. Even though it was bright outside, the trees were dark and wild-looking. Shaggy and massed together, they had a coldness about them. You could smell them, the oldness and the stale, molding pull in the nostrils.

Nowhere, even at our place, had there been a footstep of Danny's to follow, and we didn't see any now except for our own, looking like blurred scars in the muddy earth as we moved along. Although it was warm for October, it was moist inside the woods, and I put on the jacket I had tied around my waist. The land sloped downward toward a cedar bog. Danny had been wearing green overalls with a jersey of the same color, but

everything here was green—dark, pale, medium green. I hunted for a glimpse of his blond hair, and once I thought I saw it and shouted, but it turned out to be a clump of yellow leaves. A hole in my boot sole began to leak water until my right sock was wet through. I couldn't remember what kind of shoes Danny had worn.

All morning the woods were full of sound. Our group had Everett Handler, Joe Cranston, and his father in it. I didn't know the others by name. The men kept on shouting, but they stopped when they were too out of breath to keep on moving and call for Danny at the same time. I saw that Everett was getting winded already from so much walking. Finally, Mr. Cranston called back to us to rest for a minute. Although he was pretty far ahead, I could hear him talking to Everett.

"It's funny it would come down to her depending on us," he said.

"That must be almost ten years ago," Everett told him.

"That doesn't change it any," said Mr. Cranston.

We started out again. As I watched birds skim out of the trees and flutter against the leaves, I envied them because it would be so easy to fly and not fight through the wet, uneven ground as we had to do. A bee would buzz around my head, or a mosquito would sing in my ear so that it was a relief when it finally stung me and died with my slap. But the sound that I heard all the time was the noise of my own breathing. I kept wishing that I could put one foot down after the other and be sure I was stepping on something safe and level and certain. It was funny how, in a clearing, a spot a hundred yards away could look so comfortable, but it was just as full of briars as the rest of the land when we reached it. It was all a web of twigs that cut against our faces.

I left my jacket hanging on a tree, because it was too heavy and caught too many thorns. Since it was red, I knew I could find it again. The ground broke away when I moved down a steep hill toward the creek in front of me. The grade was so sudden that my shoulder nearly touched the earth, and the wet, black dirt crumbled under my boots to roll into the ravine below. Then my feet, that had been so sure before, couldn't keep up with the speed I was traveling, and I found myself roll-

ing too, but never as fast as the crumbling earth that slid and ran down the hill before me. I fell all the way, and my mouth was full of dirt when I stopped. More stones broke loose under my feet. With a wrench inside me, I heard them drop and roll against the rocky edge of a hole I might have stepped into myself. When I looked down into the hole, I didn't find what I was looking for and yet afraid to see. He wasn't there.

It was easier to move down a hill than to go back up again. I couldn't find anything to cling to. Small plants growing on the hillside pulled loose in my fingers as I grasped them. I walked in the creek, because there were fewer branches there to slap against my face and catch on my clothes. Finally, I found myself standing in water that reached only an inch below the top of my boots. I tried to climb the steep slope of brown earth, but it broke apart underneath my feet and sent me back again to the water with a splash. I stood in the creek again, watching water drip into the pool at my feet. There was no way of knowing how long I stood there, too tired to move right away and wondering how soon the water would rise above my boots. The sky was nearly hidden by the trees, and I had no watch. I didn't feel as if I had a bit of strength left. Sometime later, I saw a root embedded in the ground, the only thing I hadn't noticed before, and I held it in my right hand and put my left behind me for leverage. The root held, then moved out of the ground. I held it with both hands for the last try, but it pulled loose and dangled from my fingers.

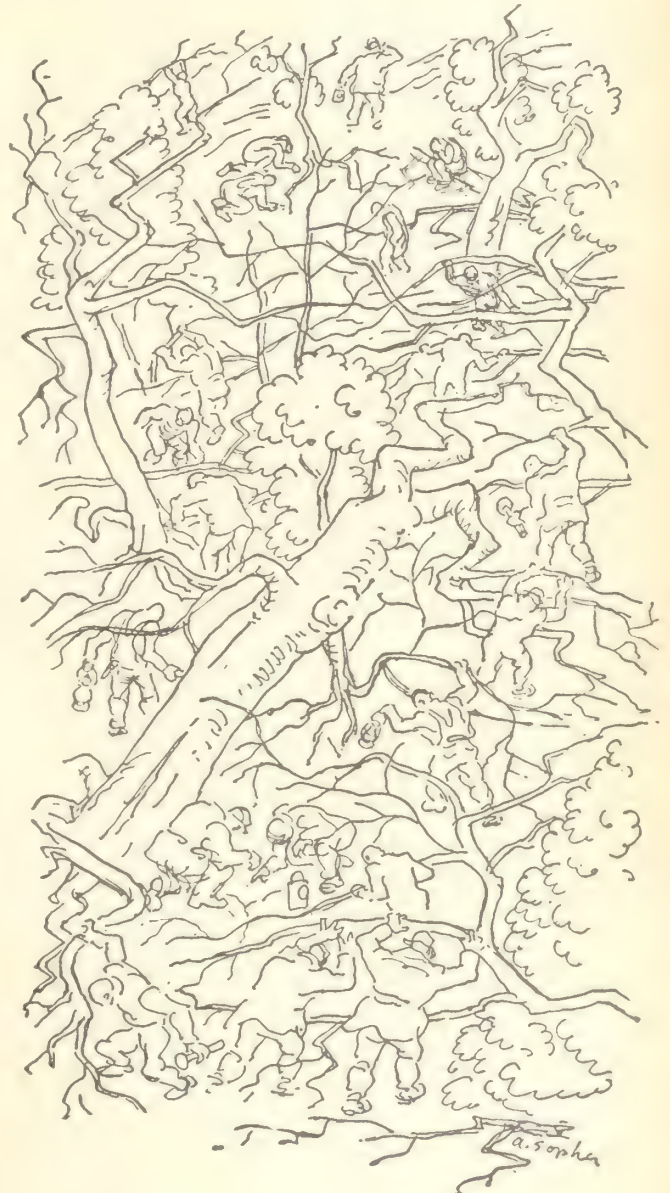
When I got my breath back, I dug my hands into the ground, clawing it while I crawled up the hill. It worked. But when I went to get my jacket, it was gone. I wondered who could have taken it, because I had the right tree for sure. Didn't I? I couldn't remember, and I knew I, too, was lost.

Terror came sudden and swift when I saw I had closed myself in with branches. Where was the opening? How had I come into this place at all? When I tried to part the thorny branches, they caught at my sweater and pants like barbed wire so I couldn't move. They made holes in the cloth and worked their way past the material into my skin. As I clawed, searching for an opening, a branch snapped against my eyeball. For a long time,

I was afraid to open my eye for fear it would fall out.

The smell of molding ground was heavy around me. I looked down to see a fresh footprint in the wetness, but I realized almost right away that it was my own. I had made it only a few minutes before.

"Danny!" I yelled. I knew now how scared he must be, how tired and wet and scratched. "Danny!" Far off, I could hear the shouts of



the men. What if Danny, too, tried to shout at us and was caught somewhere in a hole so he couldn't move? I moved, to hear the marshy ground suck against my foot. It wasn't safe to stay there. I yelled out for Danny once more and heard something come through the twigs and dry branches. They crackled like fire as they broke. It was

Everett Handler, panting as he cut away the branches to free me. He had found my jacket. It had been only a couple of yards away all that time, and the men, too, were closer than I had thought. It took us only about fifteen minutes to get back to them. Because there was no place to sit down, they half-leaned against the birch trees surrounding us. The birches weren't strong enough to hold our weight, but the other trees had too many needles to be comfortable. A few of the men were smoking.

"Do you remember the time the little girl got lost over near Pear River, and they found her just as good as new?" asked Everett. He wiped his steaming face against his sweater sleeve.

A few of the men remembered.

WE CAME out of the woods for the second time on Sunday afternoon, to meet the faces of Dad and June. Their eyes were dark, made small by lack of sleep. Marcia knew what it was all about by then.

"Danny!" she called as she ran over to the edge of the woods. "Come back and finish your house." June had to run after Marcia and catch her in her arms to keep the little girl away from the trees.

"Danny, why don't you answer?" she shouted, trying to get away from June.

"Mother, can't you make him *talk* to me?"

But most of the time, Marcia stayed close to the house and didn't complain when one of the other women watched over her to give June a rest. Jackson spent nearly all his time in the woods. When his group came in, he would join another, eating whatever food he could find to carry.

The damp night air was no good for Dad, but he wouldn't go inside. That night I found him standing in the yard, looking at a mound of stones and wood.

"Danny's house," he said. "He never got to finish it. Do you suppose he tried to build something out there?"

"It's going to be all right," I told him, and thought of the water holes inside that were deeper than a man is tall. "We're going to find him."

"I shouldn't have asked her to come back at all," Dad said.

Word came on Monday night that one of Sherman Blatnik's hounds had struck a fresh trail on the ground above the cedar bog. When Nap Stoner's party came back with the news, June stepped forward as if she couldn't quite believe it. Nothing would stop her from going out herself as we all started back toward the woods.

"Why don't you stay here?" Kendall asked her. "If we get a track, I'll let you know."

"I've been here too long. I've imagined myself out there so many times that I might as well be," she answered, and there was no way for him to keep her back.

She moved ahead as fast as anyone, although her feet kept slipping, and her breath came in jerks.

"You're tired already," he said.

"No," she said sharply. "Leave me alone."

"I've done all I could," he said. "I've looked until it doesn't seem possible he's in there at all. He had his toys. Why did he go looking for a piece of wood?"

"He was building that house. Maybe he liked it because I used to live there. Isn't that a reason?"



"But he had his toys. I don't understand it."

"You shouldn't keep asking that," she said. "Maybe he'll tell us himself. Maybe they'll have found him when we get there."

"Don't," he told her, and the word was like a shout. "Don't even hope until we know."

"You don't think we'll find him, do you?" she asked.

"We can't be sure until," and he stopped for a second. "Until we get there and find out."

I walked behind them, swinging my flashlight off toward the trees. Everything seemed much stiller than it was by day. Kendall lit a cigarette, and the smoke curled up as if it were climbing the beam of light. I turned the flashlight on the ground. It was funny to see my own feet come out of the dark, as if they weren't part of me any longer.

There were bonfires in the swamp, and you could see them shining through the trees. They were beacons for Danny and places where the men could warm themselves and dry their clothing. Guides and trappers were crisscrossing the ground when we got there. I heard Sherman Blatnik's voice before I saw him.

"The dog's lame, but we've got to hold to the scent while it's warm," he was saying. Then, in the swinging gleam of a flashlight, I had a glimpse of his cap and his dark face, made darker by a growth of whiskers. I watched June rush toward him, while Kendall walked over to Nap Stoner. Looking at her and Sherman Blatnik, I wondered if things might have been different if he could have done as much for her ten years ago as he did now.

"What have you found out?" she asked.

"Nothing yet," and his voice was soft. I watched him take June over to the nearest bonfire to wait while the search went on. Then he came back to the dogs, and I could see her, huddling her hands into her sleeves as she stood with her back to the fire.

EACH minute could bring Danny or another sign, but the minutes went by empty until Sherman Blatnik's dog went completely lame. Someone was sent back for fresh hounds, because Sherman refused to give up until another dog came to pick up the scent. But it was no use. The first

hound simply couldn't go on, and when they came back with another, the trail had been lost.

I think that was the time when June gave up hope. She left the fire and didn't look at anyone. She didn't seem to feel even Kendall's arm holding her to keep her from stumbling. Once I saw her pull her arm away from his. It was a long, terribly quiet walk back. All through the woods, it smelled like decay.

When they told Dad that the scent had faded, he was quiet, and I was afraid he was going to collapse. He gripped the stuffed arms of his parlor chair, just staring into those trees. I noticed he was trying to say something to June, but he couldn't seem to get started.

"I tell you it's my fault," he said finally.

"Don't blame yourself," June said in a strained voice.

"I've got to tell you," he said. "I dozed off for a minute in the yard. That must be when he wandered off."

Something flickered up on her face to fade out there. "Asleep?"

"I was happy, I guess," he said, as if he were apologizing. "It was nice out, and I was thinking that you were home again. And Danny was out there playing next to me. I just dropped off."

June's face was all closed up so you couldn't see anything in it. "I understand," she said.

More men kept on coming every hour. An airplane flew over the next day to help guide search parties through the densest part of the woods, although we probably didn't cover more than six square miles altogether. The mosquitoes got worse every time we went in. I thought of Danny's thin jersey almost all the time, but the idea of what must be going through his mind was something I didn't want to think about.

A photographer who had driven up from Minneapolis edged around, taking pictures. He got Dad to stand at the place in the yard where he had first missed Danny. Then he had June pose for him, and somebody brought Marcia out to be in the picture. At the entrance to the woods, the men's feet had worn a heavy band of bootprints into the grass Dad and I had planted. The prints were ground into the earth, and they looked more like huge toothmarks than anything else.

All day long in the woods, the sky had the same color. It appeared in scraps between patches of interlaced branches above our heads, always gray, although the gray had a glow behind it at noon. The brightness behind the sky went away as it got later. It was flat gray just before it turned dark. Old leaves of red and yellow had fallen into the mud where they seemed to be melting into the ground as if they had been chewed. That night was bad, worse than usual, because a mist crept into the trees. And we were so tired by then that it didn't seem worth it to stand in line for food any more, and time passed steadily without any sharp moments. They were all alike.

I was asleep when I heard the pistol shots. When I was on my feet, I heard them again, and the people rushing toward the wood made me certain that it had been no dream. But instead of four, they came two at a time. It was Jackson who suddenly got excited this time.

"Did you hear it?" he shouted at June, although she was beside him.

"Yes," she said. "I heard the shots." But her voice didn't lift to his.

Somewhere near the house, I heard the women start a hymn that was sung at the Lutheran church in Byron City. Men left their cots to dash off into the swamp. I felt a long shudder of relief run through me like a chill.

Jackson was gone when I looked again for him. As I ran toward the balsam trees at the swamp opening, the shouts had died down, and there was only the women's singing and another sound, the heavy breath of Everett Handler beside me.

"I wonder why it was only two shots," he said.

"They add up to four," I told him. "That's the signal."

"But they weren't together."

We moved faster than we ever had, along a trail that had been cleared out by four days of men passing through. Before we had gone half a mile, lights came toward us, and I saw Mr. Cranston and Sherman Blatnik carrying Nap Stoner.

"Nap fired those shots," Mr. Cranston said. "Fell in a bog and maybe broke his leg."

"Go and tell her," Sherman told me. "It was no signal."

DANNY would not be found. The hounds followed scents, then lost them again as they trailed off into nothing. It was like looking for something lost inside the house that was there a minute ago, and finally searching places where you knew it couldn't be. They brought in the dogs to rest. Their flews hung down so far it was a wonder their collars didn't choke them. By Wednesday, all the hounds were lame and couldn't keep on. The National Guards started to leave, and when their leader said that Danny couldn't still be alive, he said just what most had been thinking.

Nap Stoner had sprained his ankle when he fell, so Sherman Blatnik took his place and said he would keep on going. The guard members went away because they had done their best while there was the most hope, and people from the resorts began to drift off, too. Once the feeling started to grow, there was no holding it back. As each group slipped away, Dad tried to make them see that Danny was big and strong for his age and dressed in warm enough clothes to keep him alive. Finally, the Byron City group started leaving on Friday, not long after we heard Nap Stoner had pneumonia. They remembered searches for other children who were never found.

Sherman Blatnik told June the men would give up the search by nightfall if they weren't any luckier than they had been up to then. There hadn't been a sign—no discarded jersey or lost shoe fallen in the trailless woods. Although I expected June to speak she didn't but looked at Sherman and nodded. It was Dad, instead, who tried to argue with the men.

"Give it one more day, why don't you?"

"There's no use," Joe Cranston's father said.

"He just wandered off in a minute. He couldn't have gone so far that you could miss him," Dad said. "I just looked away for a couple of seconds."

Dad didn't say any more after that. He just looked from one face to another, searching for something he never seemed to find, because he finally turned away and walked into the house. I'll never forget how strange that red parlor chair looked then, standing alone on the bumpy ground. As he went in, I thought the sky grew darker, dim somehow.

When he was gone, Jackson tried to keep the men going.

"We can't stop now," he said. "We'll never know what happened to him if we do. I've got money." It was the first time he mentioned what we all took for granted.

"It wouldn't do any good," Everett Handler said when it seemed that no one at all would answer. "How can you spread any amount of money among so many men?"

"It can be done," Jackson said, but June stopped him.

"No," she said, "they don't ask for pay." Then she looked straight at us, and in spite of the men's talking about her going away from Byron City as she did, they couldn't say she wasn't strong. "It has to be stopped sometime. You can leave now. It won't help to stay for nightfall." I looked at her and expected her to scream out, and I finally wished she would let go, but her face was tight.

Most of them turned for home then. "I've got to get back," Everett said in his gentle voice. "My wife can't handle the drug store alone." His big face was splotchy, and I suppose the week had been harder on him than he ever let on. Four men stayed. Besides myself, there were Jackson, the newspaper photographer, and Sherman Blatnik. I never thought of stopping. I was afraid to, because then I'd imagine how different things would have been if I hadn't gone into town in that fancy Buick. And I had thought I could make it up to him with a little can of brown paint. The others had their reasons clear enough. One had to finish up his job, and the other wanted to show that he wasn't holding what had happened almost ten years ago against anyone. And there was Jackson, who would keep on going as long as he could. But I wondered if the men who weren't with us any longer hadn't been the best of the group. They had stayed all that time, although few of them had ever seen Danny, and though some blamed June for leaving their town.

The sky, drab all day, seemed to draw into itself as we walked toward the woods for the last time. Suddenly something damp was cold against my face, and it was snowing. Hopelessly, we stood and watched the loose, filmy mass come down, sparse at first and then quickening until it spun at us with fran-



tic force. It hung to the shoulders of our coats and began to cover the ground.

"That means it's freezing," Jackson said in a dead voice. "We might as well give up."

Although it was mid-afternoon, the sky turned dark. As I watched Sherman Blatnik and the photographer drive off, the snow slanted down against the road. Nobody was in the yard any more, not even the chair was left.

Jackson went in, and I watched the lights turn on inside our house. He and Dad sat across the room from each other. I saw June touch Dad's shoulder, and she tried to smile. I went in then, and at the doorway I took off my cap and shook it to get off the snow. Some of the flakes had melted already, and I watched one cling to the damp wool, stretch out and hang there before it fell to the floor. That was what losing hope looked like.

Free Press *vs.* Fair Trial

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

A FORMER federal judge, discussing the handling of newsworthy trials by the press and radio, recently wrote: "If you or I wrote upon a little memorandum, 'I think Witness X is a liar and you should not believe a word he says,' and if you or I handed that memorandum on the courthouse steps to a juror, we may be sure that whoever was trying that case would send the bailiff to fetch us forthwith before the court where we would be dealt with summarily. Why should it make a difference that I have a big machine which multiplies that memorandum into a million copies and that I have a newsboy deliver it to the jury for me?"

Readers who followed the newspaper accounts of the two trials in Federal Court of Alger Hiss for perjury will realize that former Federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind must have had in mind the Hiss case as well as other recent trials when he wrote the above paragraph. It appeared in an article entitled "When the Press Collides with Justice," printed in the May 1950 issue of the *Bar Bulletin* of the New York County Lawyers Association.

Judge Rifkind wrote that he was not so much attacking the press as underscoring a conflict within the Constitution itself: the incompatibility of the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech and the press, and the Fifth, which assures every in-

dividual of due process—a fair trial. That the First might one day override the Fifth could not have been foreseen by the framers of the Bill of Rights. For they lived before the days of powerful mass media, which are not always judicial in their handling of a noteworthy criminal case.

It will be recalled that the motives of witnesses who appeared for Hiss, including two United States Supreme Court justices, were impugned by columnists, that evidence ruled out by the first trial judge immediately appeared in print, and that only a few newspapers felt obliged by our Anglo-Saxon tradition to give the defendant the benefit of the doubt until he was proven guilty.

This is not the first or only time the press and radio have been criticized by the bar. In the nineteen-thirties the exploitation of the Hauptmann trial by the sensational press and some radio stations alarmed the American Bar Association. Last year the question whether an untrammelled press nullifies the individual's right to a fair trial was revived not only by the press handling of the Hiss trials, but by the coverage in advance of the trial of Dr. Hermann N. Sander, charged in Manchester, New Hampshire, with a mercy killing; by the press lynching in New York City of Raymond M. Fernandez and Mrs. Martha Beck, who were later convicted of the robbery and brutal murder of a Long Island

A staff writer on the Herald Tribune, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley first investigated the problem she discusses here in a newspaper story she wrote last June. As a member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union she has special interest in the subject.

woman; and by the court controversy growing out of broadcasts by several Baltimore radio stations which told of the purported confession of a Negro arrested for the murder of a child.

IN THE last two cases the damning evidence against the defendants—their alleged confessions—was obtained by the newspapers and radio stations from the police; these were examples of how law enforcement authorities often become a party to trial by press and radio. In the Fernandez-Beck case, the pair confessed to the police in Grand Rapids, Michigan, that they had murdered a woman there, with her child, as well as the one on Long Island. They were extradited to New York and a change of venue was granted by the court from Nassau to Bronx County, on the ground that “the news accounts in Long Island newspapers of the couple’s alleged murder activities had created an atmosphere prejudicial to a fair trial there.” But the New York City newspapers had published full accounts, too, and they are read in the Bronx.

Looking at criminal trials in general, Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson of the United States Supreme Court said last July in a speech at Leland Stanford University Law School:

The custom of injecting evidence and opinions upon the trial by publicity proceeds to such a point that verdicts in highly publicized American cases will no more really represent the jurors’ dispassionate personal judgment on the legal evidence than do those of the “People’s Courts” we so criticize abroad.

The law journals for their part are asking, shall the First Amendment or the Fifth be held paramount? Is it possible for a defendant to have a fair trial in court when the press acts as prosecutor, judge, and jury? Should we be better off if our judges were as free as are English judges to fine and even imprison newspaper editors and publishers who go beyond official court proceedings in their reporting of a pending case?

Justice Felix Frankfurter, who found occasion to complain of press practices long before he became involved in the first Hiss trial as a character witness, apparently thinks we should be better off. “It will hardly be claimed,” he

wrote in 1946, “that the press is less free in England than in the United States. Nor will any informed person deny that the administration of justice is more effective there than here. . . . Freedom of the press is not an end in itself, but a means to the end of a good society.” “The right to influence juries,” he added, “is no more freedom of speech than stuffing a ballot box is an exercise of the right to vote.”

II

WRITING from the standpoint of one who had sat on the bench of the Southern District of New York for fourteen years, until May 1950, Judge Rifkind in his article in the *Bar Bulletin* gave his view of the impact on the jury of press reports of newsworthy cases:

The process of erosion begins long before the trial. . . . By the time the [jury] panel is called to the courthouse its members have been living in a climate surcharged with emotion either favorable or unfavorable to one of the litigants.

Then comes the trial itself. In the ordinary unpublicized case evidence that is irrelevant to the crime is excluded by the judge, after a conference with counsel, and the jury never hears of it, Judge Rifkind explained. But in a newsworthy case the excluded evidence is spread on the front pages of the newspapers and retailed over the radio. Or if the judge has ruled that a witness need not answer a question, “the jury can still get what purports to be the answer in a column written by a hypothetical Mr. Sokolborn.” “So,” Judge Rifkind commented, “we have unsworn testimony, unconfounded-witness testimony, uncross-examined testimony going to the jurors.”

Jurors can be directed by the trial judge, and usually are, not to look at the newspapers or listen to the radio while the trial is on. A waste of breath, in Judge Rifkind’s opinion. A judge might as well “ask Katharine Hepburn not to read her press notices following an opening night.”

The jurors could conceivably be locked up and insulated for the duration, but if they faced such a prospect, Judge Rifkind asked,

could a sufficient number be empaneled to try a case that was sure to be protracted?

In his bill of particulars against the press Judge Rifkind might have quoted the late Clarence Darrow. Years ago the dean of criminal lawyers said: "As the law stands today there is no important criminal case where the newspapers are not guilty of contempt of court day after day. But nothing is done about it. . . . The truth is that the courts and the lawyers don't like to proceed against newspapers, which are too powerful."

Judge Rifkind might even have quoted a powerful newspaper on its own and other papers' sins. In 1924, as Leopold and Loeb were awaiting trial for the murder of the Franks child in Chicago, the *Chicago Tribune* said in an editorial:

The courts are in the Colosseum. The Franks case . . . is an aggravated instance of what has happened with increasing frequency for two decades since the Thaw trial and before. . . . The dangerous initiative that newspapers have taken in judging and convicting out of court is journalistic lynch law. It is mob murder or mob acquittal in all but the overt act. Prosecuting attorneys now hasten to the papers with their theories and confessions. . . . Defense attorneys do the same thing. . . .

"Drastic restriction of publicity before the trial," the *Tribune* declared, "must be imposed by law."

Now, twenty-six years later, the *Tribune* has reversed its field. Having only censorious words for Mr. Justice Frankfurter, "Mr. Hiss' dear friend," and never one to admit that anything good can come out of Britain, Colonel McCormick's paper said in an editorial on February 1, 1950, that "the British operate what amounts to an official censorship," which leaves their newspapers unable "to expose official corruption, vigilance against which is a primary function of American newspapers."

More recently, on November 27, the *Tribune*, in commenting on Judge Rifkind's article, said, "Hiss was brought to justice only because, first, the House Committee on Un-American Activities persisted in uncovering his record . . . and, second, unbiased American newspapers printed what the committee found out."

LESS ready to endorse the British practice than Mr. Justice Frankfurter, the Supreme Court majority has so far failed to say at what point freedom of press and of speech on the radio impinges on due process. The Court has passed on a number of cases in which editors and publishers have been convicted of contempt by state courts for having either lambasted a judge's decision or all but threatened him before he had acted. In all these cases the Court majority has lined up on the side of freedom of the press. It has refused to concede that any judge could show such "a lack of firmness, wisdom, or honor" as to be swayed by what was said of him or to him in print. But so far the Court has avoided telling us whether jurors may be supposed to be as immune as judges to outside influence.

In its October 1949 term the Court declined to review the case brought by the State of Maryland against three Baltimore radio stations which had been fined \$300 each in a lower court, following their citation for contempt. They were charged under a rule similar to the English, adopted by the city bench in 1939.

The stations had broadcast the news that a thirty-one-year-old Negro, Eugene H. James, had been arrested for the brutal murder of a child, had confessed to the police and reenacted his crime; and also that he had admitted to attacking a white woman in the same woods some time previously and had served eight years in prison for a series of stabbing attacks on women. A commentator for one of the stations had prefaced his broadcast with, "Stand by for a sensation," and used lurid details in reciting the story. This commentator was personally fined \$100.

"The Court cannot help but feel," Judge John B. Gray said in his oral opinion, "that the broadcasts . . . must have had an indelible effect upon the public mind and that that effect was one that was bound to follow the members into the jury room."

Change of venue to another county, he continued, would not have helped the defendant, since one radio station had a radius of 750 miles. Screening of jurors would have been no better remedy, since questions put to prospective talesmen as to whether they had heard the radio story would have "driven just one more nail into James' coffin."

As the case turned out, James, on advice of counsel, forewent a jury trial, and was tried by a judge. He pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, his counsel claiming that the confession, because it had been obtained improperly, was inadmissible. He was convicted by the trial judge of first degree murder and sentenced to death.

It was not, of course, James' guilt or innocence that concerned the court, but the principle involved—the interference with due process.

The radio stations claimed another principle was at stake—free speech and a free press. They were supported in their appeal by the American Civil Liberties Union, while the Maryland Civil Liberties Committee, an affiliate, backed the contempt convictions on due process grounds—proof of how thorny was the issue.

THE convictions were reversed by a majority of the Maryland Court of Appeals, which held that prospective jurors would not necessarily have been prejudiced by the radio broadcasts. "There are citizens," the opinion read, "who by training and character are capable of the same firmness and impartiality as the judiciary." (The court did not say whether only such citizens are invariably selected to sit on juries.)

The Maryland Court of Appeals buttressed its opinion by citing previous United States Supreme Court decisions in which a majority had held that the publication in question had not presented "a clear and present danger" to the administration of justice. In the *Bridges* case, in 1941, Justice Hugo L. Black wrote that even if an out-of-court publication had had "a reasonable tendency . . . to interfere with the orderly administration of justice" it would not be sufficient to establish punishable contempt.

"The substantial evil likely to result," Mr. Justice Black wrote, "must be extremely serious and the degree of imminence extremely high before utterance can be punished." (This high court decision involved two contempt citations based on an allegedly threatening telegram Harry Bridges had sent a judge who was passing on a labor dispute, and three editorials about another case printed by the *Los Angeles Times*, calling on a judge not to grant probation to two "gorillas.")

While the Maryland Court of Appeals thought it was following Supreme Court precedent, Mr. Justice Frankfurter later wrote that the high court's refusal to pass on the case did "not remotely imply approval or disapproval" of the state court's action. In an unusual opinion he went out of his way to say, "Wise adjudication has its own time for ripening."

Then, as if to hint at his own views, Mr. Justice Frankfurter digested in an appendix thirteen English decisions, some recent and all twentieth-century, in which punishment was meted out to editors and publishers. The most recent English case cited, one decided in 1949, was almost a dead ringer for the Maryland case. It concerned a man named Haigh, a so-called Bluebeard, who had been arrested and charged with murder. He was in custody when the London *Daily Mirror* said that he had committed other murders. The newspaper published a photograph of one of his alleged victims with a description of the manner in which the crime had been committed. Whereupon Haigh sued the editor and publisher for criminal libel. The court said that the truth of the publication was immaterial, but that the story had made it very difficult for Haigh to get a fair trial. Accordingly, the court sent the editor of the newspaper to jail for three months, fined the publisher £10,000 plus costs, and warned the directors of the company that the arm of the law would be long enough to reach even them in the future.

In another case, decided in 1936, a fine of fifty pounds was imposed for the use of a caption, "Attempt on the King's Life," accompanying a news film which depicted the arrest of a man after a revolver had fallen close to the King's horse. Subsequently the man was charged merely with unlawful possession of firearms.

WHILE English newspaper readers learned only that Klaus Fuchs had been arrested as an atomic spy—and got no more facts until he pleaded guilty in court—we in this country read all about his confession and the manner of his espionage long before the case was disposed of by the British court.

Subsequent to Fuchs' arrest, the persons charged with atomic spying here were convicted by the newspapers well before trial,

whether or not they confessed. For the Federal Bureau of Investigation in each instance obligingly supplied full details about the alleged spies' operations.

Not only defendants accused of treason and political crimes have their guilt prejudged. When an arrest has been made for a shocking crime, a favorite device of the police and prosecuting officials is to obtain a confession and publicize it, the better to advertise their own zeal. And otherwise sophisticated newspaper readers tend to believe that a confession reported by the authorities must be the real thing in this country, if not behind the Iron Curtain.

Yet Professor Edwin Borchard of Yale University Law School, in his book, *Convicting the Innocent*, published in 1932, cautioned that confessions, while they may often be conclusive, need to be scrutinized. "Persons charged with crime," he wrote, "are not infrequently of defective or inferior intellect, and even without the use of formal third-degree methods, the influence of a strong mind upon a weaker often produces by persuasion or suggestion the desired result. . . ."

Where there has been no confession the public appetite for revenge, whetted by the press, may compel a defendant's conviction. "In fourteen cases," Professor Borchard wrote, "in which the frightful mistake committed might have been avoided, public opinion was excited and moved by revenge to demand a sacrifice, a demand to which prosecution and juries are not impervious."

Certainly it can be argued that if Hauptmann had in fact been innocent, no jury which valued its collective life would have dared acquit him.

III

SOME of those who think that "trial by newspaper" is a boggy and not a reality, insist that newspapers have no more influence on jurors than on voters. Jurors, the *Yale Law Journal* argues, are creatures of their environment, and press comment makes a strong impression on them only when it conforms to pre-existing stereotypes in the public mind. In other words, the newspapers tend to follow, rather than to create bias. Yet no one will deny that when the newspapers publish a damaging revelation about a

political candidate, as for instance the Hanley letter in the 1950 senatorial campaign in New York, it costs him votes. By the same token, publication of a confession made to the police, or of facts supplied by the latter about a defendant's record, would seem bound to affect the judgment of prospective jurors.

We have only to look honestly into our own minds to know that our attitude toward a defendant is colored by what we read or hear on the radio. And it seems doubtful that all prejudiced jurors can be weeded out by defense counsel's questioning and use of challenges, a device not considered necessary in English courts. In Judge Rifkind's opinion all jurors drawn to try a widely publicized case are bound to be "precharged human vessels" if they are not "blind, deaf, or illiterate."

Those of us who have not served as jurors in criminal trials are more in the dark about what happens to jurors' minds and consciences once they are empaneled, ordered by the judge to consider only the evidence presented in court, and made aware of their solemn responsibility. Will they be inevitably influenced, as Judge Rifkind claims, by what they may read or hear on the outside?

Social scientists say we don't yet know the answer, but constitutional lawyers point out that even if one juror is swayed the harm is done. The jury system, they remind us, presupposes that all twelve jurors decide the case on the same body of evidence and arguments, and that all testimony be subject to cross-examination.

Summing up the situation, Mr. Justice Jackson said at Palo Alto, "The trial judge has largely lost control of the influences that can be brought to bear upon the jury."

IT is easier to describe an evil than it is to prescribe a wise remedy. Three possible reforms have been suggested: (1) legal restraints on press and radio; (2) self-regulation by them; (3) the cutting off of information now freely supplied by the police and prosecuting authorities.

To effect the first reform, laws would have to be passed by Congress and the states making executives of newspapers and radio stations liable to fines and imprisonment if they reported (a) the criminal record of the accused; (b) an alleged confession bearing on his guilt; (c) any statement by a constituted

authority bearing on his guilt; (d) any person's testimony as to the defendant's guilt; (e) any comment as to the credibility of a witness or prospective witness; (f) any statement as to matter excluded from evidence by the court at the trial of the accused on his objection.

This is certainly a drastic proposal. Some law journals have held that it would lead to the judicial tyranny that has been imputed to the English system. The *Harvard Law Review* disagrees, suggesting that this danger could be averted by providing for a trial by jury—and under a different judge—of the publisher or radio station owner charged with contempt. (In the Baltimore case, a judge from another jurisdiction tried the contempt charges but the radio stations did not have the benefit of a jury trial.)

Yet even if those charged with contempt had the full benefit of due process, there would be grave danger that legislatures and lower courts which once started limiting the freedom of the press would, like the camel with its nose under the tent, go beyond protection of the rights of the defendant and limit all reporting of trials, as in England, to the court record. Then, when a Sacco and Vanzetti or a Scottsboro or a Samuel Insull case were up, the newspapers would not be free to ventilate such facts as they could ascertain, and to make their own comments.

The view that nothing short of legal restraints will correct the situation has come close to being adopted by the Bill of Rights committee of the influential Association of the Bar of the City of New York. In an interview given this writer last June the chairman of the committee said that "tentative" recommendations for such legislation as that outlined above, were being considered. But for the present the committee has decided to seek with the New York publishers a voluntary *modus operandi* under which both courts and newspapers would endeavor to protect the rights of defendants.

IV

SELF-REGULATION is no new idea. After the Hauptmann trial a special committee of the American Bar Association recommended not only that photographers be excluded from the courtroom and the dignity

of the proceedings be preserved, but that "newspaper accounts of criminal proceedings be limited to accounts of occurrences in court without argument of the case to the public"; that no popular referendum be taken during the trial as to the guilt of the defendant; and that bulletins by the defense to the public be forbidden.

The ABA set up a committee to meet with representatives of the press and radio, but nothing came of the *démarche*. Now Judge Rifkind and the New York County Lawyers Association talk of an agreement that may be worked out, and the New York City Bar Association's committee hopes that a plan which could not be implemented nationwide may succeed citywide.

The hope would seem to be forlorn. As the *Chicago Tribune* pointed out years ago, newspapers which depend on sensation for circulation can hardly be expected to abide by a self-denying convention, and if one newspaper broke the code, others would have to follow in self-defense.

The *Yale Law Journal* had a point when it said: "Unrestricted comment is an important check on corrupt, inadequate, abusive, or politically dominated police and judicial authority. . . . Restrictions on the press would keep from circulation some material vitally needed by an informed electorate." The journal did not add, but might have, that our police are more corruptible than the English and our courts not so free from political influence.

It would seem wise policy, in view of all the losses and gains, to let the press print what it thinks and what it can find out on its own initiative.

BUT is it wise policy for public authorities to pass on to the press revelations that should be reserved for presentation at the trial, provided the judge allows them in evidence? Should not the courts, acting independently of the newspapers, discipline their own officers and cut off at its source the stream of information which regularly flows to popular media from prosecuting attorneys, the police, and the FBI? Granted that such a rule would put a crimp in the political ambitions of prosecuting officials who, as the *Chicago Tribune* said, "now hasten to the papers with their theories and

confessions," and would mean less publicity for the front-page-loving FBI. But vested interest in self-advertisement should hardly be held paramount to the requirements of justice.

Under a rule of this kind, confessions—whether obtained fairly or unfairly—could not be disclosed to the press, nor facts about the defendant's record. This would seem reasonable enough to most thoughtful Americans until an attempt were made, as happened recently, on the President's life. Then many would say the public had a right to know not only whether an arrest had been made, but whether the man had confessed and in what detail, and all that the authorities had learned of his background.

Since we have less self-restraint than the British, who waited to learn the facts about the man whose revolver dropped close to the King's horse, a rule of silence imposed on the police and prosecuting officials would in a crisis take some getting used to. It would be acceptable only if the courts brought to speedy trial defendants accused of crimes infused with great public interest.

At present, reporters will tell you, police and district attorneys in most jurisdictions are ready and eager to pass out not only news of confessions but juicy evidence, provided this will not tip their hands. The situation was a little different in Baltimore, where the court rule forbids disclosure by officials. And yet, after James' arrest, when the police station was swarming with diligent reporters, some member of the police force must have talked; for the newsmen dug out the story of the confession and phoned the Police Commissioner, who directly or indirectly confirmed it.

If a no-disclosure rule were enforced in earnest, no news of a confession, bearing an official stamp, could be published. While there would conceivably be leaks from the

prosecutor's office, these would be few if the bench dealt severely with offenders. The secrecy successfully imposed on grand jury proceedings proves that an inquisitive press can be balked.

Such a reform would not remove all the threats to justice. A newsboy would still be free to hand a juror a printed comment on a witness' reliability or on the defendant's alleged guilt, or a story detailing excluded evidence. But the chance of empaneling unprejudiced jurors would be greatly enhanced.

If we prevented prosecuting officials from making improper disclosures, this would not, it goes without saying, save from trial by press and radio a man who, like Alger Hiss, had already been accused by a congressional committee in open hearing, without benefit of due process. It seems clear to this writer, who happens to believe Hiss was guilty as charged but had long since ceased to be a danger to the State, that the House Committee's handling of his case would have militated against a fair trial regardless of the nature of the press coverage following his indictment and during his two ordeals in court. But every man tried in court has not come first before a congressional committee. For the benefit of defendants generally, the courts and bar associations should consider a reform in procedure which would impose a self-denying ordinance on police, FBI, and all prosecuting officials. It is a reform which could be made without recourse to Congress and the state legislatures, and one which could be made reasonably effective without the invoking of criminal sanctions.

Some years ago the *Journal of the American Judicature Society* wrote, "Except for the slush and gush of the sob artists, there is very little offense chargeable against the press in which it is not led or abetted by lawyers, judges, and other public officials."

Note on "An Old Story" (Page 69)

The Secretary of State was John Hay. The President was William McKinley. Both letters were dated March 13, 1900; the occasion for them was the opposition in the Senate to the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty (paving the way for what subsequently became the Panama Canal), which the Senate so loaded down with amendments that Great Britain rejected it.

The Postman Knows the Answer

Josh M. Drake, Jr.

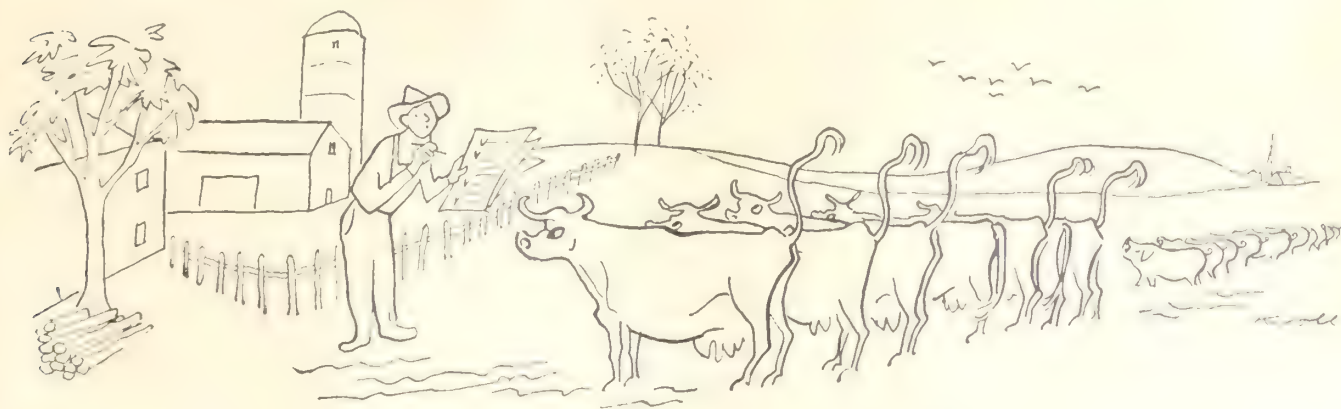


Drawings by Julius Kroll

OF ALL the departments of our government, the Post Office gets the most criticism and abuse. In every session of Congress, Representatives and Senators charge the postal department with mismanagement and, in a futile attempt to make the mail delivery self-supporting, introduce bills to raise rates. The public is angry when rates go up and service is reduced. Nobody can understand why the mail continues to cost the taxpayers millions every year in addition to what they pay out in postage.

As a rural mail carrier, I know the answer. If we postal workers were not obliged to deliver free of charge the mail of all the departments of the government and of our Congressmen and Senators, we would clear money and even lower rates. Since I started to work

for the Post Office Department three years ago, I have marveled at the efficiency of its operation and been dumbfounded at the vast quantities of free mail it handles. I am only a small cog in the postal department, but I see, while delivering the mail to some 350 families, that one fourth of the first class mail I carry travels free. The people who pay for this delivery would be astonished to watch how members of both houses of Congress abuse their franking privileges, especially before election. Several times a year most legislators send out thousands upon thousands of brown envelopes containing copies of speeches they have made on the floor. Their sole object is to convince their constituents that they are doing a good job, and it is their constituents who pay for this publicity.



Many departments of the government flood the mails, but most of their output is legitimate. In looking after 17,000,000 veterans, the Veterans' Administration sends out several train-loads of mail annually. And the Treasury Department has to get in touch several times a year with almost every adult in America. Shortly after the first of January, income tax blanks go out, as you well know; then we carriers deliver income tax refunds a few weeks later. For all of this extra work, which necessitates the hiring of extra help, the Post Office gets no extra revenue.

Outnumbering the mail of all other departments are the letters, pamphlets, and cards sent out by the Department of Agriculture. Only a small percentage of these items come from Washington—perhaps that is why we rural carriers know more clearly than most citizens what is going on. In almost every agricultural town there is a local County Agent, a Home Demonstration Agent, and a Soil Conservation Office, in addition to the local Production and Marketing Administration Office. The Home Demonstration Agent sends out a batch of cards reminding farm ladies of the date of their next club

meeting. The County Agent sends out free letters to the 4-H Club members. The Production and Marketing Administration Office sends out pamphlets to the farmers. In the past few years, when I have had a chance to handle this output because it is in my bag, I have become more convinced than ever that the bulk of this mail goes out, like that of Congress, to impress people with what a good job the Department is doing.

In each state, for example, the Department of Agriculture is continually mailing out questionnaires asking the farmers how many mules, cows, chickens, hogs, and sheep they own. Enclosed is a franked reply envelope for the farmers' convenience. From the replies he receives, the Statistician makes his report and mails copies (free) to farmers all over the state. I find these complicated reports thrown down, unread, beside the mail-boxes all along my route.

Congressmen and Senators could save themselves the trouble of running down the Post Office by cleaning out a few closets—beginning with their own. If the two worst offenders, the Department of Agriculture and Congress itself, were forced to quit politicking by mail, the Post Office would get out of the red.



After Hours

I SPENT a morning recently doing something no adult should have to do. Under the eye of the record buyer for Gimbel's, that tremendous New York department store, I gathered up an armful of children's records and sat down in a glass room in front of a Magnavox and listened to what the very young are subjected to musically by their elders. I went through "Pinocchio" and "Alice in Wonderland" under the guidance of a narrator called Uncle Henry, his soothing voice taking me in and out of rabbit holes and into Booby Land. I worried over the little girl who was told to weave straw into gold, and was comforted by the squeaky voice of Rumpelstiltskin who bailed her out of her quandary. I descended to the bottom of the sea with a popular clown called Bozo and visited with fish who could talk. I listened (very briefly) to a few Mother Goose rhymes, some Winnie the Pooh, and to something called "Nature Mouse," which the record buyer had told me was a little more sophisticated than the general run of children's records. I also listened to the King Cole Trio, exponents of hot jazz for adults, playing "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" and "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and they reminded me of a boy who lived next door to us when I was a child. He used to play hymns to jazz time, and he has grown up to be the Suffragan Bishop of New York.

By no means have I made a complete survey of the children's record field, which is exhaustive and would be exhausting. I merely scratched a few surfaces of what Gimbel's has to offer, I've talked with a few people who make records for the young, and I've learned a few things about the record business which are significant—certainly to Gimbel's and the record manufacturers, and probably to the future state of culture as well.

Until five or six years ago the children's

record business was a stepchild of the record industry; nobody paid it much mind and the quality was, by present standards, pretty poor. Now children's records account for 50 per cent of the total sales of records at Gimbel's around Christmas time and about 25 per cent during the rest of the year; and the manufacturers (of whom, the record buyer at Gimbel's said, "There are hundreds and they are always going in and out of business") have really put their minds on this business as a money-maker. The big producers—Columbia, Decca, Victor, and Capitol—now have elaborate lines and employ a varied lot of expensive talents such as Danny Kaye, Ray Bolger, Arthur Godfrey, Noel Coward, Fredric March, Groucho Marx, and others, and they take their educational function with dead seriousness. Educationally, however, the most serious of the lot seems to me to be the Children's Record Guild, which operates on something like a magazine subscription basis, and to which we will return in a minute.

Children evidently do not buy records for themselves; they take what they get and like it. Parents and grandparents buy them for various reasons; some are thinking in terms of musical education, but the chief motive seems to be to keep the youngsters occupied.

Now it appears that since the invention of "non-breakable records" (I was told that they can be smashed by a really willful and destructive child who puts his heart into it) the children have been able to play their own as soon as they can master the simple technique of starting the player and putting a record on. This is a skill which can be acquired long before the skill of reading, and some manufacturers, notably the publishers Simon & Schuster, who put out a large list of small records called "Golden Records" (an adjunct to their excellent Golden Books for

children) put pictures on the record labels so that the child who cannot read can tell what he's getting. "Donald Duck, Cowboy" for example has a little picture of Donald on the label in chaps and holster and ten-gallon hat. Those records—which are accompanied (in the same album) by a complete text and lavishly colored pictures—have other devices for helping the not yet literate. At the beginning of the record the narrator will indicate how the child can know that it is time to turn over the page and look at the next picture. In the Little Nipper Series (put out by Victor—Nipper is that dog who listens to his master's voice) sometimes Nipper will bark when page-turning time comes; in other series sometimes a horn toots, sometimes the narrator, so help me, indicates the end of the page by sneezing.

Packaging is almost as important a part of the children's record business as the records themselves. Many of the envelopes and albums in which records are sold are as elaborate as expensive children's books, and presumably the child can be helped to learn to read by following the text as the narrator narrates. (It is, however, to be hoped that they don't learn to read aloud like many of the narrators, whose oily and unctuous voices and painfully condescending attitudes, would make a pretty grim model for anyone to follow.) One company, the Children's Press, which puts out a line called "Star-Bright Musical Pack-o'-Fun," inserts an unbreakable record into the cover of a little coloring book, which also has what are called "punch-out toys" on the back cover.

NOT all of the record containers are for entertainment, however; some of them are dead serious, and consist of advice and counsel to parents. This is especially true of the records of the Children's Record Guild, of 27 Thompson Street, New York; it approaches the whole business somewhat in the manner of an educational foundation, but manages at the same time to maintain the light touch. The education it promotes is primarily musical, but a good deal is added besides. Every record is as full of conditioning for the child as a fruit cake is of raisins.

Take for example a record called "The Lonesome House" (for the five-to-eight-

year group). First it attempts to teach a child to listen to the casual sounds around him, the squeaking of the shutters, the dripping of the faucet, the creaking of the stairs, the wind blowing through the window (maybe, on second thought, this house needs the attention of a plumber and a carpenter). Each of these sounds is demonstrated by an instrument, or several, and the whole thing ends up as a sort of symphonic arrangement. The text (or I should say "narration") is entertaining and the musical sounds are clear and in the contemporary idiom. Not only is the child conditioned to modern musical sounds, but the record is intended to make the noises of an empty house be enjoyable, not frightening. Another record produced by the Guild, "Mr. Grump and the Dingle School Band," ingeniously exposes each of the band instruments singly, and teaches the beauties of co-operative effort as well. It also goes to show that even sour Mr. Grump, a pickle merchant, can't resist a lot of boys and girls tooting happily together. The march, which is the theme of this record, was composed for it by Richard Mohaupt, and has been well enough thought of to be performed by major symphony orchestras as part of their repertoires.

There is nothing hit-or-miss about the Record Guild. Every part of every record is tested on children, wrangled over by experts (musical and educational), and, to use the Guild's own words, the final products "have been endorsed by leading educators, musicians, and child-guidance experts." It seems remarkable to me that in view of this they should remain entertaining to children, but they do. The records cost \$1.15 each at record stores, and members of the Guild are "secured . . . through direct mail, newspaper, magazine, and radio advertising." The records are being used in a thousand schools in all forty-eight states, and the membership is expected to exceed 100,000 by the end of this year. It's pushing that already.

The price range of children's records is wide. The Golden Records (at Gimbel's the ones based on Walt Disney characters sell best) cost a quarter, as do such items as Columbia's Playtime recordings of "Rumpelstiltskin," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Little Red Hen," and other such perennials. Albums (with the picture-text arrangement)

run in price just about the same as albums for adults. (An adult, when you are talking of children's records, seems to be anyone over twelve years of age; most of the children's records are geared for the really little fellows.)

The quality range is as wide as the price range, but does not necessarily follow the same pattern. I thought some of the expensive albums were appallingly sentimental and over-produced, and some of the twenty-five centers were more direct, less condescending, and better fun. But the industry's effort is all in the direction of quality. Frank Luther, who records the Babar series and a good many fairy tales and the like for Decca, is one of the most popular of all of the narrators. I'm glad the kiddies enjoy him; I don't. On the other hand José Ferrer telling the life of Schubert (with familiar examples of his work) has been a favorite with my own children for a long while and I enjoy it myself—or did the first dozen times I had to hear it. Danny Kaye doing "Tubby the Tuba" (my favorite of all the children's records) is an example of an actor who knows precisely when and when not to overdo things. Fredric March's "The Selfish Giant" and any one of the recordings of "Peter and the Wolf" are of a quality which one is glad to have go into a child's ear—even if it goes straight out again. It is obviously not impossible to combine quality and fun, and this is what the best of the records now do.

I asked the buyer at Gimbel's what he thought of the tendency on the part of the record manufacturers to employ stage personalities to perform for children. "The children don't care," he said, "but the parents do." Names, of course, mean nothing to the children. The stories mean everything, and the amount of noise the records make. Records that are "nice and noisy," one of the salesgirls told me, are always popular.

But the most popular of all, or at least those that seem to sell best, are "Cinderella" and "Mother Goose," and whether this is because children like them or because grandmothers constitute such a large percentage of those who buy records for children nobody at Gimbel's seemed to know. In any event, here are tradition and progress battling it out as usual but with a happier balance than is found in most cultural contests. It seems

clear that the record manufacturers are at least as interested in making future customers for their wares as they are in just selling to children. The best records, the most imaginative, from my point of view, are those which teach children how to listen to music—"Tubby the Tuba," "Sparky's Magic Piano," and "The Lonesome House," in which the motive is ulterior and the imagination is really given a chance to work overtime. Whatever fun the children get from them (and they get plenty) it is the residue that will stand them (and music) in good stead later on.

Westward the Course of Self-consciousness

FOR fifty years The New York Store of Amarillo, Texas, has sold equipment for ranch-hands—Levis, work gloves, saddles, bridles, boots, and the like. A Texan-turned-New-Yorker went home recently to see his family in Amarillo, and he reports that the name of The New York Store has been changed to The Frontier Shop.

Arte Duce

VIRTUALLY since 1946, when travel to Europe opened up again, the verdict of returning sniffers-at-the-wind and listeners-at-the-grass-roots has been that Italy was *the* place. Whether for movies, for decorative arts, or for what H. L. Mencken called "beautiful letters," we were to understand that Paris was dead on its feet and that all who cared for such things had headed south. "Who won the war?" I once heard an architect ask a veteran newspaper reporter. "Why," he said, "Italy, of course."

The renaissance has been most notable in architecture, or rather in the one branch of the mother art that a desolated country can indulge in—interior decoration, particularly lighting. Italian lamps have received the last-ditch compliment of imitation by American designers, and a number of the originals are now sold directly (though on special order) by American dealers in lighting fixtures. The style of the Italian moderns in all departments, possessing a playful elegance and a claim to roots in its national past, appeals to those who would like our own "modern" to be more palatable or indigenous, and the

run has been on (among architects and decorators) to get to the books first and see what was coming next—the books, in this case, being magazines like the Italian *Domus*, or the American *Arts and Architecture* or *Interiors*, which have faithfully conveyed up-to-date information to the trade.

During the next three years, through the good offices of twelve American art museums and an eleemosynary group organized by Max Ascoli, it will be possible for many more potential imitators to check up on Italian arts and crafts. A traveling exhibit called "Italy at Work," which will be at the Art Institute in Chicago during the next two months, is to move from museum to museum on a schedule that takes in most of the country. It will be on show at the De Young Memorial in San Francisco during June and July, at the Portland (Oregon) Art Museum in September and October, and at the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts in November and December. Thereafter it will hit Houston, St. Louis, Toledo, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Providence—in that order and weather permitting. If you live a day's drive from any of these places, it would be worth the trip.

Consider "Italy at Work," if you will, as the jumping-off-place for airy thoughts. On the face it is a plea for craftsmanship. "The Italian is an individualist," reads the show's catalogue. "Hence this exhibition. . . . In this age of industrialization it is becoming increasingly clear that the health of our civilization depends on a just balance between mechanized and individual creation." But one man's balance is another man's vertigo. What are we to say, in another country, of this body of evidence that the Italian workman will take infinite pains for little cash, or that whether in ceramics or straw or *pietra dura* he can allow himself outbursts of "great impatience." The phrase is used by Walter Dorwin Teague, an American designer who as one of a group of judges picked entries for the exhibit in Italy, to describe his own reaction to "a formidable energy that was almost embarrassing at times." We are embarrassed at either extreme—at the idea of slave labor, or the failure of our own system to provide at equal expense objects that are equally beautiful. Mr. Teague, as he remarks, is "no traitor to mass production,"

but he cannot help noticing that Italian design is by inference a criticism of our own.

They even take us on at our game of streamlining household objects into a shell of sleek efficiency. Among the best exhibits, in fact, are the typewriters of Adriano Olivetti of Ivrea. They are incredibly composed and competent in shape, yet secretly sculptural and baroque, as though the designer were saying: Look, I can play too. And even for the purely Italian purpose of brewing *caffè espresso*, there is a gadget as rigorously tear-drop molded as our latest juicer, yet half again as lively. Appropriately, or in a back-handed reference to the status of technology, its trade name is "Atomic."

Yet, on the basis of this exhibit, I will not abandon the belief that in Italy, too, there is an imbalance between mechanized and individual work. Too much "formidable energy," for my money, has gone into artifacts that are properly characterized on this side of the water as "artsy-craftsy," or into the design of interiors that differ from those of American decorators only in the original quality of taste that has here gone wrong. The technologist's credo: Why do worse by hand what is already done badly enough by machines?

The best balance of credit might consist in allowing the hand-worker the privilege of experiment, but with the penalty of leadership, which is that he may not always be followed. Then let the American mechanic mass-produce the Italian craftsman's best. There have been rumors that one of the two lamps which seem to me the high-spots of the show (by Arte Luce and Azucena of Milan) will eventually be handled this way. The lamp resembles an inverted saucer of considerable flatness, hung far out from the wall on a delicate triangular bracket; and I hope that Arte Luce will turn over the American rights to Lightolier, which will order for you now if you want one badly enough. Whatever happens, the flat-plate effect is probably here to stay, for it has already displaced an earlier style of lighting in popular favor. "One thing you have to say for the Italian lamps," said the same architect who wondered who won the war. "They killed off the gooseneck."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Not So Brave New Worlds

Charles Poore

THE prophetic novelists who explore the future used to beguile us with serenely simple Utopias. Now they threaten us with appallingly complicated hells. And both, as someone once said of Walter Lippmann, are apt to proceed with flawless and majestic logic from one false premise to the next. For no one, so far, has really succeeded in putting wallpaper on an unbuilt house. Though there have been some spectacularly impressive tries.

Aldous Huxley, I suppose, with his clinically disquieting *Brave New World*, is as responsible as anyone—in that world forever dawning—for the acceleration of this fine old Wellsian trend that reached such baleful velocity in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*.

And Orwell, I believe, owed something to Eugene Zamiatin's *We*, published here in the nineteen-twenties, when "Whither are we drifting?" was a phrase charged with more lively curiosity, less wallowing in despair. At any rate, the growing, spreading, and somehow reassuringly eternal doomsday fashion always turns up some wonderfully provoking reading. And why not? It has at its command the incomparable resources of the modern novel.

The world demands an image of its future. It gets a gallery of grotesques. Only a seedy sort of defeatist, tiresome and forlorn, would say it is entirely because that's the savage way things look now—overlooking our day's share of exuberance and valor. It's also—is it not?—

by way of warning. In order that the world may have a chance to mend its ways. Preferably, of course, in line with more or less symbolic precepts, based on the private lives of the public prophets. Scratch a prophet and you'll find a reformer, every time.

Now it may be that all prophets, of every sort, should be cordially asked to venture on a casual test, an easy exercise of their frisky powers. Ask them to name five or six famous common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Get them to write down for you what they think each one will be selling at, one week from now, one month from now, and on the first of each month thereafter, for a while. When they show they can hit the answers right on the nose, start believing their visions of the shape of things to come. And if they fail, why, at least we can listen to them thereafter without worrying too strenuously over the possibility that all the disasters they prophesy will soon be clattering around our heads.

I am inclined to suspect, in moments of nostalgia for the good old novels of the future people used to write in the bad old days, that prophetic novels have just about reached their arcane limits. Then I start to read a Koestler or a Robert Lewis Taylor (whose *Adrift in a Boneyard*, published by Doubleday two or three years ago, remains the breeziest and most entertaining what-not of our day) and my interest rises again. Since tomorrow is inevitable, why not enjoy it—or deplore it—vicariously?

THERE is something stimulatingly contradictory in the variety of futures we are constantly being offered. One writer tells us this, another tells us that, and then another clearly indicates that they're both way off the beam on the tricky lanes of destiny. There are special styles in prophetic prose: some very strict and spare, some very lush and rare; some full of science, some full of beans. Two new novels that illustrate, among other things, the nationalistic, or, perhaps one might better say the continental, tides now running are Arthur Koestler's *The Age of Longing* (Macmillan, \$3.50) and Philip Wylie's *The Disappearance* (Rinehart, \$3.50).

Mr. Koestler, who has costumed so many liberals in so many hair shirts, and heard their howls for more, joins the Good Gracious What Next Brigade with the most devastating satire he has so far written—and with a complete line of garments for future repentances, some new, some old, appropriate to all creeds and all occasions. His suave and stinging story is set in the intellectual and political circles of Paris' coming nineteen-fifties, yet it leaves few stones of current, Russia-haunted controversy unthrown. The distinguished editors of this magazine last month performed their Aztec rite of exhibiting the heart of Mr. Koestler's book, so I need not tell you that once again he is writing in the best of form and at the top of his bent.

I'm not going to try to say which character is supposed to be which brave survivor of Stalin's purges or which dupe of Stalin's words. Or even guess which may represent Sartre or Malraux or Maritain, since I have an immense veneration for the laws of libel, the *Code Napoléon*, and the tradition of dueling, a European sport that one of these funereal jokers thinks of reviving in the course of the book.

I do know that the preposterous heroine, an American beauty who has a glum and bloodcurdlingly talkative carnal affair with a Communist beast, comes straight out of the stereotypes of European stock. But—shades of Puccini!—how she's changed since she appeared in *The Girl of the Golden West*. Now she's just a gold-rich girl from the infuriatingly prosperous Western world, and all tarnished with Lost Illusions, which is

the *carte d'identité* that all characters in a novel called *The Age of Longing* are naturally expected to carry.

You might call Mr. Koestler's new book a parliament of pessimism, or a carnival of contemptuous respect for all ideas, or a Parisian dress rehearsal for another ending to another world. But after you have read it you know that you have spent several brilliantly disenchanted evenings hearing a true expert play his five-finger exercises (the five fingers are War, Famine, Pestilence, Death, and Stalin) on the best keyboard of damnation. No holds are barred, no feelings are spared, when questing Koestler stalks the night. He's still, incidentally, looking for that Interregnum Oasis he's mentioned before.

It is as if the man who wrote *Darkness at Noon*—ten chapters, or thereabouts, that shook the world, or thereabouts—had temporarily forsaken the past's torments and the present's terrors to venture into the future's general prospects for universal hellishness under the spreading black despotism of Muscovy. And found that the torments multiplied the terrors as time marched on. Two of the few bright spots I could see were that Mr. Koestler tapped Stalin into the ash can with his typewriter and George Bernard Shaw seemed at one point to have unexpectedly lived into the Koestlerian future.

If General Eisenhower reads *The Age of Longing* he may wonder whether the ungrateful talk-talk-talkers who swarm through its pages are worth the effort of attempting again the most dazzlingly difficult of all great maneuvers, carrying a coalition of allies to victory. If Herbert Hoover reads it, he can say "I told you so" to the chatter-chatter-chatter of meticulously expressed funk in bedlam.

IN THE beginning *The Age of Longing*—we name our ages more and more romantically and look at them more and more dyspeptically—reminded me somewhat of Remarque's *Arch of Triumph*, with its volatile and vicarious acts of symbolic revenge. In the closing pages, with another world war on the horizon, it was more in the mood of Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. At other times, I seemed to be seeing again lost acts from S. N. Behrman's fine plays of the nineteen-

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thirties, when Ina Clair or Katharine Cornell was always being torn between strenuous love with the young radical or placid security with the old conservative, while people wandered in and out, in and out, talking very lightly about very weighty matters, very lucidly about the better-known obscurities of our badly lighted age.

But Koestler is *toujours* Koestler. He has had, by now, almost as many imitators among the Little Red Sheep who have Gone Astray as Hemingway has had among the Hemingwayfarers. No one else makes quite so urgent his eternal question, asked by every character: "What do you believe?" and then the interminable cascades of "Why? Why? Why?" No one else pursues so tirelessly the riddles of political sin, repentance, and atonement, against topical backgrounds of atomic warfare, Russian imperialism (Russia is now known as the "Commonwealth of Freedomloving People," a nice touch), and the American dollars that people beyond these shores so often despise, so often desire.

KOESTLER opens his novel of the future with the fireworks of a joyless Bastille Day. Philip Wylie closes his novel of the future with the joyful fireworks that celebrate the return of woman to man, the return of man to woman, after four frantic years of eventful separation.

In *The Disappearance*, Mr. Wylie piles catastrophe upon catastrophe during the time that the women try to run the planet without men, and the men, at the same set of moments, try to run creation without women. Yet he never manages to make his bloodiest battle or his most devastating plague sound half as terrible as one of Koestler's individual recollections of an hour in a torture cell. Why? Well, for one reason, because we know that Wylie is an optimist just as well as we know that Koestler is a pessimist. We're pretty sure that, in Koestler, a lot of things will come out all wrong; in Wylie, we're absolutely certain that all will be well, the incidental casualties notwithstanding.

Koestler is content, for the time being, to show us Europe sliding into the new dark ages. Wylie dips

the whole world into an apocalyptic bath, soaps it, scrubs it, and brings it out, four years later, looking to us just about as it did when it went under the Wylan waters of words. It is said and supposed to be much improved, though.

Koestler's people are doomed to a long stay in the trough of the waves of history. Wylie's get a complete renaissance and reformation in the course of forty-odd antic and galvanic months of upheaval. The central point of Koestler's novel is the breaking up of the lurid liaison between Hydie—that's her name—the American girl, and Fedya, the portable Soviet bureaucrat. The central point of Wylie's novel is the reuniting of Dr. Gaunt, a Florida philosopher and theoretical physicist, and Paula, his well-beloved wife, a lady who turns out to have many more capabilities by the story's end than she had when it began.

It would be easy to observe, now, that Wylie's book represents the youthful vigor of America while Koestler's represents the elderly weariness of Europe. But if that is true, then how shall we explain away the fundamentally infantile nature of a good many of the attitudes and conversations in *The Age of Longing*, the far more adult points of view of Paula and Gaunt?

I suspect that Wylie's plunging quest through new techniques in the sciences is probably just as significant as Koestler's sad rummaging around for old examples of modern dilemmas in the long history of man.

THE European sees tomorrow as an invasion to be met and lost. The American sees tomorrow as an invasion to be made and won. I shouldn't be surprised if some of our present difficulties in helping the Europeans to help ourselves—and themselves—were to be found by scratching around the roots of those two attitudes. Meantime, here is *From Here to Eternity* by James Jones (Scribner, \$4.50), a novel that devotes nearly 900 exceedingly frank and outspoken pages to telling what it's like to be a soldier, one of the people that get shot for other people's mistakes.

From Here to Eternity is the answer to the question you hear

asked, occasionally: "After Norman Mailer, what?" It might be called *The Stripped and the Living*. It is one of those novels that give publishers uneasy premonitions of a great deal of bother and a fair amount of reward. It is the longest and most candid sermon I have ever seen preached on Rudyard Kipling's well-known observation that single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints. Until someone persuades the trustees of T. E. Lawrence to issue, at long last, *The Mint*, a novel of barracks life in England between the wars that the man who wrote *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* did not think it would be wise to publish while he himself was alive, I think *From Here to Eternity* will occupy a place of its own.

The scene is Hawaii, "the Hawaii of our unrepentant, unrepented youth." The time is in the long, slow months before Pearl Harbor day and the short quick days that followed. In reading *From Here to Eternity*, in following the sacrificial fortunes of Pvt. Robert E. Lee Prewitt, inspired bugler and stubbornly dedicated nonconformist, and his friends, his enemies, his many elders, and his few betters, you see all the once-forbidden words that have so long been trickling into the novels of war—as well as the novels of peace—finally flooding all over the place.

The effect is oddly flat. Well, you say, now that's been done, maybe we can go back to Willa Cather's idea that novels are getting to look like overfurnished rooms, and that what is left clearly unsaid is as important as what is repeatedly shouted.

I can't think of anything much, sacred, polluted, or profane, that Mr. Jones has left out of his book. It is as if he had written it with the idea that while we are waiting for the war to end wars, we might as well be reading the army novel to end army novels. The rough sergeants with the hearts of iron, the smooth prostitutes with the hearts of gold, the professional gamblers who make more money handling cards in a day than the Army pays them for handling guns in a year, the pleasures of the saloons and the horrors of the stockade—Mr. Koestler should look into this section—all turn up in

due course. All described with remorseless precision.

There is a wonderful driving fury to Mr. Jones' writing that assures his future as a novelist. He has many gifts that better known authors will never manage to acquire in all their lives. He has a devouring capacity for excess. He works words to death in all categories. Try, for example, to take a notably innocuous word for a change, to estimate how many times in a chapter someone is described as "grinning." He uses situations that are chiefly notable for their antiquity. You remember the one about the man who promised his mother he wouldn't get into fisticuffs, and so was considered a coward? That's here. You remember the one about the enlisted man in love with his officer's wife? That's here. And so it goes. But how it goes. The man can write.

A young lifetime has been poured into this book, and it is bulging at the seams. It tells us far too much, perhaps, about far too many people. It gives us believable portraits of gentlemen rankers off on a spree, and the usual caricatures of West Point graduates that one seems to have encountered before. It's at its best when it is telling us about the angry young man with a horn. There it strikes true bugle notes.

AFTER World War I, Europe sent us a procession of enormous chronicle novels that carried dynastic generations down the rolling years. Since World War II, the main parade across the Atlantic has consisted of rather short, very well written, one-aspect-of-one-generation novels that might be known as novelettes or novellas if anyone could make those unappealing terms stick. In England, particularly, the galleon has given way to the skiff, the four-decker to the sailboat—carrying just enough canvas to bear the generous phrase or two from Elizabeth Bowen, the spirited Irish godmother of the contemporary British novel. Or even without it, for that matter. Here are three fairly representative examples: *Operation Heartbreak* (Viking, \$2.50) by Duff Cooper, which is the antithesis of *From Here to Eternity*; *Our Spoons Came from Woolworths* by Barbara Comyns (Holt, \$2.75), and *Mr.*

Byaculla, by Eric Linklater (Harcourt, \$2.50).

The old question of "But what would you think of it if you didn't know who wrote it?" raises a welcome head when Duff Cooper's *Operation Heartbreak* is before you. I'd think—or, at least, I think I'd think—that it had been written by a member of Harold Nicolson's generation and general background, who was (like the Harold Nicolson who wrote *Some People*) a student of Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*. And that it was well played for Harold and St. Max.

There's no ungovernable need to be surprised that Duff Cooper wrote this suavely ironic sketch of a modern knight who never fought in battle, since Duff Cooper wrote an excellent life of Talleyrand some years ago. And unlike the luckless and immaculately bloodthirsty Willie Maryngton of his story, Duff Cooper has taken part in all sorts of forays and campaigns. Do you remember when he mobilized the British fleet at the time of Munich, and resigned from Chamberlain's cabinet as a protest against appeasement?

Mr. Cooper's Willie Maryngton inhabited the same England, in the same years, that Barbara Comyns' *Our Spoons Came from Woolworths* heroine, Sophia Fairclough, lived in, but you'd seldom be very powerfully aware of that from reading the two novels. For Willie moved from regiment to club, from country house to Jermyn Street, while Sophia was moving from one dingy, arty lodging to another. And while Sophia was almost dying of too much art and too little to eat, Willie was almost dying of too little to do and the threat of mechanization hanging over his beloved cavalry regiment. They both suffered in love.

When Willie was in Egypt or India, Sophia was probably in temporary service as an unlikely cook. Or in hospital (the English never say in a hospital or in the hospital; I think it's a universal trace of the Yorkshire way of talking). But, by and large, Sophia really had much more fun out of life than Willie. Her story of a pitifully weak marriage and a pitifully bleak adultery is a mild London version of the *Vie de Bohème*, written with a care-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ful artlessness that is appealing when not too heavily laid on.

Eric Linklater's Mr. Byaculla may also have been in London at the same time. In fact, he probably dropped in and out periodically, for he liked to describe himself as a bird of passage, always on the wing. He was also, Mr. Linklater subtly shows us in this cheerful little chiller, a bird of prey. Always on the make.

His real name was not Mr. Byaculla. It was Mr. McKillop. But he preferred to go around publicly under an Indian name while he was practicing privately his Indian rites of bookishly inspired brutality. And he had enough ties with the dependably mysterious East to justify the change, if not the crimes. Anyway, who could ever prove that he committed the crimes? Outwardly, he seemed, so far as Sir Simon Killaloe could see, to be a rather interesting Orientalist. To Mrs. Lessing, the discontented wife of the psychiatrist, he seemed to be an occasionally useful, if somewhat pressing, acquaintance. To Dr. Lessing, the unhappy psychiatrist, he showed a disquieting talent for proceeding to analyze the analyzer, as well as an odd taste for moving from the Ritz bar at cocktail time to Lyons' Oxford Corner House for dinner. Yet, one by one, people seemed to fall into the fad of dying when Mr. Byaculla was around. A very rum business indeed. And very skillfully told by Eric Linklater, who has been putting in time at Scapa Flow and as Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen since he wrote his best-known book, *Juan in America*.

THE new books suggest that the approaching future will be full of lively violence and that what you might call the recent present has been full of galvanic iniquity. We suspected as much, all along, did we not? Though it is always stimulating to have our own observations and premonitions confirmed and unconfirmed. What about the also unquiet past, particularly in America? Well, an excellent way to look at that is through *The Eyes of Discovery*, by John Bakeless (Lippincott, \$5), a skillfully arranged chronicle of America as seen by the first explorers, De

Soto, Coronado, Champlain, La Salle, and other people who started along the trails still being blazed by the Chevalier DeVoto.

As for the prophetic novelists who explore the future, why, we have a plan to take care of all their futures. It is merely a tentative idea, of course. A proposal to invite them to a perpetual house party, at some lavishly appointed place in the Berkshires, say, where they could hold one of those Russell-Davenport-type of round table discussions, in the *Fortune* manner, and work out the shape of things to come to the last detail. No hurry about it. Time, after all, has always been completely at their disposal. Can infinity stop them? Can anything else?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

A Breath of Air, by Rumer Godden. It would be unfair to write about this book without mentioning that basically the story is that of *The Tempest*. But it is equally unfair to pretend that as Miss Godden has modernized and modified the story, its relationship to *The Tempest* is of any special importance to the reader. . . . A famous modern playwright and his mechanic run out of petrol and their plane is forced down on an idyllic and completely isolated island where one wealthy white man—a Scottish nobleman—had established himself and his lovely daughter years before. What happens between the playwright and the lovely wide-eyed daughter (he was the first white man she had ever seen, father excepted); what happens to the playwright's waning literary talent; to the father; to the mechanic; and to the natives at the arrival of the men from an outside world make a fine tale and in Miss Godden's revealing prose provide a lot of wise observation, both amusing and profound, about the human race at any time. That's where the relationship to *The Tempest* is fun. Viking, \$3

A Kindred Spirit, by Richard Sherman.

This is the story of a middle-aged lady-author who until the age of forty-five had never had any emotional interests outside her travels and her successful writing career. During the winter of her forty-sixth year she falls in love with a man she has never seen—a man who very obviously has the same tastes and interests since she finds his name in nearly every book she withdraws from the local library around the corner from her fashionable New York apartment. It would be cheating to give the denouement of this odd little story. Five minutes after putting the book down it seems utterly incredible, but it is so convincingly written that during the reading one suspends belief as readily as for an exciting detective story, for it is full of suspense from start to finish. By the author of *The Bright Promise*.

Little, Brown, \$2.50

The Thirteen Clocks, by James Thurber. Illustrated by Marc Simont.

This is a charming fairy tale—not in modern dress at all—but a fairy tale in the old tradition of magic spells, of wicked duke and lovely captive maiden, and princes in disguise set to performing impossible feats. And if the princes failed? "I'll slit you from your guggle to your zatch and feed you to the Todal." As you can see, the language is wonderful, and suggestive to a degree; the overtones are haunting; the story a joy to all ages; and the meanings ponderable for a long time, as are Mr. Simont's decorative and piquant illustrations. When you are through you will have a new vocabulary, a new mythology, and a mind full of questions such as, "Why should jewels formed by the tears of laughter be more short-lived than those formed by the tears of sorrow?" It is a beautiful fantasy, casting its own indefinable spell.

Simon & Schuster, \$2.50

The Image of a Drawn Sword, by Jocelyn Brooke.

Someone has said that a great many British writers these days are writing better and better about less and

less. This is not true of Mr. Brooke. He is writing very well indeed about what is obviously the all-important problem of modern man's anguish and confusion in a world of perpetual "emergency." But in writing of one ex-army man's dissatisfaction with his own world—a world divided between banking and his mother's home in a small English town—and his periodic escape into a world of mysticism and martial symbols in the old Roman Camp outside the village, the author sometimes leaves the reader wandering in a hazy no-man's-land between the real and the mysterious. The symbolism takes over and life gets left behind. This is not writing well about too little; there can be no quarrel with either writing or subject matter. It is obvious from the way Mr. Brooke tells his story that he can make his meanings clear if he wants to. He apparently doesn't want to. So it comes down to whether or not one likes the Kafka, dream-world kind of writing. I do, up to a point. This, for all its excitement and real beauty of concept and expression, finally goes too far for me.

Knopf, \$2.75

Into Thin Air, by Warren Beck.

The author of *Final Score* writes a pleasant, retrospective novel. An old man, in his last illness, watches from the house in which he has lived his whole life while wreckers tear down the house across the street. In the house being torn down are the rooms where he had been with his only love, where he had in later years spent hours of talk with an older woman, the only real friend of his lifetime. Thus in his last year is his whole past literally brought to light and then destroyed before his eyes. It was not a spectacular life, but as Mr. Beck's title suggests, it is still a traumatic experience to see your own past, however insignificant, slowly revived and then demolished into thin air while you watch. Not a profound book, but very readable in the nostalgic vein.

Knopf, \$3

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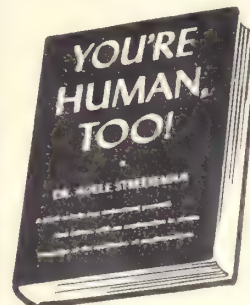
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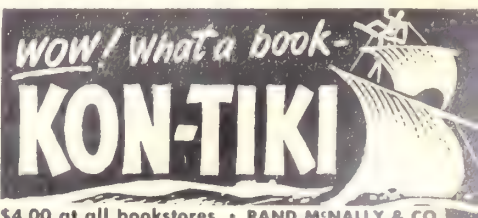
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The Harper Prize Novel Contest

HARPER & BROTHERS

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times not. In any case there are two new novels on the subject this month. These are not obscure, fancy books garlanded with symbols. They are forthright stories, one written from the point of view of the mother of a young boy with homosexual tendencies, the other, and far the better of the two, from the point of view of a sensitive young boy.

The Grotto, by Grace Zaring Stone. This novel, in a romantic Italian setting, attacks the subject from an original point of view. An American mother and her eighteen-year-old son are visiting at the villa of an unmarried friend of the mother's (male) when she suddenly recognizes the fact that her son has homosexual tendencies and determines to save him from them. It's a straightforward and readable little narrative, dealing reasonably with its difficult subject, indeed so very reasonably (in spite of a certain peevishness on the part of many of the characters) that the melodramatic flourish at the end comes as a complete surprise.

Harper, \$3

Finistère, by Fritz Peters.

The pathetic search of the son of divorced parents for affection and love, the almost innocent radiance that transforms him when his schoolmaster in France falls in love with him, and the absolute despair when he gradually understands what the nature of this kind of love will do to his life, are the successive subjects of this wholly absorbing and very moving novel. The reader shares the loneliness, the joy, the disillusionment of Matthew to an almost unbearable extent, wanting to believe that the inevitable consequences can be avoided. As in watching a play, when the audience knows, as the protagonist does not, that the villain is behind the door, one longs to call out, to warn, to protect, to inform. But no one of all the credible and convincing characters does it for Matthew and his mother is the least understanding and the cruelest of all. It is unpleasant, of course, but it is a touching and dramatic story, told so that it reaches into all dimensions of the tragic sense of life.

Farrar, Straus, \$3

My Six Convicts, by Donald Powell Wilson.

Dr. Wilson is a psychologist who went to Fort Leavenworth prison to make a three-year study of drug addiction for the U.S. Public Health Service. His book, a joint Book-of-the-Month Club choice with *A Breath of Air* (noted above), is unusual, to put it mildly. The writing is unpretentious but impressive in its simplicity. What he has to say about narcotics and the misconceptions about those who use them, as well as the true facts about the use of drugs is not only startling but highly informative. The stories of the psychology of the convict (addict or not) and of his resentment toward society are often amusing but also revealing and touching, and make even our newest prison reforms seem an antiquated way of dealing with people for the most part so mentally upset. Not that Dr. Wilson believes in being "soft." No one who reads the terrifying stories of prison tragedies and the near-misses of Dr. Wilson's own hazardous experiences could believe that the prisoners should be handled by anyone but experts in criminal psychology. But after one's three years (in the book's pages) with the six convicts chosen by the doctor as assistants in his work (IQs well above the prison norm), and after seeing what work and trust did for those special six, one finds the doctor's final page very moving. For years after he left the prison, in secluded places, he would be accosted by men from prison, wishing him well.

It has been a long time now since a diffident figure has emerged from the shadows at my car.

"Hi, Doc. How's everything? Anything ya want done? Anybody ya want bumped off? Everybody treatin' ya all right?"

Everything's fine.

But it's as Gibbs says, I'm a sucker for those boys. Everybody treating them all right?

Rinehart, \$3.50

Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod, by Kenneth Roberts.

To a non-scientific mind like mine this book is a delight. Not that there isn't a good deal here about

scientists and their opinions on dowsing (the bending of a forked rod in the hands of certain sensitive individuals—usually to indicate water underground). But the fascinating part is Mr. Roberts' evidence piled on evidence of the skill and accuracy of Henry Gross's dowsing rod. He tells not only of "Henry's" successes on location all over New England but relates stories of long-distance dowsing that would make Believe-It-or-Not Ripley envious. And they are all a matter of record. In October 1949, in Kennebunkport, Maine, using a map, he spotted three fresh-water domes on the island of Bermuda where no fresh water springs were supposed to exist. (Another woman dowser marked the same domes on a Bermuda map in Australia.) Henry went to Bermuda in 1950, marked out the domes, and water was found in each instance. This is only the most dramatic of all the stories. What these successes could mean to our increasingly drought-stricken country would seem to be simply a matter of having faith and putting "Henry" to work. One vote of confidence is here registered.

Doubleday, \$3

FORECAST

Busiest Man of the Month

In the same mail the other day, I found two announcements from different publishers. From Doubleday: "F. Van Wyck Mason has just flown to Ireland to do some grouse shooting. While there, he also plans to do some research on his next Major North book, which Doubleday will publish in the fall of 1951. Colonel Mason's latest book, a Christmas story entitled *Valley Forge*, has just been published by Doubleday." From Lippincott: "The manuscript of a new novel by F. Van Wyck Mason has just been received by the J. B. Lippincott Company, *Proud New Flags*. Scheduled for publication April 18, this book is the first of a projected group of four novels based on the actions of the Confederate Navy. . . ." What goes on here?

New Books from Old Favorites

In April Harcourt will publish what

they are saying is Helen MacInnes's best novel (and you remember *Assignment in Brittany* and *Above Suspicion*). It is called *Neither Five Nor Three*. . . . Coward McCann has scheduled Elizabeth Goudge's newest, *God So Loved the World* (non-fiction) for April. Also in April, from John Day, comes *God's Men*, a new novel by Pearl Buck. . . . Somewhat earlier, in March, Viking will publish Lion Feuchtwanger's new novel based on the story of Goya and the Duchess of Alba, *This Is the Hour*. Also in March, from Random House, comes Sinclair Lewis's last novel, *World So Wide*, a story of the American colony in Florence.

New Novels from Newcomers.

Creative Age Press is making loud noises about *The Nice American*, a novel by Gerald Sykes which they are about to publish "in the great tradition of *Dodsworth* and Santayana's *Last Puritan*." . . . The Literary Guild has taken as its May selection a Macmillan novel called *Rain on the Wind*. It is the first book of a young Irishman who is now in this country acting with the Abbey Players. His name is Walter Macken. . . . It will probably surprise Cardinal Spellman to find himself listed under newcomers, but he is one in the field of fiction. His first novel, *The Foundling*, will be published by Scribner's in May and has been designated the Literary Guild Selection for June.

Fun

This month Henry Schuman, Inc., will publish a collection of drawings by the well known *New Yorker* cartoonist, called *George Price's Cold War*. . . . In April Simon & Schuster will bring out a book of comment and drawings called *Show Business Is No Business*, by Al Hirschfeld, cartoonist and caricaturist. Also on the Simon & Schuster spring list are two books of crossword puzzles by Margaret Farrar, and two volumes of Double Crostics by Elizabeth Kingsley. . . . For real wit and nostalgia look for *The Vicious Circle* from Rinehart this month. It is the story of the Algonquin Round Table told by Margaret Case Harriman and illustrated, again, by Al Hirschfeld.

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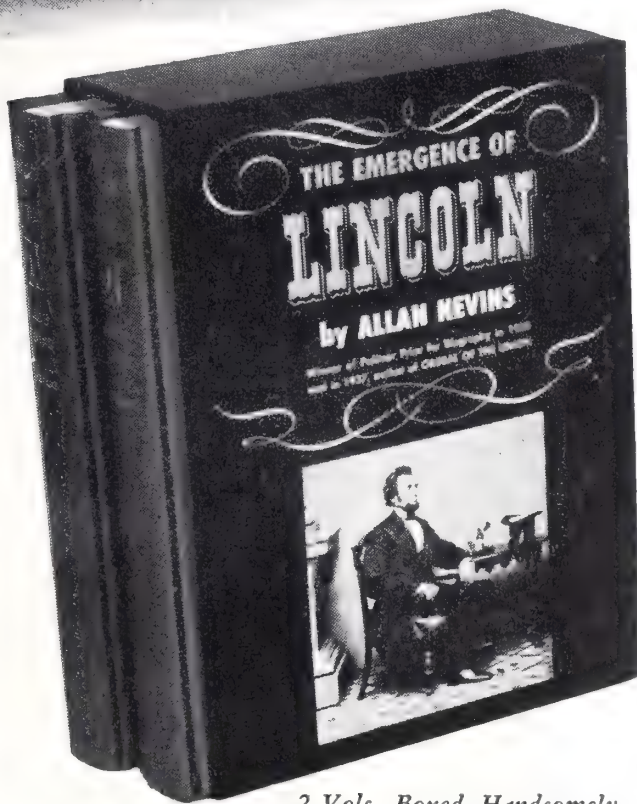
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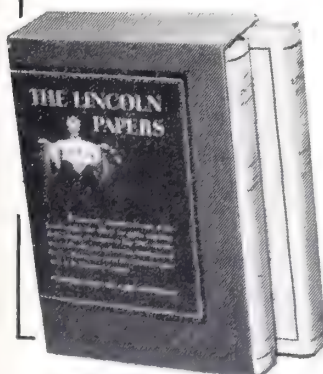
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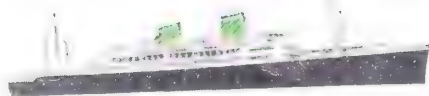
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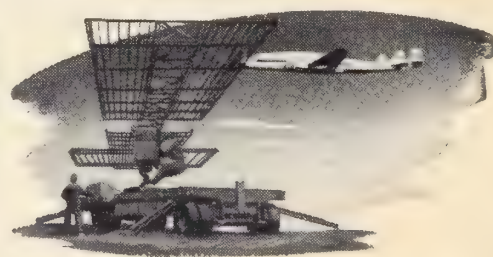
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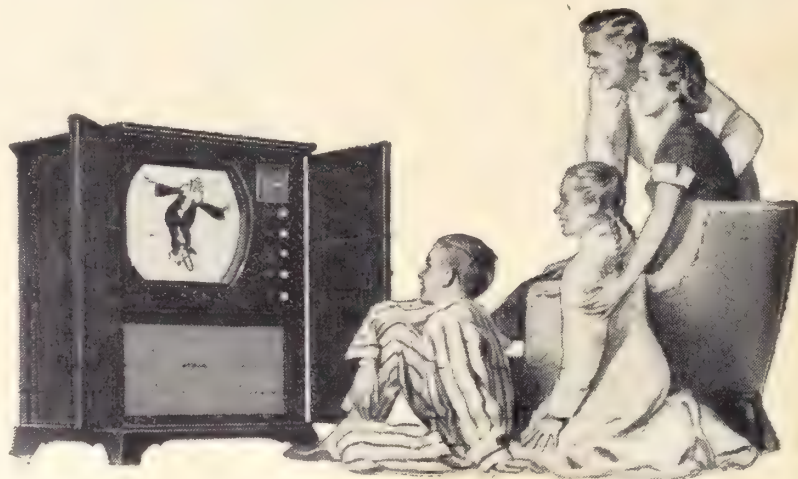
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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

AT MANY times during the Korean crisis, the British point of view—as expressed at the UN or as quoted from the British press—has baffled Americans. What, exactly, do the British feel about Korea, China, and the U.S.A.—and why? **Ernest Borneman**, a Canadian writer who has been living in England for some months now, has discussed these subjects with hundreds of British people, studied the editorials and letters in numerous British publications, and come up with some specific answers that make disturbing and challenging reading for everyone on this side of the Atlantic.

DR. CARL BINGER clarifies the concept of the mature human being in “What is Maturity?”, an article that neatly turns the tables on those amateur psychiatrists who are fond of using “immature” as one of their favorite epithets. **Loren C. Eiseley** describes his experiences as a human bone collector in a curious piece of nostalgia accurately entitled “People Leave Skulls With Me.” **Anne L. Goodman** contributes a study of Millicent Carey McIntosh, the dean of Barnard College and perhaps the most unusual woman college head in the country. And **Paul Moor** writes about the various music festivals that are attracting tourists to Europe this summer.

THE May fiction is in the hands of two successful novelists: **James Aldridge**, author of *Signed with Their Honor* and *The Diplomat*, and **Emma Smith**, the young British writer whose novel *The Far Cry* created a considerable critical stir in America last year.

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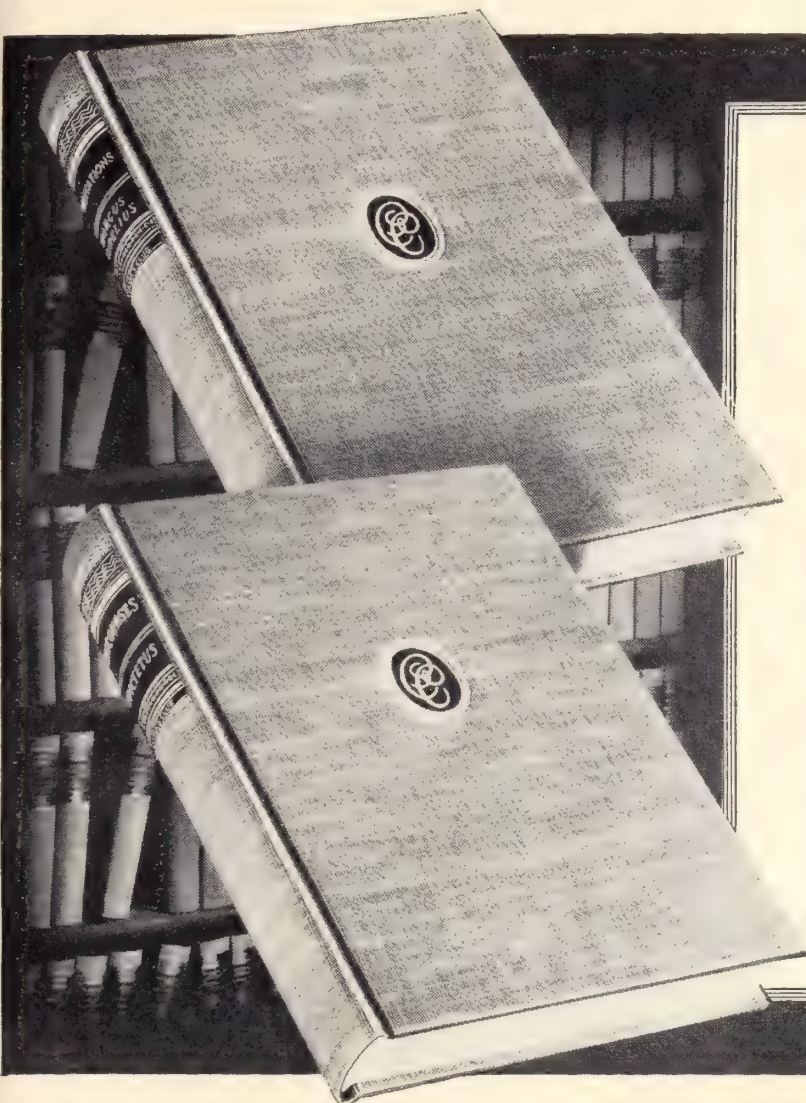
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Personal & Otherwise

PEOPLE are forever misjudging American party politics because they believe either that they are, or that they should be, based upon competition between opposing principles. Both beliefs seem to P & O to be unfounded.

That our party politics *are* based upon principles is, obviously, nonsense. Nobody could believe it who has listened to the campaign speeches of the winning candidates in modern times. Some losers have campaigned on principles, but not the winners. (The only instance of a President whose speeches advocated a self-consistent program based upon fixed principles was Wilson *after* he had been re-elected. And with those speeches Wilson rendered himself politically impotent.) Many have argued persuasively that our political parties *ought* to be organized in support of self-consistent programs, based upon coherent bodies of political doctrine. It would certainly be more orderly that way, and would doubtless be a comfort to the foreign ministers of both friendly and unfriendly powers as well as to other jittery citizens of this jittery age. There is admittedly something nerve-racking about an administration which plays by ear, shifting abruptly from one key to another in an effort to harmonize with the theme songs of conflicting interests within its own party. But the alternatives might prove to be either the multi-party system which is so cacophonously exemplified by French politics or the one-party system which is so harmoniously achieved in Russia. Neither is particularly attractive.

In any case, we don't need to worry. The tradition of non-ideological politics is, fortunately, too deeply imbedded in American life to be dislodged. Any doubts one might have on this subject are dispelled by two

articles in this issue, one describing the actual sources of what, on the surface, appears to be an ideological pattern in contemporary politics, and the other throwing fresh light on the greatest single figure in our political history.

IN "Who Votes Isolationist and Why" (p. 29) *Samuel Lubell* once and for all disposes of a lot of misconceptions about the nature and origin of "isolationism." By studying the pattern of voting in several major elections, county by county, and by doing a lot of old-fashioned leg-work and talking with the voters, Mr. Lubell has for the first time provided a clear picture of the confusion of motives which underlies the so-called isolationist sentiment in the Mid-western states. His findings will come as a shock to many readers who thought they knew an isolationist when they heard one.

Mr. Lubell graduated from the Columbia University School of Journalism in 1933, went abroad the next year on a Pulitzer traveling scholarship, and then worked variously as reporter, columnist, rewrite man, and reporter again on such papers as the *Washington Post* and *Washington Herald* and the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. In 1938 he became a free-lance, and for the next three years wrote chiefly for the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Reader's Digest*. During the war he wrote for the OFF (which later became OWI), served as general secretary of the Baruch Rubber Survey Committee and as assistant to Mr. Baruch on the advisory unit on war and postwar adjustment policies of the Office of War Mobilization.

Since the war he has been free-lancing again, and is now on a Guggenheim Fellowship, making a study of the elements of the

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Roosevelt vote in four national elections. The present article is an offshoot of that study, which will be recorded in a book planned for next year.

THE other article we had in mind is "Getting Right With Lincoln" (p. 74) in which *David Donald*, associate professor of history at Smith College, shows how and why Lincoln—the most thoroughly non-ideological President we have ever had—has been invoked and quoted by all and sundry parties and groups who believe their particular brand of "American principles" should triumph.

Mr. Donald's article is the outgrowth of a good many years of Lincoln studies. A Mississippian by birth, Mr. Donald went to school and college in his home state but did his graduate work at the University of North Carolina and the University of Illinois. At the latter he became assistant to Professor J. G. Randall, author of *Lincoln the President* and other works, who turned his research interests toward Lincoln—rather to the perturbation of his family and friends in Mississippi. The result was Mr. Donald's book, *Lincoln's Herndon*, which Knopf published in 1948. Since writing the book Mr. Donald has spent a year of travel and research as fellow of the Social Science Research Council, and has taught first at Columbia and now at Smith.

Sam Norkin, whose caricatures illustrate so ably what it means to get right with Lincoln, is an artist who has drawn for *Harper's* at various times a gallery of creatures including rats (thin and fat), bakers, road-builders, freezers, and drinkers. Though he spends a major part of his time doing illustrations for advertisers, Mr. Norkin's work has appeared for over ten years in the drama pages of the Sunday New York *Herald Tribune* and many other publications. He studied at the Metropolitan Art School and the New York School of Fine and Industrial Art, and during three years in the Army wrote and drew for camp newspapers. Mr. Norkin reports that he has a double iron in the fire at the moment: (1) a book, (2) a syndicated cartoon series involving personalities he has sketched in the entertainment world. He lives in Forest Hills, Long Island, with his wife, young son, and small daughter.

Customary Suits of Solemn Black

Maybe our fellow-editor, *Russell Lynes*, is right in concluding, on the basis of *Douglas Gorsline's* meticulous pen-and-ink drawings of what men have worn in the past century-and-a-half, that the trend has been from "Gaudy to Drab to Gaudy" (p. 43). Certainly the drawings here selected from the hundreds which Mr. Gorsline has made from contemporary photographs and snapshots suggest that what Mr. Lynes calls "the interminable era of male drabness" may be coming to an end. But don't count on it. The tradition of drabness is a powerful force among American males.

For one thing—and it may be the most important thing—gaudy clothes have traditionally been associated with gaudy morals. The dishonest apprentice who ran away from the Reverend Mr. Paul Coffin of Narragansett in 1768 (according to the Boston newspaper advertisement which offered \$6 for his apprehension) had "on and with him" at his departure a white fustian coat, a dark blue or grayish jacket, a pair of light purple plush breeches, and blue stockings, plus "large Brass Buckles, a Brass comb, and Watts's Spiritual Songs for Children." And the tradition of flashy clothes has been maintained ever since by characters of all shades of shadiness, from Diamond Jim Brady to the race-track touts and Al Capone.

Fiction reinforces fact, at least so far as the sartorial taste of the wicked is concerned. Open a dime novel, such as Philip Warne's *Patent Leather Joe: or, Old Rattlesnake, the Charmer* (1878) and you will find a description like this:

His dress was decidedly "loud," his plaid pantaloons being very wide in the legs, his "b'iled" shirt displaying what might or might *not* be a diamond. . . .

That is all you need to know about *him*. It will be no surprise to learn that he runs a crooked gambling joint in Virginia City. Had he been a fine, upstanding fellow he might, like the hero of *The Rangers and Regulators of the Kanaha: or Life Among the Lawless* (1857), have been "richly" dressed but, if so, "in dark cloth," you may be sure—no gaudy checks.

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OF COURSE, many fictional heroes, from Buffalo Bill to Superman, have gone in for fancy dress. But what these creatures wear is costume, not clothes. The picturesque garments are part of an act, and are likely to be dispensed with whenever it is necessary or convenient for the hero to impress people with his merely mortal virtues. (Superman, for example, displays his interplanetary blue tights and his red cloak only in his role as a *super* man. In his more mundane moments as Clark Kent—the worthy reporter who loves Lois Lane—he wears a colorless business suit.)

In real life, too, the typical American male is uneasy about costume. Take, for example, the case of Frank Cushing—the dashing young scientist sent out by the Smithsonian Institution in the eighteen-eighties to study the life and customs of the Zuni Indians. We reproduce on this page a picture of Cushing, drawn by W. L. Metcalf, which was used as an illustration for an article by Sylvester Baxter in the June 1882 issue of

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only the worth of the dollar but the very existence of our national enterprise.

Indeed this threat is as real and deadly as the Red menace against which we are arming. But the plain fact is that in the fight against inflation we, as a nation, are hiding under the bed! When we freeze wages or prices, we are merely doctoring the symptoms of the inflation-disease rather than the disease itself. If we are to stop the inflationary trend, the makers of our public policies must deal with the monetary causes of the inflation. They must control the expansion of bank deposits and the constantly increasing money supply.

Inflation is everybody's concern from the Wall Street banker to the Missouri housewife. In the fight against it, the American people—you and your neighbors—must learn to look beyond the local grocer's bill and the meat prices in the butcher shop . . . you must look to Washington, the seat of our Government, where the monetary policy is made. More than that . . . you must make your own voice heard among the law-makers. Congress should be interested in your views on inflation, and your Congressman is as close as your nearest mail-box or telegraph office. Simply stated—the action that you and your neighbors take can well decide the destiny of our country.

That's what we mean by "Operation People U.S.A."

Thomas I. Parkinson President

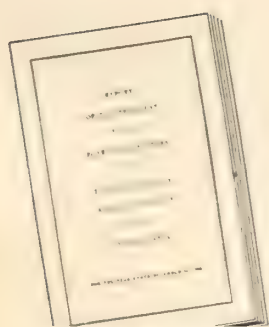
CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

as of December 31, 1950

Resources		Per Cent	Obligations		Per Cent
*Bonds and Stocks			Policyholders' Funds		
U. S. Government obligations.....	\$ 726,482,517	(12.7)	To cover future payments under insurance and annuity contracts in force.....	\$4,648,335,206	(81.5)
Dominion of Canada obligations.....	299,419,790	(5.2)	Held on deposit for policyholders and beneficiaries.....	323,281,234	(5.7)
Public utility bonds.....	795,849,372	(14.0)	Dividends and annuities left on deposit with the Society at interest.....	130,044,178	(2.3)
Railroad obligations.....	521,420,938	(9.1)	Policy claims in process of payment.....	28,191,420	(0.5)
Industrial obligations.....	1,680,552,354	(29.5)	Premiums paid in advance by policyholders.....	85,105,097	(1.5)
Other bonds.....	151,531,351	(2.7)	Dividends due and unpaid to policyholders.....	6,703,102	(0.1)
Preferred and guaranteed stocks.....	90,455,667	(1.6)	Allotted as dividends for distribution during 1951.....	80,650,408	(1.4)
Common stocks.....	8,642,995	(0.2)	Other Liabilities		
Mortgages and Real Estate			Taxes—federal, state and other.....	17,891,000	(0.3)
Residential and business mortgages.....	788,666,769	(13.8)	Expenses accrued, unearned interest and other obligations.....	8,789,419	(0.2)
Farm mortgages.....	150,933,941	(2.6)	Reserve for revaluation of Canadian and other foreign currency accounts at free market rates of exchange.....	13,617,000	(0.2)
Home and branch office buildings.....	10,573,799	(0.2)	Surplus Funds		
Housing developments and other real estate purchased for investment.....	129,056,089	(2.3)	To cover all contingencies.....	359,256,902	(6.3)
Residential and business properties.....	6,997,068	(0.1)	TOTAL.....	\$5,701,864,966	(100)
Other Assets					
Cash.....	68,135,232	(1.2)			
Transportation equipment.....	38,497,145	(0.7)			
Loans to policyholders.....	142,478,440	(2.5)			
Premiums in process of collection.....	48,119,219	(0.8)			
Interest and rentals accrued and other assets.....	44,052,280	(0.8)			
TOTAL.....	\$5,701,864,966	(100)			

* Including \$5,274,463 on deposit with public authorities.

In accordance with requirements of law all bonds subject to amortization are stated at their amortized value and all other bonds and stocks are valued at the market quotations on December 31, 1950, as prescribed by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.



✱ For a more detailed statement of The Society's operations during 1950 write for a copy of the President's Report to the Board of Directors.

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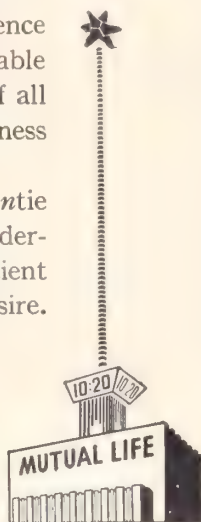
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Harper's. Baxter first saw Cushing at Fort Wingate, and naturally wanted to know who the young man in the "picturesque costume" was. "That is Frank H. Cushing," an army officer replied, and hastily added:

It is no streak of eccentricity that prompts him to dress that way. He is one of the most modest fellows I ever knew, and the attention attracted by such a costume is really painful to him. But he bears it without flinching, as bravely as he has borne many perils and privations in the cause of science.

The point was, he explained, that Cushing could not carry on his investigations by contemplating his subjects from the outside, like a spectator at a play. He had to "go on the stage, and take his own part in the performance."

Well, as long as the American male regards colorful clothing as "off-color," and picturesque clothing as a peril and privation to be borne without flinching, P & O will put its money on the chances of eternal drabness, despite signs and portents to the contrary.

MR. GORSLINE is an illustrator, etcher, and painter whose work has been shown in major national exhibitions, including those at the Pennsylvania Academy and the National Academy in New York. His etching, "Where Next," won first prize at the Library of Congress's annual exhibition in 1949. He wrote and illustrated the book, *Farm Boy*, which the *New Yorker* acclaimed as "the finest teen-age juvenile of 1950," and he has illustrated a number of volumes for the Limited Editions Club and other publishers.

The present drawings are a product of a project Mr. Gorsline has had under way for some time, which he hopes may develop into the most complete and accurate pictorial record in existence of how people have dressed. The immediate job is to finish writing and illustrating a book called *What People Wore*, to be published by the Viking Press next fall. The long-term project is to collect, index, and make drawings from photographs showing what men and women in all walks of life and in all parts of the country have

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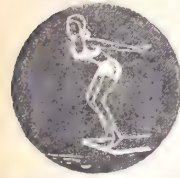
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P & O

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MR. LYNES is, as you doubtless remember, the author of a number of *Harper's* articles dealing with the oddities and the complexities of taste and fashion. He wrote "The Age of Taste" for our Centennial Issue last October, and he has explored other aspects of the subject in such articles as "Architects in Glass Houses," (October 1945), "The Taste-Makers" (June 1947), "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" (February 1949), and—to the Queen's taste—*Snobs* (available—if you hurry—at your nearest bookstore). He is an editor of *Harper's*, we like to remind you.

Blithe Spirits

As a Pulitzer prize-winning historian, as both an analytical and polemical critic, as a novelist, and as an essayist, **Bernard DeVoto** has long since established himself in the minds and hearts (and sometimes under the skin) of his countrymen. With this month's "Easy Chair" (p. 68) he takes rank as one of our major lyric poets. For here, in words that sing, he invokes and pays tribute to the distilled essence of American civilization. Here, in unrhymed poetry, he celebrates the American spirit (or spirits, rather—for there are two).

You would not believe it, if you hadn't read it in such a reliable column as this, but it is a fact that you could read all the standard textbooks on American history, and all the major American novelists and poets, without discovering that rye means anything but the stuff a body comes through, or that bourbon means anything but somebody who wants to keep what he has come by. The history books mention the Whiskey Rebellion, of course. They always dwell on its significance as a test case of federal authority in the young republic. But in their accounts, the violence of the western Pennsylvanians' objection to the new

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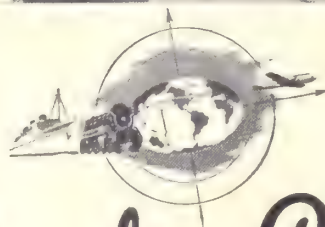
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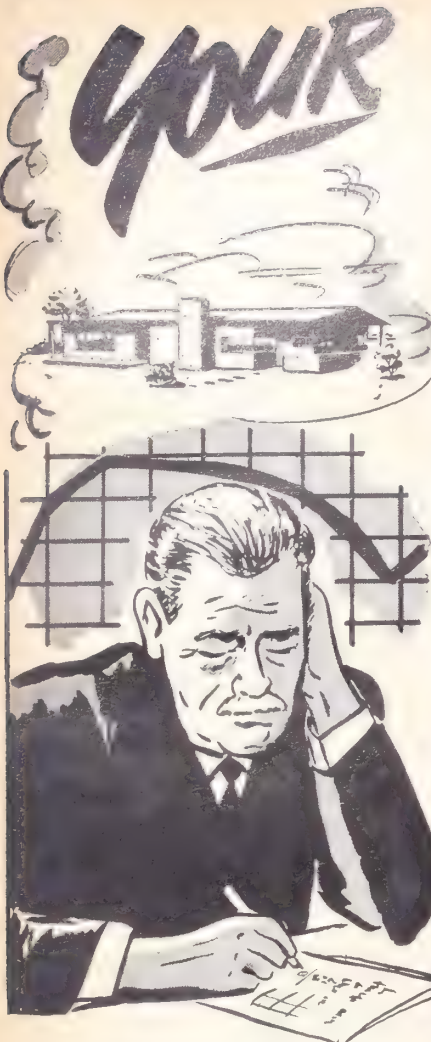


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federal excise taxes is curiously unmotivated. Even Professors Morison and Commager, in their otherwise admirable history of *The Growth of the American Republic*, tell us only that the tax was opposed because whiskey distilling was the frontiersmen's sole practical method for disposing of surplus corn, and because whiskey was useful as currency (a gallon passing for a shilling "in every store on the Western slope of the Alleghenies"). Which goes to show what the economic interpretation of history can do to a couple of excellent cultural historians when their guard is down.

Readers of this month's "Easy Chair" will not be so easily fooled. They will understand that the spirit which has motivated American resistance to the tyranny of the state was distilled and bottled in western Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Monongahela from which it took one of its more poetic names. They will realize, too, that if the serpent of tyranny still has power to keep men out of Eden, it is because (as Shakespeare said) we have only Scotched the snake. Eden is for the true believers, like Mr. DeVoto, who know that the spirit of freedom is not imported, but native to Bourbon County, Kentucky.

Microcosm to Macrocosm

...A neat example of the power and the limitations of man's intellect appears in the articles by Professors Howe and Hoyle in this issue of *Harper's*. Armed with his electronic microscope and the manifold paraphernalia of his experiments with mice and chimpanzees, the advance guardsman in medical research seeks to isolate the virus—so small it has never been seen by human eye—only to discover that the varieties of viruses undetected outnumber the one he thinks he may have found. Similarly, the astrophysicist, with his mighty telescope—even the giant of Palomar—probes to extend the limits of vision, only to find the Universe expanding so rapidly that its outer regions have sped off before their light can reach his lens. Yet men will keep trying and prying, and by this infinite busyness they produce human civilization.

In "Can We Vaccinate Against Polio?" (p. 37) **Dr. Howard A. Howe** gives us the second of two reports on the virus diseases and the progress made by the medical profession in their control. As the father of two children, Dr. Howe has a special understanding of the layman's interest in poliomyelitis, and as senior member of the Poliomyelitis Research Center at Johns Hopkins University and adjunct professor of epidemiology in the School of Public Health, he is on the front in research on the viruses. He is the author, with D. Bodian, of *Neural Mechanisms in Poliomyelitis* and he has contributed to standard texts on viral infections and preventive medicine. A Midwesterner by birth and a Yale graduate, he studied medicine at Hopkins. He now lives near Baltimore and is much taken up with country life and work for the World Federalists.

♦♦♦**Albert Douglas's** profile of the Secretary of the Air Force ("The Inconspicuous Mr. Finletter," p. 49) is sketched against the author's long and practical interest in aviation. During the war, Mr. Douglas was in the Navy as a torpedo and carrier pilot, and when his Pacific squadron was broken up he was detailed to Anacostia in Washington, D. C., to fly transports. On one flight to the Norfolk Naval Air Station, he flew co-pilot with "Red" Donaldson, Secretary James Forrestal's regular pilot, and met Mr. Forrestal. This acquaintance had something to do with directing his attention to the present Secretary of the Air Force.

In interviewing Mr. Finletter, Mr. Douglas found him as discreet and disciplined as a lawyer and, after a half-hour of getting nowhere, asked: "If I were the Secretary what would you ask me?"

"The following nine questions," said Mr. Finletter. And, reports Mr. Douglas, "in his precise thinker's manner he had the whole interview all figured out and handed it to me like a gift."

Albert Douglas, a native New Yorker, was an indefatigable oarsman during four years at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1942. After the war he put in a stint on the *Wall Street Journal* as aviation writer and then, doing the



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same job, on the *Journal of Commerce*. He has contributed two articles before this one to *Harper's*, "What's Become of Those Small Planes?" (December 1949) and "The British Jet Transports" (March 1950).

•••*Babette Deutsch's* poem, "Entertainment in the Parlor at 8:30" (p. 56), has an interesting peculiarity. For each stanza there was in the poet's mind a hidden or "silent" rhyme. Did you notice them when you read the poem? That in the first stanza chimes with "knife" and is the answer to "What do they hope for?" That in the second stanza chimes with "breath" and is the answer to "What do they wait for?"

Miss Deutsch is the author of several novels, books of verse and of criticism, and juveniles. She has also translated poetry from Russian and German. She gives a course in modern poetry at Columbia University and is now writing a book on that subject. Her most recent book of poems is *Take Them, Stranger*.

•••Among the American women who have achieved skill and distinction in writing short stories, *Kay Boyle* is one of the best liked, perhaps for the warmth of feeling in her work. "Aufwiedersehen Abend" (p. 57) is a fairly bitter picture of a good American in his search for a good German, but the irony is charged with feeling. This story will appear, along with others about the people in Occupied Germany, in a volume to be published in May by McGraw-Hill, *The Smoking Mountain*.

The forthcoming book will be Miss Boyle's twenty-second published volume—including two which she admits she ghosted (one a mystery story, one somebody else's autobiography). In 1931, she published both her first novel, *Plagued by the Nightingale*, and a collection of stories, *Wedding Day*. Her most recent novel was *His Human Majesty* (1949). She has done many translations from the French—among them the work of Delteil and the first English translation of Radiguet's *Le Diable au Corps*, which has been so successful in this country as a movie.

Miss Boyle is married and now

living in Germany. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, she has traveled widely. She is the mother of six children.

•••Last May *Harper's* broke into light verse with two pages of "A Middle-Aged Man's Garden of Verses" by *Peter DeVries*. "Rhyme or Reason" (p. 72) is another out-sputtering of this urbane wit. Mr. DeVries used to help edit *Poetry* magazine; he is the author of three novels and many stories.

•••If you are one of the many readers who have been following *Fred Hoyle* down the enchanted path called "The Nature of the Universe," you come now, with Part V, to what lies at the bottom of his garden. In "The Expanding Universe" (p. 81), he speaks out, more personally than heretofore, of the special views which he himself holds about the creation of the Universe, about its destiny, and about little man on the little planet Earth, with his electronic microscope, his giant telescope, his questions, and his fears.

P & O no more wants to relieve you of the pleasure of finding out for yourself what is at the bottom of Mr. Hoyle's garden than Mr. Hoyle wants to relieve you of the necessity of thinking about the problem of creation. For though on Isaac Newton (as Mr. Hoyle points out) the impact of the New Cosmology might have had a shattering effect, on most of us less comprehending creatures, the effect may be staggering but we can take it—with the cushion of awed laughter. And indeed there may be consolation, in these times of atomic deviltry, to contemplate Mr. Hoyle's calm statement that "no large-scale changes in the Universe can be expected to take place in the future."

"The Expanding Universe" concludes the series of articles which began to appear in *Harper's* in the December issue. In their original form they were radio talks which Mr. Hoyle gave in England on the BBC; these lectures were rebroadcast in this country in February and March over WNYC, the city station of New York. And now Harper & Brothers is publishing the entire book, for American readers, titled *The Nature of the Universe*.

Since P & O has in previous issues told a good deal about the life of this young, Yorkshire-born scientist, who is now a lecturer in mathematics at Cambridge University and a fellow of St. John's College, we add here only a few details to give background for the personal views expressed in his article. He loves classical music, holidays in the hills, and traveling, is more interested in places than in people. He reads detective stories and likes to tinker with his own car. He hates writing letters, getting up early, or doing jobs that he considers are unnecessary. He has no interest in clothes, although he has improved since his undergraduate days when he would buy shirts at sales at sixpence each because he objected to paying laundries "to ruin his shirts."

The facts above were supplied by Mrs. Hoyle—because, we suspect, Mr. Hoyle would consider writing something about himself one of those unnecessary jobs which he hates. On the other hand, he took part last year in a village production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," playing with relish and *éclat* the part of Bottom. In addition to many scholarly papers on astronomy, he has written a book, *Some Recent Researches in Solar Physics*, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1949.

♦♦♦"Tale for a Deaf Ear" (p. 93) is *Elizabeth Enright's* first contribution to *Harper's* for some time: we published three of her stories back in 1940. Miss Enright began her career as an illustrator of children's books, then became an author of children's books—one of hers, *Thimble Summer*, won the Newbery Award in 1939. She changed at about that time into a writer of adult short stories, and has written dozens of them; a collection was published in 1946.

She is married to Robert Gillham; they have three sons and live in Washington Square.

Another New Yorker, also a wife and mother, is *Lillian Freedgood*, who made the drawings for "Tale for a Deaf Ear." A graduate of Pratt Institute, she studied painting with Jean Charlot and sculpture with Oliver O'Connor-Barrett. She has done commercial art for advertising

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firms and for Paramount, and is art editor of *Young Judean* magazine. At the moment, she says, the family (which includes her husband and six-year-old daughter) rate a new Ford as the big news.

•••No one would dare to contend that he has written, read, spoken, or published the "last word" on the subject of inflation and price control. During January, February, and March we citizens grew accustomed to the slaughter of officials involved in the effort to save us from inflation: despite good intentions, hard work, sound ideas, and reams of "last words," they went down before the pressure groups whose object was to frustrate some part of their endeavor. Or so it looked to P & O.

Hence while we do not call "Must We Pay More for Everything?" (p. 97) by E. A. Goldenweiser the last word on this painful subject, we insist it is the full, rounded word by one of the country's leading authorities in the field. Dr. Goldenweiser of the Institute for Advanced Study, of Princeton, was director of research and statistics for the Federal Reserve Board from 1926 to 1945. He had been with the government since 1907, the year when he received his Ph. D. degree from Cornell University. He was also economist for the Federal Open Market Committee for nearly ten years, and he has been president both of the American Statistical Association and of the American Economic Association. He is author of *Monetary Management in the United States* and of other books and articles. His disinterested analysis and recommendations are the fruit of a long and wise experience.

•••"Storm Warnings" (p. 104) by Adrienne Cecile Rich will be included in a book of poems to be published this spring by the Yale University Press. Miss Rich, a senior at Radcliffe, has been awarded the 1950 Yale Series of Younger Poets prize.

•••For David McCord's "New Twilight on Old Gods" (p. 109), we have called in an expert critic of verse. Mr. McCord, editorial chairman of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, is the author of three books of serious poems and five of light verse.

We leave it to you to decide where "New Twilight on Old Gods" belongs. To help you to enjoy the experiment, we pass along to you this comment by Louis Untermeyer, who wrote it for love of poetry:

"Practically all poetry consists of pouring new lines into old bottle-shaped forms. It is something of an event, a technician's delight, when a new form is invented. David McCord's neat 'Symmetrics' are such an event. They are, as are many of McCord's other verses, abbreviated plays—being not only plays *with* words but plays *on* words. In this case, something new has definitely been added, and what has been added makes the five-line stanza a new kind of poem. The sly colon in the very middle of the middle line enhances the geometrical symmetry and points up the artful repetition.

"A 'Symmetric' is, in essence, a more delicate and more scholarly limerick, a boiling down of Bulfinch into a snifter-size pun. But this is not the place for metaphor or appraisal. I leave the matter to academicians and practitioners. The former will analyze the pattern, and the latter will imitate it."

For these words, thank you very much, Mr. Untermeyer.

The Acid Test

The following letter to the editor of the Union College (Schenectady, N.Y.) newspaper suggests a convenient standard for fraternity rating. Our obliging correspondent who sent us the item from the *Concordiensis* identified Mr. Newcomer as a student from Seattle:

Dear Sirs:

One of the items covered by Mr. Newcomer in his stirring chapel speech Monday was the intellectual sterility of the average Union Student, particularly the fraternity man. As evidence, he cited the scanty supply of copies of *Harper's Magazine* to be found within these refuges for the dull-normal.

While Mr. Newcomer's premise has unfortunate merit, I would like to point out that in the Psi U library, within easy reach, there are 432 copies of *Harper's* covering 36 years. . . .

WILLIAM CONWAY

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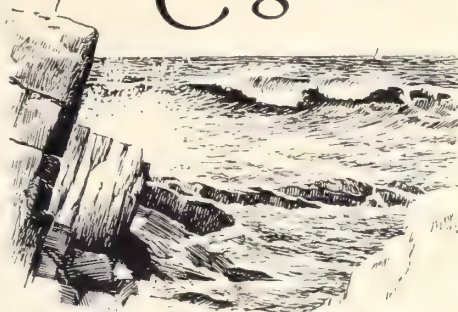
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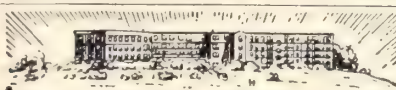
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LETTERS

FDR and Welles—

To the Editors:

After all the smears of Roosevelt as agent or dupe of Moscow, as the American Kerensky, by antediluvian editors, Sumner Welles has presented a portrait ["Roosevelt and the Far East," Part I, February 1951] which I feel has been deliberately suppressed for partisan reasons.

Although I take the attacks on Acheson as utter buncombe, I believe his usefulness has been impaired, more by the pressures to conform to "policies" of McCarthyism than by the necessity of answering silly and malicious charges against his conduct of the Department. I should like to see the ability, vision, and gumption of Mr. Welles returned to the service of our country.

This is only one of many *Harper's* articles that has given me the urge to stand up and cheer. . . .

DEAN W. HUSTED
Swartz Creek, Mich.

No Advt.?—

To the Editors:

Otto Kleppner has knocked his straw men gallywumpus in his article "Is There Too Much Advertising?" [February 1951]. But I'd be more interested in seeing him justify the peculiar ethics of that remarkable world coexisting with our own, that land of Cockaigne where corn-on-the-cob teeth wreck homes, tattle-tale gray sheets lead to near suicide, and the universal finger of scorn is pointed at those parents who deny their children the advantages of a piano, an encyclopedia, a Hopalong Cassidy outfit, or a television set. It's a strange land where one must drink whiskey to be distinguished, and find refreshment for more ordi-

nary thirst in carbonated syrups; a land where "ain't" or a lack of interest in current books means social ostracism; where children wizen without the breakfast-of-champions; where successful marriage results from soap or a home permanent or a dress without gaposis.

In this real world it's difficult to find something relatively true; in the never-never land of advertising you can pick absolutes like daisies and discover heart's desire in shaving cream. . . .

WALLACE MACFARLANE
Santa Ysabel, Calif.

To the Editors:

I have just finished reading Otto Kleppner's article, "Is There Too Much Advertising?"

You can tell him for me that I found his advertisement (euphemistically referred to as an "article") just as dull and misleading as the usual product.

I will admit he displays at least one virtue, *i.e.* consistency, in that his writing (or should I say "copy"?) fails to rise above the level of what we have come to expect in the usual advertisement.

MICHAEL HILL
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

I was interested in reading Mr. Kleppner's article, "Is There Too Much Advertising?" Clearly he states a good case for the economic values of advertising in a reasonably free economy, although he rather overstates, in my opinion, the power of free and intelligent choice of the average consumer and rather undersells the persuasive powers of mass communications and their ability to override good judgment through sheer noise and repetition.

Mr. Kleppner doesn't meet, however, a major complaint which many

people have against present-day advertising. . . . This may be due to the fact that Mr. Kleppner is in advertising himself and therefore fails to see the deficiencies of his own product. I am referring to the lack of good taste and intelligence with which many of today's advertisements are written and presented. One simply does not like to be told of one's potential intestinal difficulties and possible remedies between Beethoven and Mozart. . . . When confronted with the manner in which perfectly respectable products are advertised, having infantile remarks crammed down the prospective consumer's throat by syrupy voiced and insincere sounding announcers . . . one wonders about the good sense and humane frame of mind of the American business man, in whom I have considerable faith. In other words, let's, by all means, have advertising which undoubtedly is an essential aspect of a competitive economy. But let the advertiser use some good taste in constructing his advertisements, some restraint in their length, intensity, and frequency, and let him *please* assume reasonable intelligence on the part of the consumer. . . .

KURT L. HANSLOWE
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

Otto Kleppner's article is very interesting and convincing, but the NOISE . . . NOISE . . . NOISE!

C. L. WALKER, JR.
El Paso, Texas

Good Scouts—

To the Editors:

I received the February issue of *Harper's* in today's mail and, oh, how I enjoyed "Confessions of a Scoutmaster." Hats off to R. E. Cochran and all other Scout Lead-

LETTERS

ers who so patiently endure such trials for the sake of youth. As a teacher of junior high school children, I have often wondered if parents realize that only a John L. Lewis could successfully control a group of twenty to forty youngsters—that is, if we can call a childhood without a game of mashed potato snowballs or Confederate Roulette a successful childhood. I hope that at some time or another Mr. Cochran has taught school so that he can do a "True Confessions of a Classroom Teacher."...

MARTHA J. KUNKLE
Export, Pa.

To the Editors:

As a new subscriber to *Harper's* I have been somewhat disappointed in the past few numbers. But "Confessions of a Scoutmaster" makes up for all former shortcomings. Such a combination of humor, frankness, and tiny pinpricks in the skins of pompous, self-important leaders is truly delightful.

LYDIA MAYFIELD
Halstead, Kansas

Clearing the Mumble—

To the Editors:

I should like to congratulate *Harper's* for the clear and cogent article in the January issue, "The Mumble in the Voice of America," by William H. Wells. It cuts so neatly through the fog and fuzz that has surrounded the program.

In analyzing the difficulties that beset the Voice of America program, Mr. Wells has also revealed—without developing the point—what lies at the root of some of our internal problems. I wish that he or some other qualified contributor would produce a companion article showing how the same reluctance to espouse majority rule is confusing domestic policies. . . .

J. K. WILLIAMS
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

William H. Wells' article, "The Mumble in the Voice of America," might well be read by every American.

It is true that the Voice of America will never reach its maximum effectiveness until the Ameri-



Here's to the Winner!



"A CHAMPION DESERVES
THE BEST, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE,
AND THE BEST IS
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CHAMPION, TOO! ITS QUALITY AND
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"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

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LETTERS

can people begin to tell the world through it that they will support the legitimate aspirations of the world's underprivileged for food, clothing, and shelter, and for economic justice and more abundant life.

There is another truth, however, which Mr. Wells overlooks. It is that even the economic and social policy for which he pleads would not be enough to command the attention and loyalty of the world's restless millions unless that policy is fortified by another policy—the determination to strengthen the United Nations into an instrument capable of making, interpreting, and enforcing world laws against aggression. The transformation of the United Nations into a world federal government with powers limited but adequate for the prevention of aggression and for the prevention of preparations for aggression must become a fundamental objective of American foreign policy. . . .

PALMER VAN GUNDY
La Canada, Calif.

To the Editors:

The article by Mr. William H. Wells appearing in your January issue looks like real Fair Deal propaganda which beckons American citizens to give all we possess in order to save the world. Apparently it is not enough that we are giving our money and blood to save democracy for ourselves, but Mr. Wells would have us meddle in the internal affairs of other nations by going right into such countries and actually running their governments the way we run ours at Washington. Perhaps Mr. Wells doesn't know just what foreign intellectuals, foreign business people, and foreign democrats really think of the hodgepodge of affairs at Washington these days. Certainly the greatness of the U.S.A. was not built on the foundation of socialism as practiced by Fair Dealers today, and foreigners have a way of finding out our doings even if we try to paint a different picture through subsidized official propaganda. . . .

ILSE MARVENGA
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

The first article in the January

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Regular Sailings from New York.
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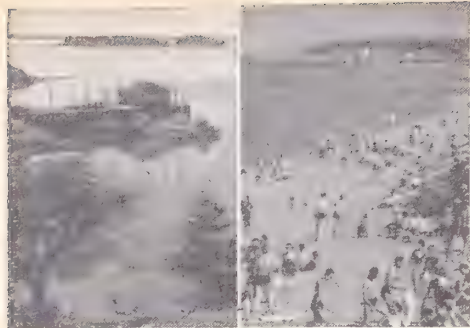
Send Your Child to Camp This Year

Let us help you in the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl—a question demanding the greatest consideration. Do not delay. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later. You will find suggestions among the announcements contained in the School and Camp Sections of this and following issues. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets of any camps you may have under consideration. Write to:

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The answer to your school problem will probably be found among the number of schools advertised in the Educational Directory of this issue. The facilities of our School Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Guidance Director. Harper's Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

"and in Philadelphia
—we stayed, of course, at The Barclay. That's always a real treat."

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The Barclay

PHILADELPHIA 3, PENNSYLVANIA
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director

LETTERS

Harper's, "The Mumble in the Voice of America," is so pertinent and constructive I wish somehow you could make inexpensive reprints of it for distribution. . . .

GERTRUDE D. THOMPSON
Farmington, Conn.

Cyclists' Raid—

To the Editors:

Though I'm not given to writing letters to the editor I was so moved by Frank Rooney's story, "Cyclists' Raid," in your January number that I believe it only fair to commend you for publishing it. It seems to be a likely candidate for anthologies of the best; no great surprise then to find it first in *Harper's*.

It's a relief these days to find such a powerful and terrifying and beautiful piece of work in a periodical.

ALLEN WHITING
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Family Doctor—

To the Editors:

Bernard DeVoto is right—the medical profession is not equipped to deal with the problem it is talking about—the architecture of wider medical care. ["Easy Chair," Jan.]

If the AMA can admit that it doesn't know all the answers, then it can perhaps do something useful and impressive. Perhaps the AMA should itself initiate the formation of a commission of citizens who will have the assignment to investigate and recommend to the profession, and the whole of America, the steps necessary to broaden medical care and deal with related problems and yet avoid the thrall and weaknesses of any government system.

Such a commission might very well clear the air like a thunderclap. . . . Bernard Baruch quickly comes to mind as the kind of citizen who could head such a group. He is not the essential man; I mention him only as a symbol of the distinction and selflessness which are essential in this concept. As I visualize this group, it would have no physicians in it—it would be apart from the profession—although having all necessary technical advice and help.

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LETTERS

self-interest; rather it would thrust the problem into the realm of the public interest and give the physicians the credit for initiating a progressive solution. . . . It would strip the matter of the tricky and emotional labeling of the problem of which the AMA is consistently guilty. It would interpose a strong group between the doctors and the Ewing faction. It would restore the initiative to the AMA on the best basis of all—creative action. And it might very well propound the broad outlines of a genuine solution. . . .

There are supposed to be some one hundred or more counties where there are no physicians, and of course there must be many areas where the ratio of population to physicians is overwhelmingly unsatisfactory. We all know the reasons, but these are the things the critics and planners shoot at; even, also, just people who believe there is some improvement possible.

Accordingly, if the AMA doesn't want the federal government to decide and enforce the distribution of physicians according to some plan, why doesn't the AMA itself do something about it?

Specifically: Why not construct a scheme of AMA guarantees of income to younger physicians who will take assigned posts in localities and areas where doctors do not now practice, but where the need exists?

Suppose the AMA guaranteed a base income of \$3,000 a year to each physician who would locate, on assignment by AMA, in one of the hundred or more counties? What is the cost? Very much less than half a million annually. The AMA has raised a good many times this sum by a head tax to wage their fight; a more creative use of this money might be really to tackle the problem which creates the need for the fight. An assessment of \$5 a year per AMA member would provide quite a pool to finance a fill-in distribution of medical service. Wouldn't it be cheap as a means of pre-empting the solution, and of keeping the problem out of the hands of the government? Is there an AMA member who wouldn't pay \$5 a year if the purpose and idea were clear to him?

Of course there are problems. But I believe the AMA might be sur-

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LETTERS

prised at the reception even the effort to work out such a plan would gain. It would take the profession off the defensive, and give it a constructive and creative stance, rather than merely one of indifference and nullification.

DAVID FREDERICK
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Zuckerman Replies—

To the Editors:

It is good to have on record [Harper's, February 1951] that Mr. Y. H. Levin, Press Counselor of the Embassy of Israel at Washington . . . does not deny the existence of a theocratic problem in Israel and admits "that large and vocal sections of the population do indeed object to certain aspects of the present situation, and that the subject is freely ventilated in the Knesset (parliament) and press." . . .

But while admitting the existence of theocratic problems in Israel, Mr. Levin tries to apologize for some and deny others. In his apology for the ban on civil marriages and divorces in Israel and for the placing of the entire family and personal status of the Israeli Jewish citizens under Rabbinical law, he states that the "legal code of a civilized nation is not the product of a matter of months . . . and Israel carried over the legislation from the Mandatory Power." . . . But the important fact that is being overlooked is that, although theocracy has existed in Palestine for centuries, Jews have not been in Palestine for that length of time. The vast majority of them are comparative newcomers in the country who arrived during the last generation or two and their cultural background is not a Moslem theocracy, but European democracy. . . .

As for the practices of the British Mandatory Power, since when are Israelis morally committed to follow them? Zionists fought the Mandatory Power and everything it stood for in Palestine for thirty years. No sooner was the state of Israel established than practically every vestige of the Mandate was swept away. It did not take Israel thirty days, or even thirty hours, to do away with all the immigration laws of the Mandate. Why should the laws of theocracy be left for over thirty

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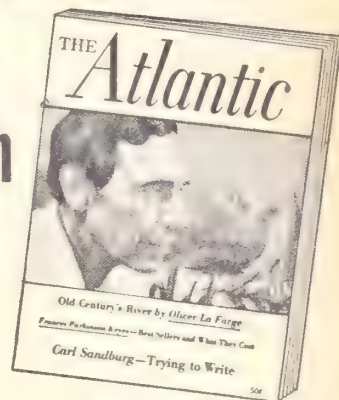
While admitting Rabbinical control of marriages and family status in Israel, Mr. Levin denies that children born without a religious ceremony are treated as outcasts and have no legal status under Rabbinical law. Rabbinical law on this and other matters is, of course, subject to a large extent to interpretation by individual Rabbis who differ in their tolerance and outlook in applying the law. But the *Shulchan-Aruch* (the Orthodox code of law) is quite specific on the subject of children born out of wedlock not sanctified by a Rabbi. An authority on this law, a veteran American attorney and leader of Orthodoxy stated it publicly (*Morning Journal*, New York, June 26, 1950). Writing on the position of a Jewish woman who obtains a divorce in civil court without obtaining a Rabbinical divorce, this authority, Mr. Isaac Allen, says: "According to our *Shulchan-Aruch*, [such a] woman is living in deadly sin. The children born of her and her second husband are bastards, ineligible, according to our Torah, for admission into the community." . . .

Mr. Levin also denies that discriminations exist in Israel against Reform and Conservative Judaism. These official denials have been rejected again and again by Reform Rabbis and Jews in Israel who are the direct victims of the discrimination, and by their co-religionists in this country at public meetings, at Rabbinical conferences, and in the press. An official protest by a delegation of Reform Rabbis was submitted last year to the former Israeli Ambassador, Elath, who promised to submit the protest to his government. It so happens that these protests have now broken out in a new storm on the occasion of the arrival of the Israeli Minister of Religion, Rabbi Jehuda L. Maimon. . . .

I suggest that the truth be established by a frank and open discussion in the American organs of public opinion (since the Jewish press is largely closed to such a discussion), and that the question of theocracy in Israel be ventilated in this country, at least as it is being done in the Israeli *Knessett*. . . .

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MAGAZINE

Who Votes Isolationist and Why

Samuel Lubell

THUS far in the "Great Debate" on foreign policy the factor that may prove the most decisive of all has been politely ignored. This missing element is the sizable isolationist vote cast in earlier elections. No politician seems willing to confess himself an "isolationist" in these atom-riven times, but the evidence mounts daily that the dominant Republican leaders are gambling on a revival of the old "isolationist" vote to sweep them to victory in 1952.

The existence of a sizable body of voters with a known prejudice exerts a powerful attraction on any group of politicians. For Republican leaders the prospect of an isolationist comeback must be particularly tantalizing. They cannot help recalling that the last and, in some respects, most luxurious era of Republican power began in 1920, when isolationist sentiment almost wrecked the Democratic party. They must also remember that the emotions stirred by Hitler's war

wrested eight states from Franklin Roosevelt in the same general region where Truman scored his surprising gain two years ago.

Who are these one-time isolationists whose bias may determine the fate of our world? What made them isolationist in the first place? Did last November's elections really mark a resurgence of their old spirit? In their make-up can we find the answer to the puzzling paradox of why so many of the same politicians who agitate so strenuously against European entanglement seem hell-bent for involvement in Asia?

To sift out the most heavily "isolationist" areas, I have taken as a basis the Presidential voting in 1920, when the League of Nations was at issue, and in 1940, after the outbreak of World War II. Obviously everyone who voted Republican in those years was by no means isolationist. But counties where Democratic losses were three, five, even eight times the national average could be considered to

Since 1940, apart from various wartime jobs, principally connected with the office of War Mobilization, Mr. Lubell has been making a broad analysis of the Roosevelt vote. Now, as a Guggenheim Fellow, he is finishing this study for a book.

have the highest isolationist potential. From the available statistical data I have winnowed out what these counties had in common. Finally, last fall, I visited a number of these areas in nine states, talking first-hand to voters of every type, to see whether the Korean war had stirred the same emotional responses as the last two wars.

WHAT I found raises the question whether "isolationism," as it has been generally pictured, ever really existed. Possibly because it seemed to concentrate in the Midwest, the notion has grown up that isolationism was a product of the peculiar geographical insularity of the American interior. Being removed from the coasts, Midwesterners were presumed to be less sensitive to events abroad than coastal residents and more likely to feel that the United States could live alone and get away with it.

The "cure," it was reasoned, was to make people more world-minded, to emphasize that the ever-expanding range of modern weapons has been shrinking our globe, and to dramatize America's inseparability from other nations.

But "isolationism" is not a matter of exaggerated pacifism or mental and geographical aloofness from the rest of the world. Rather, its hard core is ethnic and emotional. The strongest common characteristic of the counties with the heaviest "isolationist" vote is that they are inhabited by ethnic groups with an inherited pro-German or anti-British bias. This ethnic factor emerged even more strongly in World War II than in World War I.

Throughout the country in 1940 Roosevelt's proportion of the major party vote dropped roughly 7 per cent from 1936. There were twenty counties, though, where his loss exceeded 35 per cent, five times the national average. Nineteen of these counties are predominantly German-speaking in background. Another thirty-five counties showed a Democratic drop of 25 to 34 per cent in 1940. In all but four, the census tables reveal German as the first or second strongest nationality of origin, which also holds for at least 83 of the 101 counties where Roosevelt's 1940 vote dropped between 20 per cent and 24 per cent.

In Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, this German-American defec-

tion was strong enough to swing those states Republican. Nor was the Midwest alone affected. In states as different as Texas and Ohio, Washington and Wisconsin, Minnesota and Indiana, Idaho and Missouri, the sharpest Democratic declines invariably came in German-background counties.

That these ethnic influences are largely a subconscious force, of which the German-Americans themselves may not be aware, seems clear from the 1948 voting. Although there were exceptions, Truman's greatest gains generally came in the same counties where Roosevelt had suffered his heaviest losses in 1940. Of eleven Iowa counties with the biggest Truman pick-up only one was not strongly Germanic in character. Of thirteen Wisconsin counties where the Democrats registered their heaviest increases in 1948, five showed a Democratic drop of more than 20 per cent in 1940, another five a drop of between 15 and 20 per cent.

The commonly accepted belief that Truman's astonishing victory was caused by a spectacular shift of farmers toward the "Fair Deal"—a "green revolution" as it has been termed—must be modified. Did the farm belt ever really turn *against* the New Deal? The Midwest's defection from the Democratic party in 1940 was largely a revolt of German-American farmers against involvement in war with Germany. With the war's end and Roosevelt's passing, the bulk of these same farmers returned to the Democratic fold.

Nor was this German-American swing merely an agricultural one. In both 1940 and 1948 I made a post-mortem study of the voting, covering fifteen key states. Everywhere I found that German-American precincts and townships followed this same pattern.

In view of the closeness of the 1948 election, the German-American swing to the Democratic side can definitely be credited with giving Truman his margin of victory. Ohio's twenty-five electoral votes, for example, were carried by only 7,107 votes. In six largely German-American counties in western Ohio alone, Truman picked up more than 6,700 votes over Roosevelt's 1944 showing, while the Republicans lost 13,000 votes.

There is an irony worth noting in the strategic importance of the "isolationist" vote. At a time when American power rep-

resents the balance of freedom in this war-threatened world, the balance of voting power in the United States seems to rest with the former "isolationists."

II

BETWEEN the two war periods, though, there was a decided weakening of "isolationist" strength. Two main factors seem responsible.

First, the ethnic base of "isolationism" has shrunk appreciably. In World War I, Americans of Swedish descent were almost as fiercely anti-war as the German-Americans, while the Norwegian-Americans were only a trifle less so. Before our entry into the war the bulk of the Swedish-language press and Swedish Lutheran clergy was unmistakably pro-German. Russia was assailed as Sweden's "traditional enemy," while Germany was hailed as a champion of Protestant and Teutonic civilization. Normally Republican, the heavily Scandinavian counties swung to Wilson in 1916 because "he kept us out of war." Wilson lost Minnesota by little more than 350 votes, the result of a drop in normal Democratic strength in heavily Germanic counties like Stearns and McLeod.

The worst Democratic setbacks in 1920 came in areas of Swedish, German, Norwegian, and Irish background, with a smaller drop among Italo-Americans. In large part it was a vote of revenge. The German-language press drummed at the theme that "a vote for Harding is a vote against the persecutions suffered by German-Americans during the war." The Irish hatred of Britain spilled over in bitter opposition to the League of Nations. In 1917 Wilson had tried to persuade Britain to grant Ireland home rule, but British statesmen had not yet learned that England's security might depend on America's melting-pot politics.

Contrast the drastically altered ethnic line-up in 1940. Some lingerings of pro-German and anti-British feeling showed up in Swedish and Irish sections. Many Italo-Americans resented Roosevelt's stab-in-the-back reference to Mussolini's attack upon France. But in the main, in 1940, the German-Americans were left as the hard isolationist core. Offsetting their influence was the strength Roosevelt drew from voters of

Polish, Norwegian, and Jewish extraction because of Hitler's invasion of Poland and Norway and the Nazis' anti-Semitism. In 1940 Polish-American precincts in cities like Buffalo, Milwaukee, and Detroit went twenty to one for Roosevelt!

THE second major difference between the two waves of our isolationist past lies in the altered economic background. World War I broke upon America after a long period of agitation against monopolies of all kinds and the "money trust" in particular. The isolationism of that day merged with the forces of economic protest. By 1940, however, isolationism had become a weapon by which the conservative Republicans hoped to defeat Roosevelt's New Deal.

This transformation in the economic bias of isolationism is worth tracing, if only for the light it sheds on the political chemistry by which foreign and domestic problems invariably find a common solvent. The process is perhaps best exemplified in the story of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. The League was born in 1915, not of agricultural depression but of semi-colonial revolt. Virtually a one-crop state, North Dakota was really a tributary province of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Alex McKenzie, the Republican boss who ruled the state, lived in a St. Paul hotel; Twin City bankers pulled the life-strings of credit. Twin City millers bought most of North Dakota's wheat, setting the prices and the terms by which the wheat was graded—unfairly, the farmers felt.

To break this chain of dependence, the Non-Partisan League, whose founders had been Socialists, proposed state-owned terminal elevators and flour mills, a state bank, and state-owned packing plants and cold-storage warehouses. With our entry into the war, there is no question that the League's opponents fomented accusations of disloyalty in hopes of discrediting the League's socialistic program. But it is also true that the League's leaders were not averse to exploiting the emotions stirred by the war for their own political advantage.

In almost every state into which the Non-Partisan League sought to extend its influence, the strongest single ethnic element was German. From the outbreak of the war until the United States entered it, German-Ameri-

can leaders had sought an embargo on the shipment of American-made arms and had kept up an insistent attack on the profits being earned in the munitions traffic. If it was true that many Non-Partisan leaders sincerely believed the war was a rich man's Armageddon, it was also true that no shrewder appeal could have been made to the German-Americans than to blame the war upon Eastern bankers and gun peddlers.

While the Liberty Loan drive was on, Arthur C. Townley, whose high-pressure salesmanship built the League, made speeches demanding the "conscription of wealth." As the casualty lists grew longer, he told audiences:

We have been dragged into war by the American autocracy; dragged into a war we did not want and we are told it is a war to liberate the people from the control of Autocracy. Who started this war? I will tell you. . . . It was the big-bellied, red-necked plutocrats. Their big bellies will stop more bullets than the bodies of our slim young men, whom they are taking from their families.

Again, when in 1917 the League staged a meeting to protest against the fixing of the price of wheat, the list of principal speakers included Senator Robert La Follette and others who had voted against declaring war.

Actually, it would have been surprising if agrarian anger and pro-German sentiment had failed to merge. All American politics are politics of coalition, an incessant search for issues and appeals which will unite different groups of voters. Inevitably the hatred of war and money became the chief issues of the 1918 elections. Perhaps the most violently dramatic contest was in Minnesota, where Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., the flyer's father, sought the Republican nomination for governor with Non-Partisan support. At the time, the elder Lindbergh—anticipating his son by twenty years—was probably the nation's leading isolationist. Born in Sweden, he had spent much of his ten years in Congress agitating against the "money trust." His campaign attacks blaming the war on profiteering were applauded by the German-Americans, who instinctively felt that America had been tricked into the war. Other Minnesotans, angered by such talk, broke up League

meetings, cut the tires of the automobiles of League organizers, and painted the houses of League sympathizers yellow. Since many German-Americans had been the targets for similar "loyalty" demonstrations, these actions tended to solidify their identification with the Non-Partisan League.

Although Lindbergh lost, he carried thirty counties. They clustered mainly in two parts of the state—western Minnesota, whose wheat-growers shared the grievances of the North Dakota wheat growers, and south central Minnesota, the area of heaviest Germanic concentration. In the November general election, when the Farmer-Labor emblem appeared on the ballot for the first time, five of the eight principal German-American counties went for the new party. (None of these counties had gone for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912.) These same five counties favored La Follette for President in 1924.

This alliance of economic liberalism and isolationism projected itself through the whole interwar period. Most of the Progressives who plagued the Old Guard Republicans through the twenties—William Borah, Hiram Johnson, George Norris—were as strong for government intervention at home as they were against all interventions abroad. The "leftist" phase of isolationism reached its climax in Senator Gerald Nye's munitions investigation and the neutrality legislation it inspired.

Ignoring the obvious lesson of history that the causes of any war are exceedingly complex, Nye hammered home the thesis that we had been dragged into the war by foreign loans and munitions profits. In 1934 bankers generally were in low esteem, and the public was ready to believe the worst of the "profit system." Nye's thesis was widely hailed as a sensational revelation of suppressed truth. Few commentators at the time noted how closely his charges paralleled the Non-Partisan League's wartime propaganda or that Nye, himself, was a product of the politics of North Dakota, where opposition to the first war still rankled in many voters' memories.

THE advent of World War II shattered the old "isolationist" tradition. "Isolationist" feeling still centered in the aggrieved ethnic groups, mainly the German-Americans, but they were now spun on their

political heels and facing in the opposite direction. Instead of being tugged leftward by the Progressives in opposition to the Old Guard Republicans, the "isolationists" were now pulled rightward toward the Old Guard Republicans in opposition to the New Deal.

The impact was particularly heavy on the third-party movement. An analysis of the counties which were the principal sources of votes for both the La Follette Progressives in Wisconsin and the Farmer-Laborites in Minnesota indicates that both parties served as a kind of halfway station for two distinct streams of insurgents—those who were leaving the Republican party in protest against big-business domination and those who had forsaken the Democratic party in vengeful memory of "Wilson's War."

The effect of Roosevelt's foreign policy was to force apart these two voting streams. Some economic liberals chose to swim with the isolationist current which, in its opposition to Roosevelt, quickly became anti-New Deal. Strange indeed were many of the resulting conversions. Such arch-foes of Wall Street as John T. Flynn, Burton K. Wheeler, and William Lemke (who ran for President with Father Coughlin's backing) emerged as champions of economic reaction.

Neither the Progressives in Wisconsin nor the Farmer-Laborites were able to survive the second world war. Nor could Henry Wallace, for all his talk of peace in 1948, stir even a friendly rattle from the ghosts of the "leftist" isolationism of the nineteen-twenties.

The fact that Truman was able to recover a good part of the vote Roosevelt lost because of the war suggests that there must be a raging conflict among the "isolationists" themselves. It is a cross-tugging of the New Deal's economic appeal to them against the emotions aroused by war. In 1940 and 1944, while the crash of battle deafened all other thoughts, the German-Americans were inclined to vote Republican. In 1948, with the end of the war, their economic interests pulled many back to the Democratic party.

III

SIGNIFICANTLY, the "isolationism" that is left tends to concentrate in rural areas. In part that is because the New Deal was more attractive to urban than to farm

voters. In part it is because "isolationism" seems to persist more easily in regions of slow-changing cultural insularity.

Unquestionably the most "isolationist" of all Americans are the Russian-German farmers, whose ancestors settled in Russia in Catherine the Great's time, migrating here after 1890. Particularly numerous in the wheat country—they introduced hard wheat to America—the Russian-Germans with their offspring probably number around 400,000 today. Wherever I have checked their voting, in Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, and the Big Bend region of Washington, the same pattern emerges.

North Dakota has the heaviest concentration of Russian-Germans, and they have been a major factor in keeping it the most isolationist state in the Union. McIntosh county, for example, boasts the distinction of being the county which gave the Democrats the smallest percentage of the vote in the whole country in 1920—only 4 per cent—and which showed the highest Democratic drop in the nation in 1940—48 per cent! All of the principal Russian-German counties in North Dakota showed Democratic losses exceeding 37 per cent in 1940. These same counties were the backbone of Senator Nye's political strength, and from them came, too, the margin of victory in the Republican primaries for William Langer, one of thirteen Senators who voted against the North Atlantic pact.

The isolationism of the Russian-Germans may reflect somewhat a traditional opposition to military service. To attract their forebears into Russia, Catherine the Great exempted them from conscription. The revocation of this privilege was one of the things which impelled them to leave Russia. Still, the most pacifist Russian-Germans—the Mennonites—have shown less violent swings in voting than those of the Catholic and Lutheran faiths. In Kansas, the counties of McPherson, Harvey, Reno, and Marion, where the Mennonites are thickest, have fluctuated only moderately compared to heavily-Catholic Ellis County, where the Democratic vote dropped 41 per cent in 1920 and 31 per cent in 1940. Truman's vote jumped 18 per cent in Ellis—the largest gain in Kansas.

More important than this pacifist tradition seems to be the cultural isolation in

which the Russian-Germans live. During a century in Russia, their ancestors picked up few Russian characteristics beyond a liking for cabbage soup, watermelon seeds, and vodka. Organized on theocratic lines, their communities remained German; intermarriage with Russians was taboo.

In this country an attempt was made to permit the Russian-Germans to settle in similar closed communities, but Congress refused to modify the homestead laws. Still, they have clustered together sufficiently to remain ethnic islands in the great American sea. The church is usually the center of community life, families of nine and ten children are common, divorce is rare. Parochial schools are preferred to public schools, with German the principal language of instruction in many cases. A good many families frown upon education beyond the level needed to understand the Bible.

This lack of interest in education holds for other "isolationist" areas as well. Of course, not every isolationist county ranks low in school attendance, but of the seventeen North Dakota counties showing the lowest proportion of fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds attending school, all but four are in the isolationist list. Five of eight Minnesota counties ranking lowest in school attendance, eight of fourteen in Wisconsin, five of eleven in Nebraska, nine of fifteen in Iowa, and three of eleven in Kansas are among the counties showing more than a 20 per cent Democratic drop in 1940.

The explanation is hardly as simple as saying that isolationism stems from a lack of education. Rather it would seem that resistance to education is a symptom of a cultural isolation in which ethnic prejudices, once established, do not change quickly.

IV

STEARNS County, Minnesota, for example, could be considered the classic isolationist county in the country. It was the boyhood home of Lindbergh's father, the birthplace of William Lemke, and—in Sauk Center in the northern part of the county—the setting for Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*.

A relatively well-to-do dairy area, Stearns is overwhelmingly German-Catholic and traditionally Democratic. Yet it gave Harding

86 per cent of its vote. That Stearns' farmers were not voting for "normalcy" is clear from the fact that La Follette carried the county for President in 1924. Roosevelt's vote in 1940 dropped 34 percentage points, while Truman picked up 19 per cent in 1948.

Today Stearns' onetime geographical isolation has been broken down. The Greyhound bus will speed you from Minneapolis to St. Cloud, the county seat, in two hours. But off on the side roads the farmers still follow many of the traditions and customs their grandfathers brought from Germany three generations ago.

Many native-born farmers speak German with greater ease than English. In some townships, as late as two years ago, prayers were still said in German. In the home discipline is autocratic. The father's word is law. Although 55 per cent of the farms are electrified, some farmers let the Rural Electrification Administration wires run by their houses, refusing to use them. "We want to do things the old way," they explain.

Recently a study of educational attitudes in St. Martin's township was made by Douglas Marshall of the University of Minnesota. He circulated a questionnaire among the grade-school children. Asked what they disliked most about school, many replied, "English because it is so hard." What did they want to be when they grew up? Most of the children wrote "farmer," "priest," or "nun." Of thirty-eight questionnaires I saw, not a single child wanted to be a lawyer or doctor, or even flyer or ball player. Their imaginations were definitely limited to the boundaries of their parochial experience.

FATHER Cyril, the parish priest, is unquestionably the most influential person in the community. I was advised to talk to him before trying to see any of the farmers. "They're suspicious of strangers and won't open up unless they know you've seen him first," I was told. During our talk I kept asking Father Cyril what the attitude of his parishioners was to various issues. Invariably he replied by giving me his own opinion. In his own mind, it was clear, he spoke for the parish.

As might be expected, Father Cyril was outraged over communism and government spending. He liked one Republican cam-

paign slogan: "Get the reds out of the government and the government out of the red." Not that Father Cyril believes in a philosophy of *laissez faire*. He favors government intervention to help poor people and to see that the farmers get fair prices for their crops. The Taft-Hartley law, he thought, was a "good thing," but he criticized Taft sharply. "He's against federal aid to parochial schools," explained Father Cyril, "and if a man will be unjust on one issue he will be unjust on others."

Father Cyril wanted Spain recognized as an ally, protesting, "Why aid Tito and not Franco?" He denounced "letting a man like Lattimore make our China policy" and "this Korean mess." Father Cyril wasn't against sending American troops to Korea—"We must take a stand against communism"—but he was against "all the blunders that went before and got us into Korea."

Making the rounds of a number of neighboring farmers, I was struck by how closely their views paralleled those of the priest. The same question, "Why aid Tito and not Spain?" was raised several times by Mrs. Otto Kaschmitter, whose husband is one of the best educated farmers in the area. On the table in the kitchen lay copies of the *Congressional Record* and the *Catholic Messenger*. Mrs. Kaschmitter was distraught over the war. She had one son of military age who worked on the farm. "If they take him we might as well retire," she complained. Bitter about communism, she felt there was no possible way to reach a settlement with Russia.

"Then do you feel we ought to go to war?" I asked.

"I don't want war," she replied.

"But if you can't come to terms, isn't war inevitable?" I asked. "What other alternative is there?"

Her tone was one of hopeless frustration as she replied, "Our only hope is prayer."

Several of the other farmers I talked with were almost as upset over the Korean war. When I asked John Arceneau whether he knew anyone who had voted Democratic in 1948 and Republican in 1950, he guffawed, "Me, I'm one!" and went on, "I'll never vote Democrat again! Not even if they run a Catholic for president."

"Why?"

"The war!" he boomed back. "Democrats

always bring wars. If we hadn't gotten into the first war we wouldn't be in the mess we're in today."

This same view was expressed, a good deal more calmly, by another farmer, Matt Clason. An old Non-Partisan Leaguer, he voted for Lemke for President in 1936 "because Father Coughlin recommended him." Clason felt our entry into the first world war "wasn't necessary." If we hadn't mixed in, he explained, "England and Germany would have had to come to terms. There wouldn't have been a second war and Russia wouldn't be where she is now."

NOT only in Stearns but in other German-American counties I visited in other states, I found this same tendency to see the Korean war as a vindication of opposition to America's wars against Germany. Through the whole country the Korean fighting has generated a feeling of frustration. With many of the former "isolationists," the frustration has been etched more deeply by the feeling that "our real mistake was getting into the last war."

But if last November's voting marked some revival of "isolationism," it was not on the scale that Senators Taft, Wherry, and others imagine it. In several old-time "isolationist" counties, like Clinton in Illinois, the Democratic vote held up better than the Republican vote. Nowhere did I find any evidence of a spontaneous sweep of voting as in 1940 or 1948.

The anger over Korea was definitely more pronounced among normally Republican than normally Democratic voters. It was also strongest among farmers who opposed the Administration's farm program. One of the most important political effects of the Korean war was its subtle transformation of the whole climate of voting. In 1948 Truman's strength among farmers largely reflected a fear that another depression was coming and the desire to have a President who would act to prevent farm prices from falling. The Korean war lifted the fear of a depression, bringing on the new dread of inflation. With it came a lessened sense of dependence on government aid and a greater desire to checkrein the Administration from "going too far."

One further change in the nature of "isolationism" should be noted. It certainly is no

longer primarily anti-war and may even be more pro-war than the rest of the country. That may sound paradoxical, but only if one clings to the belief that the springs of "isolationist" behavior lie in pacifism and in an old-fashioned attachment to Washington's advice against "foreign entanglements." The belligerency of the supposed "isolationists" toward Asia becomes quite understandable in the light of the ethnic and religious factors which have provided the emotional basis for "isolationism."

More than a fifth of the counties whose voters reacted most violently to the last war are 50 per cent or more Catholic. In none of the "isolationist" counties I visited did I find a single person who believed that a settlement with Russia was possible; there was much criticism of the Administration for being "too soft" with the Communists, with some persons feeling, "If there has to be war, let's get it over with."

IV

WHAT then remains of America's "isolationism"? Mainly, the memory of it. What really binds the one-time "isolationist" voters to Herbert Hoover, Joe Kennedy, and Robert Taft is not mutual agreement as to the course this country should pursue in the future, but a shared remembrance of common opposition to intervention in the last war. The strength of the Republican appeal to "isolationism" is essentially one of political revenge, a feeling that now is the time to settle old scores and old grudges. Hence, the constant harping upon the alleged mistakes of Tehran, Yalta, and Potsdam and the frequent encouragement of the belief that American participation in the last war was a mistake.

Even a cursory study of the dominant Republican line reveals a consistent effort to develop an emotional chain reaction between the frustrations of the cold war and the German wars. Alger Hiss was important as a convenient symbol of the prejudices that many Republicans are seeking to link. I believe Hiss was guilty. But as Alistair Cooke points out in *A Generation on Trial*, the vehemence with which Hiss was pursued reflected less a sense of outrage over his guilt than a craving to see a "full-blooded New

Dealer" on trial. Moreover Hiss's presence at Yalta, even as a minor diplomatic aide, could be distorted to stir suspicions that "Communists in the State Department" had somehow contrived to have Roosevelt betray America's real interests.

Lately, taking advantage of divergences over Far Eastern policy, there has been a more open appeal to anti-British feeling; and the fact that England has a socialist government is being used to turn anti-British prejudice against the "Fair Deal" for moving down the "road to socialism."

Of course, the packaging of all possible smears has always been a favorite American political technique. It may well be that Senator McCarthy's crudeness lies in little more than bringing the whispering campaign into the open and giving it the cover of congressional immunity. Probably, if the roles were reversed, the Democrats would be behaving much as the Republicans are today. Still, since the Republicans are in a mood for re-examination, they would do well to re-examine the gamble on which they seem about to stake their Presidential hopes for 1952.

Currently, there probably are enough ordinarily Democratic voters who have lost confidence in President Truman personally and who have had their fill of inflation to elect a Republican President in 1952. That is, unless they are driven back into the Democratic party by Republican obstructionism on foreign policy. The Tafts and Wherrys run the further risk that an abrupt change in the strategic situation could melt their "isolationist" following. Were fighting to break out in Europe, would the emotions of Catholic "isolationists" be ranged in favor of a policy of withdrawal which permitted the Vatican to fall to the Soviets? If Germany is overrun, will the German-Americans vote "isolationist"?

The same turn of the strategic wheel which has left America the only great power in the world other than Russia has robbed "isolationism" of its ethnic base. It is not the substance but the ghostly memory of "isolationism" which is tempting the Republican leaders. Instead of trying to resurrect the past the Republicans would be better advised to fit their attitude on foreign policy to America's strategic needs for the future.

Can We Vaccinate Against Polio?

Howard A. Howe

NEARLY all of us are afraid of polio—not necessarily for ourselves, because adults are pretty safe, but for the children with whom we may be associated. It is well to remember, however, that polio has almost never laid waste whole populations as have many plagues in the past, and that the hazard to life and limb occasioned by polio is mild compared to that of numerous diseases which have inflicted themselves upon us even within “modern times.” I am thinking particularly of smallpox and yellow fever, since like polio they are also caused by viruses. Yet these diseases are far more virulent than that which is the current object of our dread. Why is it that we hardly know their names while the breath of polio seems hotter every year? The answer is obvious—there are reliable ways of controlling smallpox or yellow fever while polio still goes its way unchecked. To understand why this is true we need to hark back only a few years.

Most people think of yellow fever as an exotic inhabitant of the tropics and do not realize that it was once a much dreaded disease in the Mississippi River towns and on the Eastern seaboard of the United States. It has been estimated that there were a half million cases in this country between 1793 and 1900. As late as the summer of 1878 a terrific epidemic swept up the Mississippi Valley. New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Memphis were hard hit. Thirty thousand people fled

or were evacuated from Memphis within ten days. Of the twenty thousand persons who refused to leave their homes, nearly seven thousand died of yellow fever. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and even New York had suffered on other occasions, as had nearly all the maritime cities of the North Atlantic.

It is true that the disease was always introduced by ships coming from the ports of the Caribbean or the tropical portions of South America, but this knowledge was of little help in averting these recurring disasters. A temporary breathing spell came soon after the turn of the century, for the experiments of Walter Reed had shown that the virus was transmitted not by human contact but by a species of domestic mosquito, *Aedes aegypti*, which swarmed in the areas where yellow fever was rife and even traveled northward on the trading ships. Control of these mosquitoes was relatively simple since they bred chiefly in small accumulations of water near human habitations, and, for a time, yellow fever disappeared from the cities where it had reigned unchallenged.

HOWEVER, it soon became apparent that jungle animals and jungle mosquitoes, both in South America and in Africa, maintained a continuous cycle of disease which could not be interrupted; that it was impossible to prevent the exposure of human beings in these areas; and that the

This piece is the second of two articles on the virus diseases, in which Dr. Howe gives helpful perspective to those whose fear of polio has been mounting. He is senior member of the Poliomyelitis Research Center at Johns Hopkins.

only adequate control would have to come through preventing infection by immunization.

Yellow fever is an exceedingly dangerous disease and no one would have suggested that susceptible persons should be exposed to the bites of infected mosquitoes in the hope of contracting a mild attack and thereby gaining lifelong immunity. It is true that in the cities of South America where yellow fever had long been indigenous it was a disease of native children and foreigners, which suggested that a childhood attack was the best protection for an adult. Yet no one would have thought of deliberately exposing young children. Nevertheless, pressure for a method of control mounted steadily, especially after it was clear that the jungles of South America and Africa would remain forever uninhabitable by white men if it depended upon eradicating disease from them.

During the late nineteen-twenties and mid-thirties several very crucial observations were made in the laboratory. Walter Reed's experiments had been laboriously and dangerously conducted on a few human volunteers, but with the discovery that the rhesus monkey from India was highly susceptible to yellow fever, larger-scale testing was made possible.

It was soon found that monkeys could be protected from the disease if, for a limited time either before or after the virus was injected into them, they received blood serum from a convalescent patient. Unfortunately the interval between infection and passive immunization was a matter of a few hours and therefore too short to be of much value in large human populations where individuals rarely knew, except in retrospect, when they had been exposed to an infected mosquito. Another possibility which presented itself was active immunization by the injection of virus rendered uninfected by chemical treatment. Though successful with rabies, chemical inactivation merely made the yellow fever virus incapable of stimulating the production of immune bodies in the blood serum.

SEVERAL important laboratory experiments at this time greatly accelerated the march of events. The mouse was found to be susceptible to yellow fever. Using

generation after generation of brain-to-brain passage in mice, French workers found that the virus gradually lost its affinity for the cells of the liver—the organ of greatest susceptibility in man. It could even be injected under the skin of man without producing classical yellow fever, but instead a mild disease with malaise lasting for only a few days. This was followed by the production of yellow fever antibody in the patient's blood serum and, for all practical purposes, immunity to further attacks.

This so-called "neurotropic" virus developed by the French is now in use in equatorial Africa. The only catch to its use is the fact that, having modified its predilection for the liver and acquired one for the brain, the virus occasionally asserts this new property in man. Just how frequently this occurs is apparently unknown since there are no figures available from the relatively primitive colonial population on which the virus has been used. At any rate, many authorities consider the vaccine too dangerous for more medically sophisticated communities.

AT ABOUT the same time that the neurotropic yellow fever virus was being developed in France, a new line of investigation was started by the same researcher who had discovered the susceptibility of the mouse. The great advance lay in the observation that yellow fever virus could be grown in test tube cultures of tissues taken from developing eggs. A strain of the virus had been maintained continuously for over a hundred serial passages in tissue cultures of chick embryos from which the nervous system had been removed prior to making the culture.

These passages, or subcultures, were made in the following manner: a small amount of blood or other material containing yellow fever virus was introduced into the original culture. After allowing three to four days for the multiplication of the virus, a small amount of this culture was transplanted into a new culture, and so on. When it was tested on monkeys at the 89th generation, the culture in question still produced fatal liver disease, but somewhere between this point and the 114th generation, at which the next monkey test was conducted, a remarkable change came about: the virus no longer produced obvious disease when injected under

the skin, or even into the brain. The monkeys so inoculated suffered a mild disease and were subsequently immune to the most virulent strains of the virus.

Having satisfied themselves that they could regularly produce a mild disease in monkeys which led to solid immunity, the researchers still needed to try the vaccine in man. Characteristically, they chose themselves as the first test animals. The first four who took the vaccine were already immune to the disease which had been a common and highly fatal one among laboratory workers. All four responded to the new vaccine with a higher level of blood antibody against the virus.

Next the vaccine was tried on a small group of eight people who had had no previous infection with yellow fever virus. These human guinea pigs were magnificently anonymous, being referred to in the report only by number. All of this group developed antibodies against the virus, although the levels were rather disappointingly low. The scientific article describing the experiment referred to it as "encouraging."

There is no hint between the lines of the feelings of these people. If they had any great sense of destiny it did not leak onto the printed pages. The experiment was by no means a safe one since the properties of the new virus were still imperfectly known. The conclusion that the new vaccine was safer than the French neurotropic was based solely upon a limited experience with the virus in experimental animals. It is now recognized that the new strain of virus—universally known as 17D—does rather frequently produce brain disease in monkeys. One only has to inoculate *enough* animals to encounter this, and at the time of the first human experiments comparatively few animals had been observed.

The next step, made shortly afterward, was to continue the experiments under conditions of natural exposure. Arrangements were made with the Brazilian government for an extended trial of the vaccine in jungle areas where yellow fever was still out of control.

NO HUMAN performance is ever perfect. There have been two bad lots of yellow fever vaccine—one which produced some cases of encephalitis and another

in which the virus of homologous serum jaundice was carried along as a contaminant in the vaccine. (Serum jaundice is an uncomfortable virus disease of long duration which fortunately does not ordinarily cause death.) These errors have been courageously analyzed, acknowledged, and rectified. To date 17D has been given to several million persons, including a large portion of the American and British troops who operated in the tropics during World War II. No untoward events have occurred with the exception of those mentioned above.

Unhappily no accurate figures are available on the exact degree of effectiveness of this vaccine in preventing disease. Since it has been withheld from no one in areas where yellow fever is active, few people have remained unvaccinated. A similar situation exists with smallpox; today it is virtually impossible to find a large population which has remained unvaccinated if threatened by the disease. However, in the cases of both yellow fever and smallpox, though complete proof is lacking, the general effectiveness of the vaccination procedure has been established beyond doubt.

II

Now we turn to the other side of the coin, poliomyelitis, a disease of children the world over. As I have suggested earlier, such a disease is always suspect of being caused by an extremely common virus which is also productive of lifelong immunity. There are only two other epidemiological situations which might create a similar pattern of age selection. Poliomyelitis might be a children's disease because children are more exposed than adults, or adults may be passed over simply by virtue of growing older and becoming so tough that the virus can no longer infect them. In the case of poliomyelitis there is no evidence to support these assumptions; in fact it exists to the contrary.

The key to the understanding of poliomyelitis is the knowledge of the non-paralytic case and the asymptomatic carrier, the latter being an individual who is infected yet has no symptoms of disease. Present figures indicate that there are probably at least 100 to 1,000 polio infections for every paralytic

case. This can easily be illustrated by a comparison of cases of measles and poliomyelitis in the State of Maryland for a period of twenty-seven years. The two diseases have virtually the same age selection; they are commonest in children under ten and comparatively rare in adults. This means that the two viruses are encountered with about the same degree of ease as the child grows, and that the inhabitants of Maryland at least are being naturally immunized against the two diseases at approximately the same rate. Yet in this twenty-seven year period Maryland reported 97,909 cases of measles and only 1,185 cases of paralytic poliomyelitis. The meaning of this is obvious on a little thought—there were probably at least 96,000 non-paralytic, undiagnosed poliomyelitis infections.

A GREAT deal has been written in recent years about the ways in which people might catch poliomyelitis. While no exact answer can be given yet (or perhaps ever), this much may be said with assurance: poliomyelitis is a virus which thrives on human association. It does not live in the jungles or open spaces but is found most commonly amid the largest, densest aggregates of people. There is much evidence to show that the virus reaches children at a younger age in the crowded sections of cities than it does in rural areas. In some remote parts of the world, like the Hudson Bay country, it may be a rare bird introduced only once in a generation. But the dramatic episode of a midwinter epidemic of poliomyelitis in the far north at subzero temperatures points up the human factor in the transmission of this virus; the progress of the disease in this bleak, sparsely settled northern region clearly followed the movements of certain infected individuals.

Poliomyelitis apparently reaches children in the thickly populated, unsanitary areas of the tropics before the age of five. Like yellow fever, it is often most conspicuous in the tropics because of the cases contracted there by visitors from the temperate zones. Nevertheless, despite the fact that exposure is somewhat delayed in our own country as compared with more primitive countries, it is still the almost universal fate of man to meet this virus sometime during childhood. Right now

the greatest incidence in the United States occurs in the school-age group where twenty years ago it was found in the preschool group. However, contrary to popular writing and belief, the rates are still low for adults, at least in the United States, in spite of increased reporting. In the half decades from 1920 to 1945 the adult cases per 100,000 were as follows: 1.4; 1.2; 1.8; 1.0; 1.7. (These figures are an average of the five states, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, and New York.)

The implications of these facts are clear in regard to the methods of choice for the control of this disease. It is obviously impossible to prevent the transmission of the virus since most of the sources of the virus in the population (the transient symptomless carriers and non-paralytic cases) cannot be identified. In view of what I said in my previous article about the drug and serum treatment of virus diseases the reader can easily surmise that there are no surprises here, nor are any to be expected in the immediate future.

III

WE THEREFORE look to immunization (the prevention of infection) as the approach which carries the greatest promise of controlling polio. Two possibilities present themselves, the first being "passive" immunization by the injection of parents' blood (which probably contains antibodies), or of gamma globulin, a concentrate of the immune substances in human-blood serum which can be used in larger amounts than whole blood or blood serum. This approach has the great merit of being safe—since the immunizing substance contains no virus at all. It has the probable disadvantage of being too transient to be practical. What the human body does not produce itself is usually short-lived in it, so an antibody produced by another individual, even of the same species, is rather rapidly lost.

The hope of passive immunization lies in the possibility that it might permit infection of the alimentary tract and at the same time reduce the risk of paralysis. Theoretically this is possible but whether it would actually work out this way is entirely a matter of conjecture. The duration and effectiveness of such a state could be determined only by ex-

tensive human experimentation over a long period of years. Mass passive immunization might be tried, but it would probably be done only as a last resort if all attempts at active immunization should fail. (It might also be added that there is nothing to be gained in suppressing the infection entirely, since this does not stimulate the defenses of the body and thus leaves the individual as helpless as before.)

Active immunization may be spoken of crudely as taking some hair of the dog before he bites you. The hair, or the virus, whichever you like, may be either pristine or worked on. But it must contain the essential ingredient which induces immunity. This all-important function is believed to reside chiefly in the circulating blood and its production is stimulated by certain unknown, probably protein, constituents of the virus. There is no doubt, however, that the whole pelt, that is, the disease itself, is the most effective agent, and we have seen that lasting immunity to smallpox and yellow fever is induced by producing actual disease with a mild but related strain of the virus.

It is extremely doubtful whether justification could be found for a similar practice in poliomyelitis immunization. You will remember that natural immunization goes on at the rate of no more than one casualty in a hundred natural infections. People were willing to submit their children to the risk of smallpox or yellow fever vaccination (and there is a risk) only when it was clear that the risk of disease was greater.

At present the polio problem does not appear to require such heroic measures, and in all probability never will, unless the disease changes its character markedly. Luckily for the control of yellow fever there was only one type of virus and it would grow in monkeys, mice, or tissue cultures. This happy circumstance offered a tool for modifying the growth characteristics of the virus by gradually leading it farther and farther from human tissues. One of the great obstacles to the use of a mild live poliomyelitis vaccine which could be given orally is the fact that there are at present three known types of polio virus which do not protect against each other. One of these, the Lansing type, has undergone a laboratory transformation analogous to that of 17D yellow fever virus and gives promise

of being safe, but unfortunately the other two types remain wilder and woolier than anything that I would care to put into *my* mouth. It is true that in recent months one of them has been induced to grow in tissue cultures, but these cultures must be made from the muscles, skin, and other organs of human embryos. For obvious reasons, experiments on this phase have progressed slowly and it's anyone's guess as to what may happen, but the approach is a very hopeful one.

IT is at the moment possible to immunize rats, mice, monkeys, and chimpanzees against doses of polio virus probably far larger than those any child would ever meet. This is done with virus "killed" by various chemical and physical means, although the process of inactivation vastly decreases the effectiveness of the vaccine. But at present we do not know the minimal amounts of vaccine needed for laboratory animals, let alone for children. And this last information can be obtained only from children themselves. (Poliomyelitis is primarily a human disease. While certain laboratory animals may become hosts to the virus, they do so unnaturally; any experiments dealing with immunity or resistance must of necessity have their final confirmation in the natural host, man.)

Since the ultimate value of a vaccine will depend upon its ability to protect children and a few adults from paralytic disease, we might as well consider how we are finally going to arrive at this objective. Suppose that we have an inactive vaccine which can be injected into the brains of susceptible monkeys without producing paralytic disease. Do I hear the question, "How many monkeys has it been tried on?" Well, right now, ten, to be exact. That's not very many. How many more shall we use before we finally feel sure—a hundred? A thousand? (Remember, monkeys cost \$35 each.) And will the vaccine then be safe for children?

There are other problems. I have said that we do not yet know what is the smallest amount of vaccine that will produce consistent immunity in animals. This is important, because the stuff costs \$3.50 a cubic centimeter, not counting the hundreds of thousands of dollars of subsidy which the National Federation for Infantile Paralysis has poured into it. At the moment, however,

it does not appear that the cost of vaccination would be excessive if it could continue to be financed in this manner.

But we also do not know how many types of polio virus to include in the vaccine. Right now, three are known, but there may be others. This is the same unhappy situation that confronted the influenza workers. Just when they thought they had the situation well in hand it turned out that there were more types than they had thought.

WE NOW come to the most serious question: who are to be the first human guinea pigs? Medical men and scientific workers are usually past twenty-one and most of us already have antibodies against the virus. Besides, there aren't enough of us. Suppose that in a group of twenty-five or so volunteers we do succeed in producing blood antibody levels comparable to those associated with immunity in animals, and that the number of shots and the cost of the vaccine required has not been prohibitive. We still will not know whether the vaccine protects against naturally acquired infection. What we are looking for is a susceptible population (children it must be), some of whom will be vaccinated and others merely left under the same conditions of exposure.

Should we try to do our experiment as quietly as possible and later be accused of attempting to cover our evil deeds, or shall we welcome publicity and run the risk of losing our control group of unvaccinated children, which is the foundation of a meaningful answer to our question? Many an experiment has been ruined when the public got wind of it and insisted that no treatment or preventive with even *possible* merit could be withheld. (Remember, too, that we shall be operating on funds contributed to the March of Dimes.)

What community shall we pick? Polio epidemics are intermittent. They almost never visit a given area two years in succession, but usually return every three to five years. Five years is a long time to wait, and besides who knows how long the effect of the vaccine will last?

Some years ago an ambitious polio vaccination experiment was set up. Some 450 children were vaccinated and 680 in the same

community remained unvaccinated as controls. Unfortunately, those who planned the experiment had failed to reckon with the low paralytic rates which are characteristic for the disease. An epidemic visited their trial area that year, but there was not a single recognized case in either the control or the vaccinated group. In any event, taking the usual rate, only two cases would have been expected—a number much too small to convince the statisticians or anyone else. It was calculated in retrospect that it would have been necessary to have from 7,500 to 25,000 children in each of the groups to obtain a significant answer as to the protective power of the vaccine.

IF PRELIMINARY human tests with polio virus are considered reasonably "encouraging," the launching of a poliomyelitis vaccination project will still have to be a vast co-operative enterprise. It will require thousands of human volunteers (children) and many doctors and nurses to follow these children for some years. (I can't go into it now, but all the miraculous cures for poliomyelitis have been based upon biased samples or small groups of cases without adequate controls.) The experiment will be too costly to do more than once. It must therefore be watertight. The results will be slow in accumulating and people may lose patience. Should the vaccine be effective, however, it will be well worth the price in peace of mind for parents and children. It will also be invaluable for persons living in scattered, remote populations where there is little opportunity for natural immunization.

One last word about active immunity: unlike the prevention of exposure, it never leaves its recipient more vulnerable than before. Even if it were possible greatly to lessen the risk of exposure to polio, it is doubtful whether this would be a boon. There is considerable reason to believe that paralytic poliomyelitis is a more serious disease in the adult than in the child. If poliomyelitis continues its slow creeping into the older age groups, the time may come when it will be worth incurring considerable risk to vaccinate. In any event, it is clear that whether or not one rushes out to anticipate fate, it is probably impossible to avoid it.



Gaudy to Drab to Gaudy

Drawings by Douglas Gorsline

Comment by Russell Lynes

IT HAS been a long, long time since a man could be gaudy in his dress and nevertheless exude an air of respectability. Now that the tartan dinner jacket, the oil-slick necktie, the pink shirt, and tweeds of neon-visibility are becoming commonplaces of urban living, gaudiness seems to be on its way in again—slowly, to be sure, but with bursts of splendor. Can it be that the interminable era of male drabness is approaching its end?

The long progression from gaudy to drab to gaudy has been considerably more influenced by the discomforts of economics and politics than it has by the whims of fashion designers and tailors. Let us look at what has happened to men's finery (with a side glance

at women's too) since the guillotine severed the beruffled throats of the French aristocrats, and the steam engine darkened the bright English skies, and the business man began, little by little, to fall heir to the privileges of the ruling class.

When men turned to the battle of industry, they approached their business in a serious and somber manner, and they invented the suit as the battle garb of the new industrial revolution. It was black, the color of coal dust, and austere. (Only the lackeys of the industrialists recalled the frivolity of the eighteenth century. The drab gentlemen of the new order were waited upon by butlers in powdered wigs and the costumes of the old regime.)



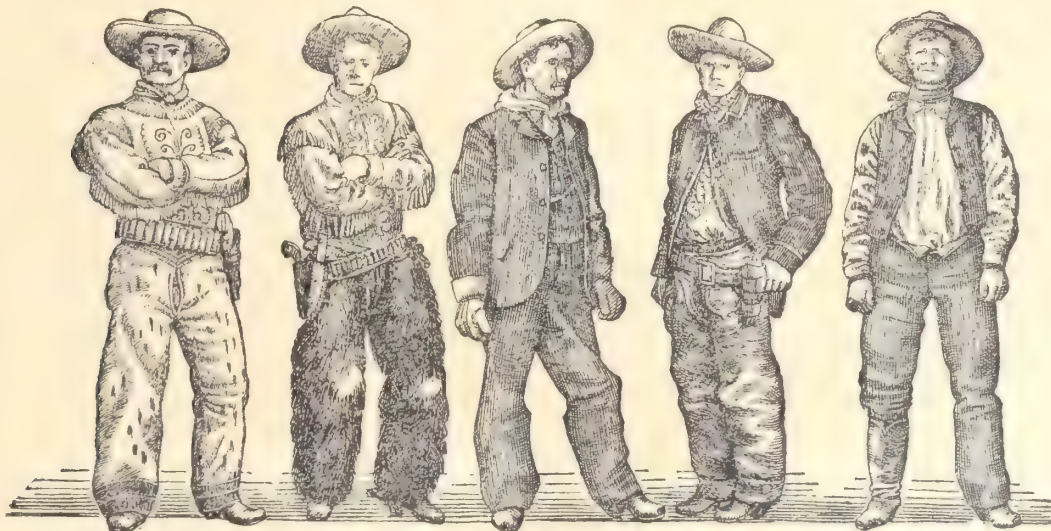
The suit as we know it has existed for only a century and a half—that is, with jacket and trousers and waistcoat of the same material cut to a standard pattern and worn by all classes and conditions of men, from kings to clerks and from industrial moguls to laborers. It was adapted from the English squire's shooting costume, shown at the left. At the right is an early nineteenth-century suit.



As men's clothes became more drab, women's became more gaudy. Thorstein Veblen in his *Theory of the Leisure Class* insists that men will somehow contrive to exhibit their pecuniary triumphs. Deprived of their own plumage, they transfer display (and pride) to their women. By the eighteen-sixties ladies and their maids went about their business in such crinolines as those shown above, tremendous skirts ill-suited to household chores, downright dangerous near hot stoves and fireplaces, and ridiculous for work in the fields where they were often worn by peasants in Europe and farmers' wives and daughters in America.



In its first issue (published in 1867) *Harper's Bazar* complained that "... uniformity of dress is a characteristic of the United States," and referred especially to men. The three besuited gentlemen of the eighteen-sixties shown above come from quite different walks of life. The one in the checked trousers is "Wild Bill" Hickok of the unruly West, wearing much the same garb as the docile, urban young man in the middle. When not in their frock coats and Inverness capes, either of them might be dressed in a simple sack suit (though better pressed) like the third man with the six-gun shoved into his pants.



Gaudiness in American male attire has never been entirely pushed into the background. There have always been outcroppings of dandyism, as in the famous cases of Davy Crockett, "Diamond Jim" Brady, and the perennial cowboys of the Plains. The group above is a typical lot of ranch hands of the eighteen-seventies. Their costumes (chaps and ten-gallon hats) actually suited the rigors of their work. But even so, note the man in the center dressed in a conventional suit and work gloves. In those days a cowboy got dressed up for town in a business suit. Now he works in denim pants and dresses up in his fancy clothes for public appearances.

Formality in the middle years of the nineteenth century called for the long frock coat, as this picture of Darius Ogden Mills (left) shows. The gentleman on the right in the velvet collar and silk-faced overcoat of the eighties, with his tightly buttoned jacket, was no gentleman in Mr. Mills' terms. He was known as "Black Bart," and was a notorious and obviously prosperous stage robber.



The ladies of the seventies and eighties had given up the crinolines and were supporting one of the most curious distortions in which female fashions have ever indulged—the bustle. From wire frames constructed as intricately as the railroad trestle bridges of the day, heavy goods hung in tiers and bunches. The two ladies shown here are of about the same date. The elegant one on the right was a Philadelphian; the more stolid one on the left lived, bustle and all, in a sod house in Nebraska.

It was not until the eighties that the crease came to men's trousers when Queen Victoria's bad boy, Prince Edward, introduced the fashion. Until then they were tubes or, as tailors of the day called them, "cylindrical garb." But the character of the suit changed little, and the special policeman (left) at the time of the Pullman Strike (1894) and a member of Coxey's Army (1894) were dressed in essentially the same suit as the bankers of the day . . . minus the press in the pants.



If you doubt that by 1910 the suit had reached its nadir, look at these four men. No business man would appear without a lofty collar; if he was of an economical bent, it might be made of celluloid, but anyhow it was obligatory. The "soft" collar (that was detachable and looked like a stiff collar but did not require the services of a Chinese laundry) did not become popular until the twenties; and the soft shirt with collar attached has only recently been considered conservatively acceptable in the formal atmosphere of brokerage firms, banks, and law offices.

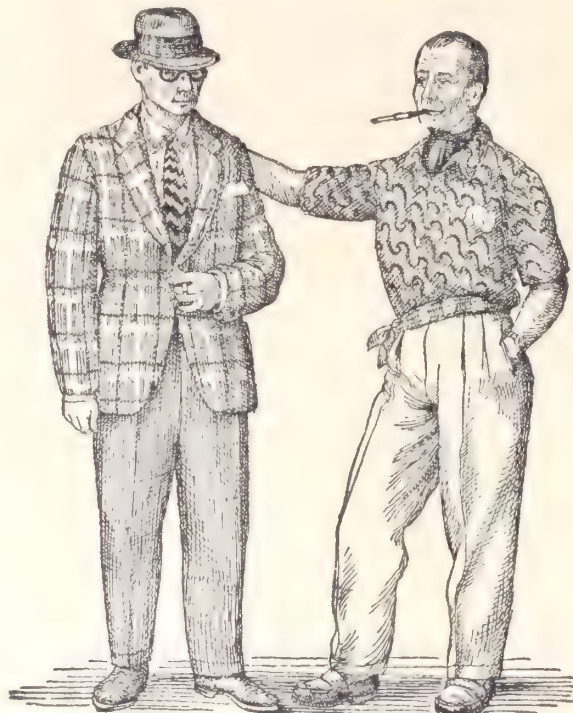




As women began to take their place as competitors with men in the world of business, their dress became simpler and eventually anatomically reasonable. Corsets that once warped the female shape into hourglasses were replaced with corsets that were intended to support rather than distort the female anatomy. Once the ladies had passed through the flat-chested era of the twenties (as these ladies demonstrate) they assumed, subject to the yo-yo-like action of skirt lengths, a workable and attractive costume.



But look what happened to the men. The cowboy and even the oil magnate, who once would not have appeared in town in anything but business suits, today arrive in the big city in ten-gallon hats and with their trousers tucked into their ornate boots, the badge of the wide open spaces. For the city business man the suit continues to be the uniform in most communities, but more and more the coat and trousers are at odds with each other. Colorless sobriety is at long last giving way to the picturesque—or is it picturesque? Perhaps it is just gaudy.



The Inconspicuous Mr. Finletter

Albert Douglas

THE private office of the Secretary of the Air Force, a long room on the fourth floor of the Pentagon, is furnished with many of the perquisites of high governmental station, including a separate table for conferences. Assembled here on one occasion, following a change in occupants of the job, were the general officers of this, the newest Service. In spite of the fact that on their shoulders, together with the stars of rank, rests the future of national air power, they are aggressively youthful in appearance. The most familiar would be General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, chief of staff, thin-lipped and thin-figured, or Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad, now commander of the USAF in Europe, whose small bony face is capped with a crop of boyish hair. As they left the room, one of the others, a brigadier, is said to have asked: "What do you think of the new boss?"

"Can't figure him out," was the reply reported, "but thank God he's a sucker for logic!"

This impromptu characterization, though the subject of the remark denies that it was made, is probably the best that circumstances will allow; for Thomas Knight Finletter, master of the Air Force and custodian of one of the most powerful strike weapons on the face of the earth, is not the most dramatic person in Washington, nor does he stimulate descriptive comment. Set beside the flash and

glitter of his officers, in fact, Finletter is a bald-headed, medium-sized citizen as American as the First National Bank on the corner and twice as plain. "Yes, I know," he says of himself, "no points."

Though it is anomalous that the man chosen by the President to run interference for the razzle-dazzle Air Force should be so untheatrical, Finletter has little "ham" in his make-up. But he is not without humor. Talking off-the-record at the Mayflower Hotel in January, he was asked a lengthy question as to whether Korean refugees might be transported to Southeast Asia following the end of the Korean campaign, and quickly replied: "That is a very interesting question. It is also one on which I will yield to no man in Washington on lack of information." His speech is plain and unadorned, and the bare facts of his everyday life are so unspectacular that one of the Secretary's close associates cannot remember whether or not he ever takes a drink. His posture and general appearance are formal, yet he would be lost in a crowd of three.

Other vitally unimportant statistics: the Secretary lives in a rented house in the heart of Washington. He arrives at the office at eight-thirty. He lunches there, usually combining sustenance with business, and remains at the Pentagon until any hour of the night. He works seven days a week. Anyone who did not know him might make the mistake

As former Navy pilot and now aviation writer, Albert Douglas has a natural interest in the Air Force and the Secretary of Air. His previous articles in Harper's have been concerned with small planes and the British jet transports.

of labeling Finletter a light-weight government drone who knows just enough to do his job and keep out of hot water, but the appearance is deceptive. For example, he does not look athletic, but Major Robin Hippensteil, all-Services tennis champion in 1949, once took the Secretary on in doubles. "Sure, we beat him," Hippensteil says, "but not by much. He plays a hard brain game. I would rank him one of the best doubles players in town."

Similarly, an Air Force general, after a conference with Finletter, found that he had swung from one impression to another. "That man," he told a colleague, "first told me that he knew nothing about my problem, then listened carefully while I explained it to him, and finally asked one question—which led directly to the solution. He's a damn genius."

THE question of whether or not he is a "damn genius" is one that Finletter himself would presumably answer in the negative, but a list of his acknowledged accomplishments (since he took office last April) might include the following:

(1) If not inventing, at least promoting real understanding of the "joint task concept"—the philosophy of judging what has to be done for defense in terms of how the combination of Army, Navy, and Air Force can best do it—which has lifted military teamwork a long way above the bitter wrangle of the "B-36 investigation" by the House Armed Services Committee, a few months before Finletter took office;

(2) Strengthening the principle that the strategic air arm have first priority in United States military planning by arguing persuasively to his colleagues and superiors that the atomic bomb, plus our ability to deliver it, is the greatest single force for peace in the world today;

(3) Building up the total Air Force, with the aid of popular support resulting from the Korean war, from forty-eight groups (at the time he took office) to somewhere along the road toward the ninety-five "wings" scheduled for sometime in 1952 (a "wing" is equivalent to a combat "group," plus its necessary housekeeping attachments);

(4) Introducing to Air Force councils, in the words of Under Secretary of the Air Force

John A. McCone, "a vast international experience, an atmosphere of thoughtfulness, an insistence on facts and research, and an ability to co-operate and get along with the officials of the other two Services. He is today the Air Force's chief critic and its most determined advocate."

Add to this record the facts that to date he has made no enemies and that he appears to be able to work calmly and objectively in an atmosphere of political high tension. Nominally a Democrat, Finletter is rarely seen at party conclaves but paradoxically is a whiz on Capitol Hill, where his testimony of last July before the House Appropriations Committee, on the delicate subject of future funds for his Service, was so well received that Congress appropriated all he asked and more besides.

At the time he took charge of the Air Force, however, very little was known about Finletter in the country at large. He had served the year before as ECA administrator in England, and the year before that he had been chairman of the President's Air Policy Commission, which described our defense against atomic attack as "hopelessly lacking" and recommended a seventy-group Air Force. In 1945 he had been "consultant" to the U. S. delegation at the United Nations Conference at San Francisco, and during the war he had worked for the State Department as a Special Assistant to the Secretary of State.

Even in the government, where this much *was* known, many people had a hard time remembering what Finletter looked like when he returned to Washington. "Funny thing about Tom," one of his friends remarks, "he is as anonymous as a bug under a rock. It isn't that he objects to notoriety—he just doesn't bother about it."

II

THIS past November 11, Secretary Finletter was fifty-seven years old, though he looks ten years younger. He was born in Philadelphia; his father, the late Judge Thomas Dickson Finletter, was presiding judge of a common-pleas court for thirty-six years (his grandfather had been a common-pleas judge for twenty years). Young Finletter was as clearly headed for the bar as anyone could be.

Two facts of his early life are worth men-

tioning. First, he was born smart as paint: at the age of seventeen he was graduated at the top of his class from Philadelphia's Episcopal Academy. Second, he lived in France for a year. He went there with his mother to "learn French" and "grow up," as he describes it today. He also took piano lessons. As a result, he speaks French today almost without an accent, and he still plays, according to his daughter, Margot, a "mean four-handed piano."

In the fall of 1911, Finletter entered the University of Pennsylvania and in due course was graduated with top honors. He went on to the University's Law School. Before we entered the war, he left law school halfway through to join the first Plattsburg Encampment, the extraordinary volunteer group which turned out so many trained junior officers at a time when the Army needed them most. Shipped to France with the 312th Field Artillery, he emerged a captain. Today, when he discusses it, which he does only under protest, the Secretary privately dismisses this period in his life as "my Napoleonic war" and neglects to mention having met an attractive volunteer worker at a Paris YWCA Canteen.

She was Margaret Blaine Damrosch, better known as Gretchen, daughter of the late conductor and granddaughter of President Harrison's Secretary of State (later she was to write winningly of her childhood in a book called *From the Top of the Stairs*). Shortly after the Armistice Captain Finletter was released from the Army and the two were engaged. Returning to the States and law school, Finletter graduated with top honors and was editor-in-chief of the law review; in mid-July 1920, back in Paris, they were married.

On his return to America, Finletter decided not to practice law in Philadelphia, in spite of the advantages his family tradition might have offered. Though he might well have wound up a judge in his own right had he chosen to stay, on talking the matter over with his father and his new wife he decided to move to New York, where he thought there would be more opportunity for a bright twenty-four-year-old lawyer. The gamble paid off; he started with the law firm of Cravath & Henderson and shifted at the age of thirty to Coudert Brothers, where he has

been ever since, except for the periods he has spent in the government. In 1926 he became a full Coudert partner.

Why and how Finletter decided to go into teaching in his mid-thirties is hard to determine, but teach he did, commuting for ten years between his Manhattan office and his old law school in Philadelphia. One of Finletter's academic innovations, since widely adopted by other law schools, was to permit students to bring into the examination rooms any notes or books they chose. "We're training future lawyers how to use books, not to memorize them," was his explanation. Not content merely with practicing law and teaching it he also wrote three texts on the general subject of corporation bankruptcy in his spare time. "I marveled then and I marvel now," a New York publisher who has known him well remarks. "He is a hard worker."

BY THE time he was forty-five Finletter had apparently done pretty much what he set out to do—he had become a corporation lawyer in a good New York firm, won an enviable reputation, and provided comfortably for his wife and two daughters. He had a small country house in East Norwich, Long Island, and he could well afford, as he did in 1939, to take his family abroad in the summer for a cycling trip through Germany. In some ways the trip was a turning point in his career and the beginning of his government service, for anyone who saw Germany at the peak of her prewar power could make a good guess at her future intentions.

Finletter came home convinced that we would have to do something to stop the Nazis. He didn't have long to wait. In 1939 France called on Coudert Brothers, who did considerable foreign business, to prepare the legal groundwork for a large order of military aircraft in the United States, and Finletter was handed the job. Even though from the start it was hopeless, this assignment did serve to expose the future Secretary to some of the difficulties of getting aircraft production under way. The French were desperate for planes, and the job was to expand our production in time to get the badly needed aircraft to the French front and stop the German assault. Actually, few of the planes ever got there, and this introduction to the per-

plexing problem of "lead time" in the building of aircraft was something Finletter never forgot.

In March 1941—nine months before Pearl Harbor—he willingly accepted an offer by Secretary of State Cordell Hull to be his Special Assistant. The job has never received the publicity it might have, and even today the Secretary merely comments that it was a "stockpiling" operation—purchasing critical materials from all over the world which would be needed in a war economy. Later on it turned out to be a double-edged business, obtaining substances which would be useful to the Nazis and thus depriving them of essential supplies. In 1943 Secretary Hull established the Office of Foreign Economic Co-ordination, and Finletter was appointed, first, Executive Director and, later, Deputy Director of the new organization.

Herbert Feis, a State Department adviser on international affairs, recalls that Finletter "threw himself into every task with intensity" and was in his element when handed a complex assignment. "He could slice to the heart of any matter with the dispatch of a sharp knife cutting bread." Some of Finletter's assignments were broad in scope—for example, the obtaining of badly needed chrome ore from abroad. We needed chrome to make steel, and our supplies were dangerously low. The Turks possessed chrome ore in quantity, but Turkey was neutral and constantly threatened with war by the watchful Nazis. Finletter was handed the task of buying chrome ore under the noses of the Nazi Embassy in Ankara, arranging secret transportation from Turkish mines to a seacoast port via a carefully watched railroad, and finding neutral shipping to haul the load to this country while avoiding German submarines. It is to his credit that thousands of tons of chrome ore did arrive here from Turkey, maintaining the quality of our steel production. (This past February, at the request of the Turkish government, the State Department sent Finletter on a two-week tour of inspection of Turkey's military preparedness.)

When Stettinius became Acting Secretary of State early in 1944, there was a general shake-up in the department, and Finletter's OFEC was absorbed by the Foreign Economic Administration. Thereupon Finletter resigned. Various reasons have been given for

his action, but the consensus is that he was unhappy about the bickering and rivalry in the Department and felt sure that the war was coming to a close. A man who worked in the Department and knew him well during this period recalls, "He was a remarkably good chairman. He was one of the few who would accept responsibility without being called to do it. If he took charge of a meeting, for example, it would never adjourn without something getting done. He probably left the Department for the same reasons he went into teaching—he was thinking through and beyond his job."

THE same characteristic caused Finletter to become an author. Returning to his law practice, he wrote in 1945 a book called *Can Representative Government Do the Job?* in which he proposed linking the executive and legislative leaders of the government in a joint Cabinet. He suggested a sort of parliamentary compromise in which the President and members of Congress would each serve a term of six years in office; in any deadlock between the Congress and the President, the latter would be empowered to dissolve Congress and the Presidency and call a national election. "I got the idea from the way Mr. Hull worked with Congress," Finletter observes. Both President Roosevelt and his Secretary of State had been determined that lack of co-operation between Congress and the Executive would not prevent United States acceptance of the United Nations, as the rift between President Wilson and the Senate resulted in the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations.

Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* commented that the idea was "the most original and ingenious suggestion for the stabilization of the American government this correspondent has seen." Other critics, however, like Finletter's friend Robert Moses, New York's outspoken Parks Commissioner, found the plan stimulating, visionary, and unworkable. Perhaps the best explanation for the book is that the author had to get it out of his system, and though it may have been an intellectual exercise, it led him directly to the problem of representative government for the world as a whole.

First, he was called as "consultant" to join the U. S. Delegation to the United Nations

Conference at San Francisco; Finletter's job there was largely to meet the press and represent the American contingent, though the post did offer a liberal education in the problems of international government. That job done, he returned to his desk at Coudert Brothers. He joined a group known as "Americans United for World Organization"—which merged in 1947 with the United World Federalists—and he did considerable work, including articles for the *Atlantic*, to stimulate interest in the idea of preventing aggression by applying internationally the rule of law. In October 1949 he testified before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in favor of a congressional resolution approving in principle the theory of giving the United Nations sufficient, though limited, powers to prevent war. To date the resolution has not passed Congress but the concept has survived. It can be found in a document the *New York Times* described on its publication as "one of the most solemn reports on the defense of the United States ever prepared in time of peace," the President's Air Policy Commission report entitled "Survival in the Air Age."

WHY the President picked Finletter to head the temporary Air Policy Commission is something of a mystery, except that he was known to be impartial, if not ignorant, in aviation matters, and he was credited with tackling and solving complex economic and logistical problems in the State Department. In a letter dated July 18, 1947, the President wrote five men expressing his concern over "danger that our security may be jeopardized . . . by a failure of the aircraft industry to keep abreast of modern methods" in aviation development; he asked them to form a commission to make "an objective survey into national aviation policies and problems." The survey was to include commercial as well as military aspects, for if Russian rearmament threatened our military position in the air, the domestic airlines at home were also in critical financial shape, and the overseas airlines could be considered commercial instruments of national policy.

For almost four months, Finletter and his four commissioners listened to the testimony of 150 witnesses, the leaders of the nation's military and commercial aviation establish-

ment. There is probably no more individualistic group of men than those who run American aviation, and the majority were bitter over the drop-off in size of the Air Force and the plight of the aircraft industry following the war. Finletter and his colleagues listened patiently, toured the nation's air bases and aircraft factories, and in December settled down to write the report.

"Survival in the Air Age" made good reading for aviation enthusiasts. Painstakingly it reviewed every aspect of national aviation; in plain nontechnical language the commission described what it had found and warned that the old safeguards of armies, navies, and oceans were "no longer enough" in an atomic age; it submitted that 1952 was the date beyond which it would be "reckless" to assume that other nations might not have the atomic bomb in quantity, and made long-range recommendations for strengthening the forces of the military and commercial air arms. It also called for funds for pure research, a reorganization of civilian aviation policy, a seventy-group Air Force, and a modernized air reserve of military planes and pilots. The *New York Times* remarked editorially that the report presented a "policy so well thought out, so calmly presented, so well buttressed by straight thinking that it is difficult to see where it can be attacked except in details." And the *Times* did not go into details.

Finletter worked hard on the report—in fact, he wrote a major portion, the section dealing with military requirements, himself. The introduction of the report stated Finletter's own conclusions on the necessity for establishing the rule of law in the United Nations. "We will not be rid of war," he wrote, "until the nations . . . give the United Nations . . . the legal and physical powers . . . to keep the peace." For this view he was to be attacked when he later became Secretary. The president of the Veterans of Foreign Wars complained that the World Federalists were "making capital" out of Finletter's appointment. Truman replied characteristically:

"There is no better or more able public servant than Finletter . . . he is better equipped to be Secretary of the Air Force than any man in the United States, and that is the reason I appointed him."

ON MAY 19, 1948, Paul G. Hoffman, Economic Co-operation Administrator, appointed Finletter chief of the agency's special mission to the United Kingdom, and shortly afterward, with his wife and daughter, Margot, Finletter left for London to tackle one of the most ambitious assignments in Europe—nothing less than the economic revival of Great Britain and the whole sterling area.

Times were bad in England in the spring of 1948. At a moment when Americans were enjoying an economic boom, the average Englishman considered himself lucky to get one egg a week, and a single slice of bacon with the egg was not only luxurious but in many cases illegal under the rationing system. The government was making every effort to maintain full employment, control inflation, and with the aid of the American gift money, to close the dollar gap.

Eight months later, in January of 1949, Finletter reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that he had spent \$1.2 billion and that England was on her way to recovery. Thanks to American aid, British exports were on the increase, and the fear of collapse—including the threat of actual starvation—was no longer felt. Furthermore, he reported that U.S. aid to England in the second year could be reduced to \$900 million, and that a dollar balance between the two countries at the end of four years was probable.

Perhaps just as important as the financial results was the manner in which Finletter played the part of Santa Claus to a proud and desperately dollar-poor nation. The British had to accept the American gift whether they liked it or not. The fact that the aid was offered through Finletter with care and courtesy did much to keep our relations with England something more than cordial. Sir Stafford Cripps, commenting on the achievement, remarked that there was a "Finletter cult" within the British Treasury which was "prepared apparently to do anything he asked."

In June 1949, feeling that his job was over the hump and that England was getting back on her feet, Finletter resigned, and after a short rest again returned to his law practice. Less than a year later, he was back in government harness as Secretary of the Air Force.

III

FROM the moment he entered the Pentagon, Finletter was under sharp appraisal, for there was much at stake in the way he handled his job. The inter-Service brawl, in which Navy and Marine elements had been quarreling publicly with the Air Force over money and missions, was only four months dead, and there were still officers on both sides so bitter they were scarcely on speaking terms. The critics of strategic air power had been baying at it like hounds after a treed coon, and at the same time President Truman had impounded \$735 million which Congress had earmarked for a fifty-eight group Air Force.

The Air Force was then at forty-eight groups, far below the seventy-group level for which Finletter had argued in "Survival in the Air Age"; and there was no evidence of willingness on the part of high officials in the National Military Establishment to go for a bigger force. It might have been asked whether Finletter had not been compromised in accepting the apparent policy to hold the Air Force near its forty-eight group strength.

His answer would be that he made no commitment when he took the job to advocate an Air Force of any size other than that in which he believed, and once in the Pentagon he began a series of studies to bring "Survival in the Air Age" up to date—to find out how big an Air Force was now desirable. Within twenty-four hours of taking office, he attended an Air Force commanders' meeting in Puerto Rico, and for two days and nights he listened to officers from all over the world talking with complete frankness of their own problems and proposals. Back in Washington, he spent most of the next two months in "briefings," the Pentagon's question-and-answer sessions with charts.

General Curtis E. LeMay, the cigar-chewing chief of the Strategic Air Command, came in from Omaha with his staff to tell the Secretary what targets they could hit, how long it would take to do how much damage, and how long an attack could be kept up with the existing supply of bombs and bombers. Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead, then commander of the Continental Air Command, and his officers came down from

Mitchell Air Force Base, New York, to tell the Secretary how well the United States could be defended against air attack. They told him that an enemy raid in force would get through, and that the best radar and interceptor defense money could buy would stop only a relatively small part of the invading aircraft. These reports were supplemented by those from other commands.

In all of this, Finletter sat and listened and asked thousands of questions. From time to time he would interrupt to say, "Excuse me, General, I'm a little stupid. Would you go over that again." Or, "If I get this correctly, what you have been saying, General, is that . . ." and then sum up in a few sentences the substance of a long discussion. These briefings did two things: first, they acquainted the Secretary and his officers with each other; second, they left Finletter with a burning conviction that in order to keep peace in the world this country must give first priority to long-range bombers.

To be sure, this belief had been implicit in "Survival in the Air Age," in which Finletter had forcefully expressed his feeling that a strong counteroffensive weapon would be the best "deterrent"—a word he still uses frequently—to discourage an aggressor from a war with the United States. Thus he was already identified with a plea for a strong Air Force, and when he returned to Washington it remained to be seen how this would affect his dealings with the other Services.

By the time Finletter became Secretary, the Air Force-Navy difficulties which centered around the B-36 investigation were over. The appointment of Admiral Forrest Sherman as Chief of Naval Operations had brought this unhappy period to a close, and co-operation between the three Services had been much improved. But it can be said of Finletter that he has consolidated the peace, and by his friendly personal relations with his co-Secretaries, Frank Pace of the Army and Frank Matthews of the Navy, he has done much to stimulate an indispensable spirit of objectivity.

"I do not attempt," he said in a speech at the University of Pennsylvania last June, "to arrogate to any one Service a special position of importance in our defense establishment. . . . We must not have each Service carrying out its assignments all by itself with a sharp

division of responsibility such as used to characterize the operations of allies. . . . Loyalty to a Service, however important, must be subordinated to the interest of the country." Finletter believes that each task which is put before the Department of Defense must receive the co-ordinated effort of all three arms, and though this "joint task concept" is not revolutionary it differs greatly from the idea of narrow and limited loyalty to one service merely because one happens to be in it.

The joint task concept, in Finletter's hands, is also applied to matters outside the Air Force. He believes that in defending the free world the idea must be extended to all nations who decide to act together, and he argues this view persuasively as representative of the Department of Defense in the relatively new Senior Staff of the National Security Council, which meets three times a week in the old State Department Building next door to the White House.

THE place of strategic air power in that defense, and in preserving the peace, has been debated at length, but Finletter's thesis is briefly this. The nations of the free world today cannot hope to compete with an enemy such as Russia in terms of our outnumbered ground forces. Similarly, Russia has no great naval power with which to launch a major attack by sea. In the air, however, Russia is believed to have an Air Force great in numbers and growing fast—and, more important still, an atomic bomb stockpile that is also growing. But as long as her stockpile is substantially less than ours, or at least insufficient to mount a major attack on the United States, Russia cannot hope to be anything but the loser in an all-out war. Our strategic bombers, if she were to launch such an action, would immediately strike at the Russian heartland in such numbers and intensity that industrial and military Russia would be devastated and demoralized.

As long as our Air Force can keep the Russian leaders aware of this awesome possibility, Secretary Finletter will argue devoutly that we must maintain and develop long-range bombers with all possible speed and efficiency. While this force is operating as an effective "deterrent," he hopes that it will be possible for the statesmen of the world to

keep talking, and through the United Nations to work for an equilibrium in which peace through agreement might possibly be maintained.

Though a variety of divergent opinions will no doubt continue to be voiced, one of the main objections to this thesis so far has been a moral one, centering on the threat of the atomic bomb. On this point Secretary Finletter is clear and categorical. "I do not believe," he said in the same speech at the University of Pennsylvania, "that the moral position of the United States will be judged by the kind of weapons we have in our arsenal or the kind of strategy and tactics we use. I believe that our moral position will be judged by the vigor with which we push our efforts to achieve peace.

"There is no merit, moral or otherwise, in having a defense force which is no good. Nor is there the slightest sense in trying to make a war a bearable business. But if anyone can say truthfully that we are not doing all we should to eliminate war as a human institution then we would have cause to worry about our moral position.

"I have little sympathy with the idea that we should not be ready to defend ourselves if despite all our efforts to achieve peace we are attacked. Indeed I conceive the morality to be the opposite. I believe we would be faithless to our duty to ourselves and to our friends and allies of the free world if we were not to have a military force which would make it very plain to all that it would be a mistake to break the peace."

"Entertainment in the Parlor at 8:30"

BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE restless ones are small,
 All eyes and knees.
 Unable to recall a time not this,
 They peer, they climb and crawl;
 Their cheeks like fruit, their daring
 Spicy with fear. But soon—never—but soon
 Their joy must jump the moon.
 They sigh: to draw a deeper breath
 Would be to draw a knife.
 What do they hope for?
 O magician, come!

These sit along the aisles
 On folding-chairs
 Planted as firmly as their white-cheeked smiles
 And ladylike white hair.
 They seem at peace; they are wearing
 Old pains in secret, like old-fashioned styles
 In underthings. What creaks
 Is not their patience. If they speak,
 It is below the breath.
 What do they wait for?
 O magician, come!

Aufwiedersehen Abend

A Story by Kay Boyle

IT WOULD be possible to divide them into two nearly equal categories, the American civilians who came to work in Germany. There were those who came because of the varying ways and means of profit, or the illusion of power, which this Occupation employment offered; and there were those who had returned to what had been their homeland once, American citizens now, but still German enough to believe that they alone could draw near to, and perhaps cure, the country's ailing heart. The odd ones, who fitted under neither of these two heads, might be disposed of as fanatics. Some of them were young men who had left State-side colleges to fight the war, and who had learned in mud, and blood, and combat, a lesson so violent that they had no patience left for classroom or campus. They had severed themselves from their home towns, and their people, and the girls they would go back to and marry in the end, and for a second time they had come to this country, but not as soldiers, not in uniform, but as civilians with a mission, having accepted both war and peace as their responsibility.

One of the men of this odd minority was a young man named Rod Murray, who had come out of the Middle West on the common errand of reorientation, come seeking the look of sincerity in other men's faces, and the sound of truth in their voices when they described the roles that they had played. He had been a bomber pilot once, and now his name, and his title as Information Services' Officer, were stenciled on an office door in a building designated as American Military Government in an ancient university town. The town, with its *Schloss* and its medieval halls of learning, stood solidly

and picturesquely, built to outlast all wars, it seemed, and all orientation, upon a Hessian hillside. When the work of the day was over, and the Military Government offices closed, Rod Murray did not go back to his billets to play poker with the others, and he did not sit in a movie hall with his arm around a *Fräulein*, because this quest for the freedom-loving and the enlightened could know no respite until it had reached some kind of end. The name of love might have been given to the search, but it was more dedicated than any pursuit of woman, this fateful seeking in an alien country for men with whom free men might have affinity. Rod Murray could be seen of an evening in the town hall of one or another of the *Kreis* villages, sitting among the rural storekeepers, and the farmers who had come in from the land to hear the *Bürgermeister* and the *Landrat* speak. And when the *Bürgermeister* and the *Landrat* would have had their say, and the men and the few women present would begin to leave, Rod Murray would jump up and seek to make his protest heard, and not succeed, and climb up on a chair to say it, standing tall and slouch-shouldered and a little too heavy in his gray tweed suit among them, knowing this was no part of the job for which his government paid him, but simply part of man's commitment to his fellow man.

"Say, this is an open forum!" he would call out loudly, and without fear, in his shameless rendering of their traditional tongue. "Now it's the time when questions are asked!" he would try to say, as he combed his fingers wildly through his dark, crisp, wavy hair. And the storekeepers, and the peasants, the women among them wearing

their regional dress, would turn their heads to stare at him, not in censure, or in ridicule, but merely stare, their bland eyes vacant even of curiosity. And Rod Murray would jump down from the chair, and shoulder his way forward to where the *Bürgermeister* and the *Landrat* would be putting on their heavy coats. "This is the time for the people to ask you questions about the local administration!" he would cry out in his ringing voice. "This is the time for them to air their views and argue with you!" he would say. And the *Bürgermeister* and the *Landrat* would glance at the massively framed clock above the platform, and one or the other of them, lowering his voice, might say that this was the way the meetings had always been held. What kind of questions had he had in mind, they might ask him in quiet, conciliatory voices, saying, as they buttoned their coats over, that once the official addresses had been delivered, it was customary for a town meeting to come to a close. And the young man, who had been brought up among community chests and co-operatives in the Middle West, would stand there saying helplessly: "But this is a forum for the people! That's the idea of it," his dark, outraged eyes watching the people who had never asked questions of their administrators and who could not learn to ask them now, turn quietly and go.

BUT once in the winter, when the snow was falling thick and fast, Rod Murray undertook with impatience an errand which had nothing to do with the mission on which he had come. It was dusk when he set out, for he had put this off until the final moment of the day, and he walked with his overcoat collar turned up, and the limp brim of his worn, felt hat pulled down, following a narrow, cobbled street which wound up through the archaic houses, begrudging every instant of the time that he must give. But he liked the taste of the winter evening on his lips, and the sight of the crowded, leaning dwelling places, so picturesque that it seemed to him he moved through that miniature scenery, and that facsimile of falling snow, which are contained within a paper-weight glass ball. He climbed steadily, his eyes seeking the number of a house he did not know. It had been described in the

telephone directory as the "*Berufsschule für Bewegungs-Ausdruck-Kunst-Rhythmik und Gesellschaftstanz*" but there was no sign to confirm this when he came to it, nor was there a bell to be found in the archway's moist, grooved stone. He lifted the knocker on the heavy oak panel of the door, and let it fall, and the ring of its iron sounded in the narrow, snow-hushed street. When the door had opened just wide enough to let him pass, Rod Murray stepped into the flagstoned corridor, and he waited a moment, wondering at the identifiable sense of stealth, the silence, which dwelt within the dancing school's interior.

An oil lamp burned at the end of the long hall, and, to the left, a flight of dilapidated stairs leaned against the massive stones of the wall, its baroque bannisters hanging, like a great, warped harp, no longer fit for music, forgotten there in the obscurity. And, as the half dark cleared, he saw that a woman stood with her back against the door that she had closed behind him, and for an instant he felt the familiar stir of hope that, not Kant, or Fichte, or Hegel, but this unknown figure, this still unprobed segment of the national mind, the national experience, might yield some portion of the national mystery.

"I'm Mr. Murray, from Military Government," he said, speaking his imitation German to the faceless and nameless presence of the woman in the hall.

"I am the *Frau Direktor* of this poor little establishment," she said hoarsely and rapidly out of the shadows to him; and at the sound of her voice, defensive, cautious, low, he knew it would not be she who had cupped in her bare hands, and shielded through the years, the small, hot, eager flame of individual intent, keeping it clear of the collective blasphemy. "I used to have a big house in Hamburg, with three fine reception rooms, all good enough for royalty, and now it's come to this," she said, the whine resorted to at once, like an arm already slyly lifted in the darkness to ward off whatever threatened blow might fall. "I lost the house, and two concert grand pianos in the bombings. I used to have a fine selection of pupils, girls from decent families, but since the war ended, everything's changed. The quality's not the same," she said, and when she spoke again the voice was even warier. "Have

you come privately, or is this an official visit you're making us?" she said.

"It's like this," said Rod Murray quickly, impatient with her voice, her words, her flesh. "One of our Military Government officers is leaving, and we're giving him a party on Friday night, a sort of *Aufwiedersehen Abend*," he said, inventing the German phrase for it as he went along. "I've been asked to take care of the entertainment for the evening, and I was told you had dancers here, professional dancers—girls, of course. As a professional, you'll have to help me," he said, and he tried to see the hour marked on the watch strapped to his wrist. "This is the first time I've had to do anything in the line of entertainment," he said.

"Ah, girls," said the woman, and she seemed to speak in singular relief. "Sometimes the army sends someone to investigate, so we have to ask. Will you come upstairs, Mr. Murray?" she said, and she moved out of the dark of the door well, saying: "Ah, girls. They're mostly *Flüchtlinge* or DPs now. We haven't much else to offer," as she gathered up her hanging garments and moved swiftly past him to the stairs. He followed her up the trembling structure, having scarcely glimpsed her face yet, and, at the top, without warning, her profile was cast in outsized shadow on the wall. The features he saw were not those of a woman, but of a lean, lipless courtier from another century, an aging page boy, with the hair cut like a casque to fit the bony head. The silhouetted nose was the beak of a bird of prey, and was perhaps even corneous in substance, Rod Murray thought in revulsion as the outlandish figure stooped, bowed and evil, to fit a key into the lock of the closed door. "There'll certainly be one or two to interest you," she said, and she pushed the door open, and gestured with one horny wing for him to pass.

THE big room they entered was as cold as a cave, and it was lit by four standing lamps which flanked both sides of an upright piano, with the coats-of-arms of the leading German cities embossed in color on their parchment shades. On the piano top stood a glass vase of crepe paper roses, and when Rod Murray laid his hat down beside the vase, he saw that the rose petals, which

had probably once been red, had faded to lavender beneath a film of dust and age.

"I know exactly what I want," he began to say, while he sought to avoid the sight of the hostess reflected from every angle in the long, scarred mirrors which hung on two of the four moldy walls. "I thought of starting off with a Spanish or Hungarian dancer, if you had the right person and the correct music for it. Perhaps a fandango," he said, but wherever he looked for gaiety and beauty, there was the aged woman in her hanging, fanning clothes. Her brow was covered by a smooth, oiled, ebony bang which a green silk ribbon held in place, and from under this fringe, her black eyes watched him narrowly. Two spots of rouge, as dark as bruises, stood high upon her cheekbones, a green brocaded neckcloth kept the disaster of her throat from sight, but the fleshless cartilage of her ears was visible through the dyed black tassels of her hair. "Then perhaps follow this with a *romantisches* number, a *Herzen und Blumen* sort of thing." Rod Murray tried to go on with it as he strolled restlessly from lamp to piano, piano to mirror, mirror to lamp again, in this room which held itself in readiness for some function that he could not name. "I don't want to undertake too much and I'd like to know the price beforehand," he said, not knowing yet that this was the first sentence she had understood in its entirety, and understood by instinct only, her eye turned canny as a hawk's under the oiled ebony fringe of hair.

"I'll get the girls down, and you can make your arrangements with them," she said. "But I get 20 per cent of every fee. That's customary in the establishment," she said, before she flapped from the room, and closed the door, and locked it from the landing. It was then, without any sense of shock or personal outrage, that he recognized the actual nature of the place, and he began to laugh.

While he waited, Rod Murray decided on the things that he was going to say. But he did not say them, for when the woman unlocked the door again, there were three girls with her, two of them blond, and the third one dark, and all of them identically dressed in flesh-colored bathing suits, with high-heeled, worn, black slippers on their naked feet. She herded them forward, these three white gluttoned geese, and, as they moved

toward the piano, Rod Murray could see the goose-pimples the cold had raised on their plucked bare backs and on their heavy, undressed limbs. The two blond girls halted beside one of the standing lamps, and laid their arms around each other's waists, and faced Rod Murray, smiling, while the dark young woman sat down before the keyboard, flexed the muscles of her forearms, and began to play. As she played, the three of them chanted "Deep in the Heart of Texas" as casually as if the twang and the drawl, and the broken rhythm, were inherent in their birthright, and this accent from one state of America the flavor of their native speech. The hostess had taken a chair facing the piano, and, while the others sang to its accompaniment, she kept time by tapping her wooden leg, or her cloven hoof, or her broomstick, on the dusty boards.

"But this isn't the kind of thing I'm looking for!" Rod Murray cried out, and he retrieved his hat from the piano top, where it left a ring of melted snow. "I wanted dancers! I wanted professional entertainment!" he said to them in his impatience before he hastened toward the door. When he turned the key in the lock and jerked the door open, the sound of the *Frau Direktor's* tapping and the rippling of the music ceased, and the women were left there, motionless, speechless, hearing him shout: "Dancers! *Herr Gott*, can't you understand German?" before he jammed his hat on his head, and went running down the leaning stairs.

THAT was Thursday, and by Friday morning the snow was two feet deep in the streets of the town, and the gray tiled roofs of the *Schloss* and the university buildings, and the houses on the north side of the hill were crested and fish-boned with white. But although the sky was overcast, the snow had ceased to fall. Rod Murray gave no thought to the dancers as he walked to the *Rathaus*, where the trial of the former editor of the local newspaper was about to begin; for he had seen in the records the articles the former Nazi editor had written in the war years and these were in his mind as he pushed into the crowded courtroom and shouldered his way forward, the only American who had taken the obligation as his own and come. The defendant, sitting

side by side with his lawyer, faced the German judge's raised seat, and the prosecutor strolled back and forth in the space left between the court stenographers and the defendant, rubbing his red-knuckled hands together, for he too had just come in from the streets of freshly fallen snow. The defendant was a lean, distinguished, white-haired gentleman, and at times he turned in his chair to smile discreetly, under his clipped mustaches, at his wife and his three daughters, clad in black, who sat behind him. Around these women, the defendant's friends formed a protective block, for the former editor was a most celebrated and respected man.

"The defendant has stated, and maintains, that he was an anti-Nazi editor," were the words the prosecutor now addressed to the courtroom, and Rod Murray, wearing his overcoat still, usurped a place on the fringe of the elite, two rows behind the defendant's wife, and the chair cried out beneath his weight as he sat down. "As late as March 1945, the defendant was still editing the newspaper in this town," the prosecutor said, and now a murmuring became audible, a whisper of protest which seemed to spread from seat to seat, stirring even from those who stood, packed close, in the back of the hall. "As a part of his defense, he has stated that his editorials were not political, but theological in nature," the prosecutor continued. "For an example, at Easter 1945, the defendant wrote and published an editorial on the rising of the new Messiah from the grave." It was known that the prosecutor was not a native of the university town, that he was not a Hessian even, but that he was a *Flüchtling* from Rostock who had taken refuge here less than a year ago among them, and they did not like his alien accent, or the sharp, sad features of his face. "Now let us assume," the prosecutor said, giving half of all he had to say to the grave, young judge who looked down at them from his raised chair, and half to the peopled courtroom, "that there were certain unmistakable ways in which an anti-Nazi editor conducted himself so that he should be known for what he was."

And now the prosecutor's dark glance rested upon the conservatively but expensively accoutered figure of the white-haired editor, and the spectators, too, turned toward

him, some of them half rising from their seats the better to see this distinguished man whose printed words had for so long made plausible, and continued to make plausible even in defeat, the legend of their own ascendancy. Here he sat like a common man, and yet so manifestly the gentleman, despite the circumstances which had brought him here to be humbled in their eyes. But, although his two sons were prisoners of war in Russia still, as were the sons of many in the courtroom, and although his house, as was the case with so many of their houses, was still in the hands of the Americans, they knew that his very blood forbade that he become as common or as humble as they. "The question with which we are faced is whether the defendant, at any time, or by any voluntary act, gave evidence of being an anti-Nazi editor," the prosecutor was saying, and the murmuring now rose louder than before.

"Give us another prosecutor!" a voice called out, but scarcely a single voice, for it seemed to come from all four corners of the hall. "We don't need any *Flüchtlinge* here!" the multiple, disembodied voice called, and the young judge cleared his throat and asked for quiet, while the court guards moved through the assemblage. "We don't want anyone from the Eastern Zone to prosecute our townspeople!" the voices said. The judge had got to his feet, and he glanced uncertainly across the courtroom; but he, like the prosecutor, was a man without legal training, except that acquired in these Occupation-sanctioned courts, and it was little comfort to him now that he had been chosen for his political integrity. He stood up, shabby, provincial-looking, in his brown suit of ersatz, wartime wool, unfitted, to the eyes which had just turned from the defendant, for this or any other role which the Occupation might authorize him to play.

"There is in the courtroom now another newspaper editor!" the prosecutor's voice rang strongly out, and, at the sound of its authority, the uproar abruptly died. "I would like him to tell you his experiences. I am going to put him on the witness stand," he said. "I believe he will tell you that, in his opinion, it was not possible for a man to be both an anti-Nazi and a newspaper editor as late as 1945 in Germany."

THE witness in question stood up at once in the front row of seats, a broad, short young man with thick-lensed glasses on his nose, wearing a suit that was too tight for him. And, as he picked his way near-sightedly across the intervening people, a titter of laughter ran through the courtroom, and the people did not draw their legs aside to let the witness pass, and he took his place before them in the isolated witness chair.

"I began publishing a political and literary weekly in Nuremberg in 1930. I was eighteen years old at the time," he began his testimony. He had clasped his childishly dimpled hands across the straining buttons of his vest, and a crescent of flesh, which lay pink and fresh beneath his chin, shrunk and expanded, deflated, inflated, as if made of rubber, while he spoke. "Until 1937, I experienced increasing trouble with the Reich authorities," he said, his voice pitched almost ludicrously high. "I had frequently refused to print the *Deutsches Nachrichten Büro* communiqués because of their distortion of the news. Early in 1937, I was informed through the *Gauleiter's* office that an impending paper shortage would necessitate the suspending of a large number of small newspapers, and that only those which served the interests of the nation, and the party, could count on sufficient newsprint to go on. In my editorials, I continued to criticize both the domestic and the foreign policy of the regime," he went on in his absurdly pitched voice, "so that it was only a matter of weeks before my offices were permanently closed. It seemed essential to me that all information concerning the restrictions on freedom of speech and action which were being imposed on the German people by the leaders of the Reich should be made known to the outside world, and so I passed weekly articles into Holland, and these were printed throughout the country, signed by my initials only," and the rosy crescent which doubled his chin, deflated and then inflated, as he spoke.

At this moment, as if roused suddenly to interest, the defendant stirred in his chair, and his flat, naked lips stiffened in a half smile of forbearance beneath his white mustache. Then he leaned a little closer to his lawyer, and dropped his lean, gentlemanly hand upon the other's sleeve. The lawyer listened to the communication that was

whispered to him, nodding his round head slowly in agreement, his prominent blue eyes fixed without expression on the ludicrous figure seated in the witness chair. "In the spring of 1940, when the *Wehrmacht* overran Holland," the witness continued, "my identity as the author of these articles was revealed in the files of an Amsterdam newspaper, and I was arrested in Nuremberg shortly after. I was tried, and sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor," he said, and then he ceased to speak.

"Will you give the court some of the details concerning your internment?" the prosecutor said.

"I was interned in Dachau. My windpipe was broken during the beatings I received there," he said, his eyes myopic, undecipherable, behind the thick lenses of his spectacles, and no emotion altered his smooth, fat, fair-skinned face. "I had served nearly a third of my sentence when I was liberated by the Americans," he said, making the statement without drama, but, once it was made, the defense lawyer arose.

"If your Honor permits," he said, the title given in derision to the judge who wore no judicial robes, "I would like to suggest that we who are gathered here today bow our heads before the witness's martyrdom. It is evident to everyone of us that this young man must have suffered the greatest privations during his confinement as a traitor to his country. Perhaps it would be in order to take up a collection for him in the courtroom today. My client has expressed himself as willing to start off such a subscription with a donation of two Deutsche Marks and fifty pfennigs to enable this needy man to buy himself a hearty meal."

The laughter appeared to begin just behind the defendant's chair, and it was echoed here and there throughout the courtroom, until, gaining momentum, it seemed to rise from the throat of every man and woman in the ancient hall. The young judge again called out for quiet, but now that the witness had got to his feet, the spectators only laughed the louder, as if, standing there erect, with his short arms straining in the sleeves of his jacket, he was an even more humorous figure than they had recalled.

"Quiet!" the judge admonished them, but the tumult and the laughter rose, and there

was no sign or semblance of quiet. Instead the multiple voice which had spoken out before now gathered power and articulation, and it cried: "Heil Hitler!" and the judge leapt up, his young hands trembling, and ordered that the court be cleared.

It was only Rod Murray who moved against the reflux tide, shouldering his way, in an overcoat bought four years ago in Chicago, back toward the tables where the court stenographers gathered their papers up, and past them to the judge, and the witness, and the prosecutor, knowing that in making his way to them, he approached the flesh and the blood of men who spoke his tongue. And yet there was nothing he could find to say in shame or in anger or in any language to them, but, until the courtroom cleared, he stood there, taking his place beside them, and then they walked out into the sunless day together. On the steps of the *Rathaus* he turned to them, as if to brothers, and he shook the judge's, and the witness's, and the prosecutor's hands.

HE ATE lunch alone at the Special Services' Club, and, with the taste of coffee in comfort on his tongue still, he came out onto the high, bleak, wintry terrace. The terra cotta flower boxes stood empty on the balustrades, and across the valley of this foreign land of Hesse, the *Schloss* stood strong as a fortress on its hill. It might have been a picture that Breughel had painted, all this that lay before him, the slate blue houses of the town descending, roof by snow-traced roof, to the barren trees which bordered the dark waters of the river, with even the single crow set as trademark and signature in the leafless branches, except that the bright, myriad, scattered presence of the living, which was the speech of Breughel's heart, had been deleted from the scene. And in a month like this one, Rod Murray thought as he leaned on the balustrade in the chill, gray light of afternoon, he had flown with the others before dawn up this valley, by-passing the university town, and the others before it, the steel hearts of the engines throbbing northward as they crossed these hills toward Kassel, moving in formation toward what they had come out to do. It was no more than one name recalled out of many destinations, remembered now be-

cause of the look of the sky and the river, and because he knew that below, at the bridge which spanned the water, a sign stated that Kassel lay no more than a hundred kilometers ahead. Kassel, he thought, hearing again the pulse of the bombers as they bore such annihilation to that one town that the dust and debris, and the broken galleries and pilasters of where it once had stood, had no more relation to the present than the hushed, volcanic twilight of Pompeii. And then, without warning, he remembered the dancers, and remembered that the farewell party would take place that evening, and he fled quickly down the red sandstone steps of the Club terrace to hail the army bus which passed below.

In his office in the Military Government building, his German secretary was putting fresh varnish on her nails, so she could not look up at once when he came in. But she said that the *Herr Direktor* of the local theater company was putting on a Zuckmayer play which called for a Luger automatic to be fired on the stage. As long as Germans could not be in possession of firearms, she went on saying as she painted the nail varnish carefully on, the *Herr Direktor* had been trying all morning to get in touch with him to find out what he should do.

"That's something for the Provost Marshal's office," Rod Murray said, dismissing it.

"Okev-doke, but it seems it comes under Art Information," said the secretary, surveying her nails. "The Provost Marshal's office sent him down to us."

There was this to be settled, and it took four telephone calls, and an hour and a half of time, and there followed a conference with the *Führer* of "The Nature Lovers" as to which numbers of their repertoire of marching songs would be authorized, under the relaxing of controls, to be sung at future meetings in the springtime hills. It was five o'clock, it was the end of the day, when the young *Führer* left Rod Murray's office, and there had been no time to think of the entertainment for the evening that lay ahead. And then Rod Murray's secretary came in to comb out her long hair at the mirror before going home, and she said that someone from the "*Berufsschule für Bewegungs-Ausdruck-Kunst-Rhythmik und Gesellschaftstanz*" had telephoned.

"My God, the dancers! The entertainers for the party tonight!" Rod Murray cried, and he jumped up behind his desk.

"Would you like me to take care of it for you?" said his secretary, and she looked at her own face in the mirror as she combed back her hair.

"I wanted Hungarian, Spanish dancers—in costume, of course!" Rod Murray cried out. "And musicians with their music! I wanted to make it something good—"

"I can make it good," said his secretary. She had turned away from the glass on the wall, and he saw her hair, as he had seen it countless times before, combed dark and soft to her shoulders, and the lipstick laid smoothly on her mouth. "I've been working six months for you, and you still don't seem to understand me," she said, her eyes on him in stubborn, cold rebuke. "The other officers I worked for here before were different. They all seemed to understand me," she said, and she came across the room toward his desk, American nylons pulled tight and sheer upon her well-shaped legs. She picked up the short black arm of mouthpiece and receiver from the telephone, and she dialed the numbers with a forefinger on which the nail was varnished as bright as blood. The conversation took a quarter of an hour, and while she asked the questions, and gave the answers, her dark, slow glance moved, without expression, over the features of his face. And when it was done, she sat, in the green plaid skirt that must have been ordered from a Sears, Roebuck catalogue page—by whom, or at what interval in the history of Military Government, or for what compensation, he did not know—and she told him what the *Frau Direktor* of the "*Berufsschule*" had said. It was only later, after he had gone down the stairs the night before, that the *Frau Direktor* had understood he had come there for dancers, professional dancers. "You need someone to take care of you over here. You have too much faith in people. I saw that right away, the minute I started working for you," his secretary said, and she threw her head back, and shook out her long soft hair.

"All right," said Rod Murray in impatience. "What else did the *Frau Direktor* say?"

"She said that some stars of a well-known troupe of dancers had arrived from Berlin

this afternoon, and she could send you some very cosmopolitan performers, if you wanted them still," she said. She had slipped off the corner of the desk now, and she looked at him with suddenly baleful eyes. "I told her to send them to Military Government billets at eight o'clock tonight, with costumes and musicians."

"How much did you settle for?" Rod Murray said, as he watched her going, as if in pique, to the door.

"Fifty Deutsche Marks, including the music," said his secretary, "and the money to be paid directly to her. She's afraid they might hold out on her percentage." And then her voice stretched lazily into irony. "You should call on me more often. I'm pretty good at making bargains," she said.

IT WAS after eight by the time Rod Murray had eaten and bathed and dressed, and he was eager for a sight of the entertainers as he came down the stairs. This requisitioned house in which he and the others were billeted was one of the finest in town, richly furnished and handsomely wainscoted and beamed, without a mark of wartime damage on it. And now the lower floor of it was decked out for the farewell party with paper vines of mauve wistaria, and hanging cardboard stars. A distant banquet table, framed by the dark wood of the wide-arched doorways which opened from room to room, could be seen laid with white linen in the farthest chamber which once had been the Nazi owner's library. From the stairs, Rod Murray saw the shining glass goblets placed there in preparation, and the punch bowl, still empty, and the Meissen porcelain waiting, the monogrammed silver laid spoon within gleaming spoon, fork curved to fork, beneath the oscillating shadows of the hanging stars. From the kitchen alone, where the servants prepared the buffet supper, came the sound of the living; for the Senior Military Government Officer, and the Criminal Investigation Agent, and the Legal and University Officers, were dressing in their bedrooms still, and the guests had not yet arrived.

Only when he had reached the last step of the stars did Rod Murray see there were two people sitting side by side on the carved bench in the entrance hall. He took them at first for children, so slight, so submissive they

seemed as they sat there under the massive, mounted stag heads: a pale-haired boy in an opera cloak, with the velvet collar fastened beneath his pointed chin, and a girl in a long, dark, shabby coat drawn close beside him, her body curved as if in weariness, and a muff of black and white rabbit fur upon her knees. The muff was large enough for a deep-breasted diva to have carried in triumph, and the girl kept her hands inside it, and a bunch of shriveled, faded violets made of cloth was pinned to its molting hide. They were abandoned children, Rod Murray thought, who had put on these adult clothes to give themselves stature and authority for one evening, but not in any spirit of carnival, for their faces, which were turned toward him, were strangely austere. But once they had got to their feet, and stood before him on the delicately tinted Persian rug, he saw they were doubtless his own age, perhaps in their middle twenties, but so frail that he believed he could have lifted them, one in each arm, with ease, and carried them across the hall like dolls.

"The *Frau Direktor* of the '*Berufsschule*,'" the young man began saying in German in a low voice to Rod Murray.

"YES, yes," Rod Murray said quickly. He took his cigarettes out, and he passed them first to the girl, the stirring of hope quickening in him again, believing it might be from their mouths that he would learn how it had taken place, and how it had seemed to them when they were children, and how much had been explained away so that the human ear could bear to hear the rest. He stood close to the girl now, and her head reached barely to his shoulder, and her hair was wrenched up from her small, swollen brow, and combed into a pompadour, with the long, faded, golden ends of it pinned high upon her skull. Her fingers came, as sharp as a bird's claws, from the rabbit muff, and she did not speak, she did not smile, but her hand, with the cigarette in the fingers of it, withdrew inside the muff again. Her narrow lips were not so much as touched with red, but her dark eyes were outlined and lashed so lavishly and carelessly with mascara in her white, pointed face, that Rod Murray had the illusion that he viewed them through a magnifying glass. "Yes, of course, I was

expecting you," he said, and he passed the cigarettes to the young man, whose bony hand tossed one wing of the opera cloak aside and sought to unhook the worn, velvet collar at his throat, as an actor, beginning his big scene and finding stage fright parching his tongue, might fumble desperately for breath.

"Perhaps the *Frau Direktor* told you that my wife and I come from the Eastern Sector of Berlin?" he said, and he bowed his head to light his cigarette from the lighter Rod Murray held.

"The food situation is pretty grim there, isn't it?" said Rod Murray, but the young man did not answer, for it was not the role of *Flüchtlinge* which they were here to play.

"We've just had a most successful night club season there," he said, and now, with a cigarette between his fingers, his tongue seemed eased, and he drew the good, sustaining draughts of the tobacco in.

"We have our costumes with us," the girl said, speaking scarcely aloud, and, with her hand inside the molting muff still, she gestured behind them toward the bench. And there, in the shadows against the paneled wall, Rod Murray saw the trade mark of those who wander the *Autobahnen* in flight, or who sit beneath the bridges, waiting for nothing but a destination—the split, bulging shape of a suitcase, its material varnished to emulate leather, its bulk supported by various lengths and weights of string. "We like to travel," the girl said, with these words refusing their part in that dogged exodus of women and men who cross illicitly from one zone to the other for the sake of food, or for the opulent look of counters and store windows, or else for the indescribable quality of freedom, either breathed or spoken, the stragglers coming at the rate of a thousand a month, or a thousand a fortnight, or even a hundred a day.

"The *Frau Direktor* of the '*Berufsschule*' is my wife's aunt. That's how we happened to stop off in Hesse," the young man said, and, as he smoked the cigarette, he smiled at the thought of this part of the country's rural ignorance, its archaic monuments, its bigotry. "We'll probably stay a little while with her, although there's not much of interest for us here," he said, and he added: "My wife's aunt is Jewish. My wife and I are neither Jews nor refugees."

"We're planning a foreign tour—France, England, and then America," the girl said.

"Look," said Rod Murray, speaking quickly as he glanced at the time upon his wrist; "before you people begin dancing, maybe you'd like something to eat—some sandwiches and coffee? If you wouldn't mind coming into the kitchen," he began, but they must have sensed the weakness, the perturbation in him, for their eyes were on him in slow, cold calculation, examining this which he had just proposed.

"So you're going to pay us in food and cigarettes, then?" the young man said. The three of them stood motionless in the hallway, as hushed as if in the deep heart of a forest, waiting beneath the dead stags' lifted antlered heads.

"That wasn't the arrangement," the girl said, her thin lips scarcely seeming to move.

"But of course not. Of course you'll get paid the Deutsche Marks too," Rod Murray said, and he turned to lead them toward the kitchen.

"And you'll pay it to *us*?" the young man said, not moving. "You won't pay it to the *Frau Direktor*?" he said.

They were almost at the threshold of the kitchen, with the fragrance of fresh coffee coming richly on the air, when the young man remembered the cardboard suitcase, and he walked swiftly back in his cracked patent leather dancing pumps to pick it up and bear it with him before anyone should carry it away.

THE next to come were the musicians. There were three of them: one with a shining bald plate, and a leather music portfolio in his hand, and two studious-looking young men, one carrying a violin in its case, and the other an accordion. They were all three members of the local symphony orchestra, the violinist told Rod Murray, giving his classical right profile to the conversation, with his eyes fixed straight ahead, like the set gaze of the blind. But he was not blind, for he laid his violin case down on the bench, and he took off his overcoat, as the others did, and then the three of them strung their identical white silk scarves through the sleeves of their overcoats, and hung them in the cloakroom, and then they raised their open palms, and even the bald-pated

musician made the gesture of smoothing back his hair. When this was done, they followed Rod Murray across the polished bare floor of the first reception room, where the grand piano stood, the violinist carrying his violin in its case, and the accordionist his accordion on its plaited leather strap, and the pianist the music portfolio. But it was only the violinist, keeping one half of his face averted still, who looked up and smiled at the sight of the wistaria, and the hanging silver cardboard stars.

"It will be spring soon," the violinist said, speaking his carefully enunciated English to Rod Murray, and there was a sound of happiness in his voice, as if he had recognized in these tokens that a long, cold season was about to change. He and the accordionist were students at the university, he said; they were medical students, and he still turned his head from Rod Murray as he lifted his instrument from its case. It would begin to be more pleasant now, walking up the paths to the lecture halls, he went on saying, and he asked Rod Murray how well he knew the town, and the *Schloss*, and the short cuts leading through the trees. "There is a quite lonely statue of Schiller. It stands among the lilacs halfway up," he said, and he dropped his head, in seeming solicitude, upon the violin's vibrant wood.

The bald-pated man had sat down in his ancient dinner suit on the concave seat of the piano stool, and he jumped up, immediately spun the seat on its swivel, and seated himself again, his short legs reaching for the pedals, his blunt fingers stroking the keys. The accordionist lifted his accordion, ornate in ivory and gold, and cradled it in love in his arms for a moment while he peered across the pianist's shoulder at the open score.

"The dancers are changing into their costumes," Rod Murray said, and now, as the violinist tuned his strings, he saw for the first time, and with an almost convulsive sense of shock, the left side of the violinist's face. The head was a rather noble head, constructed of long, solid bones, and crowned with a mane of lightish, lively hair. But the face he saw now was the face of a broken statue, for a scar ran hideously from the lobe of the left ear, slashed into the shattered temple, and crossed the forehead, a welt that served to seam the cavity where the hinge of

jaw and cheekbone had functioned once, but where hinge and cheekbone were no longer, and mounted to stitch the empty temple closed. "They're going to do a tango, a rhumba, and a Viennese waltz," Rod Murray said, with his heart gone sick within him. "Let's go out and have a drink before they start," he said. And so it became the violinist's turn to follow, as had the dancers before him, into the kitchen, and there, in his abomination of this face, Rod Murray filled the two tall glasses with Rhine wine. "So you're medical students?" Rod Murray said, keeping his eyes away.

"*Prosit*," the violinist said before he drank, and he went on saying: "We will be doctors. We will cure humanity," saying it partly in humor to the American. "I know a strange story about doctors, about surgeons," he said, speaking a little shyly of this thing he knew. "In the war, you know, the doctors, the surgeons, did great things with plastic surgery. They could make a man's face new again. They could make it look like something it had not been before. My father was a surgeon, an army surgeon, and he did this," the violinist said, and Rod Murray stood listening to what he said, his eyes fixed on the label on the slender bottle. "But after a time, he found out that a man's face does not stay the way that surgery makes it. After six months, eight months, a man's face will change back again to what he is like himself, inside. If you are a poet," said the violinist as he lifted his glass of wine, "then an army surgeon, a good army surgeon has his duty to perform, and when he operates he must give you a warrior's face. My father did this. But in six months, eight months, the face he has made becomes a poet's face again."

"That is fantasy," Rod Murray said, but he felt this knowledge chilling his blood.

"No, it is the truth," said the violinist, and he put down his glass so that Rod Murray could fill it with white wine again. "If you do not believe this is true, then there is nothing left to believe," he said. "My face," he said abruptly. "They left it the way it is because by that time they had learned. They knew they could make it look the way they wanted, and then in six months, eight months, it would betray them again. It would look like a musician's face, or a poet's face. It would have the old mark of loneli-

ness on it, and this they could not have," he said.

Their glasses stood empty on the kitchen table when they walked back into the reception room together, and the violinist smiled, as if at some secret which he alone possessed, as he moved the floor lamp a little closer to the piano, and adjusted the shade of it so that the light fell on the tilted rack where the open book of music stood. Above them could be heard the slamming of bedroom doors on the upper floors, and then the good-natured chaffing of the other Military Government officers as they came down the wainscoted stairs. And then the bell at the entrance door rang loudly, and the first guests were ushered into the hallway, the American women in long, half-formal gowns, and the men in army uniform or in fancy jackets from the Clothing Store, coming in with a clamor of greeting from the wintry night. Once their wraps had been laid aside, the guests moved on, escorted by the Public Safety Officer, or the Criminal Investigation Agent, or the Legal or University Officers, to the farthest room where the platters were laid with heart-shaped sandwiches, and the punch bowl stood filled now to the brim.

THE musicians had begun playing "Don Giovanni" to set the romantic tempo of the evening, but once the dancers appeared dramatically in Spanish costume in the doorway, the piano, the accordion, and the violin took their cue, and they broke into the triumphant bars of "Toreador." And now that the dancers danced, Rod Murray could scarcely bring himself to look in their direction, for they were far too thin to be making this spectacle of themselves in any public place. It seemed to him that the threads of their necks must snap in two, unable to bear the weight of the fleshless skulls they carried, and that their bones would pierce the carnival lace and tinsel of their disguise, and expose them for the skeletons they were. He could hear the girl's hand striking the tambourine with which she danced, and he could not bring himself to turn his head and see again the bony stalks of her white arms lifted, like the arms of those who have already perished reaching from the

grave. And the young man, in his matador's suit and his cracked black patent leather pumps, danced his desperate, intricate steps before her, his legs as brittle and thin as sticks of kindling in his cotton stockings, the brass coins jingling with avarice on his tri-corn hat. And no one else looked at them, it seemed to Rod Murray; no one else dared to watch them as they danced away across the parquet floor. In the farthest room, the Senior Military Government Officer was urging the guests to drink, and the waiters passed with trays among them, and the men's and women's talk and laughter sounded far, anonymous, without human meaning, under the festoons of Japanese wistaria, and the trembling paste-board stars.

And then the Spanish number was done, and the dancers were gone, and the faint clapping of hands expired through the rooms. Rod Murray had asked that drinks be brought for the musicians, and he himself drank a goblet of punch quickly down.

"Let's give them a dance number now, so the guests can dance while the dancers change their costumes," Rod Murray said, and he stayed near to the musicians, not wanting to meet the Senior Military Government Officer's offended eyes. "What front were you on?" he suddenly said, and he stood looking boldly at the violinist's face.

"Oh, nowhere. I wasn't on any front," the violinist said, and he dropped his head, as if in apology, upon the violin's wood. "I lived in a town farther up toward the north, a place called Kassel. I didn't have time to get to an air-raid shelter. I was home on furlough. That's all there is to it," he said.

"Kassel," Rod Murray repeated. He set the cut-glass goblet down on the top of the grand piano, and he stood there, stunned for a moment, at the sound of the town's name. "Kassel. My God," he said. "You were in Kassel."

Before they began to play, he picked up the goblet again, and he finished drinking the punch that was in it. And it seemed to him then that if the others, the Germans and the Americans alike, were to go away and leave them together for a little while, something quite simple and quite comprehensible might still be said.

The Easy Chair

Whiskey Is for Patriots

Bernard DeVoto

WHISKEY has been the drink of patriots ever since freedom from her mountain-height unfurled her banner to the air. The American people achieved nationality and Old Monongahely in the same generation, which should surprise no one, since nations flower swiftly once their genius has budded. Take the Irish. They were a breed of half-naked cave dwellers sunk in ignorance and sin and somewhat given to contentiousness. Then the gentle St. Patrick appeared among them. He taught them to make usquebaugh and at once they became the most cultured people in the world.

Or take the Indians. They were a genial people on whom we inflicted repulsive cruelties. (For instance, after the French had educated them to brandy we corrupted their taste with rum.) Yet a philosopher may wonder whether they had it in them to rise to cultural distinction. They evoke both pity and dismay: north of Mexico they never learned to make a fermented beverage, still less a distilled one. That they had ingenuity is not to be denied and one of their achievements is a marvel: they took a couple of wild grasses and bred them up to corn. But what did they do with corn? Century succeeded century and, content to regard it as a mere food, they could not meet the challenge on which, as Mr. Toynbee recognizes, civilization hung. Every damp spell rotted some of their stored corn. The historian watches, his breathing suspended, and sees the pointer settle toward decline. They threw the stuff out for the birds, rebuking their supernaturalists, and never knew that the supernaturalists had given them a mash.

The Americans got no help from heaven or the saints but they knew what to do with corn. In the heroic age our forefathers invented self-government, the Constitution, and bourbon, and on the way to them they invented rye. ("If I don't get rye whiskey I surely will die" expresses one of Mr. Toynbee's inexorable laws of history more succinctly than ever he did.) And that shows our proper place in the international order: no other nation ever gave mankind two whiskeys. Like our political institutions, which would be inconceivable without them, both express our national characteristics; both are distilled not only from our native grains but from our native vigor, suavity, generosity, peacefulness, and love of accord.

WE HAVE not fully lived up to them but, except for the small company of the best who keep idealism alight, have been content to live less purely than we might. We recognize the ideal: we have embodied it in a folk saying that constitutes our highest tribute to a first-class man, "He's a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good whiskey." Unhappily it is more often generous than deserved. Anyone who will work hard enough can become a scholar and nearly anyone can have or acquire gentility, but there are never many judges of good whiskey. Besides you and me there are only a few others. One reason is that there is little good whiskey to judge—we do not hold our fellows to the fullness of the nation's genius.

During our lapse into barbarism there was much scorn of Prohibition whiskey. But there was just about as much good whiskey during

Prohibition as there had been before or is now. (It was then that a taste for Scotch, previously confined to a few rich men who drank an alien liquor as a symbol of conspicuous waste, spread among us—a blight which the true-born American regards as more destructive to the ancient virtues than communism. Regard it less as a repudiation of our heritage than as the will to believe. If we paid the bootlegger for Scotch, we thought, we might get the Real McCoy, but one whiskey is as easily made as another where they print the labels and compound the flavoring.) The good whiskey was hard to find then but when hadn't it been? Below the level of the truly good we went on drinking the same stuff we had drunk before. We are still drinking it now. The untutored are.

The bootlegger, that is, did just what the publican had done during our golden age, when the saloon business was organized on a basis of straightforward, standardized adulteration. Pick up any manual of trade practices published in that vanished time. You will find listed eleven grades of bourbon (or rye) that the proprietor is to compound on the premises, arranged in the order of their cost to him. The first five contain no whiskey at all; they are neutral spirits plus water and some sophisticating ingredients; the cheapest one has no flavoring but sugar. The next five are neutral spirits and whiskey mixed in varying proportions, eight to one in the cheapest, fifty-fifty in the most expensive, plus flavoring and coloring matter. The eleventh is two raw whiskeys in equal amounts, plus a dash of a somewhat better one, plus prune juice to supply body, and the manual says "this is considered the finest of all grades, as it contains no spirits." Getting past the eleventh, you reached unadulterated straight whiskey at its youngest and could then progress by regular steps to the best bonded stock. If you could trust the publican.

In our enlightened age we have shifted the burden of adulteration from the proprietor to a working partnership between the manufacturer and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Everything (almost) is printed on the label for you to see and if you want less fusel oil, which is removed by the distilling process but restored in the flavoring extract, you can climb through the hierarchy as high as you

choose to. If you trust the bar. Do not be cynical: there are some bars which you can trust and which will serve you no greater degree of adulteration than you may order by brand name. But of these, how many can you trust not to practice dilution? If you have found one, you have found a jewel and you are a judge of good whiskey.

THIS is for the best. Bars are for convenience and the fleeting hour but the Americans are a home-loving people and the devotions proper to their indigenous water of life are best conducted in the home. And let us be fair: though there is never much good whiskey, there is always enough to supply those who reverence it. Resolution, obstinacy, and the spirit of our pioneers will take you to it in the end, though you had better provide yourself with thick-soled shoes, for the route may be long and is certain to be hard. (Having located a deposit, you will of course report to other members of the fellowship in good standing.) Well, how good is it? Out in the bourbon country where the honor of the taste buds runs 180-proof, you can get an argument in ten seconds and a duel in five minutes by saying that it is as good as it used to be. Men weathered to wisdom by long experience will tell you that the glory departed when the big combine bought up the little local distillery. Contrariwise, the big distiller will tell you that the little stillhouse was steadily poisoning Kentucky—that he himself with his prime ingredients and methods controlled by modern science is making better bourbon than the melancholy gaffer ever tasted in the old time.

Devoted men, hewing a way through masses of legend, superstition, and vulgar error, have come out with one finding that leans a little toward the opinion of the elders. The old-time distillers, known locally as the priesthood, put their whiskey into bond below proof, that is with the percentage of alcohol under fifty. Four years of the aging process brought it to proof and they bottled it as it was, uncut.

The modern distiller, known everywhere as a servant of the people, impelled as much by government regulation as by the higher excise, bonds his stuff at a few per cent above proof. Aging in bond increases the percentage still more, so before bottling he cuts it

back to proof with water.

There is instruction here: when you add water to whiskey, you change the taste. In the moment of devotion, therefore, the faithful will drink it straight. And, sirs, let your demeanor be worthy of that moment. Attentively but slowly, with the poise of a confidence that has never been betrayed since the Founding Fathers, with full consciousness that providence has bestowed a surpassing bounty on the Americans or that they have earned it for themselves. Our more self-conscious brethren, the oenophilists, are good men too and must not be dispraised but they vaingloriously claim more than we can allow. Their vintages do indeed have many subtleties but they are not superior to ours, only different. Like first-rate wines true rye and true bourbon wake delight with a rich and magical plentitude of overtones and rhymes and resolved dissonances and a contrapuntal succession of fleeting aftertastes. They dignify man as possessing a palate that responds to them and ennoble his soul as capable of shimmering in the response.

The modern distiller will tell you that whiskey comes to full maturity in its sixth year, that thereafter its quality declines. Do not believe him. He does not, obviously, believe himself. At mounting expense he keeps some of his product in bond for eight years and charges correspondingly, and the result is well worth the mark-up. Eight years is the longest period for which he can get bond but at still greater expense he keeps some in the wood for four years more—and with a twelve-year-old whiskey at hand Americans can hold their peace and let who will praise alien civilizations. The distiller will also tell you that nothing happens to the finest after it is bottled, and again he is wrong. He is especially wrong about rye. In the spacious time when taxes accounted for only four-fifths the price of whiskey, the wise bought it by the keg, in fact bought many kegs, and bottled it themselves and laid it away for their posterity. Better to inherit a rye so laid away in 1915 than great riches. I have known women past their youth and of no blatant charm to make happy marriages because Uncle John, always deplored as a wastrel by the family, had made them his residual legatee.

Such a marriage is always successful; an

helpmeet so dowered will never lose her worth in a husband's heart. A rye thus kept becomes an evanescence, essential grace. It is not to be drunk but only tasted, and to be tasted only when one is conscious of having lived purely.

WE DRINK whiskey straight not only for the palate's sake but in patriotic commemoration of the dead who made us a great nation. They walked up to the bar, stood on their own two feet or on one foot when the rail had been polished that morning, and called for whiskey straight in awareness of the national destiny, and we were a sound society, and without fear. . . . All those decades, all those bars. The St. Nicholas, toward which the Englishman on tour made by hackney coach direct from the boat, so that the magnificence of the New World could burst on him in his first hour. The Knickerbocker, which has been exactly reproduced in the most beautiful corner of paradise, admission by card only and saints to serve a probationary period before they can get cards. The Planters House, the Murray Hill, the Parker House, the Palmer House, the Mark Hopkins, Joe's Place, the Last Chance Saloon—Pittsburgh and Painted Post and Phoenix, New Orleans and Nashville and Nome—river boats and tents at trail's-end and tables set up under the elms when the clergy met in convocation or the young gentlemen graduated from college—the last Americans in knee breeches, the first in trousers, deacons in black broadcloth, planters in white linen, cordwainers and hardrock men and conductors of the steam cars and drovers and principals of seminaries for young women and circuit riders and editors and sportsmen and peddlers—twenty-two hundred counties, forty-eight states, the outlying possessions. The roads ran out in dust or windswept grass and we went on, we came to a river no one had crossed and we forded it, the land angled upward and we climbed the peak and exulted, the desert stretched ahead and we plunged into it—and always the honeybee flew ahead of us and there was a hooker of the real stuff at day's end and one for the road tomorrow.

Nothing stopped us, nothing could stop us so long as the corncob plugged the mouth of the jug, and we built new commonwealths and constitutions and distilleries as we

traveled, the world gaped, and destiny said here's how.

But there are times when neither the palate nor patriotism is to be consulted, and this is a versatile invention, ministering to many needs. That other supreme American gift to world culture, the martini cocktail, will do only at its own hour—when darkness begins to fall from the wings of night and the heart cries out for a swift healing. But man's lot is hard and distressful and he may want a drink at almost any hour, midafternoon, after dinner, at midnight, and some say in the morning. (These last were reared in error, learned to drink rum at their mother's knee, and are still bound by the silver cord.) At such times you may add water to the spirits of America. Charged water is permitted with rye, if you like it that way, and in the splendid city of St. Louis, which civilization made her abode long before the Yankees stopped honing their crabbedness on rum, you may call it "seltzer." But always plain water with the corn-spirit, "bourbon and branch water" our brethren say south of Mason's and Dixon's Line, "bourbon and ditch" west of the hundredth meridian. (You may detect the presence of the Adversary by a faint odor of brimstone and a request for ginger ale.) And no ice. Ice is for cocktails.

The water calls on our genius to show its gentleness, taking you by the hand and leading you as softly as the flowers breathe toward beneficence. Or as the homing bird soars on unmoving wings at eventide. On this firm foundation the Republic stands. In England they call for a division and the ministry falls, in Russia they shoot a thousand commissars, but in freedom's land they recess, speak the hallowed name of Daniel Webster, and send out for Dan'l's standby and some soda. Strife ceases, the middle way is found, the bill gets passed, and none shall break our union.

BUT first of all this touch softer than woman's is to restore you and me to humanity. I do not need the record, a priest, or a philosopher to remind me what I am, timorous, self-deceived, ground down

by failure and betrayal of the dream, evidence that though mankind has evolved past the earthworm it has not got much farther. And you, you don't fool me, I know you, I need only look at you or hear you speak—if you were to quote the catechism, "God made me," you would be boastfully lying and on the edge of blasphemy, or over the edge.

The hell we are. This is merely the moroseness of tired and buffeted men and help is at hand to brush the illusion away. When weariness and discouragement come upon us there are many things we might put into our heads to steal away our brains—Marx, the Koran, *Mein Kampf*, addresses made at Commencement or on Mother's Day, the Chicago *Tribune*. But we were nourished in an honorable tradition and we don't, and I'll have mine with soda. The barb is blunted, the knife sheathed; a star appears above the tree-top, the clatter of fools dies out, and all unseen there was a fire burning on the hearth. In a few minutes we see each other as we truly are, sound men, stout hearts, lovers of the true and upholders of the good. There's a good deal in what you're saying and you say it marvelously well. Dismay, annoyance, resentment—we should have remembered that they are traps the world sets for the unwary. The battle is to the brave, the game to the skillful, the day's job to who shall do it fortified. What a man needs is a moment of quickening, a reminder by wisdom laced with a little water that there are dignity and gallant deeds and dauntlessness and disregard of the odds, that evil yields and the shadows flee away. A moment of renewal and then get back in there and pitch, we're doing all right. Well, maybe a short one—and hey, there's Bill, get him over here for a minute, a man needs to be told it's all a lie.

The alchemists never found the philosopher's stone but they knew that when they did it would, by a process of fermentation and distillation, transmute base metals into gold. They were on the right track, they made a good start, and the genius of America finished the job. I give you confusion to the enemies of the Republic.

Rhyme or Reason

Peter De Vries

Literary Revivals

The critics trawl Oblivion
With comprehensive hooks;
Recovered authors fill my house,
My face is lined with books.

Mine eyes have seen (through ruby lids)
What resurrected fames!
Now they're fetching Smollett out
And I not through with James.

I make a rule to read them while
I breakfast, lunch, and sup,
But some have died a second time
Before I take them up.

Reviving's rescued half of such
As languished on the shelf;
Unless they let the rest alone
I'll need the same myself.

On Real Property

We bought a house because we'd spent
So much so fruitlessly on rent.
Would, God, my love and I again
Were back inside the frying pan.

To a Butterfly, Pursued for My Collection

This hobby has been urgently
Prescribed for therapy;
If I don't clap this net on you
They'll clap one over me.

Greenwich Village Revisited

There's a residue of prior fevers,
Of things to which we briefly held
the keys
In the memory of all those magic base-
ments
Opening on the foam of perilous
seas.

Fowler's Song

Pheasants in their fated flight
Make my spirit soar;
I could not love them half so well
Loved I not pheasant more.

*Sacred and Profane Love, or There's
Nothing New Under the Moon Either*

WHEN bored by the drone of the wedlocked pair,
When bromides of marriage have started to wear,
Contemplate those of the crimson affair:

"I *had* to see you," and, "Tonight belongs to us."

Skewered on bliss of a dubious sort
Are all individuals moved to consort
With creatures inspiring *this* hackneyed retort:
"I can't fight you any longer."

Some with such wheezes have gone to the dead,
Unwitting that *Liebestod* lurked up ahead,
That pistols would perforate them as they said:
"This thing is bigger than both of us."

Experimentation in matters of sin
Pales on the instant it's destined to win;
Paramours end as conformers begin:
"I don't want just this—I want *you*."

Explorers are highly unlikely to hear
Novelties murmured into their ear;
Checkered with such is the checkered career:
"It's not you I'm afraid of, it's myself."

Such liturgies standardize lovers in league
That someone will cry in the midst of intrigue
(And someone will hear in the midst of fatigue):
"You don't want *me*—you just want sex!"

Strait is the gate and narrow the way
Closing at last on the ranging roué;
Who plucks a primrose plants a cliché:
"We're married in the eyes of Heaven."

The dangerous life is so swiftly prosaic
You might as well marry and live in Passaic;
It ends and begins in established mosaic:
"I'm all mixed up."

The lexicon's written for groom and for rake.
Liaisons are always a give-and-take.
Disillusionment's certain to follow a break.
"For God's sake be careful, or someone will hear you!"

Getting Right with Lincoln

David Donald

Drawings by Sam Norkin



ABOUT no other American have so many words been written as about Abraham Lincoln. Jay Monaghan's *Lincoln Bibliography* requires 1,079 pages merely to list the books and pamphlets published before 1939, when even the experts lost count. On library shelves the multivolumed biographies by Nicolay and Hay, Sandburg, and Randall stand cover to cover with *Lincoln Never Smoked a Cigarette* and *Abraham*

Lincoln on the Coming of the Caterpillar Tractor; and every February sees a fresh flood of Lincoln day oratory and verse.

This extraordinary interest in the detail of Lincoln's life seems the more astonishing in the light of his low contemporary standing. His associates were sure there were greater figures in their era; usually they had at least one such person in mind—and close at home at that. Lincoln they thought a simple Susan, a baboon, a gorilla, an aimless punster, a smutty joker. He left the highway of principle to pursue the devious paths of expediency. A "huckster in politics," sneered Wendell Phillips, "a first-rate *second-rate* man." A Springfield neighbor called him "The craftiest and *most dishonest politician that ever disgraced an office in America.*" "If I wanted to paint a despot, a man perfectly regardless of every constitutional right of the people," cried Saulsbury of Delaware in the Senate, "I would paint the hideous form of Abraham Lincoln. . . ."

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Not even assassination at once translated Lincoln into sainthood. "The decease of Mr. Lincoln is a great national bereavement," conceded Representative J. M. Ashley of Ohio, "but I am not so sure it is so much of a national loss." Within eight hours of his murder Republican congressmen in secret caucus agreed that "his death is a godsend to our cause." Andrew Johnson, they believed, would carry through the proposed social revolution in the South which the conciliatory Lincoln had blocked. Now, crowed Ben Wade, "there will be no trouble running the government."

BUT politicians of all parties were apparently startled by the extent of the national grief over Lincoln and, politician-like, they decided to capitalize upon it. Democrats were, of course, under a handicap, but a surprising number of them now discovered that they had really heartily endorsed the Lincoln administration. That vicious Copperhead sheet, the *Chicago Times*, discerned "indications of the last few days of [Lincoln's] life that he might command [Democratic] support on the close of the war," and Clement L. Vallandigham reported that even the peace men had begun "to turn toward Lincoln for deliverance."

The Republicans' claim to Lincoln was surely somewhat more plausible and, being in a majority in Congress, they were able to make it good by staging a three-week funeral procession, witnessed by seven million persons, in which Lincoln's body was dragged by special train, to the accompaniment of mourning bells and wailing choirs, through the principal cities of the North. Democrat Charles Mason of Iowa thought the whole affair a political trick, like the "crafty skill of Mark Anthony [*sic*] in displaying to the Roman people the bloody mantle of Caesar." Republican Radicals, he felt, in seeking a vindictive peace and a new social order for the South, wanted "to make . . . political capital out of the murder. They wish[ed] to strengthen their hands and brutalize the hearts of the Northern people till there shall be general concurrence in all measures of confiscation and extermination. . . ."

That was precisely what the Radicals intended and did. Their Lincoln eulogies were

carefully directed toward proving that Democrats had been in part responsible for Lincoln's death and toward demonstrating that Negro suffrage was necessary in order to prevent the traitors from returning to power. In his Lincoln oration in Boston, Charles Sumner, theorist for the Radical faction, carefully interjected a strong plea for Negro enfranchisement, which his party friends found "very *cunning*."

Meanwhile a third contender for the Lincolnian mantle appeared in the person of Andrew Johnson, the new President. After a momentary aberration in which he seemed more radical than the Radicals, Johnson adopted a conciliatory policy toward the South, granting general amnesty and exacting neither confiscation of property nor Negro suffrage.

All this in the eyes of the Radicals was bad enough but he did it all in the name of Lincoln. William H. Seward, who continued as Secretary of State, assured all comers that the Johnson reconstruction plans "grew during the administration of Mr. Lincoln," and in his proclamations setting up provisional governments in the South, the President specifically referred to Lincoln's earlier actions as his precedents.

Republican Radicals were furious. Johnson they considered a quisling, all the more dangerous because he threatened to divert the idolization of Lincoln, so carefully fostered by the Radicals, into support of an anti-radical program.

"Is there no way to arrest the insane course of the President . . . ?" groaned Thaddeus Stevens.

There was a way, and it is not too much of an oversimplification to regard the ensuing struggle between President and Congress as a ghoulish tugging at Lincoln's shroud; both parties needed to identify Lincoln with their respective reconstruction programs. It was a vindictive quarrel, and shrill denunciation by the one faction provoked harsher abuse from the other. Johnson, publicly branding Sumner, Stevens, and Wendell Phillips as "opposed to the fundamental principles of this government," asked petulantly: "Are [they] . . . not satisfied . . . with one martyr? Does not the blood of Lincoln appease [their] . . . vengeance and wrath . . . ?" And Ben Butler, speaking for the Radicals thus ac-

cused, replied by impeaching the President before the Senate: "By murder most foul . . . [Johnson] succeeded to the Presidency, and is the elect of an assassin to that high office. . . ." In the Republican national convention of 1868 it was openly charged that "the treachery of Andrew Johnson . . . cost us the life of Abraham Lincoln."

THE rival parties of the Reconstruction era were not, of course, historians quibbling over a footnote. They were politicians seeking power, and they invoked Lincoln's name to win votes. Among the Negroes of the South they knew that identification with Lincoln might assure a candidate of victory. In Lexington, South Carolina, for instance, the fall elections of 1867 were expected to be close, and Radicals felt they must carry the entire Negro vote. Proudly the ward heeler wrote Charles Sumner of their methods. The Republicans secretly printed their own ballots, to be distributed on the day of the election, which "were to contain a *sign* . . . and *by it*, we hoped to conquer." "I inclose a ticket," he continued, "and you will see the sign—no less than Abraham Lincoln, the martyr to Liberty—and no colored man dared refuse it—nor did one single one fail to vote it. . . . When our ticket distributors . . . showed their tickets with the face of Lincoln, their eyes beamed with gratitude, and one old worn out freedman exclaimed 'Tank God, I tought he would send you to us!'"

In the Northern states Republican use of the Lincoln symbol was somewhat more literate but scarcely less emotional. During the campaign of 1868, Edwin M. Stanton, whose conversion to Lincolnian views might be termed posthumous, swept his Pennsylvania audiences for Grant by reading the Gettysburg address. Then he said, tearfully: "That is the voice of God speaking through the lips of Abraham Lincoln! . . . You hear the voice of Father Abraham here to-night. Did he die in vain? . . . Let us here, every one, with uplifted hand, declare before Almighty God that the precious gift of this great heritage, consecrated in the blood of our soldiers, shall never perish from the earth! Now," and he uplifted his hands, "all hands to God. I SWEAR IT!" After which his auditors all presumably went out and voted Republican.

II

AFTER Johnson was defeated, it seemed to be Lincoln and the Republican party, one and inseparable. It was not, of course, that other parties could not reverence and admire Lincoln as a great American. The Republican party never claimed exclusive possession of the Lincoln memory any more than it assumed all virtue and integrity for its members; but in both instances it was clear to the right-thinking who was the majority stockholder. In periodical campaign addresses Republicans invoked the Great Emancipator to bless the good cause and to smite the unrighteous. To some these terms might need definition, but not to Republicans. Lincoln they were sure would favor the high tariff; urge the annexation of the Philippines; oppose greenbackism, socialism, populism, and labor unions; fight the income tax; and assail the League of Nations and the World Court.

Every four years Republican hopefuls sought—and presumably secured—Lincoln's endorsement. According to the campaign literature, Lincoln invariably bore marked physical or moral resemblance to the party's candidates, including such unlikely persons as William McKinley, William Howard Taft, and Calvin Coolidge. Year after year Republican politicians reviewed their party's lineage in Lincoln Day addresses which the world has little noted nor long remembered. One oration, however, deserves to be treasured, that of Warren G. Harding, commencing: "Destiny made Lincoln the agency of fulfillment, held the inherited covenant inviolate and gave him to the ages. No words can magnify or worship glorify." As W. S. Gilbert observed, "The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind."

The Lincoln cult in literature was closely connected with this party tradition. The laudatory Lincoln biographies—those of Holland, Nicolay and Hay, and the like—were written by men who firmly believed that, next to the dog, the Republican party was man's best friend. Orated George S. Boutwell, somewhat inaccurately: "The Republican Party gave to Mr. Lincoln the opportunity on which his fame rests, and his fame is the inheritance of the Republican party. . . . When we set forth the character

and services of Mr. Lincoln we set forth as well the claims of the Republican party to the gratitude and confidence of the country. . . ."

NOT until 1887 did the party formally begin holding annual rallies on February 12. By that time the outlines of the Lincolnian icon were fading in even the most tenacious Republican memory, and a yearly banquet offered the dual opportunity to retouch the portrait and to refill the party treasury. This useful custom rapidly spread, and today most major Republican congregations hold dinners on Lincoln's birthday. Annually these somewhat grim rites of early spring are reported in the newspapers, and drearier reading it would be hard to find. Take, for instance, the seventeenth annual Lincoln Day dinner of the New York Republican Club, held at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1903. Some five hundred men attended—their wives were segregated in these happy, bygone days—and ate the seven-course dinner. As the menu was in French, Lincoln probably could not have ordered; and as the food, as is usual at banquets, was reported atrocious, he perhaps would not have wished to. Later the "handsomely gowned" women were permitted to join their spouses, electricity illuminated the figure of an elephant behind the speakers' table, and Lincoln's spirit was invoked to be present. The presiding officer read regrets from dignitaries unable to attend—Senators,

Supreme Court Justices, party bigwigs. President Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "I feel that not merely the Republican Party, but all believers in the country, should do everything in their power to keep alive the memory of Abraham Lincoln." That was about the only nonpartisan note of the evening.

There followed—as always—addresses. The chief speaker was ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York, chosen for his alleged Lincolnian resemblance. "There are subjects," he began, "upon which nothing new can be said"—but this did not deter him from continuing. His theme was the advantage of Lincoln's poverty. "The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair." His well-clad auditors, safe from the wintry blast, applauded. "It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. . . . Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character." And again his hearers, who, after all, were considerably poorer for their attendance at this gathering, applauded the virtues of poverty.

After some minutes—a good many minutes—more of this, a Vermont judge spoke on Lincoln and Wendell Phillips. Then Congressman Cushman of Washington followed



Lincoln as Worker, Patriot, Socialist, Prohibitionist.

on "Abraham Lincoln and the Northwest," concluding: "And with no sordid thought of gain for myself or for my party, I say that it beats in every throb of my heart tonight that the greatest good, the grandest future, and the most immortal destiny of our nation lies [*sic*] with the Republican Party." Another congressman then talked about "Lincoln's War Secretary," but his remarks have fortunately not been preserved. Late at night, in various stages of numbness the guests escaped, clutching their sacred relics of the reincarnation which they had just witnessed—watch fobs showing Lincoln swinging a woodman's mallet.

III

FOR decades the Republican claim to Lincoln so repeatedly asserted went virtually unquestioned. Though minor parties from time to time jeered that a McKinley or a Coolidge had hardly the physique for a rail-splitter, Democrats for the most part respected the Republican title. Grover Cleveland, for instance, making a tour of the Middle West in 1887, carefully avoided a stop at Springfield, Illinois, not because he lacked admiration for Lincoln but because he felt that the Lincoln shrines were Republican preserves. Woodrow Wilson did make Lincoln Day speeches—and to Democrats, at that—but he admitted the prior Republican claim by beginning: "I sometimes think it a singular circumstance that the present Republican party should have sprung from Lincoln, but that is one of the mysteries of Providence. . . ."

In 1912, however, Lincoln became a partisan issue. Denying any wish to "treat [Lincoln's] name as a mere party symbol," President Taft claimed Lincoln as a regular who would never ally himself with Theodore Roosevelt's Progressives. "Lincoln knew no such word as insurgent," ex-Congressman Charles F. Scott echoed his chief, "for it never entered his mind to consider himself more important than his principles." But Theodore Roosevelt insisted that Lincoln was on his side: "The official leaders of the Republican party today are the spiritual heirs of the men who warred against Lincoln, who railed at him as a revolutionist, . . . who accused him of being a radical, an innovator, an opponent

of the Constitution, and an enemy of property." By 1916, however, in Lincoln's name, Roosevelt urged his Progressive following to return to the regular party ranks; Lincoln had come home.

IT WAS NOT until 1932 that another serious effort was made to raid the Republican closet and steal the stovepipe hat. Harassed Herbert Hoover, making the traditional pilgrimage to Springfield, likened himself to Lincoln in the dark days of 1864 and found victory over the depression just a matter of fighting it out on this line if it took all summer. Traditionally Democrats had regarded such oratory as an exclusively Republican prerogative, but now a new spirit had entered that party. James A. Farley piously pronounced himself "shocked" at Hoover's partisan use of the Lincoln symbol, and Gifford Pinchot declared that Lincoln in these sad days "would not get to first base" with the Republican party on "his platform of human rights." It was even suggested that campaigning Governor Franklin Roosevelt might make an address at Lincoln's tomb, a report that caused shocked cries of "sacrilege" among Springfield Republicans, one of whom threatened an injunction to stop this Democratic outrage.

Mr. Roosevelt did not then speak as Lincoln's successor, but he was very shortly to assume the mantle of the Great Emancipator. In fact, he seemed to rummage through the clothes closet of American history and take his pick of garments. He understood what was meant by "the usable past." The notion that Lincoln was a Republican, President Roosevelt dismissed as an idea as outmoded as the horse and buggy, the balanced budget, and the nine-man Supreme Court. His was the new interpretation of history. "Does anyone maintain that the Republican party from 1868 to 1938 (with the possible exception of a few years under Theodore Roosevelt) was the party of Abraham Lincoln?" he queried. Lincoln he named along with Jefferson and Jackson and Wilson (Henry Wallace was to add the prophet Amos and the Boston Tea Party mob) as a father of the New Deal.

Repeatedly the New Dealers urged their claim to the Lincoln tradition. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was positive that present-day Republicans "have nothing in common"



Lincoln as Free Enterpriser, Internationalist, Vegetarian, Dixiecrat.

with Lincoln. Quite the contrary. Was it not Lincoln who said "the legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities"? Mr. Roosevelt was so taken with this apparent justification of the New Deal's economic policies that he quoted the statement on at least three occasions. On specific issues Democrats cited Lincoln with devastating effectiveness. Republicans who reacted with shocked horror to President Roosevelt's denunciation of the Supreme Court were reminded by Attorney General Homer Cummings that Lincoln too had attacked the Dred Scott decision, and when Mr. Roosevelt defended his court-packing scheme, he observed that Lincoln also had increased the number of Supreme Court justices.

NOT surprisingly, most Republicans were irate at this Democratic effort to get in on their act. Very few would agree with Wendell Willkie, who deplored all partisan use of national heroes and in effect urged an armistice. "... Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor I myself are great men," he observed, in what was undoubtedly one of the worst guesses in recent history. "Neither of us has demonstrated any of the qualities of greatness . . . [of] Washington or Lincoln. . . . Therefore, in the discussions of an issue of a campaign, . . . it will do us no good to draw these historical illusions." (The printer

spelled it so—a Democrat, no doubt.) "The question is . . . What does he believe, and what do I believe?"

But most Republicans were not so willing to surrender their political treasure. The New Deal's claim to Lincoln was a dirty Roosevelt trick, they snarled. Year after year, during the dark New Deal days, Republicans continued to rally on Lincoln's birthday, and they "sacrificed thousands of banquet chickens to the memory of their patron saint and their speakers said Roosevelt was becoming a dictator." In 1939, for instance, Herbert Hoover was willingly recalled from an unwilling retirement to address the Waldorf-Astoria dinner and to rebuke the Democrats for riding on the Republican range. "Whatever this New Deal system is," the ex-President snapped, "it is certain that it did not come from Abraham Lincoln." Other Republicans were positive Lincoln would oppose the high income tax, social security, the court-reorganization scheme, aid to Britain, and a third term. Lincoln would especially have detested the un-Americanism of the New Deal, declared Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. "Dictatorship threatens to engulf the liberties of the American people," the Colonel darkly warned. "A band of conspirators including one Felix Frankfurter, like Adolf Hitler, born an Austrian, impregnated with the historic doctrine of Austrian absolutism, plans to inflict this Oriental atrocity upon our Republican people. The Congress of the United States has

been corrupted with bribes. . . . Four billion eight hundred million dollars . . . has been appropriated to corrupt the electors. The unscrupulous . . . Jim Farley is at work behind the smiling mask of Franklin Roosevelt to bring the end of self-government in the world. . . . In this grave moment, I recall to you these words of Abraham Lincoln. . . ."

IV

DESPITE these plaintive efforts to reclaim him, Lincoln was by now everybody's grandfather. No reputable political organization could omit a reference to the Great Emancipator, nor could the disreputable ones. In pre-McCarran Act days the Communist party staged Lincoln-Lenin rallies in February, and even today the party headquarters in New York are adorned with Lincoln's photographs. Neither the "Republican-Liberty League-Hearst combination" nor the Democratic party, "whose main base is the reactionary Solid South," was the legitimate heir of Lincoln, claimed Earl Browder. "The times call again for a Lincoln, for a new party, for a new program." At the same time that he was a Communist, Lincoln was also a vegetarian, a socialist, a prohibitionist, a greenbacker, and a proponent of Union Now.

In the 1948 election, everybody was for Lincoln. Dixiecrats remembered that Lincoln, as a fellow Southerner, preferred letting the race problem work itself out. Henry Wallace's Progressives asserted they were heirs of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. Thomas E. Dewey, according to his running mate, bore a striking resemblance to Lincoln—spiritual rather than physical, one judges—and President Truman claimed that if Lin-

coln were alive, he would be a Democrat. Finally Lincoln has become a nonpartisan, nonsectional hero. It seems, as Congressman Everett Dirksen solemnly assured his Republican colleagues, that these days the first task of a politician is "to get right with . . . Lincoln."

Obviously all this ballyhoo has had something to do with the continually growing Lincoln legend, but it is not sufficient explanation alone. Other party greats have been cited and discarded. It is difficult to imagine anyone in 1950 asking, "What would Charles Sumner do if he were here today?" One reason is that it is perfectly simple to ascertain what Sumner would do. Perhaps the secret of Lincoln's continuing vogue is his essential ambiguity. He can be cited on all sides of all questions. "My policy," he used to say, "is to have no policy."

A moralist may deplore Lincoln's noncommittal, pragmatic attitude, but it should be remembered that this fundamental opportunism is characteristic of major American political leaders from Jefferson to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Our great Presidents have joyously played the political piano by ear, making up the melody as they go. At only one time have rigid ideologists dominated our national government—the Sumners of the North, the Jefferson Davises of the South—and the result was near disaster. Today badly frightened if well intentioned citizens are calling upon historians and teachers to draw up a rigid credo for Americanism, to teach "American values." To do so is to forget Lincoln's nonideological approach. In our age of anxiety it is pertinent to remember that our most enduring political symbolism derives from Lincoln, whose one dogma was an absence of dogma.

Aide Memoire to Certain Foreign Offices

AND it will always happen that the one who is not your friend will want you to remain neutral, and the one who is your friend will require you to declare yourself by taking arms. Irresolute princes, to avoid present dangers, usually follow the way of neutrality and are mostly ruined by it.

—Niccolò Machiavelli, in *The Prince*, about 1516.

The Expanding Universe

The Nature of the Universe, Part V

Fred Hoyle

AT THE risk of seeming a little repetitive I should like to begin my last article by recalling some of our previous results. One of the things I have been trying to do is to break up our survey of the Universe into distinct parts. We started with the Sun and our system of planets. To get an idea of the size of this system we took a model with the Sun represented by a ball about six inches in diameter. In spite of this enormous reduction of scale we found that our model would still cover the area of a small town. On the same scale the Earth has to be represented by a speck of dust, and the nearest stars are 2,000 miles away. So it is quite unwieldly to use this model to describe the position of even the closest stars.

Some other means had to be found to get to grips with the distances of the stars in the Milky Way. Choosing light as our measure of distance, we saw that light takes several years to travel to us from nearby stars, and that many of the stars in the Milky Way are at a distance of as much as 1,000 light-years. But the Milky Way is only a small bit of a great disk-shaped system of gas and stars that is turning in space like a great wheel. The diameter of the disk is about 60,000 light-years. This distance is so colossal that there has only been time for the disk to turn round

about twenty times since the oldest stars were born—about 4,000,000,000 years ago. And this is in spite of the tremendous speed of nearly 1,000,000 miles an hour at which the outer parts of the disk are moving. We also saw that the Sun and our planets lie together near the edge of our Galaxy, as this huge disk is called.

Now we shall go out into the depths of space far beyond the confines of our own Galaxy. Look out at the heavens on a clear night; if you want a really impressive sight do so from a steep mountainside or from a ship at sea. As I have said before, by looking at any part of the sky that is distant from the Milky Way you can see right out of the disk that forms our Galaxy. What lies out there? Not just scattered stars by themselves, but in every direction space is strewn with whole galaxies, each one like our own. Most of these other galaxies—or extragalactic nebulae as astronomers often call them—are too faint to be seen with the naked eye, but vast numbers of them can be observed with a powerful telescope. When I say that these other galaxies are similar to our Galaxy, I do not mean that they are exactly alike. Some are much smaller than

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This is the concluding number in this series of articles on the Universe—as it is seen and understood in the “New Cosmology” of some of the leading younger British astrophysicists. Mr. Hoyle is a fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge.

ours, others are not disk-shaped but nearly spherical in form. The basic similarity is that they are all enormous clouds of gas and stars, each one with anything from 100,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 or so members.

Although most of the other galaxies are somewhat different from ours, it is important to realize that some of them are indeed very like our Galaxy even so far as details are concerned. By good fortune one of the nearest of them, only about 700,000 light-years away, seems to be practically a twin of our Galaxy. You can see it for yourself by looking in the constellation of Andromeda. With the naked eye it appears as a vague blur, but with a powerful telescope it shows up as one of the most impressive of all astronomical objects. On a good photograph of it you can easily pick out places where there are great clouds of dust. These clouds are just the sort of thing that in our own Galaxy produces the troublesome fog I mentioned in earlier talks. It is this fog that stops us from seeing more than a small bit of our own Galaxy. If you want to get an idea of what our Galaxy would look like if it were seen from outside, the best way is to study this other one in Andromeda. If the truth be known I expect that, in many places there, living creatures are looking out across space at our Galaxy. They must be seeing much the same spectacle as we see when we look at their galaxy.

It would be possible to say a great deal about all these other galaxies: how they are spinning round like our own; how their brightest stars are supergiants, just like those of our Galaxy; and how in those where supergiants are common, wonderful spiral patterns are found. A question that interests me very much is whether these spiral patterns are connected with the tunneling process I discussed in a previous article. We can also find exploding stars in these other galaxies. In particular, supernovae are so brilliant that they show up even though they are very far off. Now the existence of supernovae in other galaxies has implications for our cosmology. You will remember that I described the way in which planetary systems like our own come into being; the basic requirement of the process was the supernova explosion. So we can conclude, since supernovae occur in the other galaxies, planetary systems must exist there just as in our own. Moreover, by

observing the other galaxies we get a far better idea of the rate at which supernovae occur than we could ever get from our Galaxy alone. A general survey by the American observers Baade and Zwicky has shown that on the average there is a supernova explosion every four or five hundred years in each galaxy. So, remembering one previous argument, you will see that on the average each galaxy must contain more than 1,000,000 planetary systems.

How many of these gigantic galaxies are there? Well, they are strewn through space as far as we can see with the most powerful telescopes. Spaced apart at an average distance of rather more than 1,000,000 light-years, they certainly continue out to the fantastic distance of 1,000,000,000 light-years. Our telescopes fail to penetrate farther than that, so we cannot be certain that the galaxies extend still deeper into space, but we feel pretty sure that they do. One of the questions we shall have to consider later is what lies beyond the range of our most powerful instruments. But even within the range of observation there are about 100,000,000 galaxies. With upward of 1,000,000 planetary systems per galaxy the combined total for the parts of the Universe that we can see comes out at more than a hundred million million. I find myself wondering whether somewhere among them there is a cricket team that could beat the Australians.

II

WE NOW come to the important question of where this great swarm of galaxies has come from. Perhaps I should first remind you of what was said when we were discussing the origin of the stars. We saw that in the space between the stars of our Galaxy there is a tenuous gas, the interstellar gas. At one time our Galaxy was a whirling disk of gas with no stars in it. Out of the gas, clouds condensed, and then in each cloud further condensations were formed. This went on until finally stars were born. Stars were formed in the other galaxies in exactly the same way. But we can go further than this and extend the condensation idea to include the origin of the galaxies themselves. Just as the basic step in explaining the origin of the stars is the recognition

that a tenuous gas pervades the space within a galaxy, so the basic step in explaining the origin of the galaxies is the recognition that a still more tenuous gas fills the whole of space. It is out of this general background material, as I shall call it, that the galaxies have condensed.

Here now is a question that is important for our cosmology. What is the present density of the background material? The average density is so low that a pint measure would contain only about one atom. But small as this is, the total amount of the background material exceeds about a thousand-fold the combined quantity of material in all the galaxies put together. This may seem surprising but it is a consequence of the fact that the galaxies occupy only a very small fraction of the whole of space. You see here the characteristic signature of the New Cosmology. We have seen that inside our Galaxy the interstellar gas outweighs the material in all the stars put together. Now we see that the background material outweighs by a large margin all the galaxies put together. And just as it is the interstellar gas that controls the situation inside our Galaxy, so it is the background material that controls the Universe as a whole. This will become increasingly clear as we go on.

The degree to which the background material has to be compressed to form a galaxy is not at all comparable with the tremendous compression necessary to produce a star. This you can see by thinking of a model in which our Galaxy is represented by a fifty-cent piece. Then the blob of background material out of which our Galaxy condensed would be only about a foot in diameter. This incidentally is the right way to think about the Universe as a whole. If in your mind's eye you take the average galaxy to be about the size of a bee—a small bee, a honeybee, not a bumblebee—our Galaxy, which is a good deal larger than the average, would be roughly represented in shape and size by a fifty-cent piece, and the average spacing of the galaxies would be about three yards, and the range of telescopic vision about a mile. So sit back and imagine a swarm of bees spaced about three yards apart and stretching away from you in all directions for a distance of about a mile. Now for each honeybee substitute the vast bulk of a galaxy and you have an idea

of the Universe that has been revealed by the large American telescopes.

NEXT I must introduce the idea that this colossal swarm is not static: it is expanding. There are some people who seem to think that it would be a good idea if it were static. I disagree with this idea, if only because a static universe would be very dull. To show you what I mean by this I should like to point out that the Universe is wound up in two ways—that is to say, energy can be got out of the background material in two ways. Whenever a new galaxy is formed, gravitation supplies energy. For instance, gravitation supplies the energy of the rotation that develops when a galaxy condenses out of the background material. And gravitation again supplies energy during every subsequent condensation of the interstellar gas inside a galaxy. It is because of this energy that a star becomes hot when it is born.

The second source of energy lies in the atomic nature of the background material. It seems likely that this was originally pure hydrogen. This does not mean that the background material is now entirely pure hydrogen, because it gets slightly adulterated by some of the material expelled by the exploding supernovae. As a source of energy hydrogen does not come into operation until high temperatures develop—and this only arises when stars condense. It is this second source of energy that is more familiar and important to us on the Earth.

Now, why would a Universe that was static on a large scale, that was not expanding in fact, be uninteresting? Because of the following sequence of events. Even if the Universe were static on a large scale it would not be locally static: that is to say, the background material would condense into galaxies, and after a few thousand million years this process would be completed—no background would be left. Furthermore, the gas out of which the galaxies were initially composed would condense into stars. When this stage was reached hydrogen would be steadily converted into helium. After several hundreds of thousands of millions of years this process would be everywhere completed and all the stars would evolve toward the black dwarfs I mentioned in a previous article. So finally

the whole Universe would become dead. This would be the running down of the Universe that was described so graphically by Jeans.

One of my main aims will be to explain why we get a different answer to this when we take account of the dynamic nature of the Universe. You might like to know something about the observational evidence that the Universe is indeed in a dynamic state of expansion. Perhaps you've noticed that a whistle from an approaching train has a higher pitch, and from a receding train a lower pitch, than a similar whistle from a stationary train. Light emitted by a moving source has the same property. The pitch of the light is lowered, or as we usually say reddened, if the source is moving away from us. Now we observe that the light from the galaxies is reddened, and the degree of reddening increases proportionately with the distance of a galaxy. The natural explanation of this is that the galaxies are rushing away from each other at enormous speeds, which for the most distant galaxies that we can see with the biggest telescopes become comparable with the speed of light itself.

III

MY NONMATHEMATICAL friends often tell me that they find it difficult to picture this expansion. Short of using a lot of mathematics I cannot do better than use the analogy of a balloon with a large number of dots marked on its surface. If the balloon is blown up the distances between the dots increase in the same way as the distances between the galaxies. Here I should give a warning that this analogy must not be taken too strictly. There are several important respects in which it is definitely misleading. For example, the dots on the surface of a balloon would themselves increase in size as the balloon was being blown up. This is not the case for the galaxies, for their internal gravitational fields are sufficiently strong to prevent any such expansion.

A further weakness of our analogy is that the surface of an ordinary balloon is two-dimensional—that is to say, the points of its surface can be described by two co-ordinates; for example, by latitude and longitude. In the case of the Universe we must think of the surface as possessing a third dimension. This

is not as difficult as it may sound. We are all familiar with pictures in perspective—pictures in which artists have represented three-dimensional scenes on two-dimensional canvases. So it is not really a difficult conception to imagine the three dimensions of space as being confined to the surface of a balloon. But then what does the radius of the balloon represent, and what does it mean to say that the balloon is being blown up? The answer to this is that the radius of the balloon is a measure of time, and the passage of time has the effect of blowing up the balloon. This will give a rough idea of the sort of theory investigated by the mathematician.

The balloon analogy brings out a very important point. It shows we must not imagine that we are situated at the center of the Universe, just because we see all the galaxies to be moving away from us. For, whichever dot you care to choose on the surface of the balloon, you will find that the other dots all move away from it. In other words, whichever galaxy you happen to be in, the other galaxies will appear to be receding from you.

Now let us consider the recession of the galaxies in a little more detail. The greater the distance of a galaxy the faster it is receding. Every time you double the distance you double the speed of recession. The speeds come out as vast beyond all precedent. Nearby galaxies are moving outward at several million miles an hour, whereas the most distant ones that can be seen with our biggest telescopes are receding at over 200,000,000 miles an hour. This leads us to the obvious question: if we could see galaxies lying at even greater distances, would their speeds be still vaster? Nobody seriously doubts that this would be so, which gives rise to a very curious situation that I will now describe.

Galaxies lying at only about twice the distance of the farthest ones that actually can be observed with the new telescope at Mount Palomar would be moving away from us at a speed that equaled light itself. Those at still greater distances would have speeds of recession exceeding that of light. Many people find this extremely puzzling because they have learned from Einstein's special theory of relativity that no material body can have a speed greater than light. This is true enough in the special theory of relativity which refers to a particularly simple system

of space and time. But it is not true in Einstein's general theory of relativity, and it is in terms of the general theory that the Universe has to be discussed. The point is rather difficult, but I can do something toward making it a little clearer. The further a galaxy is away from us the more its distance will increase during the time required by its light to reach us. Indeed, if it is far enough away the light never reaches us at all because its path stretches faster than the light can make progress. This is what is meant by saying that the speed of recession exceeds the velocity of light. Events occurring in a galaxy at such a distance can never be observed at all by anyone inside our Galaxy, no matter how patient the observer and no matter how powerful his telescope. All the galaxies that we actually see are ones that lie close enough for their light to reach us in spite of the expansion of space that's going on. But the struggle of the light against the expansion of space does show itself, as I said before, in the reddening of the light.

As you will easily guess, there must be intermediate cases where a galaxy is at such a distance that, so to speak, the light it emits neither gains ground nor loses it. In this case the path between us and the galaxy stretches at just such a rate as exactly compensates for the velocity of the light. The light gets lost on the way. It is a case, as the Red Queen remarked to Alice, of "taking all the running you can do to keep in the same place." We know fairly accurately how far away a galaxy has to be for this special case to occur. The answer is about 2,000,000,000 light-years, which is only about twice as far as the distances that we expect the giant telescope at Mount Palomar to penetrate. This means that we are already observing about half as far into space as we can ever hope to do. If we built a telescope a million times as big as the one at Mount Palomar we could scarcely double our present range of vision. So what it amounts to is that owing to the expansion of the Universe we can never observe events that happen outside a certain quite definite finite region of space. We refer to this finite region as the observable Universe. The word "observable" here does not mean what we actually observe, but what we could observe if we were equipped with perfect telescopes.

SO FAR we have been entirely concerned with the rich fruits of twentieth-century observational astronomy and in particular with the results achieved by Hubble and his colleagues. We have seen that all space is strewn with galaxies, and we have seen that space itself is continually expanding. Further questions come crowding in: What causes the expansion? Does the expansion mean that as time goes on the observable Universe is becoming less and less occupied by matter? Is space finite or infinite? How old is the Universe? To settle these questions we shall now have to consider new trains of thought. These will lead us to strange conclusions.

First I will consider the older ideas—that is to say, the ideas of the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties—and then I will go on to offer my own opinion. Broadly speaking, the older ideas fall into two groups. One of them is distinguished by the assumption that the Universe started its life a finite time ago in a single huge explosion. On this supposition the present expansion is a relic of the violence of this explosion. This big bang idea seemed to me to be unsatisfactory even before detailed examination showed that it leads to serious difficulties. For when we look at our own Galaxy there is not the smallest sign that such an explosion ever occurred. This might not be such a cogent argument against the explosion school of thought if our Galaxy had turned out to be much younger than the whole Universe. But this is not so. On the contrary, in some of these theories the Universe comes out to be younger than our astrophysical estimates of the age of our own Galaxy. Another really serious difficulty arises when we try to reconcile the idea of an explosion with the requirement that the galaxies have condensed out of diffuse background material. The two concepts of explosion and condensation are obviously contradictory, and it is easy to show, if you postulate an explosion of sufficient violence to explain the expansion of the Universe, that condensations looking at all like the galaxies could never have been formed.

And so we come to the second group of theories that attempt to explain the expansion of the Universe. These all work by monkeying with the law of gravitation. The conventional idea that two particles attract each other is only accepted if their distance apart

is not too great. At really large distances, so the argument goes, the two particles repel each other instead. On this basis it can be shown that if the density of the background material is sufficiently small, expansion must occur. But once again there is a difficulty in reconciling all this with the requirement that the background material must condense to form the galaxies. For once the law of gravitation has been modified in this way the tendency is for the background material to be torn apart rather than for it to condense into galaxies. Actually there is just one way in which a theory along these lines can be built so as to get round this difficulty. This is a theory worked out by Lemaître which was often discussed by Eddington in his popular books. But we now know that on this theory the galaxies would have to be vastly older than our astrophysical studies show them actually to be. So even this has to be rejected.

I should like now to approach more recent ideas by describing what would be the fate of our observable universe if any of these older theories had turned out to be correct. According to them every receding galaxy will eventually increase its distance from us until it passes beyond the limit of the observable universe—that is to say, they will move to a distance beyond the critical limit of about 2,000,000,000 light-years that I have already mentioned. When this happens they will disappear—nothing that then occurs within them can ever be observed from our Galaxy. So if any of the older theories were right we should end in a seemingly empty universe, or at any rate in a universe that was empty except perhaps for one or two very close galaxies that became attached to our Galaxy as satellites. Nor would this situation take very long to develop. Only about 10,000,000,000 years—that is to say, about a fifth of the lifetime of the Sun—would be needed to empty the sky of the 100,000,000 or so galaxies that we can now observe there.

IV

MY OWN view is very different. Although I think there is no doubt that every galaxy we observe to be receding from us will in about 10,000,000,000 years have passed entirely beyond the limit

of vision of an observer in our Galaxy, yet I think that such an observer would still be able to see about the same number of galaxies as we do now. By this I mean that new galaxies will have condensed out of the background material at just about the rate necessary to compensate for those that are being lost as a consequence of their passing beyond our observable universe. At first sight it might be thought that this could not go on indefinitely because the material forming the background would ultimately become exhausted. The reason why this is not so, is that new material appears to compensate for the background material that is constantly being condensed into galaxies. This is perhaps the most surprising of all the conceptions of the New Cosmology. For I find myself forced to assume that the nature of the Universe requires continuous creation—the perpetual bringing into being of new background material.

The idea that matter is created continuously represents our ultimate goal in this series of articles. It would be wrong to suppose that the idea itself is a new one. I know of references to the continuous creation of matter that go back more than twenty years, and I have no doubt that a close inquiry would show that the idea, in its vaguest form, goes back very much further than that. What is new about it is this: it has now been found possible to put a hitherto vague idea in a precise mathematical form. It is only when this has been done that the consequences of any physical idea can be worked out and its scientific value assessed. I should perhaps explain that besides my personal views, which I shall now be putting forward, there are two other lines of thought on this matter. One comes from the German scientist P. Jordan, whose views differ from my own by so wide a gulf that it would be too wide a digression to discuss them. The other line of attack has come from the Cambridge scientists, H. Bondi and T. Gold, who, although using quite a different form of argument from the one I adopted, have reached conclusions almost identical with those I am now going to discuss.

The most obvious question to ask about continuous creation is this: where does the created material come from? It does not come from anywhere. Material simply ap-

pears—it is created. At one time the various atoms composing the material do not exist, and at a later time they do. This may seem a very strange idea and I agree that it is, but in science it does not matter how strange an idea may seem so long as it works—that is to say, so long as the idea can be expressed in a precise form and so long as its consequences are found to be in agreement with observation. Some people have argued that continuous creation introduces a new assumption into science—and a very startling assumption at that. Now I do not agree that continuous creation is an additional assumption. It is certainly a new hypothesis, but it only replaces a hypothesis that lies concealed in the older theories, which assume, as I have said before, that the whole of the matter in the Universe was created in one big bang at a particular time in the remote past. On scientific grounds this big bang assumption is much the less palatable of the two. For it is an irrational process that cannot be described in scientific terms. Continuous creation, on the other hand, can be represented by precise mathematical equations whose consequences can be worked out and compared with observation. On philosophical grounds too I cannot see any good reason for preferring the big bang idea. Indeed it seems to me in the philosophical sense to be a distinctly unsatisfactory notion, since it puts the basic assumption out of sight where it can never be challenged by a direct appeal to observation.

Perhaps you may think that the whole question of the creation of the Universe could be avoided in some way. But this is not so. To avoid the issue of creation it would be necessary for all the material of the Universe to be infinitely old, and this it cannot be for a very practical reason. For if this were so, there could be no hydrogen left in the Universe. As I think I demonstrated when I talked about the insides of the stars, hydrogen is being steadily converted into helium throughout the Universe and this conversion is a one-way process—that is to say, hydrogen cannot be produced in any appreciable quantity through the breakdown of the other elements. How comes it then that the Universe consists almost entirely of hydrogen? If matter were infinitely old this would be quite impossible. So we see that the Universe being what it is, the creation issue

simply cannot be dodged. And I think that of all the various possibilities that have been suggested, continuous creation is easily the most satisfactory.

Now what are the consequences of continuous creation? Perhaps the most surprising result of the mathematical theory is that the average density of the background material must stay constant. The new material does not appear in a concentrated form in small localized regions but is spread throughout the whole of space. The average rate of appearance of matter amounts to no more than the creation of one atom in the course of about a year in a volume equal to that of a moderate-sized skyscraper. As you will realize, it would be quite impossible to detect such a rate of creation by direct experiment. But although this seems such a slow rate when judged by ordinary ideas, it is not small when you consider that it is happening everywhere in space. The total rate for the observable universe alone is about a hundred million, million, million, million, million tons per second.

Do not let this surprise you because, as I have said, the volume of the observable universe is very large. Indeed I must now make it quite clear that here we have the answer to our question, why does the Universe expand? For it is this creation that drives the Universe. The new material produces an outward pressure that leads to the steady expansion. But it does much more than that. With continuous creation the apparent contradiction between the expansion of the Universe and the requirement that the background material shall be able to condense into galaxies is completely overcome. For it can be shown that once an irregularity occurs in the background material a galaxy must eventually be formed. Such irregularities are constantly being produced by the gravitational effect of the galaxies themselves. For the gravitational field of the galaxies disturbs the background material and causes irregularities to form within it. So the background material must give a steady supply of new galaxies. Moreover, the created material also supplies unending quantities of atomic energy, since by arranging that newly created material should be composed of hydrogen we explain why in spite of the fact that hy-

drogen is being consumed in huge quantities in the stars, the Universe is nevertheless observed to be overwhelmingly composed of it.

V

WE MUST now leave this extraordinary business of continuous creation for a moment to consider the question of what lies beyond the observable part of the Universe. In the first place you must let me ask, does this question have any meaning? According to the theory it does. Theory requires the galaxies to go on forever, even though we cannot see them. That is to say, the galaxies are expanding out into an infinite space. There is no end to it all. And what is more, apart from the possibility of there being a few freak galaxies, one bit of this infinite space will behave in the same way as any other bit.

The same thing applies to time. You will have noticed that I have used the concepts of space and time as if they could be treated separately. According to the relativity theory this is a dangerous thing to do. But it so happens that it can be done with impunity in our Universe, although it is easy to imagine other universes where it could not be done. What I mean by this is that a division between space and time can be made and this division can be used throughout the whole of our Universe. This is a very important and special property of our Universe, which I think it is important to take into account in forming the equations that decide the way in which matter is created.

Perhaps you will allow me a short diversion here to answer the question: how does the idea of infinite space fit in with the balloon analogy that I mentioned earlier? Suppose you were blowing up a balloon that could never burst. Then it is clear that if you went on blowing long enough you could make its size greater than anything I cared to specify, greater for instance than a billion billion miles or a billion billion billion miles and so on.

This is what is meant by saying that the radius of the balloon tends to infinity. If you are used to thinking in terms of the balloon analogy, this is the case that gives you what we call an infinite space.

Now let us suppose that a film is made

from any space position in the Universe. To make the film, let a still picture be taken at each instant of time. This, by the way, is what we are doing in our astronomical observations. We are actually taking the picture of the Universe at one instant of time—the present. Next, let all the stills be run together so as to form a continuous film. What would the film look like? Galaxies would be observed to be continually condensing out of the background material. The general expansion of the whole system would be clear, but though the galaxies seemed to be moving away from us there would be a curious sameness about the film. It would be only in the details of each galaxy that changes would be seen. The over-all picture would stay the same because of the compensation whereby the galaxies that were constantly disappearing through the expansion of the Universe were replaced by newly forming galaxies. A casual observer who went to sleep during the showing of the film would find it difficult to see much change when he awoke. How long would our film show go on?

It would go on forever.

There is a complement to this result that we can see by running our film backward. Then new galaxies would appear at the outer fringes of our picture as faint objects that come gradually closer to us. For if the film were run backward the Universe would appear to contract. The galaxies would come closer and closer to us until they evaporated before our eyes. First the stars of a galaxy would evaporate back into the gas from which they were formed. Then the gas in the galaxy would evaporate back into the general background from which it had condensed. The background material itself would stay of constant density, not through matter being created, but through matter disappearing. How far could we run our hypothetical film back into the past? Again according to the theory, forever. After we had run backward for about 5,000,000,000 years our own Galaxy itself would disappear before our eyes. But although important details like this would no doubt be of great interest to us there would again be a general sameness about the whole proceeding. Whether we run the film backward or forward the large-scale features of the Universe remain unchanged.

IT is a simple consequence of all this that the total amount of energy that can be observed at any one time must be equal to the amount observed at any other time. This means that energy is conserved. So continuous creation does not lead to nonconservation of energy as one or two critics have suggested. The reverse is the case, for without continuous creation the total energy observed must decrease with time.

We see, therefore, that no large-scale changes in the Universe can be expected to take place in the future. But individual galaxies will change and you may well want to know what is likely to happen to our Galaxy. This issue cannot be decided by observation because none of the galaxies that we observe can be much more than 10,000,000,000 years old as yet, and we need to observe much older ones to find out anything about the ultimate fate of a galaxy. The reason why no observable galaxy is appreciably older than this is that a new galaxy condensing close by our own would move away from us and pass out of the observable region of space in only about 10,000,000,000 years.

So we have to decide the ultimate fate of our Galaxy again from theory, and this is what theory predicts. It will become steadily more massive as more and more background material gets pulled into it. After about 10,000,000,000 years it is likely that our Galaxy will have succeeded in gathering quite a cloud of gas and satellite bodies. Where this will ultimately lead is difficult to say with any precision. The distant future of the Galaxy is to some extent bound up with an investigation made about thirty years ago by Schwarzschild, who found that very strange things happen when a body grows particularly massive. It becomes difficult, for instance, for light emitted by the body ever to get out into surrounding space. When this stage is reached, further growth is likely to be strongly inhibited. Just what it would then be like to live in our Galaxy I should very much like to know.

To conclude, I should like to stress that so far as the Universe as a whole is concerned the essential difference made by the idea of continuous creation of matter is this: without continuous creation the Universe must evolve toward a dead state in which all the

matter is condensed into a vast number of dead stars. The details of the way this happens are different in the different theories that have been put forward, but the outcome is always the same. With continuous creation, on the other hand, the Universe has an infinite future in which all its present very large-scale features will be preserved.

VI

I COME now to an entirely different class of question. With the clear understanding that what I am now going to say has no agreed basis among scientists, but represents my own personal views, I shall try to sum up the general philosophic issues that seem to me to come out of our survey of the Universe.

It is my view that man's unguided imagination could never have chanced on such a structure as I have put before you. No literary genius could have invented a story one-hundredth part as fantastic as the sober facts that have been unearthed by astronomical science. You need only compare our inquiry into the nature of the Universe with the tales of such acknowledged masters as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells to see that fact outweighs fiction by an enormous margin. One is naturally led to wonder what the impact of the New Cosmology would have been on a man like Newton who would have been able to take it in, details and all, in one clean sweep. I think that Newton would have been quite unprepared for any such revelation, and that it would have had a shattering effect on him.

Is it likely that any astonishing new developments are lying in wait for us? Is it possible that the cosmology of 500 years hence will extend as far beyond our present beliefs as our cosmology goes beyond that of Newton? It may surprise you to hear that I doubt whether this will be so. I am prepared to believe that there will be many advances in the detailed understanding of matters that still baffle us. Of the larger issues I expect a considerable improvement in the theory of the expanding universe. Already it is fairly clear that the theory of relativity is not an ideal tool for dealing with this problem. Continuous creation I expect to play an important role in the theories of the future.

Indeed, I expect that much will be learned about continuous creation, especially in its connection with atomic physics.

But by and large I think that our present picture will turn out to bear an appreciable resemblance to the cosmologies of the future. If this should appear presumptuous to you, I think you should consider what I said earlier about the observable region of the Universe. As you will remember, even with a perfect telescope, we could penetrate only about twice as far into space as the new telescope at Mount Palomar. This means that there are no new fields to be opened up by the telescopes of the future, and this is a point of no small importance in our cosmology.

In all this I have assumed that progress will be made in the future. It is quite on the cards that astronomy may go backward, as, for instance, Greek astronomy went backward after the time of Hipparchus. And in saying this I am not thinking about an atomic war destroying civilization, but about the increasing tendency to rivet scientific inquiry in fetters. Secrecy, nationalism, the Marxist ideology—these are some of the things that are threatening to choke the life out of science. You may possibly think that this might be a good thing, as we have obviously had quite enough of atom bombs, disease-spreading bacteria, and radioactive poisons to last us for a long time. But this is not the way in which it works. What will happen if science declines is that there will be more work, not less, on the comparatively easy problems of destruction. It will be the real science, where the adversary is not man but the Universe itself, that will suffer. I should like to think that, in saying all this, I was being an alarmist, but unfortunately it seems that almost every development during the last fifteen years has taken the world along the wrong road. I think that it may have been the recognition of this that recently led the biologists to protest so strongly over the Lysenko scandal.

NEXT we come to a question that everyone, scientist and nonscientist alike, must have asked at some time. What is man's place in the Universe? I should like to make a start on this momentous issue by considering the view of the out-and-out ma-

terialists. The appeal of their argument is based on simplicity. The Universe is here, they say, so let us take it for granted. Then the Earth and other planets must arise in the way we have already discussed. On a suitably favored planet like the Earth, life would be very likely to arise, and once it had started, so the argument goes on, only the biological processes of mutation and natural selection are needed to produce living creatures as we know them. Such creatures are no more than ingenious machines that have evolved as strange by-products in an odd corner of the Universe. No important connection exists, so the argument concludes, between these machines and the Universe as a whole, and this explains why all attempts by the machines themselves to find such a connection have failed.

Most people object to this argument for the not very good reason that they do not like to think of themselves as machines. But taking the argument at its face value, I see no point that can actually be disproved, except the claim of simplicity. The outlook of the materialists is not simple; it is really very complicated. For instance, it is definitely up to the materialists to explain how consciousness has evolved in the human machine, exactly how your consciousness and mine can be squared with the machine idea. I can see that a sort of robot machine might be produced by normal biological processes, but exactly how is a machine produced that can think about itself and the Universe as a whole? At just what stage in the evolution of living creatures did individual consciousness arise? I do not say that questions such as these are unanswerable, but I do say that it will not be simple to answer them.

But all this is a minor issue compared with what seems to me to be the real objection to the outlook of the materialists. The apparent simplicity, such as it is, of their case is only achieved by taking the existence of the Universe for granted. For myself there is a great deal more about the Universe that I should like to know. Why is the Universe as it is and not something else? Why is the Universe here at all? It is true that at present we have no clue to the answers to questions such as these, and it may be that the materialists are right in saying that no meaning can be attached to them. But throughout the history

of science people have been asserting that such an issue is inherently beyond the scope of reasoned inquiry, and time after time they have been proved wrong. Two thousand years ago it would have been thought quite impossible to investigate the nature of the Universe to the extent I have been describing it to you in these articles. And I dare say that you yourself would have said, not so very long ago, that it was impossible to learn anything about the way the Universe is created. All experience teaches us that no one has yet asked too much. How then can we accept the argument of the materialists, when the essence of their game lies in throwing up the sponge?

AND now I should like to give some consideration to contemporary religious beliefs. There is a good deal of cosmology in the Bible. My impression of it is that it is a remarkable conception, considering the time when it was written. But I think it can hardly be denied that the cosmology of the ancient Hebrews is only the merest daub compared with the sweeping grandeur of the picture revealed by modern science. This leads me to ask the question: is it in any way reasonable to suppose that it was given to the Hebrews to understand mysteries far deeper than anything we can comprehend, when it is quite clear that they were completely ignorant of many matters that seem commonplace to us? No, it seems to me that religion is but a desperate attempt to find an escape from the truly dreadful situation in which we find ourselves. Here we are in this wholly fantastic Universe with scarcely a clue as to whether our existence has any real significance. No wonder then that many people feel the need for some belief that gives them a sense of security, and no wonder that they become very angry with people like me who say that this security is illusory.

But I do not like the situation any better than they do. The difference is that I cannot see how the smallest advantage is to be gained from deceiving myself. We are in rather the situation of a man in a desperate, difficult position on a steep mountain. A materialist is like a man who becomes crag-fast and keeps on shouting: "I'm safe, I'm safe!" because he doesn't fall off. The religious person is like a man who goes to the other extreme

and rushes up the first route that shows the faintest hope of escape, and who is entirely reckless of the yawning precipices that lie below him.

I will illustrate all this by saying what I think about perhaps the most inscrutable question of all: do our minds have any continued existence after death? To make any progress with this question it is necessary to understand what our minds are. If we knew this with any precision then I have no doubt we should be well on the way to getting a satisfactory answer. But at the moment we have only got the vaguest of ideas on this. One thing, however, seems clear—that mind, if it exists in the religious sense, must have some physical connections. That is to say, if the something we call mind does survive death then this something must be capable of physical detection. For, if the mind were without physical connections, why is it that the mind is so intimately associated with the body?

It is true that some Christians claim to imagine an existence without physical connections. If this is so, then Christians must be endowed with a faculty not possessed by others. I would go so far as to suggest that it is impossible to write half a dozen meaningful sentences concerning such an existence that do not involve some reference to the physical world.

Here now then is a positive way to attack our problem. When a person dies, does a mind that is physically detectable survive? Eventually it should be possible to decide this question. Some people might say that such a survival would have been detected already if it existed. But I do not think there is anything to warrant this belief. If it were not for the fact that we happen to live near a large body—namely, the Earth—I doubt whether gravitation itself would so far have been discovered by experiments in the laboratory. It is quite on the cards that there are new and important physical relationships still to be revealed by scientific investigation.

I should like to discuss a little further the beliefs of the Christians as I see them myself. In their anxiety to avoid the notion that death is the complete end of our existence, they suggest what is to me an equally horrible alternative. If I were given the choice of how long I should like to live with my present

physical and mental equipment, I should decide on a good deal more than seventy years. But I doubt whether I should be wise to decide on more than 300 years. Already I am very much aware of my own limitations and I think that 300 years is as long as I should like to put up with them. Now what the Christians offer me is an eternity of frustration. And it is no good their trying to mitigate the situation by saying that sooner or later my limitations would be removed, because this could not be done without altering *me*. It strikes me as very curious that the Christians have so little to say about how they propose eternity should be spent.

PERHAPS I had better end by saying how I should arrange matters if it were my decision to make. It seems to me that the greatest lesson of adult life is that one's own consciousness is not enough. What one of us would not like to share the consciousness of half a dozen chosen individuals? What writer would not like to share the consciousness of Shakespeare? What musician that of Beethoven or Mozart? What mathematician that of Gauss? What I would choose would

be an evolution of life whereby the essence of each of us becomes welded together into some vastly larger and more potent structure. I think such a dynamic evolution would be more in keeping with the grandeur of the physical Universe than the static picture offered by formal religion.

What is the chance that such an idea is right? Well, if there is one important result that comes out of our inquiry into the nature of the Universe it is this: when by patient inquiry we learn the answer to any problem, we always find, both as a whole and in detail, that the answer thus revealed is finer in concept and design than anything we could ever have arrived at by a random guess. And this, I believe, will be the same for the deeper issues we have just been discussing. I think that all our present guesses are likely to prove but a very pale shadow of the real thing; and it is on this note that I must now finish. Perhaps the most majestic feature of our whole existence is that while our intelligences are powerful enough to penetrate deeply into the evolution of this quite incredible Universe, we still have not the smallest clue to our own fate.

Time of Turbulence

OUR century, which has learned and forgotten so much, has learned zealotry by heart. It has forgotten tolerance more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other quality. Zeal, which Napoleon discerned as the main peril to tolerant and therefore good government, is everywhere in the ascendant. All this gives us a guilty fellow-feeling toward the zealots of all ages, which periods of calm, or of indifference, cannot share. We can understand, to our sorrow, as most of our nineteenth-century ancestors simply could not, the attitude of mind of the Scots citizen army advancing to the fight at Tippermuir under the banner "Jesus and No Quarter."

The vehemence with which our religions are preached nowadays, the savagery with which they are enforced, make it perfectly clear that mankind, after a long preoccupation with things material, is again attaching supreme importance to things spiritual. This does not mean a time of tranquillity. On the contrary, it presages a time of turbulence, and the fulfillment of the terrible prediction that these questions are to bring not peace but a sword. . . .

—From a review of John Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, edited by William Croft Dickinson, in the *Times Literary Supplement* (London), May 19, 1950.

Tale for a Deaf Ear

A Story by Elizabeth Enright

Drawings by Lillian Freedgood

IT is fashionable in this cold day when the impossible is repeatedly achieved to laugh at the existence of miracles. They say that what has happened is in reality only a change of concept, science having replaced the idea of magic or prayer as a means of wresting marvels from the universe.

Yet miracles do occur or, to be more accurate, they begin to occur, but because of the present inability of human thought to accept them they are never brought to consummation. Never, as usual, is to say almost never: there is always the rule's exception. Last year, for instance, a miracle happened to a woman named Laura Retlaw Gates on January 26, a Sunday, in Connecticut not far from Danbury.

This Sunday had been much like many another in the mutual life of Laura and her husband, Tracy Benson Gates. They were a childless couple, neither old nor young, though possibly a little more old than young. They were well-to-do and lived in a large white house on a large lonely piece of property outside the town. They had risen late, looked at the papers, eaten dinner; their Finnish couple, Aarvo and Fania, had been allowed to take the car and go to the movies as usual on Sundays, and a heavy cloudbank of boredom shot through with flashes of antagonism was building up within the house. Tracy had had his uneasy nap and was now resentfully recovering from it. Laura was finishing the last of the newspaper. Every Sunday she was bullied by its pages, forced to read it all, section by section, dizzied with words about Saudi Arabia, Moscow, East-hampton, narcissus bulbs, mulch, loam, race

tracks, funerals, novels, Republicans and Democrats. Her eyes ached, her elbows itched, and she felt harried and driven, tormented by information.

A neglected voice had been speaking from the radio for a long time. Out-of-doors more snow was falling; the landscape was all white,



tan, and cream, like a huge sole *bonne femme*. In the old days Tracy and Laura might have used up the afternoon with love-making, or walking in the snowy woods, or listening to music; but they had long ago forgotten or abandoned such pastimes in favor of quarrels.

TODAY it began when Tracy went to the liquor tray and mixed himself a drink. Laura who was feverishly hastening through the poetry column in Section Two saw him above the newspaper. She tried to concentrate on a cottage-poem about honeyed paneling and old elm twigs but it was no use: Tracy clinked and clinked. She watched him covertly. She spoke. "Already?" she said.

His back took on a silence; he held the ice tongs poised above his glass. She was glad to see him angry.

"Already?" he said. "Already what?"

"Last Sunday you began at four o'clock. Today you begin at three forty-five."

In virtuous and maddening corroboration the tall hall-clock struck the quarter hour.

"Accurate time sense, haven't you?" said Tracy. He sat down in his chair, holding his glass up to the light and gazing through its yellow depths. "Next Sunday I'm going to begin before dinner and the Sunday after that before breakfast. And what about it, anyway?"

"Nothing at all about it," said Laura, laughing angrily. "I've just been reading an article about alcoholism, that's all."

She rattled the paper and stared fixedly at a photograph of something or other. "Better watch it a little, that's all."

"I'd better watch it! Listen, who's got the background for it, you or me? Don't let's forget about your old man—"

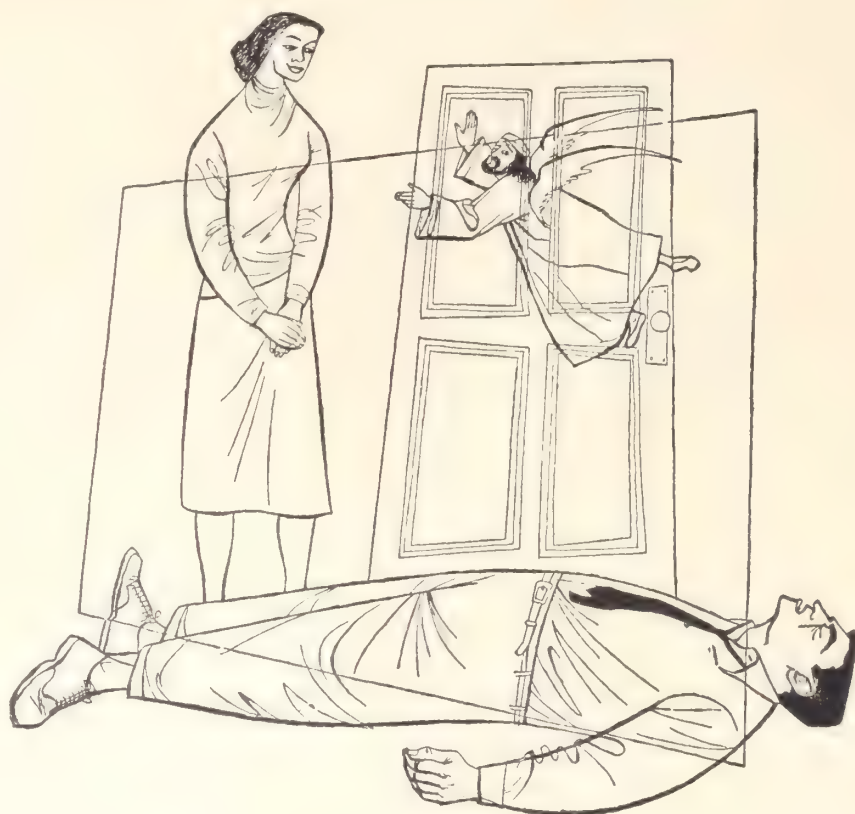
"My father!" cried Laura. "Not my old man, my father. Don't you dare call him my old man. And he was a fine person, too, well liked by everyone and well known in his profession—"

"Well known as a West Hartford lush, you mean," said Tracy.

With a loud gasp Laura threw down the paper and marshaled all her energies for battle. Tracy met her more than halfway. Their voices rose and in their angry words loud doors were slammed and other secret doors were flung open, wrenched open, letting in the brutal light. Nothing was left uninvaded. Tracy was sensitive about his weight and Laura about her age. Laura was guarded about her background and Tracy about his college record; all these and many other sore vanities were torn from their sheltered places and strewn about the room.

Some people quarrel somberly. They are rational and quiet and their rage is courteously delivered so that it does not seem like a quarrel at all. It is formal and stately like a pavan danced by icy partners. Tracy and Laura never went in for that. Their quarrels were tarantellas, hot, hasty, and frantic; and today like the tarantella of myth, death was all that caused it to cease. Tracy dropped dead.

There he had been at one moment as alive as anyone could be, all vivid and hearty with anger, mouth open shouting, arm raised in a gesture that could become a blow; and then



a look had come into his face as though he saw something beyond her, or heard something, that instantly changed the direction of his thought, and he had let his arm fall at his side, then he himself had fallen, still with that look on his face, dead as a stone at her feet.

Laura stood gaping at him. All her own anger which had been gathering to a lofty crest was turned back upon her and her first feeling was one of frustration.

Then she was shaken by panic. She dropped down beside him and tried to find his pulse, but her fingers trembled too much, and she leaned her ear against his silent chest. There was no doubt that he was dead, but she sprang up and ran to the telephone: if he was only this minute dead, so near to life still, the doctor would, must, be able to bring him back, she thought without reason. But when she got his office the civil emotionless voice said: "Doctor's on his way to a call in Danbury."

"Get him, then!" cried Laura. "My husband's dead or dying. Get him fast!"

Then she went back to Tracy and, though it made no sense, put a blanket over his legs and a pillow under his head; and it was then that she was drowned in remorse.

"Oh give him back to me!" cried Laura, on her knees. "It will all be different, all be different! I will never say another angry word or quarrel again. I will cherish and appreciate—oh, give him back!"

Now it happened that she said these words in a spirit of true penitence at twenty-seven and one-half minutes after four o'clock on the afternoon of January the twenty-sixth, the anniversary of the death of Saint Hyppraxias the Mariner, who had always had a fondness for penitents having himself reached sanctity only by way of many stations of remorse. It had been one of his rewards in heaven to be allowed to make the following arrangements: that if on the anniversary—to the very hour and second—of his own death a true penitent should plead sincerely for the return of his dead, the plea would be granted.

So far this had happened three times only: once in the province of Tuscany and twice in the Hebrides, and all in distant and more credulous eras. This was the first time that

the saint's celestial machinery had ground out a modern tune.

TRACY sighed, opened his eyes, and glared at Laura. "For God's sake what are you doing down on your knees like that?" he said. "Why are you crying? Why am I on the floor?"

"Oh, Tracy darling!" cried Laura beside herself. "Oh, darling get up, no, lie down. No, get up and lie down. On the couch, I mean. Tracy, this is a miracle! You were dead, darling, and I prayed and they gave you back to me!"

"Are you insane?" said Tracy, getting to his feet and pushing away her helping hand. "I just blacked out for a second; done it before. Indigestion. Prayers! Miracles! Are you out of your head?" His snatch of heaven had not changed his mood, evidently. He reached for his glass.

"No, dear Tracy, no more," said Laura. "Let me make you a cup of tea instead, or some hot milk."

"Have I ever been known to touch either? I am not sick and I will not drink slops," cried Tracy. "What's wrong with you? You seem to be impersonating somebody's gentle old grandmother for some reason. Nothing's the matter with me but indigestion, maybe blood pressure. I'll have the doctor check it in a day or two."

Laura turned away and looked out at the snowy meadows and the brindled sky. He *was* dead, she told herself. It *was* a miracle. But a tiny doubt annoyed her. However she would not listen to it.

She turned back to him impulsively. "Let me help you up to bed. You should get off your feet, don't you think so? And have a nice rest?"

"A gentle old grandmother," Tracy repeated in mock wonder. "Or is it a psychiatric nurse you make me think of?"

"What an old bear we are," said Laura, who had never used the plural pronoun in this fashion before, and laughing also in a new way.

"A psychiatric nurse it is," Tracy decided.

"Oh come along, Tracy, come with me," coaxed Laura, putting her arm around his shoulder, which immediately winced away.

"For God's sake stop fingering me!"

He looked at her so directly, with all the

withering opinion of this moment so ruthlessly revealed that she moved away, sat down, picked up the paper again since it seemed necessary to take hold of something. Well, maybe he *had* only blacked out, fainted for a second. People did, sometimes, and certainly he looked no different. She had been hysterical.

It was not possible that death had cooled that florid face even for an instant or smoothed away that look of sturdy displeasure, so alive, so known to her. She did not know what to think or how to feel, but when he went to the liquor tray to refill his glass she said, "Oh Tracy, not again! I'm afraid of what will happen—"

"I can handle it," he said. "Haven't I made that clear? Not everybody can, you know. Remember the time I found your old man, blind, asleep in the lap of the General Grant statue after the Furnacemen's convention?"

"General Sherman," corrected Laura, her voice trembling. "The Heating and Air-Conditioning convention. Tired, *not* blind!"

"And may I recall to your memory the speech he made at your aunt's second wedding?" said Tracy, ignoring the corrections, and beginning to laugh.

"Oh, *leave* Father out of it!" cried Laura, with a last lurch at peace.

"How can I forget him?" gasped Tracy, choking with laughter as he watched her. "Your old man—your old man—of all the dressy old turkey gobblers! Of all the silver-plated, aerated old poltroons!"

Laura threw down the paper for the last time.

"Very well," she cried, eager to make up for lost time. "Very well! *I* have been forbearing, heaven knows. *I* have tried; I will try no longer. Now then, Tracy Benson Gates, in the first place I want you to know—"

The tarantella was resumed; the voices rose, snapping like flames in a dry thicket, impetuous and free and greedy. Wilder and wilder burned the anger until it had reached such a point that Tracy put down his glass, got to his feet and came toward her, mouth

open shouting, arm raised in a gesture that could become a blow. . . . And in that instant Laura knew clearly and perfectly what would happen next.

WHEN Dr. Pulver arrived he found Tracy Gates just as dead as he had expected. Coronary thrombosis, as he had suspected, too.

The attitude of the widow surprised him, however. She seemed more puzzled than grief-stricken, also she laughed from time to time. Not heartily, of course, just one short monosyllable of a laugh; still it was unusual and rather disturbing. Dr. Pulver did not like to have his smooth professional sympathy ignored in such a brusque and irresponsible manner. A manifestation of hysteria, he supposed, and gave her a quieting injection, and in a little while she was able to stop that queer intermittent laugh, though she made one rather odd remark, he thought.

"Lots of people suspect it," she said, looking him straight in the eye. "Through all the black and the flowers they suspect it, but why do I have to be the one to prove it? What cosmic circumstance makes me the guinea pig?"

But that was the only thing she said that could be called irrational, and after a while, when she seemed fairly composed, Dr. Pulver telephoned her sister in Hartford and told her she had better come and stay in the house with Laura at least until after the funeral.



Must We Pay More for Everything?

E. A. Goldenweiser

INFLATION is a familiar word, but a great many people seem to be hazy as to exactly what it means. To some it is an abstract, academic term—possibly invented by economists as a bugaboo to scare people into doing what they don't want to do, such as pay more taxes, work harder and longer, save more, and do without things they want.

In reality inflation is anything but an abstract idea. It is concrete and practical, and is encountered by everyone in everyday life. Stripped of all complication, inflation means *rapidly rising prices*, not of some one commodity or group of commodities, which may reflect special shortages or other conditions, but of all or the majority of commodities. When prices at the dry-goods store and the grocery are being marked up from day to day and from week to week—then there is inflation. That surely is simple and familiar enough. When economists define inflation in more abstract terms, such as, for example, "an excess of money over goods," they are talking of the causes, not of the nature, of inflation. When they talk about "concealed inflation"—that is, a condition when there are forces pressing for higher prices but advances are held in check by controls—economists are referring to potential inflation, or to suppressed inflation, rather than to actual, visi-

ble, tangible inflation. They may have their terminology for their own use, but other people should understand that inflation means nothing more nor less than rising prices.

Why is inflation such a bad thing that we must be willing to do many unpleasant things to avoid it? After all, it is nice to get more for everything we sell, including our labor. It is because our thinking is still shaped largely by producers who have things to sell—or rather by ourselves in our capacity as producers—that we are reluctant to adopt adequate measures against inflation. Each producer thinks that higher prices for what he has to sell are to the good, that they promise more profit to him, even though things he has to buy also advance. These other advances, he thinks, should be stopped: they are caused by the other fellow who is a profiteer, who has no conscience, and who should be restrained and preferably punished. But inflation hurts practically everybody—if not right away, at least in the long run.

HARDEST and most promptly hit by inflation are people living on fixed incomes, such as pensions or trusts. When prices rise, such people find that their income will buy less and less, and they have no way to protect themselves. There are

E. A. Goldenweiser, who here turns a professional eye on the problem of inflation, was for many years the director of the Division of Research and Statistics of the Federal Reserve Board and is now a member of the Institute for Advanced Study.

many others, such as teachers and civil servants, whose pay may increase in an inflation, but too little and too late to make up for rising costs; they likewise suffer severely.

Now consider the case of a manufacturer. He finds that in an inflationary period he can get more for his products; his market becomes active, and he is well pleased. Then he finds that his raw materials cost more, that any new item of equipment or repairs costs more, and that his workers, never satisfied, ask for more wages and threaten strikes. It is a question—answered in a different way in each industry and establishment—whether the rise in prices of the product will yield an increase in profits, as distinguished from gross receipts. In some cases it may, particularly if the producer does much of the work himself. In that case, let us follow him home with his increased take.

He comes home whistling a happy tune. But there he is met by his wife who tells him that her allowance is no longer big enough to cover the household's needs: food is high, clothes are out of sight, and every item of help, be it repairs or service, has advanced in price. The husband has the choice of increasing his wife's allowance or insisting that the household's living standard be reduced. If he chooses the former course, his increased money take is soon absorbed; and if he chooses the second (not an easy thing to do, as every husband knows), then he is paying for his increased stock of money by reducing his and the family's living standard. And there is no guarantee that the prices of what he has to buy as a consumer will not go up more than enough to absorb what he gains as a producer. In that case he is a loser from the start.

But this does not measure the extent of his losses through inflation. Presumably he has some savings and some insurance. He counted on his savings for some specific or general purpose: he may have wanted them to pay for a vacation, or for a house, a car, education for his children, security in his old age. With all prices up, he finds that the money saved will no longer buy what he planned for it to buy; he will either have to forego or curtail his plans for future use of the money, or make further inroads on his standard of living to protect his future. Not many can do that. The same sort of thing happens to his

insurance: he may have planned to provide a competence for his wife and children in case he should die, but now he finds that the insurance policy is too small for the purpose. Shall he further curtail his present living standard by increasing his policy, or give up the thought of sufficient means for his family if he should die? It seems clear that a careful look at all the consequences of a general rise in prices would convince the producer that he was far better off when prices were stable on the level to which his business and his private life had been adjusted.

A similar story could be told of the farmer, the merchant, and the professional man.

THE wage earner is in a somewhat different situation. It is true that he is likely to find it easier to get a raise in wages when prices are advancing. His costs also go up, but the chances are that he is willing to risk that. He has two principal reasons for his choice. One is that the cost-of-living index does not cover his entire budget. He does not use all his earnings for current household expenses. The higher his earnings the larger the share that goes into items other than food and clothing. He may be paying for a house, and his payments, fixed by contract, will not increase because prices have advanced; he may have an insurance policy, and his premiums will not rise (unless he increases his policy to make up for the shrinkage in the value of the dollar). *Over the short run* a workman is likely to be better off if his wages and the cost of living go up by the same percentage than he was before he got his raise. He knows that very well, and the leaders of his union know it even better. And most decisions are made with reference to the short run. "In the long run," said Keynes, "we shall all be dead."

Another reason why a worker and his union may choose higher wages, even at the risk of higher living costs, is that they know that it is difficult for companies to reduce nominal or dollar wages, even if prices decline. Ours is a dollar economy; dollars establish standards and status. It is too much to expect labor to be farsighted and disciplined enough to forego demands for increased wages at a time when rising living costs seem to justify them.

Also the demands are more likely to be

granted at a time when employers hate to curtail production in a rising market and think that they can pass along the increased costs to the consumer in higher prices.

But even if a worker profits temporarily from a rise in wages during an inflation, *he will lose out in the end*, because of the rise in his costs and the shrinkage in the value of his savings and his security provisions, and also because he will be the first to suffer when the tide turns, production is curtailed, and he loses his job. It will be small consolation to him to be without larger rather than without smaller wages, and his chance of having to face unemployment in the future is greatly increased by an inflation.

(This is aside from considerations of equity as between well organized and relatively highly paid workers and poorly organized or unorganized, less well paid workers. Standards of behavior sufficiently lofty to take account of such considerations are rare in any group of people.)

In short, practically all economic groups suffer from inflation, and the greater and the more rapid the inflation, the greater the price to the community. Only hoarders and speculators, so long as they do not misjudge the market, profit by an inflation. Their reckoning comes (and it appears to come sooner or later for the overwhelming majority) when they get carried away by easy profits and fail to liquidate in time to avoid the consequences of a collapse. In fact, it is their scurrying to cover that accentuates the collapse and carries it to lower depths.

Now how does inflation affect the government, whose policies are the basic cause of it? In their first stages inflationary policies are advantageous to the government, if one can consider it as an entity apart from the people whose interests it is created to serve. To raise money by inflationary means—or in crude terms, to print money—is the easiest way to pay for things and, at first, the cheapest. But when the government raises money it does so in order to spend it for public purposes, including wars as well as services to civilians. As prices go up, everything the government buys, including compensation for its employees, also goes up in price. In the end, government expenditures run a race with the printing press—and

the printing press is likely to win the race. And in the meantime the public suffers—from the rise in living costs, from the decline in the value of savings, and from the disorganization of the economy caused by uneven price advances, the growth of speculation, and the impossibility of individual and business planning. To the extent that the government sanctions inflation, it lays the foundation for the defeat of its purposes and betrays the confidence placed in it by the people.

For inflation undermines the basis of free enterprise, which rests on our ability to plan intelligently for the future and on reasonable stability in the level of values on which business is built. Full-scale inflation leads either to economic chaos or to the imposition of rigid controls, which prevent the functioning of free enterprise and divert or conceal without overcoming the effects of inflationary forces.

One may ask, is it not better to have a little inflation than to deprive oneself of things one wants by paying more taxes? The answer is that the deprivation is not caused by taxes; it is caused by the shortage of goods. The choice is not between having the goods (and inflation) and doing without. When goods are too scarce to go around some will have to do without them. The choice is merely whether the deprivation will be shared with some degree of equity through taxes, or will be allowed to fall indiscriminately—and mostly on the poor who will lose out in competition with the better-off for possession of scarce goods. When prices rise, furthermore, the rise is multiplied as each handler of the goods adds his mark-up before passing them to the next in line. From producer of raw material to jobber, to wholesaler, to retailer, to consumer—inflationary price increases grow to several times their original rate. Not only is inflation a harsh and unjust kind of taxation, but it takes from the public for the temporary benefit of the few a much larger amount than does a tax increase of the same initial proportion.

II

WHAT causes inflation? The record over 150 years shows that great inflations have accompanied or followed wars.

The War of 1812, the Civil War, the first and second world wars—each led to a steep peak of prices, followed by a decline to a level below the peak but nevertheless higher than that before the war. Thus the principal cause of inflation is war.

How war causes inflation is not difficult to see or understand. In wartime, a great many workers are diverted from producing goods for the use of the people to producing goods to be destroyed. War workers are paid for their work by the government, which has the power to create the money it needs; the result is a lot of money income in the hands of the public, with fewer goods to buy with the money. When there is a superabundance of money and a scarcity of goods, then the holders of money, in order to obtain the goods, are willing to pay more for them, and prices advance. It's as simple as that. It's like what happens to the price of candles when electricity gives out in a city. The demand for candles rises abruptly; the supply, which was adequate to meet normal demands, becomes insufficient, and the price of candles goes up. The practical problem is how and to what extent a government can meet the extraordinary demands arising from war without creating money and causing inflation or disrupting the economy by expropriations or rigid controls.

Let us look at conditions as they are today in the United States. Five years ago we emerged victoriously from a great war. It left behind it an inflationary aftermath. The inflationary pressure during and after the war was not as great, however, as it would have been if at the time war began this country had not had a large reservoir of unused capacity. There were eight million people unemployed, most of them available for war service or military production, and there was a vast amount of idle plant and equipment. So, to a substantial extent, the war could be fought on slack, or unused man power and plant capacity; military needs could be met to that extent without reducing the supply of goods available for civilian use. As a matter of fact, civilian consumption did not diminish during the war. The additional output was achieved by utilizing idle resources, by working harder for longer hours, and by improving methods of production. So that on the supply side the great war was fought un-

der unusually favorable conditions. This reduced inflationary pressure: the goods were there for the people in practically undiminished volume. Some things were scarce, others abundant; some groups lost out, others gained; but, considering the magnitude of the effort, there was little privation.

But there was still the demand side of the equation. The government was paying for the goods it bought and sending them into the maelstrom of war. The money flowed into the pockets of workers and business men. A brief and rough summary of what happened is that the government spent four hundred billion dollars during the war; somewhat less than one-half was raised by taxation, about one-quarter by sales of bonds to investors, and about one-quarter by creation of money through borrowing from the banks. At the end of the war the money supply had increased threefold, and people had bank deposits and government bonds (available for cashing) of about two hundred billion dollars. During the war, savings were increasing, but even so the money available for spending pressed on the supply of goods. However, by the imposition of price and wage controls and allocations, prices were kept from rising rapidly. Wholesale commodity prices advanced only moderately between Pearl Harbor and the end of the war.

But at the close of the war, as controls were abandoned, accumulated shortages of certain goods and the overabundance of money resulted in a rapid rise in prices. By the middle of 1948 they had advanced alarmingly and the consumer's dollar would then buy only what sixty cents had bought before the war. In 1949 there was a setback, but by mid-1950 things were booming once more. Then came Korea and a rush to buy goods. Prices rose again.

This is the situation at present when a program has to be prepared for a siege of great extent and indefinite duration. A great deal of money has to be raised to arm ourselves and our allies—as well as to pay for the war in Korea, and whatever may follow. *And this time there is no slack*; industry is working at capacity and there is practically no unemployment. The problem is a difficult one and is made harder by the uncertainty of the outlook. Whether we fear the worst or hope for the best, *we must follow a program that can*

be carried out year after year indefinitely. It's the greatest challenge that our economy and our way of life have had to face.

III

BUT we still have enormous resources and with resolute leadership we can meet the challenge and preserve our economic system and our political and social ideals. Let us enumerate the things that have to be done in carrying on in the predictable future short of all-out world war. Such a war would make obsolete not only our economic program but nearly everything else.

First, we must bend every effort to increase production by greater exertion, greater efficiency, longer hours, fewer leisure people, less of the gracious things of life. How much allocation and rationing will be necessary is a technical problem for administrators to decide. The man in the street must accept their decision and do his bit by doing without his bit of comfort and leisure.

Second, we must economize—make sure that no money is spent unnecessarily. It is possible to reduce government outlays for nonmilitary purposes without crippling essential services. It is possible for the federal, state, and municipal governments to postpone even worthwhile undertakings to a more propitious day. Less worthwhile undertakings might be abandoned altogether. All the water should be squeezed out of government spending. Military requirements must be met—but the goal should be that not a single dollar be wasted. Careful scrutiny and co-ordination of plans and improved methods of procurement may enable us to buy the same war power for less money or more power for the same money.

Third, as large a share of the necessary expenditures as possible must be met by taxation. When the government takes money from the taxpayer it reduces his ability to buy goods, so that when the government spends the money for war goods there will be no addition to the total amount of money bidding for goods, but merely a substitution of the government for another purchaser. So far there is no dispute; apparently all agree on that.

But there is an unexplored field of study to determine how much taxation an economy

can stand without suffering from lack of enterprise, without losing effort and efficiency. Colin Clark in this magazine has placed this limit at 25 per cent of the national income. Taxes above that limit, he argues, result in loss of productive effort and, instead of combating inflation, add to its force. Whether this figure is right or not, there is little doubt that a limit to effective taxation exists somewhere, though it may be a flexible limit. There is also a limit to the speed with which taxes can be increased. To avoid too great a shock to the economy, drastic increases must be put into effect progressively and gradually.

Meantime it is as sure as anything in this world that the full amount of government spending in the immediate future will *not* be covered by tax receipts. Tax laws will take a long time to be enacted and are not likely to be sufficient to meet the increase in expenditures which, in turn, are likely to exceed estimates. In addition, the public, as the result of World War II, has a vast amount of bank deposits and government securities convertible into cash and could engage in a large-scale spending spree, even though the government should not create additional money. To cover this unpredictable hazard, in addition to the current outlays, by taxation, is beyond the realms of practical imagination. The rule should be: tax as much as you can effectively but be prepared to meet excess expenditures by the least inflationary methods of borrowing.

Fourth, the government must borrow what has to be borrowed (in so far as possible) *in such a way as to tap income that would otherwise be spent* by the person receiving it. To borrow existing savings will do little good—because this will convert idle funds into active funds and might add as much to the spending stream as the creation of new money. How to divert current income into government bonds is not easy to say. The terms of the bonds (interest, maturity, etc.) must be attractive. They should be nonmarketable, that is, the holder should not have the privilege of selling them at any time; it is probable, furthermore, in the present situation that the bonds should not be freely redeemable at the Treasury; they should have a fairly distant maturity date, with provision for earlier redemption

in hardship cases. It might become necessary in the end to resort to compulsory saving, but this should not be undertaken unless other devices fail to bring the desired results.

It is true that accumulation of bonds in the public's hands creates a problem when the war is over, or even before. If a great wave of liquidation occurs, the bonds become a great source of weakness for the Treasury. In 1950 more Savings Bonds were cashed than purchased. But this danger should be met by having a maturity date on the bonds, by offering favorable terms for retaining the bonds after maturity, and by other devices. In public financing on the scale that faces the country, it does not appear feasible to abandon borrowing altogether. The necessary borrowing will be much easier if the purchasers of bonds are reasonably sure that when they get their money back it will have lost none of its buying power. In other words, that there will be no inflation.

Fifth, the government should borrow from the banks only the unavoidable minimum, the amount by which tax revenue and borrowing from the public fall short of the absolute needs of the government. Every effort should be made to make this a small amount borrowed on short term. When the government borrows money from a bank the banking system, under our financial setup, creates the money so borrowed. It is a net addition to the supply of money, a modern version of the printing press. Just how this works cannot be described here in detail. It should suffice to say that borrowing from a bank creates new money, adds to the money stream, and is an inflationary factor. Every effort should be made to avoid such borrowing; to the extent that it is used, bank-held public debt should be retired at the first possible opportunity.

Sixth, over-all restraint should be exercised over loans by banks to businesses and individuals. Borrowing from banks by the public has the same effect as borrowing from banks by the government. New money is added to the money stream. Certain types of borrowing, such as borrowing on securities, consumer borrowing (largely for installment buying), and borrowing for new construction, have been made subject to special regulation by the Federal Reserve Board. They are

considered to be key sources of inflationary additions to the money stream. These regulations may have to be made more stringent as time goes on.

But, in addition, there has to be restraint on bank borrowing *by anybody, for any purpose*. Total bank loans expanded by \$10 billion in 1950, or by nearly 25 per cent. Once money has been created, it circulates. There is no telling in whose hands it will find itself or for what it will be spent. When the money supply is excessive and all is being done to meet the country's needs without creating new money, this broad avenue of escape for new money into the hands of bidders for the limited supply of goods must be rigidly controlled. The Federal Reserve has great powers for this purpose. Whether it needs additional powers or not, *this control must be exercised*.

THIS opens up a controversial subject. The way the Federal Reserve can control credit expansion is by limiting the amount of reserves held by banks. The law requires banks to hold idle reserves in stated proportion to their deposits. Within limits, now almost exhausted, the Federal Reserve can increase these required proportions of idle funds. It can also reduce the reserves owned by banks by selling to them or to the public some of its holdings of government securities—of which the Federal Reserve has \$20 billion. When the Federal Reserve sells such securities the money paid for them finds its way through the member banks to the Federal Reserve, and thus reduces the member banks' reserves. So the banks have less money to lend and become more selective in their lending. Under these circumstances, interest rates are likely to rise.

On the other hand, when the Federal Reserve *buys* government bonds from member banks or from the public, the money paid for the bonds reappears as an addition to bank reserves, which enables the banks to increase their loaning activities. Banks become more willing and able to make loans, and interest rates decline.

The power of the Federal Reserve thus to influence bank lending is very great; for under our law, the banking system as a whole can lend several times as much as the total of its reserves, and so every dollar of reserves

can support bank deposits and loans several times as large as the reserves.

But this system of bank reserves subject to Federal Reserve control works effectively only so long as the Federal Reserve can sell government securities whenever it wishes to reduce bank lending, and buys government securities only when it wishes to increase bank lending.

Unfortunately, this mechanism brings the Federal Reserve into conflict with the Treasury. The Treasury is understandably concerned about the market price of its obligations and wants to raise funds at as cheap a rate as possible. It, therefore, tends to issue securities at relatively low rates of interest, and expects the Federal Reserve not to sell government securities when the market is weak, and to buy such securities when they are in danger of falling below par. The Federal Reserve, however, cannot control bank reserves in a manner geared to avoid inflation, if its purchases and sales of government securities have to be adjusted to the yield and price of these securities in the market. This is an age-long conflict between fiscal and monetary authorities.

In the present critical situation, with problems of the magnitude and duration that we have to face, it is clear that the Treasury should be willing to borrow its money at rates at which the market will be willing to absorb the securities. Also it should not be too much concerned whether its outstanding bonds temporarily go below par. They will be redeemed at par at maturity. Far greater things are at stake for the country, and for the government as the people's agent, than the relatively insignificant difference in the cost of servicing the debt. The government itself, as the largest purchaser of goods, stands to lose much more by an inflationary rise in prices than it would gain by borrowing at a somewhat lower rate. Besides, some of the money paid by the government as interest on the bonds comes back to it as taxes paid by the bondholders.

As I write, in early February, the conflict between the Treasury and the Federal Reserve has become front-page news through intervention by the President. He has said that he expects the Federal Reserve to support the interest rates and prices of government securities at present levels. I hope that

before my article appears in print this inflationary policy will have been discarded. It bodes no good to the American people. In the final analysis, are we as a nation more concerned about the price of government bonds or about the price of the housewife's market basket?

FINALLY, *seventh, a word about direct controls.* It is apparent that price and wage controls deal only with effects of inflationary forces, not with their causes. Also that direct controls not backed up by correct and vigorous fiscal and monetary policies (economists' names for taxation and control of bank lending) result in distortions and black markets. It is also true, however, that it takes a long time to pass tax laws and a further long time before their effects are felt; control of bank credit is also slow in starting and not immediate in its effects. *For these reasons price and wage controls—to hold the line until the other measure become effective—are highly desirable.* We should be in a far better situation today if these controls had been put into operation last July, before the recent wave of wage increases and uneven price advances had occurred. If other measures become effective, the controls will cease to be significant; if prices do not tend to pass the prescribed level or fall below it, it makes no difference whether price limits are imposed or not. The controls atrophy—to everyone's relief. On the other hand, if controls are in effect, and not enough is done to meet the fundamental problem of the relation of money to goods, then also controls cease to be effective, but by a demoralizing black market route. With price and wage controls it becomes necessary to provide for rationing of scarce commodities. Rationing does not reduce consumption; this is caused by a decline in the available supply of goods. Rationing is a device for assuring that such goods as are available do not go into the hands of hoarders and speculators but are equitably distributed among all the people.

Direct controls are repugnant to our democratic way of life. We need them at this moment, but they should be used only when and as long as the country in an emergency would suffer greater harm by their absence than by their imposition. They represent a temporary sacrifice of some freedoms as a

price for avoiding permanent loss of all freedom.

In all these efforts the government must have the support and active co-operation of all groups of people. While voluntary restraints are never effective—because they are not supported with sufficient unanimity—no anti-inflationary program can be successful

unless it has the approval and commands the loyalty of the people.

If we are prepared to make the sacrifices necessary in the present grim situation, we have the economic strength to meet the challenge to our system. We may even succeed in doing it without being obliged to pay more, at least much more, for everything.

Storm Warnings

ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

THE glass has been falling all the afternoon,
And knowing better than the instrument
What winds are walking overhead, what zone
Of gray unrest is moving across the land,
I leave the book upon a pillowed chair
And walk from window to closed window, watching
The stiff boughs strain against the blotted sky

And think again, as often when the air
Moves inward toward a silent core of waiting,
How with a single purpose time has traveled
Through currents of unguessed fatality
Into this polar realm, this present island.
Weather abroad and weather in the heart
Alike come on regardless of prediction.

Between foreseeing and averting change
Lies all the mastery of elements
Which clocks and weather-glasses cannot alter.
Time in the hand is not control of time,
Nor shattered fragments of an instrument
The breaking of a cordon of events.
The wind will rise: we can only close the shutters.

I draw the curtains as the sky goes black
And set a match to candles sheathed in glass
Against the keyhole draught, the insistent whine
Of weather through the unsealed aperture.
This is our sole defense against the season;
These are the things that we have learned to do
Who live in zones of much inquietude.

After Hours

ERNIE is a pin-boy. I don't think I know him, and I don't think I ever will, though I have been seeing him a couple of times a week recently, and we have had some fairly long conversations. He is full of bowling lore, but it is hard to get it out of him. He is slight of build and his straight reddish hair has a way of falling down over his eyes. When he talks, he barely opens his mouth, and his smile, which does not come easily to his face, has a tentative quality about it which is both shy and extremely private. Ernie is friendly but secretive, and sometimes his hands tremble.

Ernie's work-day often starts at one o'clock in the afternoon and may go on until five the next morning, when the last bowlers, stopping for a game after the night shift, go home. Sometimes Ernie sets pins for as many as one hundred and twenty-five "lines" (or games) in a day at five cents a line. The pins, or "wood" as bowlers call them, weigh about three pounds apiece and the balls fifteen or sixteen pounds. In the course of a long stretch Ernie may lift a total of thirty or forty thousand pounds of pins and balls. Ernie himself probably weighs about one hundred and thirty.

My conversations with him have been entirely about bowling. Sometimes when he is not working, he stands behind our bench. He never volunteers any advice or information, but he is willing to give it in an offhand way when asked. When he is setting pins, Ernie has a gift for communicating to you his pleasure or disappointment in how you are bowling. He says nothing; it is the way he moves that tells you.

"You should see the alleys out in the West," Ernie said one night. "They're real bowling nuts out there. Women drive a

couple of hundred miles to bowl a league match. They bring their lunch, stay a few hours, and drive back home. New alleys, automatic pin-setters. New York's not a bowling town. California, Detroit, Chicago, everybody bowls."

You can't pump Ernie. He gives or he doesn't give, and he's likely to wander off in the middle of a sentence to get a glass of beer. I realized that if I wanted to find out more about bowling than how to do it, I would have to ask elsewhere, so I visited the two principal manufacturers of bowling equipment at their New York offices, and talked to the heads of their sales departments. Neither of them wanted to be quoted.

They were quick to say, however, that more people bowl in America than take part in any other competitive, or as they call it, "contestant" sport. There are some 18,000,000 men and women (and in some sections of the country children as well) who bowl fairly regularly. Of these about two million are members of bowling leagues, teams sponsored by churches and clubs, or unions, or businesses, or industries.

It is only within the past twenty years that bowling, to use a phrase common in the industry, has "come up out of the basement." Until about 1934 bowling and billiards were closely associated, and the "pool hall" of unsavory reputation was looked on as a seat of gambling and fights and debauchery. In the early thirties billiards and bowling were generally divorced and bowling came to be looked on again as a healthy and wholesome recreation for practically all ages.

Bowling is more of a Midwestern and far Western than Eastern seaboard sport, as Ernie said. Detroit, I was told, has more

bowling equipment per capita than any other city in America, and "California is terrific"—a statement that will not surprise Californians. Most people like to bowl "big pins" and it seems to be considered slightly quaint by the industry that in Connecticut "duck pins," the little squat ones, are particularly popular. Pittsburgh is also duck-pin-minded and so are some parts of the South. Candle pins, which are tall and narrow, are largely a Boston eccentricity.

It takes a good deal of capital to go into the bowling business. An alley costs about \$2,750 to build, and a sixteen-alley establishment (the ideal number, I was told) costs something between \$90,000 and \$110,000 to equip. Alleys are only part of the expense. Most establishments count on the restaurant and the bar as essential aspects of the business, and these are expensive to install. A really fancy establishment will also have semi-automatic pin-setters (at about \$600 each) and automatic ball-lifts which save the pin-boys the trouble of picking up the ball. So far no one has devised (or at least marketed) a machine that eliminates the pin-boy entirely, though I was told that it is only a matter of time. The life of an alley is about thirty years if it is properly taken care of. I should imagine that the life of a pin-boy would be a good deal less than that.

THE place where Ernie works is without adornment or fancy business, no bar, no restaurant, and only six alleys. Few bowling clubs go there, which is why my wife and I do. Where the leagues go it is next to impossible, in New York anyway, to get an alley except on Saturdays and Sundays or later at night than we want to bowl. It is a friendly place where we now see many faces we recognize but no one whose names we have learned, except for Ernie. For a reason I don't understand we both bowl better when Ernie is setting pins for us.

In New York there is an ordinance which prevents children from bowling. Minors under eighteen are not allowed in alleys as bowlers, spectators, or employees—undoubtedly a hang-over from the old pool-hall days of ill repute. Elsewhere, however, there is a good deal of interest among the young in bowling, and naturally the establishments do what they can to promote it as a profitable

aspect of their business. I would be glad to promote it myself. I have bowled with my children in the country. They enjoy it. It would be a godsend to be able to bowl with them on weekends in the city, where during the winter there are so few healthy recreations that a family can enjoy as a group. Last Saturday afternoon my son took himself and a friend to the movies, a program called "21 Cartoons." When he got home he and his pal roller-skated up and down the block dodging cars. Bowling at thirty-five cents a "line" is scarcely more expensive than the neighborhood movies and not nearly so expensive as the first-run houses. It's a great deal safer than roller-skating in the street, and my son tells me it is also more fun.

I have talked with Ernie about it. "You should see the kids out West, ten-year-olds with special seven-and-a-half-pound balls, thirteen- and fourteen-year-old kids averaging around a hundred and seventy. I don't know," he said, "New York's funny. New York's not a bowling town."

Miracle on 58th Street

ON FEBRUARY 16, in an unprecedented action, the New York State Education Department withdrew its approval for public showing from a film called "The Miracle," declaring it sacrilegious and hence in violation of the statutes of licensing which the Board of Regents is empowered to supervise. In New York the right to censor movies resides in this body, specifically in the motion-picture division of the Education Department, or on appeal in the Board itself, which may license a picture disapproved by the division. The law does not provide in so many words for the Regents' revoking of a license that has already been granted ("The Miracle" had been licensed twice, in March 1949 and in November 1950), but until now the question had not come up. Here lies a legal quibble in an already involved debate of which the end is far beyond the horizon at the time I write.

"The Miracle," directed by Roberto Rossellini and starring Anna Magnani, had been for several months the occasion of controversy in New York City. A municipal official, Commissioner Edward T. McCaffrey, had threatened to withdraw the license of the

Paris Theater, where the film was shown, on the grounds that he found it "personally and officially" blasphemous. The State Supreme Court, denying that Mr. McCaffrey possessed the power of censorship, halted his action until a judicial hearing could be held. During the interval between this cease-fire and the decision of the Regents a number of peripheral themes were introduced.

Early in January Cardinal Spellman, in a statement read at all Masses in St. Patrick's Cathedral, called upon every Roman Catholic in the United States to boycott the film. Cardinal Spellman thought it would be "a blot on the escutcheon of the Empire State" if no means of appeal were available "for the correcting of a mistake by the Motion Picture Division," and suggested that if the law did not allow censorship of the film then "all right-thinking citizens should unite to change and strengthen the federal and state statutes. . . ." The Cardinal's statement included a welcome touch of humor and echoed an earlier *cause célèbre*. "The picture," he said, "should very properly be entitled 'Woman Further Defamed,' by Roberto Rossellini." But he drew to his conclusion on a somber note. "God forbid that the producers of racial and religious mockeries should divide and demoralize Americans so that the minions of Moscow might enslave this land of liberty."

To the side of "The Miracle" came writers, civil-liberties organizations, Catholic laymen, and clergymen of other persuasions. The fact that the film, as one of three in a collection called "Ways of Love," had won a New York Film Critics award was argued in its defense, though artistic quality was not widely imagined to have bearing on the outcome. In fact the most eloquent and persuasive comment, though it appeared in the *Magazine of Art*, set "The Miracle's" merits as a film aside. It came from Otto L. Spaeth, Director of the American Federation of Arts, past president of the Liturgical Arts Society, and delegate to the First International Congress of Catholic Artists in Rome last year. Mr. Spaeth observed that Commissioner McCaffrey's action "again left a prominent Catholic in the exposed public position of attempting to circumvent civil authority, enforce his private views on the community, and limit the liberties of all. . . . There are

great sections of the adult American public entitled and equipped to make the decision that the Commissioner attempted to reserve for himself. Neither opinion of the film should color one's view of the Commissioner's action. I would oppose it even if I happened to share his views."

Mr. Spaeth's firm words, however, had been lost in noisy actions. Members of the Catholic War Veterans and other organizations had picketed the Paris Theater, carrying signs which read: "This Picture Is an Insult to Every Decent Woman and Her Mother." The New York Film Critics, who had planned to present their award to the film on the stage of Radio City Music Hall, announced that the Music Hall management had been subjected to "invidious pressure" and therefore transferred the ceremony to the Rainbow Room in order to relieve the theater "of any possible embarrassment." The New York City Fire Department, presently harried by an inquiry into its political finances, got into the act by bringing proceedings against the unfortunate Paris Theater for violating safety regulations. When the managers of the theater complained that they were being "singled out," Fire Commissioner George P. Monaghan implied that they had been bribing his inspectors. The theater, now maintaining that there was no connection between this matter and "The Miracle," countered with the observation that "the practice of giving gratuities was regarded by the management as a universal practice obtaining among all local motion-picture theaters . . ."—an engaging statement, and one worth having in print, even at the outer edge of irrelevance.

This was a time of marching and counter marching, and the sudden descent of police on unsuspecting movie exhibitors. Apparently other films of Italian origin had become the object of scrutiny, for in February seventy members of a local chapter of the Knights of Columbus presented themselves at the New Ozone Park Theater in Queens, demanding that a scheduled two-day showing of "The Bicycle Thief" be canceled, since it "glorifies a thief." In Albany, a week earlier, Chief of Police Philip Coffey had ordered the exhibition of "Bitter Rice" terminated on the grounds that it was "improper and objectionable," after an unsuc-

cessful attempt by the Vicar General of the Albany Diocese to dissuade the management of the theater involved. Following heavily upon these incidents came the judgment of the Board of Regents. It was not reached in haste. Three members of a subcommittee (one from each of the major faiths) first saw the film and reported their unanimous finding that it was "sacrilegious," but before the final verdict another showing was held for all thirteen members of the Board. Then, in a breath-taking reversal of sanity and precedent, they moved.

THE story of "The Miracle," as most accounts will have told you, concerns a feeble-minded peasant woman who is seduced by a handsome, bearded shepherd she imagines to be Saint Joseph, and subsequently, after undergoing the scorn and torment of her fellow-villagers, gives lonely birth in a mountain-top monastery to a child she believes to be miraculously conceived. The opening scene, in which no voice is heard but Anna Magnani's, introduces the poor woman on a hillside with her sheep, brings on the object of her phantasy, and draws them together in a mounting spiral of her own ecstasy and his dawning comprehension of its causes. This sequence alone, and I would willingly part with the rest, is a memorable piece of film-making, though it now seems unlikely ever to be judged for itself.

While it is true that the Pontifical Film Commission (more precisely, Monsignor Albino Galletto, head of the Catholic Cinematographic Center) condemned the film on its appearance in Italy, and true also that an American representative of the Legion of Decency protested its appearance in the Venice Film Festival in 1948, the fact remains that the Papacy (which exercises the right of censorship under the Lateran pacts) has approved the showing of the film in its country of origin. *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, while noting that "questions may arise—even serious ones—of a religious nature," went on to state that "nevertheless, the picture contains passages of undoubted cinematic distinction. . . . We continue to believe in Rossellini's art and we look forward to his next achievement." *Il Popolo*, the organ of the Christian Democratic

party, found "The Miracle" a "beautiful thing, humanly felt, alive, true, and without religious profanation." I have before me, in fact, an affidavit of the president of the Italian National Association of the Cinematographic Industry, to the effect that the governmental approval of "The Miracle" could "in no way be granted to a film that might be considered blasphemous."

One searches in vain for a unifying thread in the protests. Little enough can be said for the reasoning of the members of the Holy Name Society who picketed the Paris Theater, a thousand strong, shouting, "Don't be a Communist—all the Communists are inside." Nor can I follow why "The Bicycle Thief," which was earlier threatened with censorship because its moppet second lead felt constrained to relieve nature against a wall, or because one scene took place in a bordello, should be challenged on the grounds that it "glorifies a thief." For that matter, the other two films joined with "The Miracle" in "Ways of Love" are far more menacing from this moralistic point of view. Jean Renoir's "A Day in the Country" is devoted exclusively to the subject of fornication and adultery, presenting both in a sympathetic, not to say downright inviting, light. Marcel Pagnol's "Joffroi," based on a story by a noted collaborationist, holds up to derision the legal rights of property and treats in a frivolous fashion the serious civil and religious crime of suicide.

That legal definitions of art with ambiguous lessons should not be politically malleable would seem too obvious to state. Surely no deeper extension into absurdity should be needed to suggest to the engineers of this unhappy affair that the way of censorship is endless and the prize uncertain. Its overtones corrode the conscience, if only for the shrill and irrational quarrel that would seem to be an inevitable product. Let it be assumed that such was not intended, but neither was it the purpose of "The Miracle" to ridicule the faith of which its director is a member. "I had endeavored," wrote Rossellini of his previous films, in a cable to Cardinal Spellman, "with a spirit of humble brotherhood, to show how the absence of charity in the hearts of men had made way to a great darkness and sorrow."

—Mr. Harper

New Twilight on Old Gods

(Symmetrics)

DAVID McCORD

I

Sisyphus, rolling up the hill his stone,
Found that he could not make the grade
 alone : alone
Today the best of us say this of us,
We are no better rollers than was Sisyphus.

II

Atlas at last unable to sustain
The heavens' weight sank down to earth
 again : again
We cry for someone huge and hatless.
You'll have to bear the world though, this time, Atlas!

III

Pandora never has received our praise
For singling out the lid that she did
 raise : raise
Every lid, the eyelid first. Sand or a
Speck of dust can hide like Hope, Pandora.

IV

Calypso *ipso facto* played it cool;
Penelope employed the golden
 rule : rule
Out old Zeus, for whom the gods eclipse so
Easily is always a Calypso.

V

Poseidon, Greek for Neptune, has in hand
The trident as he rides from sea to
 land : land
Sakes, old fellow, look which way you're ridin'!
Much better off at sea these days, Poseidon.

VI

Calliope, concerned with eloquence,
How graciously you lived one present
 tense : tents
Of another kind your recent tie-up, he
Is younger now who loves you so, Calliope.

NEW BOOKS

Diverse Correlations

Charles Poore

THE month's diversity of new books passing in review, volumes by Ethel Waters, Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, Ivy Compton-Burnett, William Saroyan, Benedetto Croce, Helen MacInnes, Alberto Moravia, Mark Van Doren, Lovat Dickson, David Daiches, Mildred R. Bennett, James Watson Gerard, and James Bryant Conant, would make a wonderfully mysterious mixture for diabolic correlation—under what is known as the scientific method in the brass-bound echelons of contemporary culture.

"An odd, persistent strain of Californian milk of human kindness, with a faint trace of *armeniana michaelarleniensis* and the usual Army allergy," you can hear the fellow saying as he holds a page of William Saroyan's *Rock Wagram* (Doubleday, \$3) to the light. "But isn't it bitterer than usual?"

Or, picking up William Faulkner's first book since he won the Nobel Prize, *Notes on a Horse Thief* (Levee Press, limited, signed, \$6), a short and memorable threnody on good and evil in which the pursuers become the pursued, the scientific inquirer might say: "Faulkner? Faulkner? Why this is a fragment of the Gothic novel in a neo-Confederate, post-Conradian constellation."

In Sinclair Lewis' last book, *World So Wide* (Random House, \$3), he'd find a bouillabaise of heads and tails from earlier and better Lewis novels, going right back to *Our Mr. Wrenn*, tossing Sam Dodsworth in with some roughly chopped Babbitt-bait, offering two heroines but never approaching the immortal Mrs. Kennicott, the most Lewisian Carol of them all.

Hell's bells would ring for Matthew Arnold if we tried all this—and Aristotle too. Fortunately, however, President Conant of Harvard, whose lucid and informing tract against tractarians, *Science and Common Sense*, is published by the Yale University Press (\$4) for the pleasure and enlightenment of Princetonians and others, says cheerfully and authoritatively:

"There is no such thing as *the* scientific method. If there were, surely an examination of the history of physics, chemistry, and biology would reveal it." And if there were any ominous signs that free Americans were about to accept a monolithic scientific method it would suggest, incidentally, that the pink termites Helen MacInnes goes after so vigorously in her new novel, *Neither Five nor Three* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), were really swarming out of the woodwork.

On the contrary, President Conant points out, a careful examination of the progress in chemistry, physics, and experimental biology "fails to reveal any *one* method by means of which the masters in these fields broke new ground."

Nor can you apply any one method, any single set of critical principles to all the ground breakers, the movers and shakers, or the infinite majority of authors with a story to tell in the lonely command posts and gaudy caravans of modern writing.

AN ABLE storyteller always has one triumphant advantage over the ablest scientist. The storyteller, unlike the scientist, really can create life. He can, as Faulkner

said in his salute to the indestructibility of man last winter at Stockholm (where hairy totalitarian doves had recently been flying), "create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before." And that kind of creation need not be confined to the novel.

Look how life prances through the fires and shadows of Ethel Waters' autobiography, *His Eye Is on the Sparrow* (Doubleday, \$3). Miss Waters is a great lady of the theater and a great storyteller, with gifts of sense and sensibility, of wit and satire, tenderness and fury well beyond the penny-whistle range of ordinary artists. The people she has loved and hated, in and out of show business, live as they have never lived before. But now, they'll really be remembered!

Another great storyteller, Willa Cather, is commemorated in two new books whose arduous researches and pecking pieties would not have enchanted her: *The World of Willa Cather*, an admirable though inconclusive rummage through old Nebraskan memories by Mildred R. Bennett (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50), and *Willa Cather: A Critical Introduction* by David Daiches (Cornell, \$2.75), which moves sedately through her works with what you might call scientific imprecision.

Yet neither of these two books about Miss Cather reminds us, as we should be reminded from time to time, that it was not what she wrote about but how she wrote about it that really matters. For Miss Cather's work is ultimately, enduringly distinguished not by the abundance and social significance of her material but by her incomparable capacity for throwing most of it away. And keeping what was universally rather than regionally, timelessly rather than momentarily, true.

THE road that led her toward Rome in *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock* is different from the one that was taken by Sinclair Lewis, who had defied God to strike him dead in a Kansas City pulpit and who died in Rome; different from the road toward Rome followed by Benedetto Croce and the King of Italy and the Allied Armies in *Croce, the King and the Allies* (Norton, \$3); different from the Roman road of Alberto Moravia in *Conjugal Love* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$2.50).

Croce, the illustrious philosopher, whose philosophic wisdom has never made him less practically sagacious, is arranging himself here before the vast, flawed mirror of Italian history. His book is a remarkably interesting selection of diary notes that he made from July 1943, when Mussolini got the King's boot, until June 1944, when the disorderly but victorious Allies, who had come to conquer and remained to liberate, got as far up the Italian boot as Rome.

There is a lot of scientifically effective storytelling here about the brawling Italian parties, the flaming of new ambitions and the rekindling of old animosities, the mixed grill of pilgrims to the Crocean shrine. The serenity and dignity of Croce never wavers. He is sublimely aware of his part in the drama and he plays it to the hilt.

All who were in Italy in that time will want to read Croce's book, and I imagine that Winston Churchill, who is reprimanded here with a kind of suave ingratitude for his share in shaping a future not exactly close to the Crocean heart's desire, will have a note or two about it in the next volume of his memoirs.

The Italian renaissance of writing, having got off to a curiously profitable start with all those tales and movies showing the heart-breaking waifs, the distraught ladies with classically uncombed hair, and the drunken GI (who had, after all, done a spot of work in the "liberation"), has continued to be the outstanding European literary trend since the end of Armageddon, Part II. A leading figure in that reinvigorated version of "Primavera" is Alberto Moravia, whose early studies in the aberrances of amoristic experience, *The Woman of Rome* and *Two Adolescents*, have already been received in this country with a bugled admiration I am unable to share.

"Moravia, the novelist, came to Sorrento," Croce wrote in his diary on May 29, 1944, when the "co-belligerent" Italian Liberal party was about to hold a congress in Naples and the Allied Armies (including the heroic 100th Japanese Infantry Battalion, composed of Americans of Japanese descent) were driving on Rome. Moravia, Croce noted, "had to stay with his wife for several months on top of a mountain near Rome, but has now been liberated by the Allied advance. He

poured out all his despair about the present and the future, nor was he able to produce anything more comforting than that."

Well, *Conjugal Love*, an inevitable title in the Moravian series, bound to come up sooner or later, is about an earlier time in Italy's history. Its principal setting is a Tuscan hill town in 1937, after the conquest of Ethiopia, during the war in Spain, and before the invasion of Albania, but not concerned with these political and military preludes to despair.

It is a clinical report on a man who is both in love with love and in love with his work, and who finds that it's no use putting off one for the other because he's not very good at either. The story of a novelist writing a novel about a novelist who is writing a novel was recently treated at greater length, though perhaps not any more convincingly, in *Star Money*, by Miss Kathleen Winsor.

THERE never was anything very scientific about the way Sinclair Lewis wrote his novels, though he sometimes made vast topographic and biographic plans for them, I've been told. When he got all that stuff assembled, he plowed a story through it, someone was saying the other day, as if he were General Patton driving a tank, with H. L. Mencken as his chief of staff. But the results were pretty stirring, pretty impressive, pretty memorable, in *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Dodsworth*, and *It Can't Happen Here*.

World So Wide (that title is a last tribute to the Kipling who has made so many Lewis characters yearn for India and Cathay) is, in a way, Lewis' requiem. It is a touchingly lonely melody, somehow, garrulously weighed down with old echoes and reminders of the past. The hero, Hayden Chart, an architect in Newlife, Colorado, who becomes a widower while he is driving his flighty wife, Caprice, home from a bridge party in Chapter I, is thirty-five years old. That would almost make him about the right age to be a son of Carol and Doc Kennicott, wouldn't it?

However, he sounds a lot more like one of their contemporaries. In fact, he behaves as if he were really sixty years old, at least, when he solemnly kicks over the home-town

traces and goes to Italy, where so many other characters in so many other new books have been spending so much second-childhood time.

In Italy, Hayden Chart pursues, with a sort of glum and dogged gaiety, a prim, scholarly girl called Olivia Lomond through the medieval streets of Florence until the warm and aggressive Roxanna Eldritch is ready to shanghai him willingly—by way of the Near East, at least—back to his own Main Street, his own Zenith, his own Sauk Center, which is now nudgingly called Newlife. There's not much that's new, however, in the slapdash satire of the terrible tourist trippers, of the easily exposed (since they're implausible in the first place) American and British culturemongers, of the odd fact that Lewis' people always seem to sit out wars in the present, the better to contemplate battles long ago.

Anyway, Lewis probably had a fine time writing *World So Wide*, and we're glad of that. He came into his greatest renown when he was dramatizing, in his own novels and in his own way, some of the themes with which H. L. Mencken so prodigally supplied three very different generations. He fought some tough fights. He won them. Then he insisted on fighting and winning them over, and over and over again. That was his right, wasn't it?

IN *Neither Five Nor Three* Helen MacInnes puts another battle into gingham. Her novel, effectively based on the most durably interesting of all ventures in geometry, two men and a girl, is a strikingly timely story of the Little Black Sheep Whose Faces Are Red. One man is in the toils of the witches who cry, "Witch hunt!" The other is permanently prejudiced in favor of the United States of America. The problem is to ferret out and catch some of the lit'ry politbureaucrats in America and their fellow-travelers. The story is half thriller and half gracious living (What shall a girl wear? What should a girl do?) but it pitches important home truths from abroad right across the plate.

We go into a very different world, a permanently Edwardian England in which the women look as if they had been drawn by Mary Petty of

the *New Yorker* and the men as if they had been drawn by Emmett of *Punch*, in Ivy Compton-Burnett's new novel, *Darkness and Day*. All these seedy, brilliant people in their seedy, dismal country houses do is talk, and marvelous their talk sounds as if Chekov had been adapted by an unlikely collaboration of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Peacock.

There is, as you know, nothing much to one of Miss Compton-Burnett's plots except a clutch or two of the deadliest sins, the humanest inhumanities. But, as John Hutchens remarks, *sic* jacket—Alfred Knopf has picked an All-America choir this time; not a peep out of Elizabeth Bowen—"The epigrams flash, the insults are exchanged with the casual abandon of people who don't listen to what is said because they are too busy thinking of what they themselves are going to say next, and everyone is supremely and wonderfully articulate." That's Miss Compton-Burnett. To the divorcement of true minds she admits no impediment.

William Saroyan's *Rock Wagram* is also very largely in dialogue, but you will not easily confound it with the high Anglican style of Ivy Compton-Burnett. As I read his novel I got the impression that Mr. Saroyan was working something or other out of his system, and that we may look forward to better books by him in the years ahead, something, at any rate, better than this, better than *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson*, more like the old and ruthlessly carefree Saroyanades.

The current odyssey of Rock Wagram, who is certainly an Armenian and is said to be a Hollywood actor, is a windy quest for certainty. In the first part, Rock, who is also in his middle thirties, and, unlike Sinclair Lewis' hero, seldom acts that old, is feeling premonitions of mortality. The time is the fall of 1942, and the Army is breathing down his well-barbered neck. He is on his way to see his own people, to wind up his affairs, and, above all, to decide whether he should marry a girl who is threatening to interrupt his lifelong devotion to Rock Wagram.

In the second part, the war is over—he served in London; possibly at

NEW BOOKS

the Savoy—and his agonizing quest, complicated by a falling income, family sorrows, and the fact that he has meantime married the girl, fathered her two children, and divorced her, goes on and on and on.

Well, as Mr. Saroyan tells the story of his sad sack, lacing it with italicized threnodies on man's fate, you feel that you should be more worried about Rock Wagram than you are. Why? Because you have all you can do to swim for your own life in his seas of expensive sorrow. Yet you know that with their gifts for life, he, and his author, will presently be all right.

WHEN James W. Gerard has anything to complain about—and is there anyone in this parish who hasn't?—he does so with exuberant vigor. His autobiography, *My First Eighty-Three Years in America* (Doubleday, \$3.50), comes uncommonly close to being a scientific exposition of how to get the most out of existence on our cantankerous planet. There's no doubt but what Mr. Gerard was born to the grand manner as well as the grand manors. He decided, after adventures in politics, law, Bar Harbor, Newport, and Tammany Hall, that he'd like to be an ambassador. So he got Woodrow Wilson to send him to Germany in 1914, when no one in the State Department was sure what the devil he could do.

The result was set forth in *My Four Years in Germany*, one of the most popular books of its time. He beat young F.D.R. in a race for the New York senatorship in the Democratic primaries that, as John Gunther pointed out in *Roosevelt in Retrospect*, not one person in ten thousand remembers. A conservative estimate. For John.

Mr. Gerard would like to have been President, but he's not bitter about lost chances. He would like to have been Ambassador to Italy, and that still rankles. So does his memory of clashes with the Great Pierpont Morgan. He seems to have feared no man. And he thinks there's a future for us all if we'll stop telling other people not just to stand there but go and do something. And there is, he suggests, a fair amount for everyone to do.

Anyone who grows fretful and

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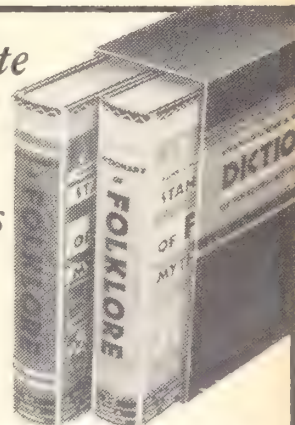
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moody over equality of sacrifice might well read Lovat Dickson's memoir, *Richard Hillary* (Macmillan, \$1.75), the story of one young Englishman who at twenty-one was a survivor of the Royal Air Force that battled the Nazis out of the skies in the year when someone said, "Thank God, Britain has no more friends to betray her"; who came over to America, where the propaganda mandarins were afraid civilized people couldn't stand looking at the burned and patched face of a man who had been messing around saving civilization, wrote one of the memorable books of the war—it was called *The Last Enemy*, in England; *Falling Through Space*, here—went back to England, went up in planes again, and died, at twenty-three.

There are Americans, not unlike Richard Hillary, flying in Eastern skies right now. They would not take genially to distant-armchair celebration of what they are doing. Young Hillary had planned to be a writer. He once said he would like to base his style on John Steinbeck. He read widely; so when he went to see Lady Fortescue, a writer, he freely adapted Hilaire Belloc's

The Devil, having nothing else to
do,
Went off to tempt my Lady Poltagrue.
My Lady, tempted by a private
whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted
him.

I do not find Belloc in Mark Van Doren's *Introduction to Poetry* (Sloane, \$4), though almost everyone else is there, either in the thirty brief and thoughtful lectures on specific poems at the beginning of the book, or in the excellent 400-page anthology of English verse and poetry in English, ranging through six centuries, that follows the skull practice.

Mr. Van Doren takes specific case histories in poetry—this is how Donne did it; this is how Burns did it; this is how Blake did it; this is how Yeats did it—in somewhat the same way that President Conant takes specific examples in science—this is how Boyle did it; this is how Galvani and Volta did it; this is how Lavoisier did it; this is how Pasteur

did it. But that's only part of President Conant's wide-ranging discussion, a great expansion of his Terry Lectures and earlier book, *On Understanding Science*, of the place of science in a free world, and what the promise of science holds.

If the Harvard football team could get some running backs who were able to punch ahead the way President Conant goes through the broken field of modern science, and a line that could hold as consistently, things would really be looking up all along the Charles.

That would be progress, anyway. President Conant recognizes "how dangerous it is to introduce the concept of progress as a method of defining an area of intellectual activity." And, while keeping science in its place, he asks:

How often in our daily lives are we influenced in important decisions by the results of the scientific inquiries of modern times? How often do our actions fail to reflect the influence of the philosophy and poetry which we have consciously and unconsciously imbibed over many years? A dictator wishing to mold the thoughts and actions of a literate people might be able to afford to leave the scientists and scholars alone, but he must win over to his side or destroy the philosophers, the writers, and the artists.

In modern Muscovy, of course, the Bolshies sometimes try turning them into parrots before destroying them—see *Taming of the Arts*, by Juri Jelagin, translated by Nicolas Wreden (Dutton, \$3.50).

Only totalitarians believe there is such a thing as *the* method in science or the arts. "Whatever any other nation may do," President Conant says in his conclusion, "whatever the tension of the times, we must continue to foster science; and that means fostering freedom of inquiry, of discussion, and of publication." The scientists behind the Iron Curtain have placed themselves in another category. The publication of President Conant's book marks a step ahead in the clear and present need to help people to understand the place of science in the free world, the science they often fear may be the death of them, but with whose appropriate use they'll triumph.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Strait and Narrow, by Geoffrey Cotterell.

Richard Tarrant, of middle-class, liberal English parents, had just started out on his career at the bar when the war came. In the war hysteria he married a pretty, non-descript girl whose father was a rich manufacturer who gave them as a wedding present a very pleasant house on the golf links of a London suburb. Mr. Tarrant did not object. He was always one to take what he wanted where he found it. . . . Not long after their marriage his war work carried him on a bombing mission to Europe where he was shot down over Holland and rescued by a lovely Dutch woman with whom he fell in love. The denouement of the story is as exciting as the slow build-up is absorbing. The atmosphere of the dreary little house in Lansford where the Tarrants lived, the undergraduate talk and meetings at college, the country club life at Brecworth where Richard's in-laws lived, and the war scenes in Holland are all alive with the serious touch of the deadpan satirist. If in the end one finds it hard to believe that the wages of sin is quite so much literal and physical death, it is still a very vital book, wise and witty in its satire. It is Mr. Cotterell's fourth novel, but his first to be published in this country. We feel it will not be his last.

Lippincott, \$3.50

A Game of Hide and Seek, by Elizabeth Taylor.

Anyone who saw the British film, "Brief Encounter," will feel at home in the atmosphere and climate of this novel, though there is no connection between them. But it isn't necessary to have seen the movie to be moved by Miss Taylor's story of sensitive, unhappy childhood (which has no counterpart in the movie) and of a woman's struggle to decide between her husband and her childhood love which she never outgrows. Miss Taylor's novels are never very

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ong nor, on the surface, very complicated, but there is in them a perfection of detail which makes every least character memorable, and an over-all pattern emerges which is emotionally and artistically satisfying. Knopf, \$3

The Dividing of Time, by Elizabeth Sewell.

This first novel, an allegory of the discovery of self, written beautifully and mysteriously, promises to be a matter of violent discussion in literary circles. It is not a simple book, easily decipherable. The heroine's necessary journeys back into childhood's anguish are translated into symbols and juxtaposed with her day-by-day life in the government ministry where she works, in such a way that one wavers on the borders of delirium all the time. The symbols are sometimes difficult and complex, but the wit and beauty of some of the passages are indescribable even though one feels it would take many rereadings to get the full meaning from every page. One passage in particular—a chapter on pain as the body's tenant—seemed to me especially fine. Whether the story is meant to suggest the process of soul-searching through analysis or through less rigorous but just as necessary paths to adulthood, it is a remarkable tour de force and a literary achievement of distinction.

Doubleday, \$2.75

Poor Cousin Evelyn, by James Yaffe. Mr. Yaffe published his first story when he was seventeen and now, not yet twenty-five, he publishes his first book of short stories. But they are not young stories. They are about New York Jewish families, all mature, sharp, tender, tragic, and funny, with characters one will never forget: Aunt Rose whose dead husband telephoned her every night at six; two detestable refugees who milked their unctuous living from the loving-kindness of others; the villainous Uncle Hyman, hero of the title story; and perhaps the most pitifully tragic character of all, gentle Sarah, of "When the Season Cometh Round." Each story is so crowded with atmosphere and background overtones that it is hard to see how a novel could carry any more, but there is such richness in the material

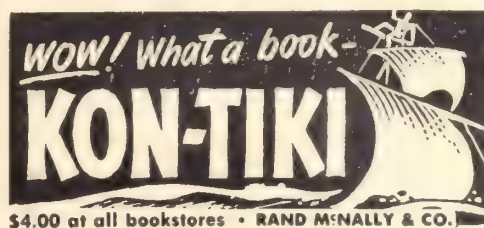
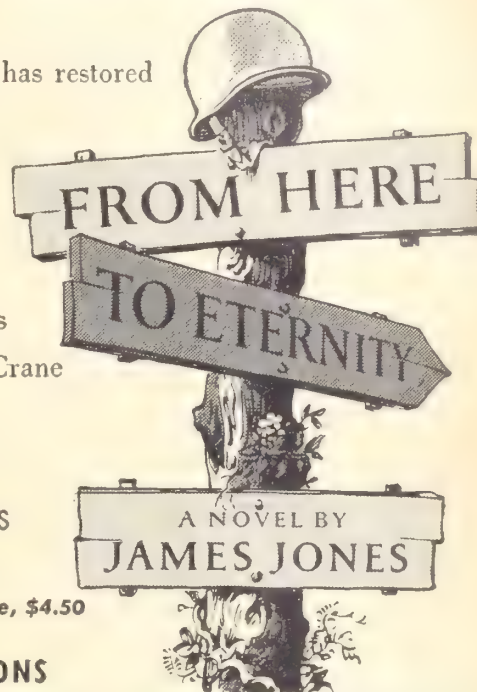
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By Charles Mayer

Translated with a Preface by Harold A. Larrabee

André Maurois has this to say of Charles Mayer: "By the extent and variety of his learning, he recalls those universal minds, consumed with curiosity concerning science, literature, and action which were found in Europe at the time of the Renaissance. I find it admirable that a writer, in the midst of the present chaos of our planet, should rise above his times, work out a coherent system of thought, and concentrate on things which are eternal".

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that one hopes he'll try his hand at the longer form soon.

Little, Brown, \$3

Morning Journey, by James Hilton. Carey Arundel, born in Ireland, brought up in a convent, becomes an actress and marries a temperamental director (perhaps a redundant phrase?). To him, his work is everything and eventually they drift apart. His dynamic influence on her—on her acting, her second marriage, on all the rest of her life, however far away—is the story of this easy-to-read, easy-to-forget novel. Carey Arundel is a pleasant and well-realized character. So are the director and Carey's second husband. The novel is well done, but it doesn't seem to matter very much.

Little, Brown, \$3

NON-FICTION

My Patients Were Zulus, by James B. McCord, M.D., and John Scott Douglas.

In 1899, as the fulfillment of a childhood dream, Dr. McCord (Illinois and Ohio bred) and his wife and two small children went to Durban, in Zululand, to take over the small hospital there. This is the story of their next forty years, fighting disease, superstition, poverty, and politics. It is a straightforward story shorn of all literary pretensions, but full of courage, and of loyalty to a cause. Stories of triumph over disease are always fascinating, especially in primitive settings, and this is a story of a devoted family life as well. The book ends with a letter reporting on conditions as they were in 1948, nearly ten years after Dr. McCord had left, but it shows in detail what a rich harvest is being reaped from the careful planting he did in establishing a local medical school where native Zulus could be trained to carry on his work. A satisfying human document.

Rinehart, \$3

The Vicious Circle, by Margaret Case Harriman. Illustrations by Al Hirschfeld.

As the subtitle of this book says, it's "The Story of the Algonquin Round Table." But there must be a great many people who haven't had the good luck to know about the Algonquin Hotel and the gatherings there,

in the twenties, of so many of those who have since made American literary history. They were—a brief and partial list—Alexander Woollcott, Robert Sherwood, Heywood Brown, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, George Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Lawrence Stallings, Harold Ross (editor of the *New Yorker*), F.P.A., and Brock and Murdock Pemberton. They were all hard-working professionals, but the mixture of horseplay and wit which characterized their hours of relaxation (and much of it has already been made into literary mythology) is here put down for keeps by the daughter of the manager (and later owner) of the Algonquin, who watched it all as a young girl if not from the ringside, at least from a very special seat. It is autobiographical, too, in that there is much about the Algonquin and about the intensities and excitements of literary New York in the twenties (the Lucy Stoners, the Woollcott troubles). It is a delightful, leisurely, funny book in which the personalized but hilarious quips of other years make one doubly conscious of the impersonal tensions of our own.

Rinehart, \$3

The submarine story of World War II is surfacing at last. Not one but two books about it appear this month.

Battle Submerged: Submarine Fighters of World War II, by Rear Admiral Harley Cope and Captain Walter Karig.

This is the livelier story of the exploits of the "silent service," for it is written not only with the touch of authority, but with that of a first-class journalist and novelist as well. It includes stories of individual and collective heroism in the little-publicized branch of the Navy, from Pearl Harbor to the end of the war.

Norton, \$3.75

Sink 'Em All: Submarine Warfare in the Pacific, by Vice Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, with a foreword by Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

For a large part of the war, Admiral Lockwood had complete command of all submarine activities in the Pacific. He writes with devotion and excitement of the exploits of the men who served under him.

Dutton, \$5

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Man Gets Around, by John McNulty.

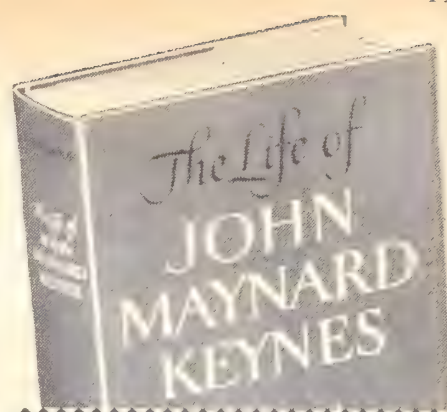
James Thurber calls Mr. McNulty, author of *Third Avenue*, New York, the funniest man in the world, but as anyone knows who has read his *New Yorker* pieces, being funny isn't enough to account for the special charm of Mr. McNulty's writing and personality. Whatever the quality is, there's plenty of it in this new collection of "casuals," which includes a dozen pieces about odd places, odd people, and, of course, about New York. You'll find, among others, "Back Where I Had Never Been" (and finish with an Irish lilt in your speech whether you like it or not), "The Jackpot," "Müller with an Umlaut," and "Can't Slip Any Drugs to Sisters on Fifth Avenue."

Little, Brown, \$2.75

BOOK FORECAST

Biographies and Personalized Accounts

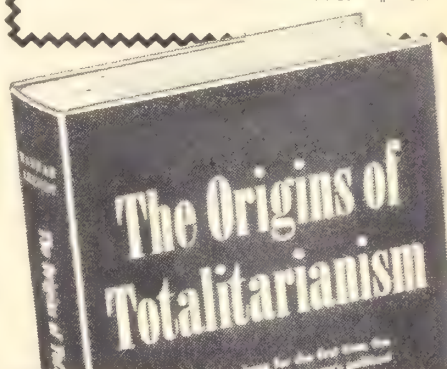
It seems to be a season for stories about real people, and they range all the way from General Omar N. Bradley's *A Soldier's Story* (coming from Holt on June 6, D-Day) to *The Pleasure Was All Mine: The Journal of an Undisappointed Man* by Fred Schwed, Jr., which Simon and Schuster will publish in April. Part of this, as *Harper's* readers will remember, appeared in this magazine under the title "At My Wit's Beginning." In between come strictly literary autobiographical books such as the last diary of Thomas Wolfe, *A Western Journal*, from the University of Pittsburgh Press, in May, and Stephen Spender's highly unconventional autobiography, *World Within World*, which Harcourt will publish in April. More conventional biographies and autobiographies to come are *Mary Garden's Story*, by Miss Garden and Louis Biancolli, from Simon and Schuster in April; *We Barrymores* by Lionel Barrymore (as told to Cameron Shipp who wrote the delightful biography with Billie Burke, *With a Feather on My Nose*) from Appleton later this spring; and the biography and complete study of the works of Domenico Scarlatti by the well-known harpsichordist, Ralph Kirkpatrick, from Knopf in the fall. . . . Then



By R. F. Harrod

THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES is a vividly personal biography of the great economist, statesman and ardent patron of the arts. "A wholly remarkable achievement . . . Much more than a life of Keynes, it is a panorama of much of the first half of the twentieth century."

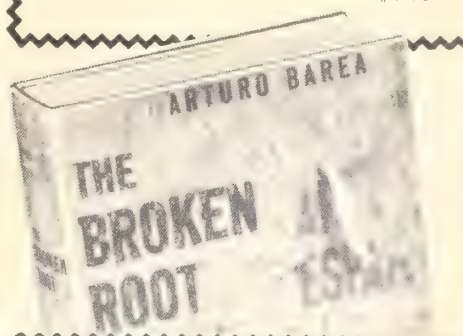
—*The Statesman*. Illus. \$7.50



By Hannah Arendt

THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM is a primary book with a new idea for our time, a realistic answer to Spengler's prophecy of despair, which has been described by one critic as "the most important political book in 20th Century literature."

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By Arturo Barea

THE BROKEN ROOT, a novel by the author of *The Forging of a Rebel*, brilliantly portrays the extraordinary resilience of the Spanish people under the oppression of Franco's Spain. *The Broken Root* is anti-Fascist, anti-Communist, and pro-Spanish.

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by *Rudolf Flesch*, Author of "The Art of Plain Talk," "The Art of Readable Writing," etc.

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PATTERN FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE

by *William F. Whyte*, Professor, New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, Cornell University.

A remarkable success story of human relations, told through the lives of individual men—management and workers—who fought to a deadlock, and then discovered that their differences could be resolved with a victory for both sides. Here is a vivid projection of some of the most basic problems of human relations within the business order. "Mr. Whyte combines rigorous scientific investigation with a warm, human style in his labor-management research . . . it is a big day for the reader when he gets both."—*Stuart Chase*.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

there are three informal casual personal narratives: Bellamy Partridge is making a trilogy of *Country Lawyer* and *Big Family* with *Salad Days* which Crowell will publish in April; Elinor Graham, who wrote *Our Way Down East* and *Maine Charm Spring*, writes more about Maine in *My Window Looks Down East* which Macmillan will publish in May; and Brooks Atkinson, drama critic, writes an informal story of one year in America in *Once Around the Sun*, also in May, from Harcourt Brace. . . . In no category but his own is David Dressler, formerly executive director of the New York State Board of Parole, writing *Parole Chief, The Story of My Career in Crime*, which Viking is bringing out in April.

War and Peace

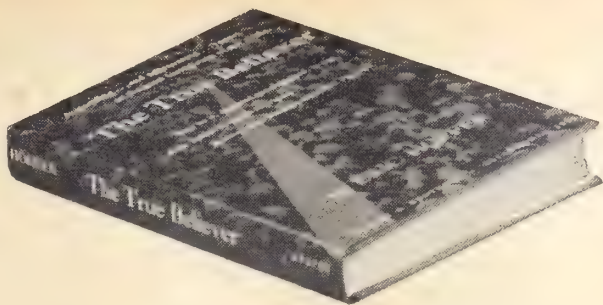
Books which are both personal narrative and reflections on the issues of war and peace are John Groth's *Studio Asia*, an account of his trip to Korea, Tokyo, Hong Kong, French Indochina, New Delhi, Egypt, Turkey, and Cyprus with seventy-five Groth illustrations to go with it (World, in the fall); *Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession*, by F. Beck and W. Godin, two ex-prisoners of the Soviet (Viking, April); and James A. Michener's *Return to Paradise*, his postwar story of those islands which Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza have sung to fame, a Book-of-the-Month and Random House publication for May. . . . Two books thoughtfully considering the problems of the peace are Professor Arthur Schweitzer's *Beyond the Marshall Plan*, which the Indiana University Press is bringing out in May, and from Doubleday in the same month, *Peace Can Be Won*, by Paul G. Hoffman, who was until October director of the Marshall Plan. He is now director of the Ford Foundation.

Group Dynamics

If you don't know about this new technique for getting the best out of any group or meeting discussion, you will when *New Ways to Better Meetings* by Bert and Frances Strauss comes from the Viking presses in May. The book is a lively discussion, they say, enlivened further by cartoons by Thomas E. Hutchens.



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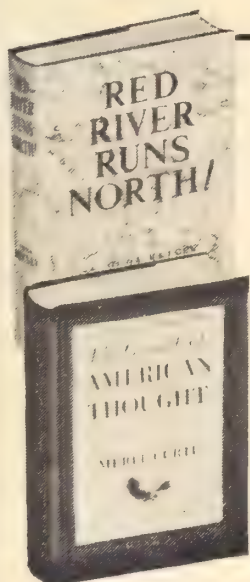
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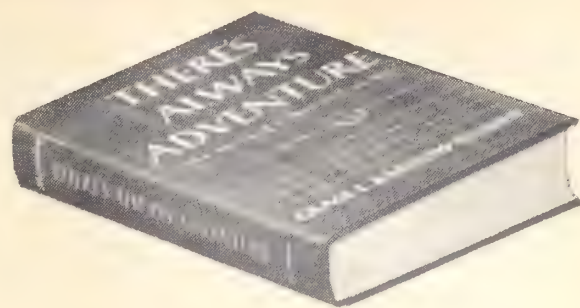
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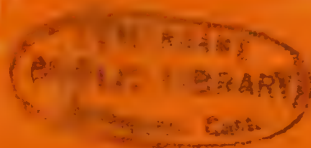


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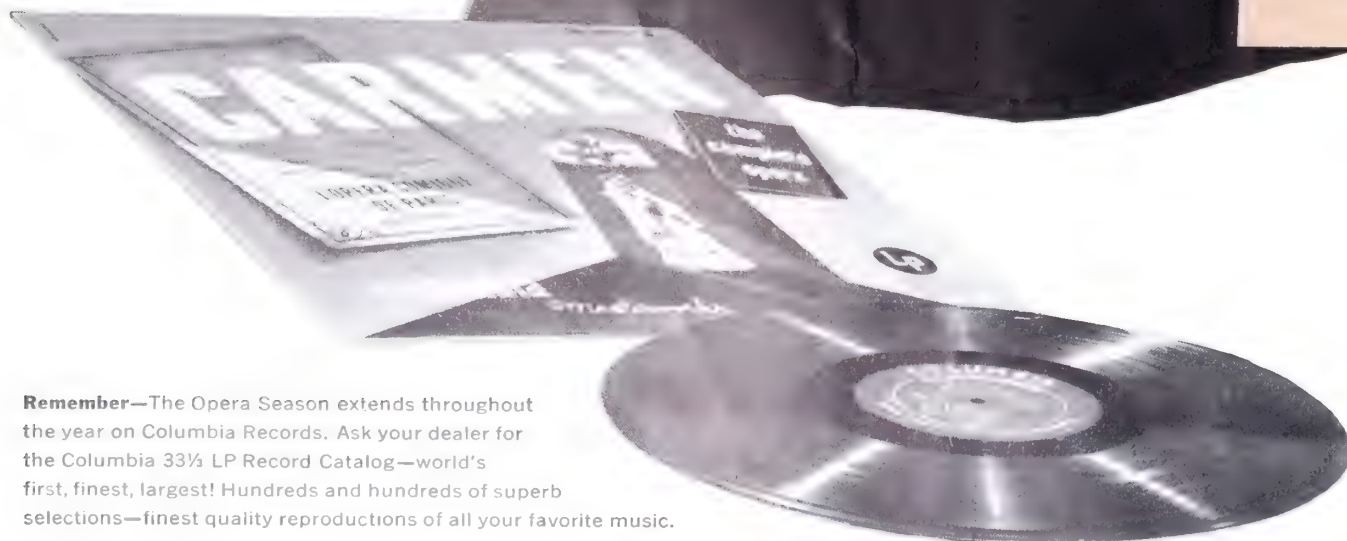
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He went under the ice to save a boy's life

**Telephone lineman braves icy water three times.
Other members of construction crew help
in rescue and resuscitation**

IT WAS a cold winter afternoon and a telephone construction crew was working along South Road in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Suddenly they heard a boy's voice from a nearby creek.

"Help! . . . over here . . . help!"

Robert B. Foley was the first telephone man to reach the bank. A frantic boy told him that his buddy, Donald King, had fallen into a hole and was under the ice.

Foley crawled over the surface flat on his stomach to distribute his weight and keep the ice from breaking. He got to the hole and without hesitating let himself down in the water, clear out of sight.

He went down twice without finding Donald. Then the boy on the bank yelled . . .

"No, not that hole. The one over there."

Down went Foley for the third time, pushing himself along under the ice toward a smaller hole, five or six feet away.

The next few seconds seemed like years, for he was out of sight. Then suddenly there was a splashing in the open water. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

Immediately John F. Fitzgerald, the foreman of the construction crew and trained for first aid in emergencies,

started to resuscitate the boy and had him breathing by the time the police and firemen arrived with an inhalator.

There's a postscript to the story that you might like to hear.

In recognition of their deed, Robert Foley and John Fitzgerald were given Vail Medals, the traditional awards to telephone people for meritorious acts performed in the public service. Robert Foley also was awarded a bronze medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund. Malcolm S. Cate, Jr., Harold G. Nelson, John T. Cochran, Howard C. Roche and James H. Lucas, the other members of the construction crew, received Company Citations.

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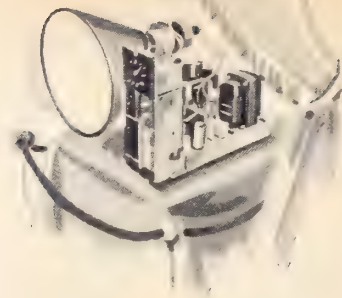
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Harper's

MAGAZINE

Vol. 202

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

ONE of the most controversial pieces we ever ran was Eric Larrabee's "The Day the Sun Stood Still" in January 1950—a preview of *Immanuel Velikovsky's Worlds in Collision*. Since then, of course, the book has been setting scientists in collision with a vengeance. We promised at the time that we'd present another article, by Dr. Velikovsky himself, in an early issue. It's been delayed longer than we planned, but next month we have Dr. Velikovsky's "An Answer to My Critics," together with "Disciplines in Collision," an answer to Dr. Velikovsky, by **John Q. Stewart**, associate professor of astronomical physics at Princeton. The two articles, read together, go a long way toward clarifying the whole confused situation.

ANOTHER article that drew a lot of reaction, judging from the letters to the editors, was Josh M. Drake, Jr.'s "The Postman Knows the Answer" this past March. Nearly everybody seems to have some complaint about current postal affairs. We set **C. Lester Walker**, a man with a nice knack for getting to the bottom of things, to investigating, and his report, "So They're Doing Over the Post Office," will also appear next month.

RANDOLPH LEIGH analyzes "What Russia Needs for War" in a striking article that includes some unexpected facts and figures about current Soviet strength; and **C. Hartley Grattan** sketches in a portrait of Eugene Holman, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, a new kind of big business manager.

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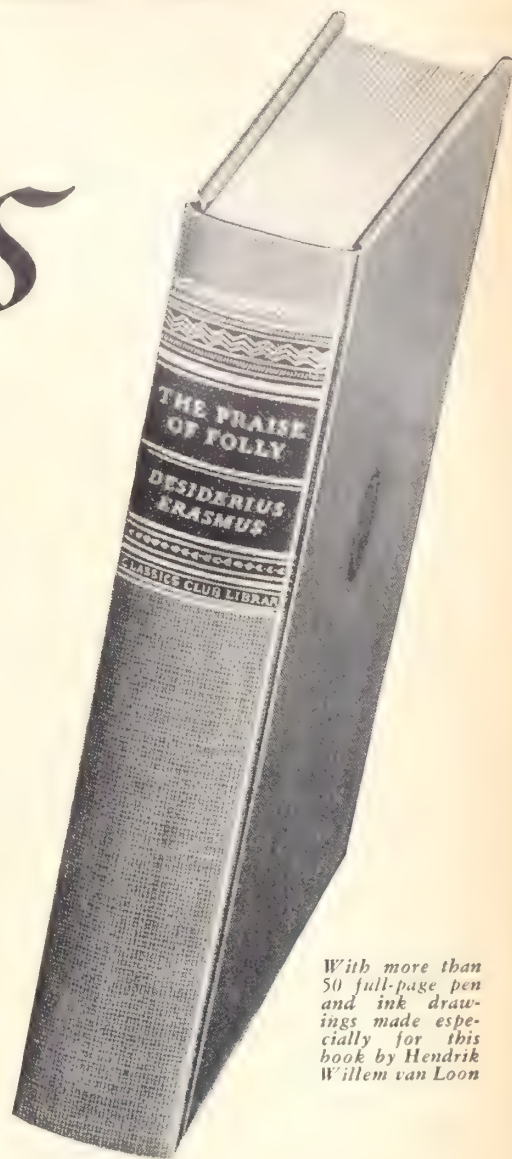
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Personal & Otherwise

WHO reads *Harper's*? And what else do they do with their spare time? A little more than a year ago we reported in P & O the results of the first phase of a new kind of readership study which *Harper's* undertook in order to determine who its readers were and what they were like. Statistical surveys had been made before, but we wanted to get beyond mere statistics about income levels, educational background, and kinds of jobs. We wanted reliable statistics *plus* some sense of the personalities and individualities of the people for whom the magazine is edited and published.

Fortunately for the editors, the business staff of *Harper's* is as interested in who reads the magazine as we are—though for somewhat different reasons. They have to sell space to advertisers, and, since our circulation is less than 200,000, they have to sell it on the basis of quality of readership rather than quantity. Besides, advertisers have a right to know what audience their message is reaching. And as we said, this is fortunate for the editors, because a really useful research study of *Harper's* readers is so expensive and so complicated that we could not undertake it unless it were useful to the business staff as well as the editors.

The results of the first questionnaire, which was concerned with such things as what our readers do for a living, how old they are, and what their ideas and attitudes are on a variety of social, economic, and cultural problems, were summarized in P & O

for February 1950, if you would like to check back. This month we are reporting on the second questionnaire, which was aimed at discovering how our readers spend their leisure time.

The questionnaire was sent to 1,800 subscribers, selected by what the experts call "randomization," and 1,145 were filled out and returned to us (almost 64 per cent). When the answers had been tabulated, the findings were validated by personal interviews with a number of those who had *not* replied, in order to discover if the findings would have been different if they had.

THE questionnaire began by listing the following leisure-time activities, and asking readers to check their favorites (but only those which they *really* engaged in):

- Listening to the radio
- Theater, concerts
- Movies
- Reading
- Playing records
- Watching television
- Attending sports events
- Participating in sports
- Music, arts, handicrafts
- Attending lectures, study groups, church activities, clubs
- Conversing with friends
- Other (please specify)

Reading turned out to be far and away the



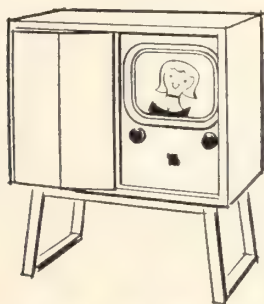
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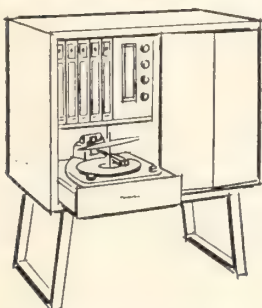
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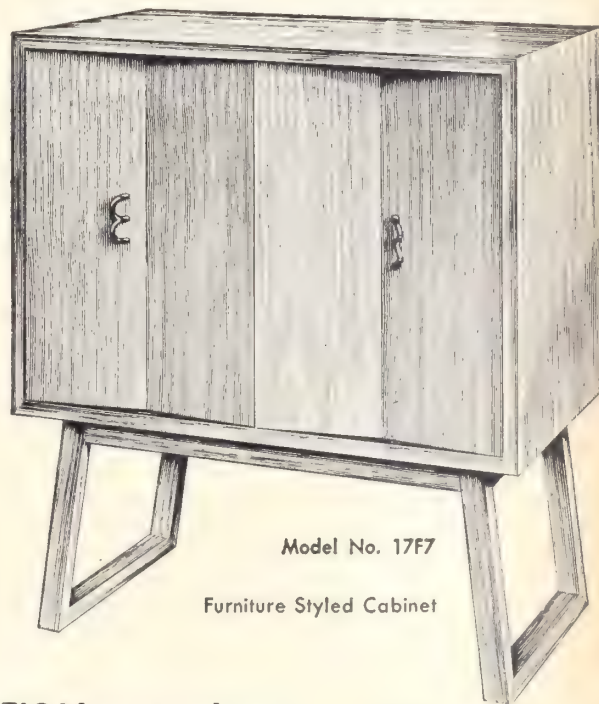
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most popular leisure-time activity. It was listed as a favorite by 94 per cent, and almost all the others indicated, in reply to later questions, that they read a good deal even if they preferred other diversions. But we'll come back to reading later.

The next most popular pastime—and this may come as a surprise to you as it did to P & O—is conversation with friends (60 per cent). More than half (54 per cent) listen to the radio, but chiefly to news broadcasts, talks or discussions on public issues, and classical music, as the answers to later questions revealed. (Television had cut into radio-listening in those parts of the country where it was available, but we'll need more information on television in a later questionnaire.)

The only other leisure activity listed by more than half our readers was theaters and concerts (51 per cent). Only 30 per cent mentioned the movies, and only 28 per cent listed sports. In fact these pastimes, both of which are such prominent features of American life, are less popular with *Harper's* readers than either lectures, study groups, etc. (39 per cent), or record playing (37 per cent).

A number of "other" leisure activities were specified—for example, boating, picnics, walking, gardening, playing cards, and some unmentionable ones—but none frequently enough to figure largely except, perhaps, music, arts, and handicrafts. But here again, we need more detailed figures than the present questionnaire provided. The category was too broad to be indicative by itself.

So, let's get back to reading, which is enjoyed by more *Harper's* subscribers than any other pastime. How much do they read, and what kind of things? On the average they read for more than three hours a day: 55 minutes devoted to newspapers, 56 minutes to magazines, and an hour and 17 minutes to books! (Among library-users in the United States, other surveys show, only about two out of ten people spend as much as an hour a day with books.) Ninety-six per cent of our readers read an average of 48 books a year, and they buy an average of 20 a year.

lists? Roughly a third (36 per cent) belong to book clubs; another third (34 per cent) once did belong, but have dropped out; and the rest (30 per cent) never have belonged. As for the best-seller lists, only 20 per cent of our readers read them regularly; 50 per cent usually don't read them, and 20 per cent never read them, though three-quarters believe these lists are an accurate guide to what people in general *are* reading. (A good many of those who read the lists said they do so out of curiosity, not as a guide to their own choices.)

In order to find out what kind of books these readers choose, we asked them to give the author and title of three books read in the past three months. They named so many that we couldn't cope with all the answers and had to pick out 55 questionnaires (every twentieth) as a random sample. Even then we had 159 different titles, with very few duplications. Tabulating these, we found that 47 per cent were books of general non-fiction, 37 per cent fiction, and 16 per cent professional or business books. (Among books they *planned* to read in the immediate future, 61 per cent were non-fiction.)

There is no sense in listing the specific books here. In fiction they range from *The Robe* to *Woman of Rome* and range back in time to *Don Quixote* and *Humphry Clinker*. In non-fiction they range from the Kinsey report to *Peace of Soul*, from *A Handbook of Slavic Studies* (read by a man in Michigan for "general reading," not "business or professional purposes") to *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and Maugham's *Writer's Notebook*.

Nor would it be possible to give a sense of the individual personalities that emerge from the replies, much as you would enjoy hearing about people like the man who, in reply to the question on how he obtained one of the books he had read, said, "stole it"; or the conscientious man in Lamar, Colorado, who plans to reread Descartes' *Discourse on Method* because his "daughter in college is reading it"; or the poor dear lady in California whose job is bringing up her five children, who rereads Gesell's *Infant and Child in the Culture of Today* every six months and had recently read (though not necessarily in this order) *Cheaper by the Dozen*, *Brave New World*, *Humanity and Happiness*, and *Parents Are People*!

WHAT do these people read, and why? To what extent are their choices guided by book clubs and best-seller



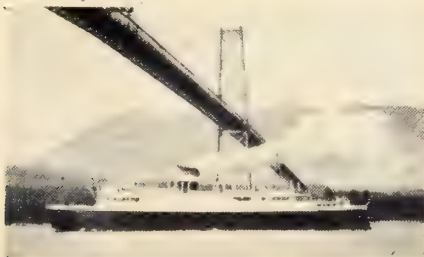
West to California?...or East to New York?

Cross Scenic Canada

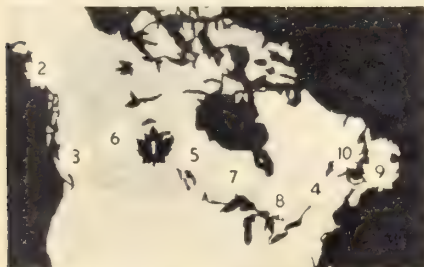
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Science, Sense, and Maturity

In the course of his article, "What is Maturity?" (p. 70), **Carl Binger** reminds us that the methods of science are analytical, that its tools—scalpel, microscope, spectrometer—are "dissecting and divisive," and that its language is better adapted to describing the relationship between parts than to describing a whole. It is for these reasons, he says, that it is so difficult to define, scientifically, a concept like maturity. Yet he knows that if maturity is a goal—as it certainly seems to be, if we can believe our ears and the best-seller lists—we should have some affirmative understanding of what it is. It is not enough to know what it is not—which is precisely what scientific methods, tools, and language are best equipped to tell us.

On the other hand, the methods of the poet and artists—"abstraction, interpretation, and re-creation"—are, by implication at least, rejected in this age of science. So Dr. Binger finds himself in "the dilemma of describing maturity, on the one hand, in what might be called literary-idealistic terms, in which we are simply expressing our personal preferences for a way of life, and, on the other hand, of describing it in terms of its negative—immaturity. . . ."

THE problem Dr. Binger discusses is of special interest when it is seen in the perspective of another article in this issue: **Joseph H. Spigelman's** "Can Science Make Sense?" (p. 54). Mr. Spigelman is concerned, in a broader and more theoretical context, with dilemmas directly related to the one Dr. Binger faced. Dissatisfied with the fragmentation which resulted from the early scientific assumption that the several parts and aspects of nature can be investigated separately, scientists and laymen alike have in recent years increasingly tended to assume the interdependence of phenomena. But, as Mr. Spigelman shows, interdependence is a concept alien to science.

During the war and the years following, Mr. Spigelman wrote a number of articles for *Harper's*, mainly on broad problems of policy and government. He worked also as a writer and political analyst for *For-*



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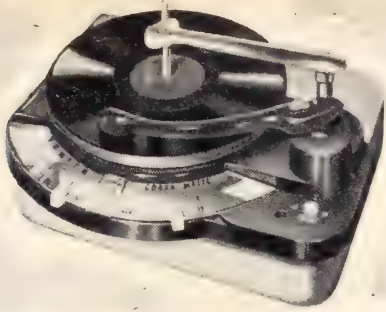
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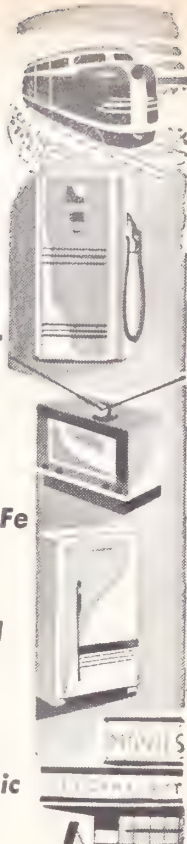
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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

tune magazine. This kind of writing grew partly from his wartime work as specialist on reconversion policy for the War Production Board's planning division. In the past three years, however, he has devoted his free time to the problems discussed in "Can Science Make Sense?" Living in the Bronx, he does free-lance writing and research and teaches mathematics at the New York Institute of Optics.

DR. BINGER's distinction in the field of psychiatry is clear from the diversity of his present professional and allied occupations. He is associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College, director of the Mary Conover Mellon Foundation for the Advancement of Education, which is making a study at Vassar College, and editor-in-chief of the journal, *Psychosomatic Medicine*. He is author of *The Doctor's Job*, a book which won the Norton Medical Award in 1945 for the best book on medicine written for the layman. "What Is Maturity?" will be part of a symposium on children to be published by the Viking Press later this year. Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, special consultant to the Child Study Association of America, will edit the book.

Born in Long Branch, New Jersey, Carl Binger went to Harvard College for his A.B. and M.D. degrees, and interned at the Massachusetts General Hospital. His early years as a physician were spent at Johns Hopkins, at the Rockefeller Hospital and Rockefeller Institute, and at Columbia. Before going into the fields of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, he worked in cardio-respiratory diseases.

Oh, to be in England!

When the Great Exhibition was about to open at the Crystal Palace in London a hundred years ago, Queen Victoria ascended the throne which had been set up at one end of the building and was greeted first by a speech from Prince Albert and then by the "Hallelujah Chorus," sung by the united choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, and St. George's Chapel at Windsor, "as-

sisted by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, the Band of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and many well-known public singers, foreign and English." As a contemporary described it:

The sublime effect of this sacred chorus was in some respects peculiar. The vast size of the building afforded such ample space for the floods of sound thus poured out that their intensity was lost before they reached the extreme ends. Here the effect [was] similar to that of a musical snuffbox.

As the weeks went by thousands of visitors came from all over England and from abroad to see the products of all nations at the first great international exposition. Gloomy prophets had predicted "confusion, disorder, and demoralization, if not actual revolution" and others had warned of "famine and pestilence." Parliament had been distinctly unfriendly to the project from the time when Prince Albert had first proposed it. But once under way, the exhibition was a huge success, financial and otherwise. Contrary to expectation London exhibited, according to the editor of the *Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts* (1852), "a wonderful degree of order, good-humored accommodation of her crowds, and power to provide for their wants." Their wants were quite something, too. More than six million visitors consumed nearly two million buns and more than a million bottles of mineral water.

THIS summer Great Britain is marking the centenary of the Crystal Palace exhibition with a gigantic Festival of Britain. The center of attraction is to be, appropriately enough, a £2,000,000 Concert Hall on the south shore of the Thames, where the acoustics should be good enough to prevent four choirs and assorted bands from sounding like "a musical snuffbox." There will also be a "Fun Fair" in Battersea Park, and there will be a variety of exhibitions, scientific and otherwise. But the main focus of the festival will be upon the creative arts.

Like their forefathers in 1851, many Britons regard the impending festival with skeptical hostility. Sir



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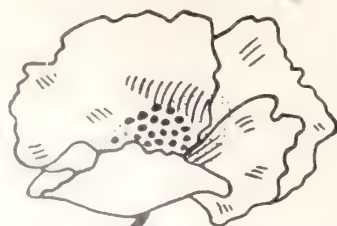
Pointing out that his invention gives new hope to those who have heretofore refused to wear a hearing aid with a conspicuous ear button or head-band, he said that "this electronic ear transmits even whispers with startling clarity."

To acquaint the hard of hearing readers of this magazine with this new wonder discovery which hides deafness, full details will be sent in a plain wrapper without obligation to anyone who requests it. Address: Electronic Research Director, 2205 Beltone Building, 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill. A penny postcard will do.

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Thomas Beecham, the most distinguished English conductor (who is *not* going to lead the first concert), has denounced the festival as "a monumental piece of imbecility and iniquity." Others have warned that London is so short of accommodations that there will be "chaos" when the crowds come, and that Britain can't afford to feed hundreds of thousands of foreigners when she has "barely enough to eat" herself. A good many Britons seem to agree with an advertisement in the magazine *The Listener* which announced: "The Best Idea for Festival Year—A Trip to South Africa."

To all the criticisms there are ready official answers. Regarding food, as Tania Long recently reported in *The New York Times*, the government points out that "foreigners do not come to Britain to eat well" and will be satisfied with what they get. As to accommodations, there are many more hotel rooms available this year than last, and anyway, the Festival is not confined to London. As the ads in American magazines announce, there will be more than twenty festivals across the country, in as many towns and villages, and the tourists will therefore be spread around. And as for the £9,000,000 deficit which the authorities frankly expect, it will be more than compensated by the flood of American dollars which will be spent by the tourists outside the Festival's gates.

IF PAUL MOOR's article on "The Festival Year" (p. 65) gets around among many Americans who are headed for Europe this summer, its description of the Edinburgh festival should lure a good many travelers away from crowded London in September. And if the loyal opposition's gloomy predictions of "chaos and famine" should turn out to be more than merely centenary echoes of the pre-Crystal Palace mood, there are, as Mr. Moor points out, the Holland Festival, the Casals festival at Perpignan, and dozens of others on the Continent.

This is Mr. Moor's fourth article for *Harper's*. It was written in a hotel room in Palma de Mallorca (Spain) while he was recuperating from a somewhat belated case of chicken pox contracted in Stuttgart



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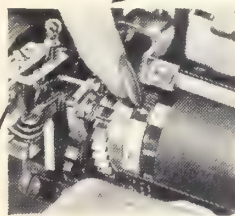
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(Germany), where he had gone to buy some Zeiss lenses for his camera, for use in photographing Pablo Casals in Prades (France)—where he was when he last wrote to us.

Mr. Moor has only recently taken up photography. Previously he supported himself as a concert pianist and writer. His most recent U. S. appearance as a pianist was in Washington last summer, just before he left for Europe, when he played Walter Piston's "Concertino" with Richard Bales and the National Gallery Orchestra.

Here are the dates of the principal festivals on Mr. Moor's list.

Britain.....May 3-Sept. 30
Holland.....June 15-July 15
Perpignan.....July 7-July 26
Salzburg.....July 27-Aug. 31
Edinburgh....Aug. 18-Sept. 8

Irritants and Diverters

...One of the questions which could go into a newspaper column purporting to assist readers in self-analysis might be: "Do other people annoy you excessively?" If your answer is "yes," you may be sure right now that you are in for a bad time. Not only are you annoyed—as you have admitted—by other people, but the fact is you are annoyed with yourself—as you have not admitted. And, we suppose, since you are unhappy or inquisitive enough to be indulging in self-analysis, you are probably annoying to other people.

Some of these vicious circles can be magnified to work on an international scale. It could be that the answer to "Why We Irritate Our Allies" is that our allies are irritated with themselves. But why pick on us? Well, there are some objective realities in the situation, and **James Reston** cuts away the rationalizations to get at the facts in the leading article in this issue (p. 29).

Mr. Reston's articles on international affairs in *The New York Times* have made him one of the country's foremost interpreters of American foreign policy. He has won the Pulitzer Prize for national correspondence (1945) and the Overseas Press Club award for interpretation of international news (1949); he is the author of *Prelude to Victory*.

Born in Clydebanks, Scotland, Mr.

Reston came to this country during his first year, later went to school in Alexandria, Scotland, in Dayton, Ohio, and at the University of Illinois. He began reporting for the *Daily News* of Springfield, Ohio, and in 1934 became a reporter for the Associated Press in New York City, went on to London for that agency, then joined *The New York Times* in the London Bureau in 1939. Since 1941, he has been in the Washington office. In August 1947, we published his article, "Negotiating with the Russians."

...**Ernest Borneman**, author of "The British Disagree With Us" (p. 35) has written several pieces for *Harper's*, including "The Public Opinion Myth," which called the tune on those fallacies in public opinion polls which were confirmed by the Presidential elections, and "Back to Berlin," which dealt with his return to the place of his birth. A Canadian by nationality, Mr. Borneman spent most of his childhood on the Continent, studied in England from 1933 to 1937, became a Canadian civil servant, wrote the first Canadian military training film on tank warfare and the first film of any kind on the Normandy landing, and became what he calls "an international civil servant" in 1947 when he joined the staff of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization in Paris.

He returned to England last year when he was asked to join the board of a fairly novel enterprise—an international co-operative of authors, journalists, and screen writers with headquarters in London. For them he has written a series of films dealing mainly with educational and social matters, including most recently a feature on the migration of Italian textile workers to the Lancashire cotton mills, in which he worked closely with the Ministry of Labor and other British government departments.

His last novel, *Tremolo*, was published in this country by Harper & Brothers and was adapted by CBS to initiate its television series, "Sure As Fate," on July 4.

...At the end of 1946, when P & O first got in touch with **Loren C. Eiseley** in connection with an article

for *Harper's* called "The Long-Ago Man of the Future," Mr. Eiseley, who was then chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology at Oberlin College, confessed that he was at times taken by "a sort of owl-eyed wonder . . . which does not get adequate expression in technical reports." Since that give-away remark, Mr. Eiseley has been working off some of his moods of wonder in occasional pieces for *Harper's*, excursions into prehistoric times, adventures while hunting bones and exploring caverns, encounters with spiders, squirrels, and a primitive but engaging creature called the "Snout."

Meanwhile Mr. Eiseley has become professor and chairman of the department of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania. He is also Curator of Early Man at the University Museum, and he has taught summer courses at the University of California and at Columbia. On scientific expeditions, he has traveled to South Africa and to Mexico in recent years, and, most of his life, as you can see from this month's article, "People Leave Skulls with Me" (p. 43), he has not only been poking around this country in search of the past but he has become a kind of "soft touch" for people who collect fossils and fancies. Research which lies in the borderland between archaeology and physical anthropology, we gather, not only can be but must be practiced with humor and understanding.

Only the other day, [Mr. Eiseley tells us] while I was writing this piece, a man in the clay-spattered clothes of a laborer tapped at my office door. He displayed a pebble which, like an eager crow, he had picked up in his work below the streets. "There's a woman in it," he said—"a carving of a woman. You can see the woman in it."

The pebble, as I discovered while he looked on in round-eyed concentration, was marked with the meaningless lines of a natural formation. "I can't see it," I said helplessly. "I can't see the woman. It's just natural. Just a pebble, that's all."

I did not convince him. He dismissed me with the dignified sure confidence of the unlettered, a little amazed that a man of books could

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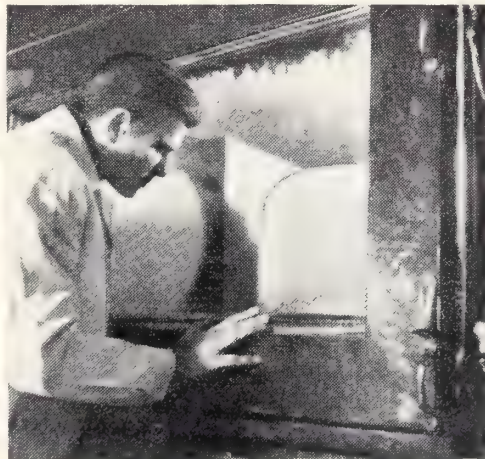
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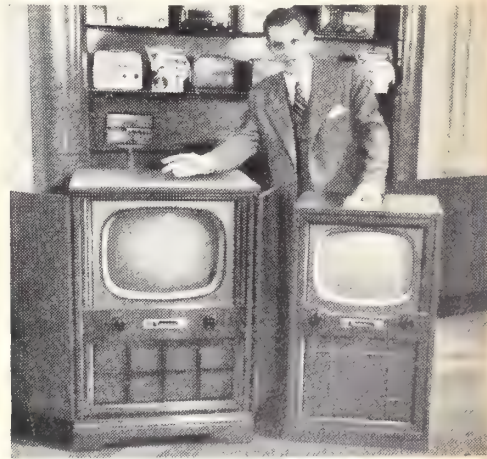
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be so lacking in insight. "There's a woman in it," he repeated firmly, and placed it carefully back in a leather pouch he carried.

"Maybe you're right," I said softly as the door closed behind him. By the looks of him he had been down there under the subways for a long time. There were women in so many places where you never expected them. It was one of the last things a man—a professor—had to learn.

Bernarda Bryson's drawings for "People Leave Skulls with Me" make more than a dozen appearances for this artist in *Harper's*. She is the mother of three children and the wife of Ben Shahn, the painter. Miss Bryson grew up in Ohio and attended Ohio University and Ohio State, was art editor of two college magazines, the *Green Goat* and the *Ohio State Journal*. She also went to the Cleveland Art School and taught in the Columbus Art School.

•••"Jasper" (p. 61) is the first story *Harper's* has published by **Emma Smith**, the young English novelist who is known in this country principally for *The Far Cry*. In setting both "Jasper" and *The Far Cry* (1950) go back to Miss Smith's stay in India shortly after the war when she went to that country as a script writer for a documentary film unit.

Miss Smith was born in Cornwall in 1923 and took her first job in the records department of the War Office when she was about sixteen years old. Released from this position for reasons of health, she volunteered for a job on the canals and, with two other girls under twenty, she worked a pair of canal boats between the London docks and the Midlands for two years. Her first novel, *Maiden's Trip*, published in 1948, came out of this experience. Both of her books have won prizes in England. She is now busy with her third novel, which Random House hopes to bring out in the fall.

The pictures for "Jasper" are the work of another enterprising young native of the British Commonwealth. **Betty McIntyre** is one of seven children in a family of Canadian pioneers who made their home on Bowen Island, British Columbia.

She hitchhiked to New York with a friend in 1947 and since then she has supported herself by various jobs, from the New York Public Library to domestic employment, and has studied painting at night at the Art Students League.

•••It seems likely that by the time you settle down to read **John Fischer's** article, "The German Booby Trap" (p. 79) the Big Four Foreign Ministers will have gathered somewhere in a smoke-filled palace to talk about the German question in its broader aspects. Mr. Fischer's succinct review of the debate over one of the issues of American policy toward Germany may serve as a briefing for the conference ahead.

John Fischer is editor in chief of general books of Harper & Brothers, author of *Why They Behave Like Russians* and of many articles published in *Life*, the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and other magazines. In 1933, when he went abroad as a Rhodes scholar, Mr. Fischer, who had gone to the University of Oklahoma and worked as a reporter on various newspapers in the Southwest, reported for the United Press from England and Germany. After a two-year stretch with the Associated Press in Washington, he went into government service in 1937, with the Department of Agriculture until the war started, then with the Board of Economic Warfare. He was in India as chief representative of BEW, and then the Foreign Economic Administration, in 1943-44, and continued in Washington with FEA until he joined the staff of *Harper's Magazine* at the end of 1944. He has traveled abroad since, on government and editorial missions—to Russia, the Continent, and England.

Mr. Fischer is currently at work on a short book about American foreign policy to be published next fall. "The German Booby Trap" is not a piece of that work but its argument is similar to the reasoning of the book.

•••Later this month, **James Aldridge**, who wrote *Signed with Their Honor* and *The Diplomat*, will be back in the book reviews with his new novel, *The Hunter*, to be pub-

lished by Little, Brown. Meanwhile we give you "Bush Boy, Poor Boy" (p. 83), a story of hunting and backwoods life which may be a foretaste of the coming book.

Mr. Aldridge was born in Australia, lived there for several years, and then moved to the Isle of Man, his mother's birthplace. He has also vacationed in Canada, hunting, fishing, and camping.

Mr. Aldridge is a graduate of Oxford and the London School of Economics. He worked for the *Daily Sketch*, *Sunday Dispatch*, and other papers in Fleet Street. At twenty-one when the last war broke out, he saw action as a correspondent, covering Finland, Norway, Albania, Greece, Egypt, Crete, and Libia. Later he went to Russia and Turkey. During the war years, he wrote three novels. In the United States, he worked in the foreign department at *Time* for six months and spent a year in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he wrote *The Diplomat* (1950).

Lou Block, whose drawings illustrate "Bush Boy, Poor Boy," has contributed often to *Harper's*. After a number of years of teaching painting at the Brooklyn Museum Art School, Mr. Block is now on indefinite leave to travel and paint in the South. He is working particularly on social and cultural change and on developments in industry.

Recently married to Mary S. Nay, a Louisville painter and teacher, Mr. Block is now making his home in Kentucky.

•••Judging from the contents of *Harper's Magazine* over the past ten years or so, women's education is a livelier and more interesting subject than the education of men. There was the article on Bennington College, by Hubert Herring, in the September 1940 issue. There was Mr. Herring's article on President Neilson of Smith in June 1938, and there was Mirra Komarovsky's article on "What Should Colleges Teach Women" in November 1949. There were some pieces on men's education, too, including a portrait of Hutchins of Chicago by Milton Mayer in March and April 1939. But the women's educators have held a good lead.

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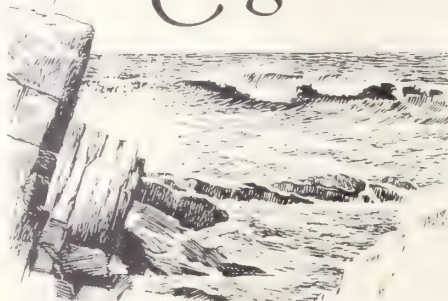
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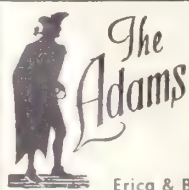
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The advertisers on these pages invite your investigation and inquiry. Do not hesitate to write for any of the descriptive literature, maps and information offered. There is no obligation.

Goodman's "Mrs. Mac of Barnard" in this issue (p. 92). And this time—for the first time—we have a piece about the head of a woman's college written by a woman.

Miss Goodman, like Millicent Carey McIntosh, her subject, is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, but of a somewhat later vintage. After graduation she worked for *Vogue* and did some free-lance writing for a while, and then, during the war, became an editor-writer in the publications section of OWI, first in New York, then for a year and a half in London, then in Paris. For a time after the war she was in Munich, working on *Heute*, the American-sponsored German magazine.

Back in New York, Miss Goodman was on the editorial staff of the magazine '48 until it collapsed. She then became book editor of the *New York Star*, until it too folded, whereupon she became one of the editors of *Harper's*, which was then preparing to celebrate its Centennial and looked as if it might hang on for some years yet. She has had articles and short stories in various magazines.

•••Ask anybody you know what job would bring you in touch with the greatest variety of strange people; chances are he'll say, "Mine." Editors say that. So do anthropologists (see Loren Eiseley in this issue). So do taxi-drivers. So do teachers. So do soda-jerks and garagemen, housewives, librarians, doctors, theatrical producers, congressmen, delegates to the UN, telephone operators, infantrymen, ornithologists, and, whom have we omitted?—undoubtedly newspaper columnists.

And so it is with **Leonard Lyons**, writer of the syndicated column in the *New York Post* which is called "The Lyons Den." His strange characters have big names and, often, big bank rolls, but like as not, their oddities are no greater nor more varied than those you encounter in whatever lair you lie for them. Of course, the beauties of oddity are often in the eye of the beholder, and, as Mr. Lyons' article, "Fame, Fame, Fame" (p. 101) betrays, he has an eye for oddities, though like the rest of us, he is in no way odd himself.

Apparently the thought of the tenuousness of the bubble reputation has crossed Mr. Lyons' mind before. The day before last Christmas, his column in the *Post* carried a poem of his making consisting of four twelve-line stanzas and a two-line flourish. These verses celebrated the wonderful fact that the name of Leonard Lyons had been sought after in a cross-word puzzle in the *New York Times*. Said the poet:

I met Einstein once at Princeton
And I've also dined with Winston,
I've been mentioned in Saroyan's
books and plays.

I knew Gershwin, Lehar, Youmans.
Once I lunched with all the Tru-
mans

And Willie Maugham has writ-
ten me his praise.

I've kissed Ingrid, Rita, Lana
And had tea with Santayana,

I've helped J. Edgar Hoover solve
some crimes.

But my fame's now of the ages,
For I found in Sunday's pages—

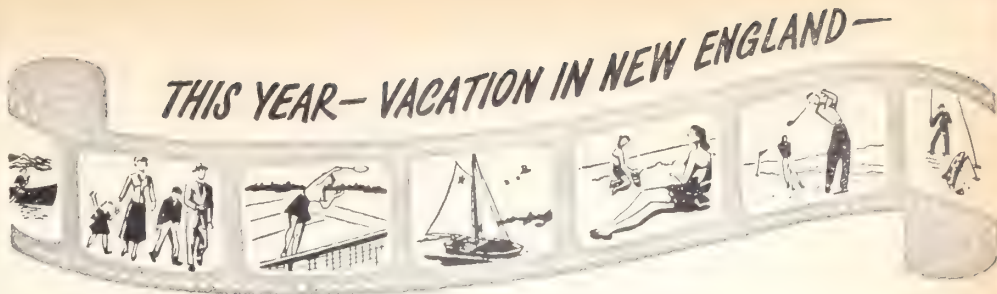
I WAS 95 VERTICAL IN THE TIMES.

But just to show that P & O can stand up to such a revelation, we here make one of our own (See *Who's Who in America*): Leonard Lyons was admitted to the New York Bar in 1928, to the Federal Bar in 1929, and practiced law in New York City till 1934. Oh yes, we knew you knew it all the time.

...The glimpses of classical shores in "Seer" (p. 60) come perhaps from *Rolfe Humphries'* recent concentration upon his verse translation of the *Aeneid*, just published by Scribner. Mr. Humphries has taught verse writing in college and summer writing conferences, has written a good deal of poetry, and taught a fair amount of Latin. His most recent book of poems was *The Wind of Time*, which came out in 1949.

"Thin Partitions" (p. 64) introduces *James Michie*, a young English poet whose work has not yet become known in this country.

Clellon Holmes's "Night-Music" (p. 105) is the first poem we have published by this young veteran of the Navy, whose work has appeared in *Poetry Magazine*, *Partisan Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and other magazines.



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LETTERS

The Acheson Crusade—

To the Editors:

Accept my hearty congratulations and thanks for the article by Elmer Davis in the March number of your magazine ["The Crusade Against Acheson"]. He expresses something that has needed to be said, and he does it with courage and eloquence. God bless you for your courage in publishing it.

Something like this will do America a great deal of good. Do not be afraid of doing things like this. Our country needs it more than I can say.

LEONARD SCHWINN, O.S.B., ABBOT
Holy Cross Abbey
Canon City, Col.

To the Editors:

Congratulations to you and to Mr. Davis for the best article on Acheson and his Republican opponents that I have yet seen.

Some of my fellow Republicans hit a new low with their stupid attacks on a man whose knowledge and integrity are exceptional in a cynically corrupt Washington.

The Republicans will never, apparently, learn, as Roosevelt's four victories indicate; but when, for votes, sober Republican leaders embrace McCarthyism, which is an unspeakable insult to honest men, they lose for good, I fear, the respect of many good citizens irrespective of party.

All of us are too apt to forget the principles on which this country was founded, and also to fail to remember Samuel Johnson's wise statement that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

I wish Elmer Davis' article could be read by all the literates in Washington, and for that matter in the whole land.

HERBERT F. WEST
Hanover, N. H.

To the Editors:

Harper's for March arrived today, and with it a notice that our sub-

scription has expired. Thank God!

When we subscribed a year ago, we did it because we were aware of the excellent reputation of your publication as a free thinking and "liberal" magazine.

But when "free thinking" becomes "non-thinking" and "liberal" becomes "whitewash" we are no longer interested. Your devotion to the "raw Deal" has been evident for a year, but Elmer Davis' undocumented, opinionated, and unwarranted whitewash of Acheson proves to us that we no longer wish *Harper's* to be in our home.

If he, or you, had used some discretion in the analysis, if it were not a complete and slavish adoration of a man concerning whom there must be some doubts, we would not feel this way. This is not an intelligent approach, it is, repeating myself, a whitewash. And we have enough of that in Washington without a supposedly "intellectual" publication doing more of it.

I repeat, thank God!

W. BRUCE McEWEN
Hudson Heights, N. J.

To the Editors:

Thank God for DeVoto, Elmer Davis, and *Harper's*. The real voice of American democracy speaks through your columns more clearly than anywhere else today.

C.-E. A. WINSLOW
New Haven, Conn.

Acheson and Welles—

To the Editors:

The most intriguing aspect of your two March "Cases for the Defense"—Mr. Elmer Davis' defense of Dean Acheson and Sumner Welles' defense of President Roosevelt—is that each is so intent upon defending his own hero that he unwittingly ends up by indicting the other's man!

Thus, Mr. Welles stamps his approval on our Far Eastern policy up to President Roosevelt's death in 1945. . . . But Mr. Davis argues quite the opposite. He says "Ache-

son's part in making our China policy was very small indeed." (He became Under Secretary of State in 1945, as Mr. Davis says, "often running the Department as Acting Secretary while his chief . . . was absent at international conferences.") "The Communist victory was completed after he became Secretary of State, but the policy that failed to prevent it was an inheritance from his predecessors."

Thus—Mr. Welles blames those after 1945 while Mr. Davis blames those before 1945. They can hardly have it both ways and call it a defense. . . .

All in all, perhaps the long-time opponents of our Far Eastern policy could stay out of this and let Mr. Welles and Mr. Davis battle alone. But that would still leave a lot of unplugged holes in both defenses.

Mr. Welles, for instance, carefully omits all mention of how President Roosevelt's appointees and advisers in China were continually undermining and defeating that policy. . . .

Mr. Davis' omissions are even more glaring. If Secretary Acheson has been . . . more alive to communism's threat to freedom than anybody else, why did he instruct Warren Austin to go along with the last UN Cease-Fire proposal . . . ? And if opposition to Acheson is confined to a mere minority of malevolent Republicans, why did the United States Senate then vote unanimously against any admission of Red China to the UN and at the same time demand (unanimously again) that the UN declare Red China an aggressor? . . .

BETTY KNOWLES HUNT
Winnetka, Ill.

There seems to be a little confusion here. There was no editorial attempt to produce two "cases for the defense." And, while disagreements between contributors to Harper's are to be expected, Mr. Davis and Mr. Welles do not seem to differ as to the time when our postwar China policy was in the process of formulation. Both describe its development

during the years, roughly, 1946-47. (See pages 27 and 80 of the March issue.)—The Editors.

What Price Advtg.?—

To the Editors:

I was considerably surprised to find myself listed in the February *Harper's* article by Otto Kleppner as one of the critics who say that "advertisers merely swap customers with each other."

To put me in this category, Mr. Kleppner quoted the following sentence from a speech I gave at Columbus, Ohio, on December 12, 1949: "Promotional advertising tends to shift consumption emphasis from one commodity to another, rather than increase our total consumption of food." This quotation is accurate, but misleading, because it makes me appear to be criticizing advertising.

Actually, all I was saying was that advertising will not go very far toward solving the price problems of the United States farmer. To make my meaning clear, it would have been necessary to quote the short paragraph which preceded the excerpt you used:

I believe in advertising in general. I think it might help some groups in agriculture. But it is no substitute for action to correct what's wrong with our present price structure.

Let me repeat that the quotation from me was correct, but I feel sure that the average reader of your article, or the first part of it at least, will conclude that I am opposed to advertising, which is not correct. I was merely pointing out that it was not an alternative to an effective farm price support program.

CHARLES F. BRANNAN
Department of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

Guns or Degrees?—

To the Editors:

I am writing this to protest that the article by Gerald W. Johnson in the March issue entitled "Exempt the Bright Boys?" is not up to the *Harper's* standard. . . .

My protest is that he has shed no light on the subject he writes of. He

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KING OF THE SEA	
OLD BREW HOUSE	Tampa, Fla.
Washington, D.C.	LAS NOVEDADES
HARVEY'S	

LETTERS

has only expressed his opinion. It is a flippant, not a factual article in which much of innuendo and emotion loaded are freely used.

I consider this an important issue and am not yet sure how I feel on it. I need help in this decision, not wisecracks. . . .

C. L. HAM

Travis Air Force Base
 California

To the Editors:

It is easy to agree with Mr. Johnson's article on sentimental and emotional grounds. Unfortunately the conflict for which we are now preparing is not going to be won with this kind of reasoning. Let me take my own field of endeavor, engineering. In normal peacetime it is necessary for industry to have a yearly quota of new engineers to maintain and expand their regular operations.

Obviously this need is tremendously multiplied in wartime. . . . The only place where new engineers can be obtained is from the colleges, and if every physically fit young man were put in uniform, in five or ten years the industrial capacity of the U. S. would be seriously impaired. Therefore it is essential that we train a minimum number of men in engineering every year.

It has been argued that even those selected for higher education should undergo a certain period of military training. This is a luxury that we can ill afford. . . .

As to Mr. Johnson's contention that the non-veteran will be left out of the leadership of the postwar world, it is about time we realized that the civilian in industry contributes at least as much to the winning of a war as a supply sergeant in an Army depot. . . .

PAUL H. WINTER
 Syracuse, N. Y.

To the Editors:

European observers have often noted with shocked surprise the extent of anti-intellectualism in the United States. . . . This anti-intellectualism when applied to the problems of modern life may lead to serious results.

This fact was brought sharply to my attention by Gerald W. Johnson's article, "Exempt the Bright

advise on SCHOOL and COLLEGE problems

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LETTERS

Boys?" In this polemic, Mr. Johnson carried anti-intellectualism to a point which, if accepted by the Congress and the American people, could easily undermine America's future. . . .

Mr. Johnson's bitterness seems to stem from his suspicion that the suggestions for exempting bright students arise from an elitist philosophy. . . .

If I thought that these deferment plans were based on elitism, I should oppose them. But it seems to me that Johnson's views are based on a double misconception; he misconceives the motives of the educators, and he is apparently unaware of the way wars are won in 1951. . . .

If a system of educational deferment were established, it would have to be based on merit . . . not on income. This would have to be accompanied by a system of national scholarships patterned after the GI Bill of Rights. Once in the college of his choice, the student should be allowed to pursue his interests so long as he keeps up his academic standing. On graduation, unless he demonstrates ability in a needed field of graduate study, the student would lose his draft deferment.

It is probable that many of those trained in this fashion would not be put in the infantry, but is there anything inherently undemocratic about that? As one who served three years as an Army enlisted man, I am prepared willingly to admit that a sheet-metal worker in Detroit contributed more to winning the war than I did. . . . The wearing of a uniform was not a valid criterion of the degree to which an individual aided in the national effort. Would Mr. Johnson choke off the supply of trained men for . . . vital functions? . . .

JOHN P. ROCHE
Haverford, Pa.

In recent months, and particularly this past month when we received an unusually large number of letters about Elmer Davis' article on Dean Acheson, we have been disturbed to note that many who take issue with a specific article do not sign their names. We don't like anonymous letters because we think they indicate that people are afraid to express their opinions, and that seems to us alarming.—The Editors.

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MAGAZINE

Why We Irritate Our Allies

James Reston

THE United States irritates its allies for the same reasons that rich, frisky, green young men irritate their elders. We are high-spirited. We are cocky. We are flighty. We are often thoughtless. We talk too often and too big. We assume that power is knowledge and sometimes even wisdom. And we're always slamming the front door.

Every alliance since Adam and Eve has, of course, produced friction. This is because allies, like husbands and wives, have separate personalities, histories, interests, peculiarities, and prejudices. The current Atlantic alliance, however, has at least two special problems: first, it is led by the United States of America, a comparatively inexperienced nation in a hell of a hurry; and second, that nation has forced the old leaders of the Western world into a secondary position.

In short, there is a "displaced nations" problem in addition to a "displaced persons" problem in the West, and even if we led the coalition with great wisdom, which we sometimes do and sometimes don't, the British and French would be annoyed. This is their

century to be annoyed. In the eighteenth century they annoyed everybody else, including us. In the nineteenth, they were forced by mutual prosperity and boredom to annoy each other. In the first two quarters of the twentieth, the Germans annoyed *them*. And now in the third quarter, it is the Russians and the Americans.

We annoy them more than the Russians, however, because they don't have to listen to the Russians. But they do have to listen to us. We pay a lot of the bills. So we lecture the French about the German problem! With our long background of experience in Southeast Asia, we give them tips on how to flush Communists out of jungles in Indochina, and what to do about Bao Dai and Ho Chi Minh.

For the British we have advice about foreign trade and coal mining, and an American admiral to direct the defense of the English Channel. For the Dutch: political guidance on the future of Indonesia; and for all allies, North Atlantic and United Nations: pronouncements out of Tokyo by Gen-

This analysis by Mr. Reston of The New York Times of one of the most delicate problems in American foreign relations today is, in essence, the counterpart of the article he wrote for Harper's in 1947 on "Negotiating with the Russians."

eral Douglas MacArthur on the psychology of the Asiatics.

As a matter of fact, our advice is usually pretty good, but that is just the point: there is nothing that annoys Mama and Papa more than advice from Junior, especially if it involves criticism and truth. The British have known for thirty years what they ought to do about their foreign trade and their coal mines in Wales, and the French, having tried everything else, agree that they might as well play footsie with the Germans. But to hear advice on these things from the Americans—!

MAYBE if we didn't pretend that we were part of an "equal alliance" things would go down a little easier, but the gap between our public pronouncements on equality and our private demands for authority equal to our power leaves us open to charges of hypocrisy. Especially from the British, who should know.

There is seldom a week that goes by without some American official's roaring self-righteously about our love of freedom and equality, about the "equality" of the free nations, about the "United Nations" army in Korea, or about the decisions of the "twelve" in the North Atlantic Treaty. The Atlantic alliance, however, is not and cannot be an "equal alliance." It is not possible to have equality in a military coalition between the United States and Luxembourg, and everybody here and in Luxembourg knows it. Yet we are constantly paying lip service to the principles of equality, of noninterference in the internal affairs of other countries, and of "joint action" when, as a matter of fact, we insist—quite properly—on the special position that goes with our special power and our special share of the burden.

If we stated the simple truth, which is that the United States has furnished at least 80 per cent of the manpower and suffered over 80 per cent of the casualties in Korea, then the British, the French, and the Indians wouldn't bother about the military and political strategy in Korea. When, however, we make a great deal of the idea that Korea is a United Nations show, that we are all in it together, and that General Douglas MacArthur is operating for the United Nations in accordance with UN directives, then our allies

expect to be heard and are annoyed when we brush aside their suggestions.

Early this year, the United Nations, with the United States concurring, passed a resolution promising to discuss the future of Formosa with the Chinese Communists if the latter would negotiate a cease-fire in Korea. Late in March, however, General MacArthur stated publicly that peace in Korea might be arranged if people would just stop tying in "extraneous" matters such as the question of Formosa. Also, in that same statement, the General pretended he was talking merely as a military commander, but went on to belittle the Peiping regime and define the terms on which he would talk peace—all without specific clearance from Washington, and while the fourteen nations having troops in Korea were in the midst of negotiations on the best way to negotiate peace. The General is undoubtedly our principal irritant but he is not alone.

The same kind of hypocrisy surrounds our participation in the North Atlantic Treaty. Publicly, we insist that the North Atlantic Treaty organization is an equal partnership of twelve nations. Privately, however, we organized it so that the power really lay in a small Military Committee. This is composed not of all twelve members but only of the representatives of the U.S., Britain, and France; and even the decisions of the three are usually planned outside the organization by ourselves and the British. This does not amuse the French. Moreover, when it came to handing out the North Atlantic Commands, we insisted, not only that General Dwight D. Eisenhower should be the Supreme Commander (which everybody wanted) but also that an American should run the combined navies. Papa, an old sailor, was slightly miffed.

II

FORTUNATELY the Europeans, and particularly the British, who bequeathed us at least our share of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, understand our habit of proclaiming moral virtues even while we are engaged in dubious practices. But the aroused and nationalistic Asiatic, with whom we are now having to deal more and more, does not understand. The legacy of three hundred years of Western colonial domination still rankles.

He is often suspicious and even hostile and he is extremely sensitive to any Western claims that do not coincide with his idea of the truth. Thus when we talk about the dignity of the individual and the preciousness of each mortal soul, and then name our recent military action in Korea "Operation Killer," he bristles. Also when we lecture our allies about the American way of life, meanwhile forgetting that we now have allies with black skins and yellow skins, which are not overly popular in the United States, he is scornful.

I wrote an article in the *Times* the other day about the problem of the Chinese university students in this country. A couple of days later I had a letter from one of these students, which included the following:

This is my valedictory to the United States and I am going to speak here frankly. . . . Too many non-white foreign students have seen America and they do not like what they saw. Your professed democracy is only for your own kind; that is, for white people. Your civil liberties here—the subject of your bombast and typical white man's gasconade—are only for those wearing white faces. . . .

In the political field, you shout to the four winds your virtues. Many of us foreign students laugh many times because your self-righteousness is so obvious and so insistent. You are against imperialism and yet you support imperialist Europe whence your fathers came. You are against communism, yet you embrace Tito. You are against dictators, and yet look what you did for Franco and Salazar. . . . You are against corrupt regimes, and yet look how you support Rhee in South Korea, Bao Dai of Indochina, Quirino of the Philippines, Sukarno of Indonesia, Peron of Argentina, and other rotten regimes in the Caribbean and Latin America. . . . You are against religious intolerance, yet you are friendly to Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Latin America where other religions than Catholicism are taboo and persecuted. You do not want to be a world power and yet you are all over the world with your power. You said before that Formosa belonged to China and now Formosa belongs to Japan until a peace treaty is signed.

You grabbed the Pacific Islands, Japan's mandates from the first world war, but

you do not say those islands belong to Japan until a peace treaty is signed. . . .

There are 28,000 or 29,000 of us foreign students in your country. Many of us come from Africa and Asia and non-white lands. You do a thorough job of antagonizing these non-white students. Have you ever thought what we could do in influencing the thinking of our respective countries?

At Lake Success and elsewhere, one hears this same theme in private, and it fills the press of India and the Orient. "We are making progress at home on these problems," Assistant Secretary of State Rusk remarked the other day, "but we still have to recognize the unfortunate impression made in Asia by our own attitudes and legal barriers against the non-whites. And I say that," he added, "with what remains of a Georgia accent."

III

ONE popular American attitude that annoys our allies almost more than any other, is our tendency to measure sacrifice in terms of dollars and to assume that the guy who pays the piper (Uncle Sam) should always call the tune. This seems fair enough to the Europeans up to a point; but the point is definitely reached, they feel, when the policy at issue may lead to a general war.

The conflicting approaches may be explained as follows:

If we are spending 30 per cent of our national budget, we say, why shouldn't the Dutch do the same? The Dutch, however, insist on pointing out that a nation with a high standard of living can reduce its standard by 10 per cent or even 30 per cent far more easily than a nation with a low standard of living—just as a man with \$50,000 a year net can cut down 30 per cent far more easily than a man with \$5,000.

Moreover, what does equality of sacrifice mean? The Danes, thirty-five minutes from the Red Army, or the Norwegians, who have a common frontier with the Soviet Union, believe they are taking a bigger risk by defying Moscow and joining the North Atlantic Treaty than the powerful Americans, 3,000 miles away. Therefore, when we propose a "limited war" against Communist China, or the President talks publicly about considering the use of the atom bomb in Korea, or

Secretary of State Acheson insists upon the rearmament of the Germans—or any other question comes up that involves the possibility of war—they feel that their voice in the matter should not be determined by the number of divisions they have on the line.

As a matter of fact, on all these questions, the Europeans are annoyed by what seems to be a Washington assumption that military power somehow makes us politically wise. As they see it, a nation does not have to have thirty divisions in order to have a sound judgment about the relationship between Communist China and Communist Russia, or about the rearmament of the Germans. In fact, they think they know more about the Germans than we do, and they find it difficult to be impressed by our current Soviet and German policies, since we have been so positive so many different times about so many contradictory policies toward these two nations in the past five years.

Winston Churchill raised the question with us during the last war (though in the end the idea was rejected by both the British and ourselves) of devising our military strategy in such a way as to be in possession of the key areas of Europe when it came time to make the peace settlement. The Swedes tried to tell us before Yalta and Potsdam that it was unwise and unnecessary to make so many concessions to the Russians. Almost all the small and middle powers at San Francisco seriously questioned our judgment that the U.S., the U.S.S.R., Britain, France, and China could reach unanimous agreements about the future of Europe and Asia; but at that conference, power was the determining factor. In fact, almost all the small nations rebelled against the idea that China was ready to be placed in the status of a great power, with the right of veto in the Security Council, but U.S. insistence on the point prevailed.

These mistakes of judgment have undoubtedly affected the confidence of our allies in the judgment of the United States government and when an ally's confidence is low, his irritability is likely to be high.

LATE last year and early this year, British and French confidence in U.S. Far Eastern policy was so slim that Prime Minister Clement Attlee and the then French Prime Minister René Pleven felt that they

had to fly out to Washington to see for themselves. Mr. Attlee decided to invite himself on the day Mr. Truman told the press he was considering the use of the atomic bomb in Korea. The events that led up to that visit are revealing.

The first press reports reaching London about the atom bomb statement were garbled. They gave the impression that use of the A-bomb in Korea might be imminent. A powerful group of members of the Labor party met at the House of Commons and on the basis of the press report petitioned the Prime Minister to go to Washington. Alarmed, Mr. Attlee asked to be invited, and before he had even received word back the same day asking him to come ahead, he announced to the House of Commons that he was trying to arrange a meeting with the President.

Mr. Attlee said publicly at that time that, in his judgment, no decision should be made to use atomic weapons in the United Nations action in Korea unless all nations that had troops fighting there agreed to do so. Mr. Truman refused to meet this condition, however. All he promised was that he would "consult" with the others before he gave the order to use the bomb. This "satisfied" Mr. Attlee, but not the House of Commons.

Mr. Pleven came to Washington with similar qualms, though he went home feeling better. After he had visited Mr. Truman and talked with the cabinet and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he was asked for his frank conclusions. He said he would go back to Paris and reassure his colleagues that the Americans were "firm but not mad." He was reminded that "mad" had two connotations in this country: angry and crazy, and he was asked which one he meant. He replied that our first reaction to the Yalu River defeat in Korea indicated that we were angry, and that some people in Paris were afraid that, in our anger, we might make "crazy" decisions.

Nevertheless, he concluded, his visit had reassured him. He was particularly impressed with our veteran soldiers: Eisenhower, Marshall, Bradley, Sherman, and Collins, all of whom, he felt, more than any other group of soldiers in the Western world, had taken on something of the qualities of statesmen. "Pre-Pentagonians," he called them; that is

to say, the veterans who had matured in the days before the Pentagon had been built in Washington, and who thought of power as a means of deterring wars. Apparently, only the young air-minded generals and colonels—the “Post-Pentagonians”—sustained France’s worry that we might, in our exasperation with the Russians, stumble into a big war.

This is a typical European reaction. Acheson, Marshall, Lovett, Eisenhower, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff all impress our allies as moderate, intelligent, well-balanced men bent on following a policy of no-appeasement and no-provocation. What worries them is the evidence that the views of these men may not prevail against the opinions of powerful groups in the Congress.

IV

RAISED in the parliamentary tradition, where the executive runs and is part of the legislature, the Europeans do not seem to understand the operations of the American system of divided and equal executive and legislative powers. And this is one of the basic sources of mutual annoyance.

Almost all their private conversations with State Department officials convinced them that the Executive wanted to withdraw its recognition of the Nationalist regime in China at the beginning of 1950, but was prevented from doing so by congressional pressure in favor of Chiang Kai-shek. They have long memories of the League of Nations fight in 1920, when President Wilson urged upon Europe a policy which his own Congress rejected. Similarly, many of them are convinced that United States policy toward Palestine was determined in large measure by domestic political considerations. Likewise, they saw in the President’s decision to send the Seventh Fleet to Formosa at the start of the Korean war an effort, not to “neutralize” Formosa, so much as to neutralize the political pressure of Senators Taft, Knowland, Bridges, and other strong supporters of General MacArthur and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Two incidents will illustrate Congress’ capacity to annoy our allies. When the United Nations was debating whether to brand Communist China as an aggressor,

the Congress in Washington suddenly passed a resolution, by an almost unanimous vote, telling the UN what Congress thought it should do. This was not welcomed at Lake Success. Moreover, U.S. pressure on the UN to act built up to the point where U.S. Ambassador Austin refused to agree to a forty-eight-hour postponement in the debate to allow the Indian delegate to get information which the latter thought was vital to the decision, though after the vote was taken, two weeks passed before anything was done to implement the decisions of the resolution. Many delegates at Lake Success not only resented the free advice from Capitol Hill and Ambassador Austin’s pressure on them to vote, but even suspected that the State Department had helped whip up the public opinion which it used at Lake Success as an argument for an immediate vote.

The second incident also concerned the efforts at Lake Success to try to find some basis for peace negotiations in Korea. Most of our allies urged us to make one more effort to try to start peace talks with the Chinese Reds before branding them openly as aggressors. With this in mind, a series of principles were drawn up under which, if Red China negotiated an honorable peace in Korea, we would at least agree to talk with Peiping about other outstanding questions in Asia, including the future of Formosa.

It was pointed out to the United States that if it failed to make this concession, the efforts to negotiate a peaceful settlement in Korea would certainly end. If, on the other hand, the U.S. co-operated and Peiping didn’t, the State Department was assured that most of the rest of our allies would then vote to condemn Red China as the aggressor.

Under these conditions, Ambassador Austin voted for the peace proposals. When his vote was announced, however, there was a great hullabaloo in Congress, and Assistant Secretaries of State Rusk and Jack Hickerson were summoned to Capitol Hill and severely criticized for failing to consult with the Congress before voting in favor of the peace proposals. At the end of this meeting, reporters were advised by the Senators present that Secretaries Rusk and Hickerson had been severely criticized for the failure to check with Congress, and next morning the five-column headline on the front page of *The*

New York Times read, "Connally Rebukes State Department."

As a matter of fact, however, the very same committee that made this information known had been consulted by the very same secretaries a day or so before the vote. The chairman of the committee, Senator Tom Connally of Texas, had been told precisely what the State Department was going to do and why; yet he felt obliged by congressional opinion to act as if he had never heard about the decision until he read about it in the newspapers. His explanation was that he had merely been "told" what was going to happen rather than "consulted."

V

THE technical difficulties of negotiating with the U.S. government are another source of quiet irritation. We have a way of seeming to agree with the representatives of other countries in the first stage of negotiations. They will bring a proposal to us. We will listen to them and usually we will look and sound sympathetic. Then we will take their proposition to the other interested departments of the U.S. government—a long and intricate process—and suddenly come back to them, not with observations on their proposition, but with a fixed position, often quite different from the original. Here, we will say, is the United States government position, agreed upon by all interested departments and very hard to change.

A variation of this "sudden diplomacy" occurred on the question of the rearmament of Germany. Our real negotiations were conducted, not within the alliance, but within the American government; and once the State and Defense Departments decided what they wanted to do, the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, John J. McCloy, suddenly allowed it to be known that we thought Germany could produce ten army divisions. Almost at once, the Secretary of State just as suddenly informed the British and French foreign ministers that the rearmament of the Germans was an essential part of American policy for the defense of Western Europe. This seemed to the British and French a subject on which there might have been a few days' discussion, anyway, before Amer-

ican policy was crystallized and made public.

At least part of the explanation of most of these things is obvious enough. They are the residue of a hundred years and more of isolation. It is not accurate to say that we have "ended our isolation." A nation can sign a treaty ending its political isolation in an afternoon. It can devise a Marshall Plan, raise an army, negotiate a broad alliance in a matter of months. But a whole generation of Talleyrands does not suddenly spring into being overnight to run the new policy. The Congress is stubbornly loyal to its prejudices and does not change its habits casually. Ambitious Senators do not suddenly cease maneuvering to be President. Newspapers do not at once acquire a sense of balance, history, and responsibility. Young men do not immediately spurn the financial opportunities of private business in order to train for the diplomatic service. In short the hang-over of isolationism is still with us.

We have had Secretaries of State since the end of the war who did not even know the geographical location of some countries for which they were pronouncing policy. Secretary of State Acheson, who has had more experience with foreign affairs than any other head of the State Department since the end of the war, had been in Europe briefly only once between 1938 and 1949, and has never been in Asia since the early nineteen-twenties. Dean Rusk, who is in charge of Far Eastern policy and is one of the ablest officials in the Department, has never been in the Far East. These men are, of course, backstopped by officials who have devoted long years to the Foreign Service, but it would not be accurate to imply that our personnel or our political institutions have experience equal to their terrible responsibilities.

THE remarkable thing, on the whole, is not that we do so badly but that we do as well as we do. The British had about a hundred and fifty years in which to adjust their education, their institutions, and their mentality to the leadership of the nations. We have had about a decade, which is barely long enough to acquire allies worth irritating.

And incidentally, someone could write a lively article on Why Our Allies Irritate Us!

The British Disagree with Us

Ernest Borneman

TO ARRIVE in England at the height of the Korean crisis, and to listen, month after month, to English talk about it, is an extraordinary experience for a visitor from Canada. Jan Masaryk's retort to the old definition of Czechoslovakia as a bridge between East and West gets paraphrased and quoted back at you so often that you begin to feel there is a sinister conspiracy of punsters at work.

"Ah," they say, "so you're from Canada. Well, your country has always been a bridge between us and America, but now, I suppose, it's going to be the bridge between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., eh?"

"Yes," you say to forestall the rest. "That's the trouble with bridges. Everybody walks over you." Then there are great gusts of laughter, and more questions, and if you're lucky, there'll be a round on the house.

All this helps to bring home the fact that Britain is no longer an island of reticence. People will now turn to you in busses, shops, pubs, and queues, at the mere sound of a voice with a half-American accent, to ask what you think of Korea, of the strikes, of the Government, of China, the UN, and the nine-shillings-in-the-pound income tax.

After you've listened to a few hundred Englishmen in this manner, not only in London but in the industrial towns of the north and the farming villages of the south, you get

the impression of a very definite solidarity in British thought and a very definite, though polite and even indulgent, distrust of what we are up to on the other side of the Atlantic. To say, then, that the British don't sympathize with certain aspects of American policy in Korea is putting it mildly. It would be kinder to say that they sympathize with some, but understand none.

I began to take notes on what was being said around me when my wife came home one afternoon last fall and handed me a beautifully packaged half-pound box of China tea which she had bought at the local grocery shop where we had to register for our rations when we arrived in London.

"Look," she said. "You carry history in your palm. I asked the man at the store if it was aggressive China tea or defensive China tea, and he said 'Ma'am, that tea is shipped by a British firm in Hong Kong. You can start worrying about aggression when the Chinamen land at Dover.' So I said, 'I'm a Canadian and on our side of the water we have a lot of people who think there's a war going on and maybe the Chinese started it.' And what do you think he said to that? 'Ma'am don't talk to me like Mr. Attlee. Seems to me there are lots of our boys in Korea, but I haven't heard of no Koreans marching down Whitehall yet, or of no Chinamen marching on Washington either.'"

Ernest Borneman, a Canadian novelist and former civil servant, studied in England in the thirties and last year returned there to write documentary films, a job which has brought him in close contact with various departments of the British government.

THAT night we told the story to a party of film people at a producer's house but found to our abashed surprise that it flopped dismally as a joke and got us instead into an unexpectedly fierce discussion on foreign policy.

"Look, sir," said a young actor, who, as we later discovered, had done some active canvassing on behalf of his local Tory candidate during the last by-election. "If a United Nations army made up of Russians, Chinese, and Turks had occupied the U. S. A. and were advancing toward the 49th parallel, don't you think Canada would be justified in intervening before the foreigners crossed your border? And would you call that aggression on your part?"

To answer such questions by referring to the UN definition of aggression is of no avail, for most Britons, and especially those to the right of the Government, share the opinion expressed by Senator Taft, that we were drawn into the Korean war by a violation of the Charter. But whereas Mr. Taft was mainly concerned with our "delusion" as to UN power "which has never existed under the Charter," Britain, which has long recognized Communist China, feels that the presence of an illegal Chinese representative and the absence of the Soviet delegate, whether by his own choosing or not, has invalidated the Security Council's decision on Korea.

At first, on hearing these arguments presented, one assumes that they are just so much technical double-talk and that the British, in their heart of hearts, really share one's own views. It takes a while to find out that they mean precisely what they say and that there is no trace either of compromise or of bent arguments in their logic.

American opinion has, of course, been particularly outraged by the continued use of the Soviet veto, but a great many British observers, especially those associated with the United Nations Association and the Liberal party, who are hardly more sympathetic to Soviet policy than their American counterparts, feel that the veto was precisely the one mechanism in the UN machinery which made it fit to serve as an instrument of conciliation rather than of coercion. The acceptance of the American proposal to by-pass the veto in the Security Council therefore "was as important as the intervention in Korea," said an

editorial in the *Liberal Manchester Guardian*. "It broke one of the basic principles on which the United Nations was founded—the unanimity of the Great Powers."

II

IT TOOK me several months of argument to accept the fact that this line of logic represents a considerable cross section of articulate public opinion. As the mother of parliamentary democracy, it would appear, Britain does care about a flaw in technical procedure, whether at Westminster or at Lake Success; and amazingly enough it is exactly the kind of thing to catch popular fancy and stay there. Add to this the fact that Britain, as an island power, has always had to intervene on the continent of Europe when she found the balance of power disturbed there, and you come to understand the two foundations of British attitude to the UN on one side and China on the other.

Seeing her own past reflected in China's present, Britain sees China's intervention in Korea as an act of political logic and strategic necessity. This entails no sympathy with communism; nor is the fact that British soldiers are fighting and dying in Korea ever allowed to detract from the freely expressed view that China had no choice but to intervene when it became obvious that the UN forces were going to occupy North Korea.

To attribute Britain's frank sympathy with China to such economic or political reasons as Hong Kong's China trade or India's position in the Commonwealth is to misinterpret the whole process by which British public opinion is formed. Sir Andrew McFadyean, chairman of the Liberal party's Foreign Affairs Committee, therefore spoke, I feel, for all parties when he said: "Occasions arise when a form of government may be established by rebellion against intolerable injustice, as happened in the eighteenth century when the North American Colonies threw off the British yoke, and as has happened in the twentieth with the overthrow of an inefficient and corrupt regime in China. In the one case the effective government of the United States secured recognition; in the other, the Chinese People's Republic is entitled to similar treatment."

Mr. Leonard Constantine, a missionary who

returned to England last year after nearly twenty years in China and broadcast a series of talks over the government-owned BBC network, was even more outspoken when he said: "For China to give moral and physical support [to Communists in Korea, Indochina, the Philippines, and Malaya] seems natural, and is no more to be regarded as an act of aggression than are American attempts to foster the democratic way of life."

This opinion, I found, was shared by large sections of the British clergy. One of the pastoral letters sent out by the Bishops of the Anglican Church in China, for instance, made a point of declaring their explicit opposition to "imperialism, feudalism, and bureaucratic capitalism" and their support of the Communist government's program of "national" independence and "social reform."

The Official Yearbook of the Church of England for the year 1951 said even more recently that "In general, the behavior of the Communist armies to the civil population was so much better than that of the average Chinese army that they won much sympathy." It went on to say that "A clause in the new Constitution guarantees religious freedom" and that "Churchmen regard the present situation as a challenge to their faith and some see in it a new opportunity."

To understand the logic of these statements one has to go back to 1948 when a report to the Church Assembly reminded the British clergy that the Allies in 1945 had dropped on Japan lists of Japanese cities which might expect bombing and that Hiroshima and Nagasaki had not been on the lists. "Even if we have forgotten, we may be sure that the Chinese have not," said Mr. H. W. Heckstall-Smith. "After the broken promise of the Allies in 1945, the Chinese were bound to distrust in 1950 the United Nations promise that the Manchurian border would not be crossed. Once the 38th parallel was crossed by United Nations forces, the Chinese government was bound to act as it did."

This complete acceptance of certain aspects of the Chinese case used to puzzle me at the beginning as much as it continues to puzzle most Americans on their first visit to Britain. But it is a fact that has to be accepted if British policy is to be understood as something

else than Socialist sympathy with Chinese communism.

Nothing, of course, could be sillier than to assume that Britain's trade union planners have much in common with Mao's China. Paradoxically enough, it is the Labor party, and particularly its left wing of disenchanted fellow travelers, which is most bitterly opposed to Mao's policies, and it is the old Tory group of die-hard empire-builders, or what there's left of it, which shows most sympathy with present-day China.

III

WE HAD lunch recently with a survivor of this almost extinct species—a genuine Hong Kong taipan who had spent most of his life on the China coast, and his explanation of the situation out there came closer to Mr. Wu's arguments at Lake Success than anything I had heard hitherto in England.

"You must remember," he said, "that China has been dominated and humiliated by us for a century. We have taken over whole chunks of their country and lived in them as inviolable as gods, as irresponsible as their own war lords, contemptuous of their own way of life. Now they have won a war of liberation, tossed out the worst of their own war lords, and driven him into his last retreat. Having done all this and regained their status as an organized world power, they find themselves faced with a new set of threats and humiliations from the West. At Cairo and Potsdam we agreed cheerfully to return the territories once occupied by Japan, but now that their defeated overlord has taken refuge there, we say, 'Sorry, boys. We didn't mean we'd return Formosa to China. We meant we'd give it to Chiang.' At Lake Success we agreed that we only wanted to throw back the aggressors from South Korea, but when we had done so, we said, 'Sorry, boys. We didn't mean we wanted to toss them out. We meant we wanted their country as well.' When we'd moved into their country, we promised that at least their power stations would be left intact. But when we found that there were soldiers beyond the power stations, men like O'Donnell said, 'Sorry, boys. But now we've got to drop a few bombs on Manchuria.' Are you sur-

prised that they refuse to believe anything we say to them at this stage?"

"The point isn't whether I'm surprised or not. The point is that they moved into Korea on their own initiative while we moved in on UN orders."

He thought this over for a while and then brought out a simile which reminded me of what our young actor friend had said to us a few months before.

"Suppose it had been Mexico instead of Korea that had been occupied by the Japanese. Suppose we had thrown the Japs out at that stage of the war when the Russians were still our allies. Suppose the U. S. had occupied the North, down to Guadalajara and Tampico, and the Russians the South. Suppose the South had then been handed over to a UN government headed by Tolendano and advised by Russian staff officers. Suppose the North, worried by the Communists' rising influence, had marched against them. Suppose the UN had sent an expeditionary force of Russian and Chinese troops to punish the aggressors, and suppose the Russo-Chinese force had now wiped out all Mexican opposition and were moving up to the U. S. border, all the way from Texas to Arizona and California: do you think the American people would not have sent troops across the border in order to protect their country?"

"I don't know. But as UN members they should have bowed to a UN decision."

"Exactly. But if the U. S. were in the same position in which she has now placed China, she wouldn't have been allowed to join the UN. In that case, the UN would be a *de facto* alliance of an aggressive nature."

"I think you're confusing attack with defense, and police action with occupation."

"That's an academic distinction. Suppose your Russo-Chinese force had already occupied Japan, the Philippines, Guam, the Marianas, Wake, the Marshall Islands, Midway, Pearl Harbor, the Aleutians, and the Kuriles; would you be willing to consider all that as legitimate for the defense of the U. S. S. R.? Or would you consider it as an offensive chain directed at the U. S. A.?"

"Do you seriously believe then that the U. S. is acting as an offensive power in Korea?"

"No, but if I were a Chinese, I would."

THESE are the points which people in Britain will raise over and over with varying degrees of intensity, patience, exasperation, and despair. "As a Canadian," they will say, "can you explain why in the world the Americans won't admit the Chinese to the UN if they have already admitted the U. S. S. R.?"

Again and again I found myself quoting the UN Charter which precludes admission of nations that take recourse to aggression or give assistance to aggressor states. Once, in an argument with a young civil servant who had just returned from two years' service with the British Control Commission in Germany, I quoted William Henry Chamberlain's meticulous letter to the *Manchester Guardian* in which he patiently recites the salient passages of the Charter.

"How American that is!" said the young man. "Just like the Prussians, only more so! They remembered the letter too, but they always forgot the meaning. They sacrificed the purpose to save the damn machinery, don't you think? If you really took Mr. Chamberlain seriously and started applying the Charter literally, you'd have to throw out the entire Communist bloc and a good many other nations as well. Where would that get you? It'd get you a nice alliance of anti-Communists, but it'd lose you the one thing the UN was set up for—an organization which takes meaning from the fact that the opposition is represented."

And he quoted Lord Samuel who had said that afternoon in the House of Lords that the real danger sign would come if Russia were to withdraw from the UN and China were to refuse to join. "The only hope is to keep the situation fluid, and the Chinese appear to be trying to do that by referring to their troops as volunteers."

"But they aren't volunteers," I said.

"There you are!" said my English friend. "There you go taking things literally again. The Chinese are an older people than we are in Europe, and a lot older than you in North America. They've grown out of that kindergarten stage in which the world is bound by the sole alternatives of getting tough and taking it lying down."

"What's your alternative then?"

"To do exactly what the UN was set up for: let the North Koreans make their case

against Syngman Rhee. Let the Chinese make their case against the U. S. Let's play at diplomacy and not at toy soldiers. It's in the nature of nations to be in conflict with each other. The more obstreperous they are, the greater the need of having them inside the United Nations. What the devil would be the use of a UN anyway if we all behaved like Sunday school children?"

IV

THIS suspicion that a "tough" policy is the result of petulance and inner uncertainty runs right through British thought of all party-political shades. The Duke of Bedford, for instance, warned against "the unwisdom of always employing the same method—war—to deal with the same evil—aggression," and quoted "the very modest degree of success achieved by the two last great wars to make the world safe for democracy" as fair evidence that even preventive and enforcement action "is an uncertain and unsatisfactory method." By the time a new world war will be upon us, he argued, "it would have been better to allow the unsatisfactory government of North Korea to replace the equally unsatisfactory government of South Korea and deal with the problem of North Korean misrule by methods slower and more indirect, but in the long run more satisfactory than war."

And an article in the Conservative *Observer*, signed with the pseudonym, "A Student of Europe," which, I was told, hid "an official source," said during the same week: "The temptation to hit back with all we have is almost irresistible. Nevertheless, it must be resisted." Even if "China is acting in collusion with Russia in a joint plan for Communist world conquest . . . even then, I contend, war with China must be avoided, even at the cost of temporary humiliation."

I had not realized how general this sentiment was in England until we went to a dance given by the West Lewisham Labor party at a swimming bath in Forest Hill. We had gone there because we had been told that one of the Cabinet Ministers might come down to make a policy statement of sorts, and we were fascinated by the railway-Gothic arches from which balloons and Chinese lanterns hung suspended, by the five-piece band

which played strange native tunes like the "Palais Glide" on top of the boarded-up swimming pool, and by a notice which proclaimed that Mr. Arthur Cross, the Bath Superintendent, was opposed to all kinds of "jive, jitterbug, and bebop."

Young working men in utility suits and well-behaved factory girls in their best party frocks were dancing sedately to "Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer" when, of all people, the Prime Minister walked in, accompanied by Mrs. Attlee, and was already halfway down the hall before Mr. Arthur Skeffington, the local MP, had discovered him.

At first all of us were stunned. But after a few minutes it became obvious why Mr. Attlee had selected this particular gathering to make his first important policy speech in months—he was addressing himself directly to the rank-and-file to fight for his rearmament program and forestall the arguments of his own critics in the Cabinet and the Party.

"Denmark," he said, "in many ways an example to the whole civilized world, was unarmed and completely unaggressive, but she was overrun by Hitler. . . . There is nothing in the Communist creed that would forbid the Russians doing the same."

"Then why waste money on arms?" asked a voice behind me. And another one added, "It was the first country to recover, Mr. Prime Minister." A third said, "They did better than we did," and a fourth put in the succinct five words, "*They* weren't bombed, sir!"

It was obvious that, with all respect paid to him in every other regard, the Prime Minister had the meeting wholly against him on that point.

SINCE then, the rebellion within the party has come out in the open. Professor G. D. H. Cole at All Souls, Oxford, the most powerful and most respected voice among Labor intellectuals, has come out with the flat statement that he wants China to win the war, considers the U. S. A. the guilty party in Korea, and feels that the UN has forfeited its right to speak for law and order. "If Great Britain gets dragged into war with China by the Americans," he said, "I shall be on the side of China, and so, I believe, will be enough of my fellow countrymen to

make a deep rift in our national solidarity."

Thousands of letters have supported him; a Peace Aims Group in the Parliamentary Labor party, and a number of minor pressure groups of Labor members such as the Victory for Socialism Group and the Socialist Europe Group, have come out with manifestos of a similar kind; *Reynolds News*, a popular Sunday paper, has for weeks carried signed letters from readers declaring their unwillingness to fight over Korea; and even the *Observer* has carried a letter to this effect.

That this movement is by no means limited to the left, the pacifists, and the cranks becomes again obvious from the position of the British clergy. There is no need to go into the special case of the Dean of Canterbury whose frank pro-Soviet views have been sufficiently publicized the world over, but it is significant that the Bishop of Chichester was in the chair when the executive committee of the World Council of Churches wound up its conference at Bièvres, near Paris, with a pastoral letter that flatly condemned rearmament as a danger to "peace and security and social justice" and argued that "a system based on a false doctrine cannot be overcome by force" and must therefore be met "by means other than war."

Two weeks later, Dr. R. Tudor Jones, Professor of Theology at Bangor University, said, "Today we are asked to preach from our pulpits—this time against Russia. Six years ago we were asked to pray for Anglo-Soviet friendship. . . . This is an attempt to browbeat us to become echoes of the official warmongers of our times. I refuse to become part of it."

Canon L. John Collins, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, said, "Rearmament can be at best only a horrid necessity. It may well be a disastrous mistake." And the Bishop of Birmingham, the same day, said, "Rearmament leads to two evils—inflation and war. . . . What is the use of providing for work in church and Sunday schools if they and the people they serve are to disappear in a few years? I would bring rearmament and its attendant evils to an end."

And then, in a most remarkable passage: "Military leaders say with a shrug that the French people, once the most militant nation in Western Europe, will not fight. Our own people hold back from what is called

civil defense. There is the same passionate desire for peace the world over. . . . The drift to war with the latest weapons is madness."

How is this to be understood? Is it pacifism?—Not of the traditional kind. Is it sympathy with communism?—Hardly. But it is a total lack of sympathy with, and a rejoinder to, the American concept of a crusade against communism. Not because the Soviet threat is less understood than in the U. S. A., but precisely because the threat of Soviet attack is so near that by comparison with it the prospect of a Soviet hegemony seems little more than a pending change of government from Socialist to Communist. The concept of losing a war over "a difference of political opinion" therefore seems to many, as a Liberal Englishman put it to me, "little short of appalling."

"But you can hardly talk of opinion," I said, "when it's a question of survival."

"If it is," he said, "I'll stand a better chance of surviving in a Siberian labor camp than in an atomic raid on London."

THAT this is no isolated voice becomes obvious at any meeting of the British United Nations Association. Their booklet on "China and World Peace" is explicit on the point: "We are resolutely opposed to all ideas of waging a war against China, or any other country, for the purpose of overthrowing communism."

During the same week that this booklet was published, *Reynolds News* used the headline "Divided—against Russia"; Herbert Read, one of Britain's most respected art critics, wrote a joint letter with Alex Comfort, the novelist, in which he said, "We regard this possibility [occupation of Britain by the U. S. S. R.], together with all the hardships and losses it entails, as preferable in the present event to the alternative. . . . We therefore state . . . our personal intention to refuse any participation, moral or physical, in war between East and West"; the Reverend N. S. Power, in the course of an exchange of letters with Randolph Churchill, said, "Communism may or may not be worse; I do not know. But surely it is lunacy not to seek an alternative to the horrors of . . . 'victory.'"

How widely spread and how serious this feeling is in Britain became clearly obvious

when the Attorney General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, found it necessary to repudiate it publicly by saying, "I know there are some who think that the horror and devastation of a world war now would be so frightful, whoever won, and the damage to civilization so lasting, that it would be better to submit to Communist domination. I understand that view—but I repudiate it."

The problem, as Alistair Cooke, the *Manchester Guardian's* brilliant American correspondent, put it, is simply one of how to justify to the people the fighting of a war that cannot be won.

It can't be won, the British feel, because the objectives of the United Nations in Korea were twofold—to repel the aggression of the North against the South, and to create a unified and prosperous Korea. The first objective could only be obtained at the cost of China's entry into the war, and the second one can now only be obtained either by defeating China or by her own consent.

"**B**UT to defeat China," said a young man at a Tory rally, "means to pursue her beyond the Korean border, and to do so entails aggression on our part. On the other hand, if we're to depend on China's consent to establish a unified regime in Korea, we might well wonder why we ever allowed ourselves to be dragged into an armed struggle with her. Korea, after all, has common frontiers with Manchuria and Russia, and it's obvious that neither the Chinese nor the Russians will consent to a regime they consider a UN puppet."

"To think that any regime set up by the UN must needs be considered by the Chinese with a jaundiced eye strikes me as a bit defeatist," I said.

"As long as China is refused membership to the UN she's bound to consider any UN regime as an enemy regime," he said. "Meanwhile Korean villages are burnt by napalm, Korean fields remain untended, Korean factories are bombed out of existence, Korean soldiers and civilians alike are killed and wounded, and the country is ruined for generations to come. Do you honestly think this is better than even the worst of Communist regimes?"

"You open the door," I said, "and the draft comes in."

"That's glib," he said. "Do you really think anyone in Asia—and I don't mean China and Korea alone—will ever forget General MacArthur's hopeful words on the democratic future of Korea and his promises of rehabilitation—and now look at the scorched earth of the country. How do you rehabilitate the dead?"

From there, we drifted into a general discussion of MacArthur's position in "his sanctuary at Tokyo," as the young Englishman called it. "Mao may have a sanctuary north of the Yalu where he's been safe from bombs for a while. But MacArthur has had a sanctuary where he's been safe not only from bombs but from criticism as well. Mao never was that lucky. I bet you, Stalin talks differently to him than Truman to MacArthur, eh?"

This accusation, veiled or explicit, that the General has acted for the sake of his own ambitions or, at best, for the sake of American expansion in the East, rather than for the President and the United Nations, is so frequent in Britain as to be monotonous. But the charge that last fall he acted in defiance of the UN resolutions and thus caused the Chinese to intervene in self-defense, dies hard in Britain—mainly, I think, because the only two answers made by the Government to the countless questions in Parliament were so notably in contradiction to one another.

Mr. E. Davies, the Foreign Under Secretary, said in the House: "We have no reason to suggest, and *we do not wish it to be suggested* [my italics], that he [General MacArthur] has gone outside the resolutions." But Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Defense, speaking to a Labor audience, said: "At the moment it would appear that General MacArthur went beyond the objectives which we understood to be the objectives at the beginning of the affair, and that as a result we went up to near the Manchurian border. . . . Perhaps his intelligence was at fault."

This theory of faulty intelligence, however, though perhaps meant charitably, never seems to have found any credence in Britain.

The day after Mr. Shinwell's speech, I had dinner at the officers' mess of a Guards' regiment to which a friend of mine, now in charge of one of the government's film departments, had been attached during the war as combat photographer, and naturally the

conversation turned to the General who had just issued that day his fifth "exclusive" press statement within forty-eight hours.

It turned out that the four men at our dinner table were unanimous in deploring not so much *what* the General had said but simply that he had said anything at all. Our host used a phrase that struck me as British to the point of parody: "Chap talks like a damn woman. Always justifying himself. Man's regular army. Ought to have learnt by now to keep his mouth shut."

Yet there was no criticism of the General's professional ability, nor has there been much criticism of his generalship from any other British source that has come to my knowledge. Paradoxically enough, however, it is precisely because of Britain's undisturbed confidence in the General's purely military talents that the most serious doubts over his motives have arisen.

No one at the dinner table that night, for instance, had any patience with Mr. Shinwell's theory of faulty intelligence. Everyone took it for granted that the General could hardly have failed to learn all about the massed Chinese troops north of the border, but must have been prepared to court tactical defeat in order to shake up American opinion on the larger strategic issues of the war.

"Formosa is basic to American defense and Manchuria is basic to Japan as a source of raw material," said our host. "If Congress won't let MacArthur fight for both, he must force their hand. Nothing shakes up a nation like a bit of defeat. As a General he's got to teach those civilians in Washington that Korea is indefensible without Manchuria, and Japan is indefensible without Formosa. You either take all four of them, or you'll be kicked out of them one by one."

"I'm sorry, old boy, but I can't follow you on Formosa," said one of the two Guards officers who had joined us. "The Reds say they won't stop fighting till the Yanks clear out of Formosa. The Yanks say they never were in Formosa and the whole thing is a Bolshie propaganda stunt. But if the Yanks never were there, why don't they let the

Reds find out for themselves and stop the bloody slaughter by just letting them take now what belongs to them anyway?"

THIS conviction that even now the war can be stopped, and should be stopped, by handing Formosa over to the Chinese, stems from the widespread view, most persuasively expressed by Sir John Pratt, that it was "the United Nations repudiation, under American pressure, of the promise made in 1943" that had first caused China to suspect the United States of aggressive intentions. The UN decision to expel the North Koreans from South Korea, though technically dubious because of the vote given by what many Englishmen regarded as an illegal Chinese representative, and by the absence of the required Soviet vote, had been viewed with suspicion but restraint. But when MacArthur's forces, not satisfied with fulfilling their proclaimed intention of merely repelling the aggressor from South Korea, had moved into North Korea, a country tied to China by mutual defense interests, China had — according to this view — reluctantly agreed to come to her assistance. When MacArthur's forces had still refused the Chinese armistice terms, China had been forced to take up defensive positions south of the 38th parallel.

The "linchpin" of the whole struggle, however, remained Formosa, because China's very survival depended on control of the island.

"The strategic importance of Formosa," said Sir John Pratt in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, "lies in the fact that control of this island would make it possible for the United States to dominate the mainland and attempt to force a Kuomintang government once more on the Chinese people. What is at issue is the survival of China as a sovereign independent nation."

What does all this amount to? A wide gulf, not of ultimate purpose but certainly of interpretation of facts; a gulf so deep that all attempts to bridge it by means of higher diplomacy are wasted until we have learned to understand one another's logic.

People Leave Skulls with Me

Loren C. Eiseley

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



ARCHAEOLOGISTS, during the course of their lives, see and hear many strange things, but the fact that they are scientific men keeps them for the most part silent. They have good, if not superior, rationalizations for the things they do. No layman would dare impugn their motives. I, for example, have a certain number of skulls in my possession. As I write I can see four on the shelf above me. I know of two certainly hidden in my filing cabinet, and there is a beautiful fragment on my desk which is often fondled by visitors who are unaware of its human significance.

Now as it happens I am fortunate. I practice a trade which enables me to keep these objects about in a perfectly logical and open manner. I have not murdered to possess them, and if one or two were acquired in dark and musty places my motives, as I have hinted, are beyond reproach. As an archaeologist I can be both a good citizen and a frequenter of graveyards.

It was different in the case of the man who finally led me to question my own motives as a skull collector. He was a lawyer but that, perhaps, has little to do with the tale. I knew him as an austere, high-collared member of the bar—a moral and upright citizen—but that, I am afraid, has little to do with it either. The truth is that the gentleman left a box.

He died, it seems, and after the passage of a certain number of months during which the box either lay undiscovered in his attic or, as is more likely, circulated uneasily through the hands of his heirs, I received a call about it. There was nothing unusual in this. I was simply not a policeman. When you are the heir to a considerable estate and unfortunately also have a box to be disposed of, you never go to a policeman. You go instead to an archaeologist. He is apt to be more understanding of human frailty, less prone to dark suspicions than an officer, and above all, he will relieve you of the box.

If you have ever wandered the streets of a strange city with a parcel of this nature, you will appreciate the fact that there are very few human beings who can be trusted to relieve you of such a burden without either screaming or making some other hideous public commotion. Naturally you wish to avoid this. There are only two solutions: bury the box (an act which can lead to serious complications, including the suggestion of guilt) or find an archaeologist, smile trustingly, and deposit it in his arms.

THE heirs in this case pursued the inevitable pathway. They came to me. The legal gentleman and I had had mutual friends. My profession was known. Perhaps the property was really mine. Attics, you know, and the things that get into them. A loan perhaps? Some lodge doings?

I preserved a non-committal air.

"Uncle Tobias was a church man. He would not tolerate—"

Yes, I said, I knew that.

A nephew toyed uneasily with the strings of the box. "It is very unlikely that his profession would have brought him into contact with—?"

"And him a lawyer?" I said. "Nothing likelier."

The niece's hands twisted. "Show him," she prompted.

It was the real thing, of course, and no lodge fake. As fine a skull as I've ever fondled.

"You recognize it?" they cried hopefully. "We are glad to restore it to your collection." Almost they started up.

"Hmmm," I said. They subsided nervously. "The jaw, you see. It doesn't—"

"Doesn't what?" the nephew challenged. "I'm sure it's just like you loaned it to him."

"It's not mine," I said bluntly, "and besides that I'll tell you something. There are two of them—individually represented, I mean. The jaw doesn't fit the skull. It belonged to someone else. You can see by the color it's out of a different grave."

"Two of them," murmured the niece.

"Out of a different grave," repeated the nephew.

I waited patiently. After a time he came to the point. Some see it more rapidly than others.

"I guess Uncle Tobias was uh—uh—a collector," he said. "We should now like to present his collection to you—or your institution—anonously, of course."

"Of course," I said. "Would you like a receipt? Would you like to take the box back with you?"

"Thank you, no," said the niece. "You're too kind. And it will be an anonymous gift?"

"We have many of them," I said. "Many of them."

As they went down the steps I saw them walking more lightly. Their arms swung better without the burden. They ran to the car at the curb. On the desk the skull waited. It was a rich old brown, I saw as my hand went over it—a rich old mahogany brown. They needn't have been so jittery—that skull had been hundreds of years underground when Uncle Tobias was born. But where had



he got it—and that jaw from another body?

"There's no accounting," I said, "for tastes. Tobias must have been a collector." I said it disapprovingly to the wall closet. Then I picked the skull up and put it inside. I was not, you see, a genuine collector. My motivations were purely scientific and unemotional.

Or were they? I went back to the desk and sat down. I could see Uncle Tobias's long-hidden relic staring back vacantly at me through the glass door of the cabinet. It would never tell its secret, but it had one. It had a secret and so had Uncle Tobias. And I? Perhaps I was a keeper of secrets. Or of orphans, I thought, as my eyes ran along the shelf overhead. And at last I knew where it had begun. Behind the steady chipping of the pick that began to sound in my ears was another sound—the creaking of weathered timbers and the uneasy movement of stormy air in a closed place. That would be it, I thought suddenly—the heads in Hagerty's barn.

II

WHEN Grandma was alone in the kitchen we used to bake heads together in the kitchen stove. When I first approached her on this matter she naturally demurred, but in the end her cooking enthusiasm got the better of her and she would line them up like biscuits in a pie tin and put them in the oven. It was before the days of Charles Addams and we never conceived of ourselves as monsters. It is probably true, however, that it was at this time I developed a mild antipathy for the normal human skull.

This was not my grandmother's fault. In fact, at times, out of some lingering religious scruple she would protest the nature of some of the heads in the oven—opening the door now and then and peering in, partly to see that they were properly done and partly to grumble over their strangeness.

They were clay, burnt clay, and modeled as well as a boy could model skulls he had never handled. Some of them had matchstick teeth or bits of pearl shell from broken buttons. The eyes were the hollow eyes of skulls and the mandibles were shaped as I thought they should be shaped, from drawings in the red brick museum that I frequented. As for the

cranium itself, practically everything I made was slope-browed and primitive. Even today I am apt to be faintly repelled by skulls with no brow ridges, or teeth of too delicate a cast.

"Mind you," Grandma would protest, tapping me with a roasting fork, "this is getting out of hand. Them's no ordinary heads in there and no young'un can tell me so. They've got that *look*, they have. That Darwin look. You be staying out of that building now. There's things there wasn't intended to be seen—not by anybody.

"You've got to stop it, youngster," she would say finally, and swing the range door shut with a great clang. "You've got to stop it 'fore the Devil gets you by the foot. That little one there looks no more'n half a man. Where'd you find him, boy? Speak out now. Not from any book in this house, I'll warrant."

"No, Grandma, honest not."

"Where then?"

"The room, Grandma, the room in the Museum. I climbed up on the railing and looked close. His head was just like that—no forehead—and there was a big card with long words, and there was another head—ordinary—a plain old ordinary head beside him—"

"That's enough, boy, that's enough. They're done now. Get 'em out of the house. Take 'em away. Out of doors now. And don't touch 'em till they cool."

I NEVER did. I put them in a little bag I carried and then I went halfway down the block to Hagerty's barn. It was an old sagging weatherbeaten stable, locked up and unused. I knew where a board could be edged aside, however, and there was just room enough to scrape in and let the board drop in place behind me. I always waited then until my eyes were adjusted to the light that came in through cracks and knotholes. In the spring when the light came in through the leaves outside it made a kind of green-lit secrecy.

Then I would take the bag of heads in my teeth and climb by way of some nailed cross-pieces way up into the shadows under the roof. There was a half-loft up there—pretty rickety, but it would still bear a boy's weight. I could see after a while, even in that light,



and then I would open the bag and take out the heads.

No one but Grandma and I ever saw them. Though I strove in my modelings for painstaking accuracy, it was only because without it the things seemed less real, less alive somehow. They were smaller than life, the size of big marbles, perhaps. Nevertheless they had a peculiar significance to me, a kind of being—the *anima* that exists in all properly shaped miniatures.

Up there under the barn roof I laid them out in little rows along the cross-beams. It was my museum, like the red brick museum that my grandmother feared. Only in my museum nothing was dead. It was filled with a kind of patient, unwinking persistence—the persistence of a half-bewitched league of jack-o'-lantern faces waiting for me to come and sit with them in the green light high in the loft.

In the end I deserted them. There was no help for it. We moved away in what, to my mother, was a small triumph. I had no luggage of my own and no place to conceal the heads.

I can still remember that white, frosty morning and the cold clatter of hoofs as the cab rolled on its way toward the station. Away over the edge of the trees I could see the broken wind vane on Hagerty's stable, pointing steadily, as it always did, in one direction, no wind ever turning it. The heads were there. They would be there till the building fell.

"We will never come back here, son. Never." My mother's voice rang over the cobblestones. But all the time I could feel the secret drawing of those heads in Hagerty's stable. They would be there in the gray light and the green light; they would be there till the building fell.

III

Fainter than spider silk to my near-sighted gaze, the map lines run under the magnifying glass across a tumbled expanse of Southwestern desert and lava beds. Names like Big Hatchet and Buckhorn still bring that vast and ominous landscape into my mind. Though the white man has taken it, it will never be rid of the ghosts of its last owners—the Apache. It is their bones that lie in the cold on nameless peaks and in the red clay of the washes. Cochise, Victorio, Nana, and Geronimo will haunt it always. In the seventies of the last century many men died here. Dozens of others, the historians say, were never accounted for—the desert swallowed them up. Old Mr. Harney knew; he had been one of the missing. But it was from his family that I first got a hint of his story.

"He keeps her in the china closet," one of them told me, "right with the dishes."

"Kinfolk," sniffed another, with a gesture of distaste.

"The skull of Aunt Melvina," explained a grandson with less heat. "He never buried her."

"Oh?" I said, puzzled and tactful while the relatives all chattered together. They would have to make it clear. I had come at their invitation.

"He liked meeting you," they finally got out in chorus. "We think maybe you could influence him."

"Influence?" I said.

"The skull," they countered. "He won't bury it. But he's curious about your work. Maybe you could persuade him to give it to you. He's restless about it. Old, you know, quite old. We don't like having her there. It isn't right. Nor proper. People say—" They tapped their heads in unison like little marionettes.

IT WAS barbed wire," Mr. Harney said, "it was barbed wire finished our world." He was eighty years old, and the skull lay on the table before us. We sat silent, gazing out into the clear white desert sunlight. Eighty years, I thought, and reached out and turned the skull gently over. Years of smoking pistols and Apaches riding fast through the narrow arroyos.

"You have lived a long life," I said. He sighed then, and began talking—the merest wisp of a sound. I leaned forward to catch it.

"Six years in that valley after the haul from Texas, and me a youngster of ten. Mother dead on the trail. Her younger sister, Aunt Melvina, raised me—the old man meanin' well but ridin'—ridin' most of the time. It took plenty ridin' to hold things together without the wire.

"Sure, we knew there was Apaches in the hills, always was. But people had a way of stickin'. A way—" he paused and reached out as if to touch the nearest blue hill—"as though they liked somethin' there—the air, maybe, so clear, or all that land at sunset, or maybe the feel of it, no fence from Texas to the Big Horns. Or maybe, like me, you had just followed along 'cause your people was moving and they was your people and you didn't go askin' 'em why their names changed along those little roads from the East.

"Melvina was young and pretty with hair like the sheen on a blackbird's feather, and as good to me as my own mother. Young enough to play and imagine things the way a kid will. When my father was gone she used to play in the yard with me. Aaahh"—the old man got out something between a sigh and a groan—"it didn't last long.

"One night Pa didn't come home. Nobody knows what that means any more. They can't. The miles of darkness creeping in, and a woman and a kid sittin' in a shack waitin' for a man that ain't comin' back no more. You sit there and you dassent light the light for fear of drawin' em. And all the time you know they know about you, and it's no good, they'll take their time.

"They got us in the morning, in the first light, with Melvina standin' out there lookin' for Pa. One of 'em just picked her off out of the bushes. I'm old, but I've never got it out of my head, so that sometimes I see it like now, with people and things of years later all shadows, and just me with my hand at my mouth, and that shot. She stood there a minute all young and pretty with her hands stretched out to me. And all that love flowed up in her a minute and held her as if she wouldn't fall, and I ran toward her not thinkin' of anything except, as a kid will, that in the circle of such love I must be safe.

"And then she just gave a little sigh and that light went out of her and she pitched face down into a clump of prickly pear. They took me then, squalling and kicking, and put me on a horse. After that I was an Apache till I was fifteen."

THE faded old eyes turned slowly over the whole compass of the horizon as though they remembered every peak and gully. He didn't offer to go on.

"Mr. Harney," I chided.

"Mexico," he said. "We rode into Old Mexico. They was Victorio's men. And I learned to be an Apache. Kids learn quick. That's why I lived. Ride, shoot, steal. Live on nothing. Trust nobody, and keep ridin'—keep ridin'. South of the border, north of the border, it was all the same.

"Apaches! Y'know son, that's a joker. We wasn't Apaches. We was a way of life. We lived so hard that half the kids in camp was stolen. Most of 'em Mexicans, gotten south of the border. Raised Apaches. It was the only way to keep our strength up.

"Maybe I was a little old. Maybe I remembered too much. Anyhow I used to see Victorio watching me." Again he paused, searching his memories. "You know, in the end I didn't hate them. I was beginning to look at it the way they did, and to nurse the same feelings. I'd been shot at a lot and seen Indian families and kids I knew disappear. In the end I would have stayed with them, I guess. I spoke the language by then. I could get along." He stopped and whispered to himself a moment in syllables that were not English. Then he went on.

"Victorio must have thought different. Either that or he'd taken a shine to me—I never knew. He was a great warrior and Geronimo was nothing compared to him. He was hard, but there was a kind of bigness in him. When I was fifteen we were sitting on our horses one day looking down into a little town from the hills. I could see people in the streets, and smoke in chimneys. We watched



it like animals must watch people—curious and sharp and wild. I watched like everyone else, ready to vanish at the least sign of danger.

"The next thing I knew, Victorio had edged his horse up beside me. 'Those are your people,' he said soft and low and searching my face with his eyes. 'Do you remember?'"

"And I looked at him and was afraid, and suddenly the face of Melvina came to me and I looked back at him, speaking Apache, and I said, 'Yes, I remember.'"

"And he nodded, a little sad, and said, 'They are your people. Go down to them.' Then he spoke a word behind me and the thirty people of his band were gone.

"'I don't know how—' I said. 'My people,' I said, and stopped. It came to me that all the people I had were Apache, and that I was Apache, too.

"Not a muscle of Victorio's face moved, but I have never forgotten what he did then.

'Those are your people,' he said pointing. 'We killed your father and the black-haired one. The white men will take care of you. You are not one of us.' With that he whirled his horse. I never saw him again.

"After a little while I picked my way down and spoke some words of English. It was slow work, like an old hinge squeaking in the wind. People came up to me and stared at my rags and at the pony."

Harney paused, considering, then he said flatly, "It wasn't so uncommon then—changing sides like that. There was room for two lives, and sometimes you had no choice. I got to be a white man even if I was a little late catchin' up. It was really about the same life: ride, shoot, kill. No difference, really, none to amount to anything. Not then, anyhow."

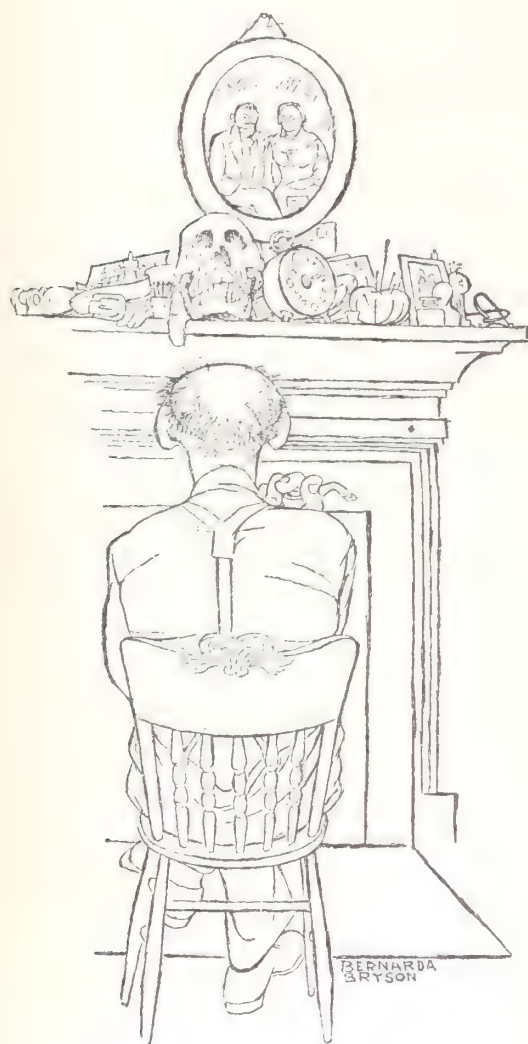
His eyes came almost shut against the midday heat shimmer that was beginning to roil the air out on the flats. I was afraid he was beginning to lose interest and go to sleep. I pushed the skull toward him. "The skull, Mr. Harney," I prodded. "You promised to tell me about the skull. It's a nice thing. Well cared for, too. A woman I take it. Young. You can tell by the basilar suture. See?"

His eyes opened a little way, defensively, I thought.

"Aahh," he said again in that voice I was beginning to learn meant something hurt him. "It was afterward, sometime, that the thought came to me. I rode back to the old place. Nobody had been there all those years. And I found her—a few little bits of white bone, that is, and the skull in a drift of sand with the prickly pear grown over it. The hair," and with this he put up a careful, stroking finger, "was all gone. You wouldn't think it would go away so fast. For a while I looked around.

"Then it came on me I should bury her—and she out in the heat and dust and among bone-cracking coyotes so long. But what was there to bury, really? And besides this is a big wide land where you see miles as long as you can see at all. Every day of your life you see that way. And it is hard to be underground afterward. I had lived on the land enough to know.

"In the end I knew I couldn't bury her there. She was the only kin I had, so I took



her up carefully and rode back with her. I figured at first maybe I'd have it done in a proper ceremony with a churchyard and a preacher to ease it a little.

"But then I couldn't. I couldn't face up to it. I kept putting it off and getting that feeling that if I did bury her she would go away; that she wouldn't be real any longer. I settled on this place finally and I kept Melvina safe in the china closet. She never had to be afraid any more, and she could look out through the glass. Sometimes I talked to her.

"I'm a grown man, but that I did not get over, do you see—though I know all's dark in the grave and this is cold bone on the table top. I have a wife and sons, but this I will not bear—that they should put her under the ground with me."

He reached out and clutched my wrist and I cursed my easy juggling with anatomy a moment before. One of the family made a sign to me from the doorway.

I stood up then and took his hand and said quickly, by way of comfort, "She will not want to look through the glass at strange faces. Let her go with you. One can stay too long in the sun."

"Aahh," he said blindly, and took her back into his hands, fumbling. "It's plain you are not one of the open people, or you would not say that. It's the wire," he said, his voice subsiding once more to a thin whisper that seemed to come out of the grass beside us. "It's the wire that's made a difference. No wire from Texas to the Big Horns. It was all space and bright sun."

A granddaughter led him away.

IV

I WOULDN'T have taken old man Harney's skull, even if he had offered it to me, for anything in the world. He had assumed a personal responsibility there that was not transferable. I knew too much of the story, and yet I was not part of it. Young Aunt Melvina would have haunted me. Not physically, perhaps, but with that kind of intangible loneliness that comes of knowing about events behind you in time that you can never alter or intrude within, and yet there is somebody there you know or love, or wish

greatly to have comforted, but it is back behind you and of all things the loneliest. So I left Harney with that burden as all men are left with it. It was his time, and he would have to deal with it as best he could.

Now, years later, I have some intimation of the emotions that had shaken him. I get them all out: the massive unknown skull I once rescued from a medical dissecting room and which bears the look of the Cro-Magnon past about it; I touch with fondness a mineralized skull vault whose age I can never prove but that rolled, I well know, for ages in the glacial gravels of the Platte. I look at them all, these silent masks whose teeth I have mended, and whose mortal rags I have bolstered with preservatives. Where will they go after the years of comfort—these fading, anonymous individuals who have somehow come to have a claim upon me? Scientifically they are worthless, for museums scrutinize with ever greater care the credentials of the bones which are donated to their skull rooms.

What chance has a dissecting room specimen without a pedigree? Should I hide him as Tobias did, in the attic, and hope for a kinder time? Should I seek to protect him by surreptitiously introducing him into a cemetery vault? Well, you see the problem.

And it's a burden, too. I realize it more as I get older, and I know, now, why Tobias the lawyer left that unrecorded legacy in his attic. What else could he do? Most people don't look at these things in the same way, and it's just as well they don't. Otherwise we'd be like certain Indian tribes who had to move the cemetery with them when they migrated. The attitude is easier to catch than you think. I know two men who have moved dead wives.

Generally I can't refuse skulls that are offered to me. It's not that I am morbid, or a true collector, or that I need many of them in my work. It is just that in most cases, people being what they are, I know the skulls are safer with me. Call it a kind of respect for the bones, ingrained through long habit. That, I guess, is the reason I keep those two locked in the filing cabinet—they're delicate, and not in a position to defend themselves. So I look out for them. I'd do as much for you.

The Easy Chair

Spring Clearance

Bernard DeVoto

Q Before I can agree to support the campaign that Mr. Drake launched in the March *Harper's* he will have to make some stipulations. If he gets the Post Office Department out of the red by restricting or abolishing the franking privilege, will he or won't he increase its efficiency? Time was when a letter I posted in Cambridge early Monday afternoon would be delivered in New York on Tuesday. That time is no more. I can make tolerably sure that it will be delivered on Wednesday by putting a special delivery stamp on it and so paying eighteen cents postage on a letter or twenty-one cents on Easy Chair' copy. Otherwise delivery is by guess and by God, though never so bad as it is in the other direction. From New York to Cambridge without a special delivery stamp you may get an occasional birdie of four days but par is five and few ever shoot it. Squanto and Massasoit frequently beat that in the sixteen-twenties. I don't know whether they age the stock in the Boston post office or the one at Harvard Square. But it seems they route mail from the South Station to my house through Portland and by ox cart.

And what will Mr. Drake do about stamps? Thirty years ago mention of the gum on them would wow the Keith Circuit but it's no joke now. The Department no longer puts adhesive on stamps and has steadily degraded the paper they're made of. If you buy a block of a hundred three-cent stamps, you can count on losing fifteen cents' worth of postal service through a remarkable invention

that has made the perforations stronger than the stamps. Do the fifteen cents show as profit on the Department's books? You may lose up to seventy-five cents more from stamps that don't stick to envelopes. I'm not kicking: I always vote Democratic. But I would like some instruction. What is the approved mode of expression when you get back a letter to which you affixed a stamp in hope and prayer but which now has no stamp on it and is marked "Returned for Postage"? And what would the differential in costs to the Department be between putting a sticky substance on the first stamp and returning the letter for a second one, or up to five more?

Either Mr. Wells, Mr. Fargo, or Mr. Adams was once jailed for delivering letters. Probably delivered them in less than a week.

Q There is no provision, statutory or literary, that requires you to go on reading *From Here to Eternity*. I quit at about page 50 and the sense of well-being that ensued was terrific. Of the friends who have borrowed the book from me, only one got farther than I did. He reached page 104 and then came down with the flu, which he preferred.

Q I knew that sometime this one would be pulled on me and in fact I predicted here that it would be. Now it has been.

Recently several organizations of historians and apprentice historians have invited me to address them, though I came in through the hawsehole. At the end of one of these sessions, a member of the audience

fell to talking to me and politely asked me what I was working on. Disregarding the taboo that forbids writers to talk about the book in progress, I told him a little about mine. The book has a long time-span. (As the end of the first draft comes in sight, I am thinking of dropping the treatment of the last ice age in North America as not closely related to the principal theme and not susceptible to complete annotation.) Also, much of it is devoted to a period and to areas where the documents—without documents, no history—are sparse, sometimes unreliable, sometimes ambiguous, and sometimes nonexistent.

Seeing that something troubled my interrogator, I asked what was on his mind. Well, he said, in a book that covered so many years and touched on so many topics, did I not sometimes find myself dealing with matters that were in dispute? Certainly, I said, in every chapter; in some stretches on every page, sometimes in every paragraph; in some passages every sentence had to take a stand that could be demurred to. How did I handle them? he asked. As the prescription directed, I told him. I went to the sources, did such research as seemed indicated or possible, studied what the secondary authorities said, made up my mind, and then called the play as I saw it. Then did I notify the reader that I wasn't sure, that I was guessing, or that others differed from me? Usually, I said, though there were some places where, I assumed, the reader would understand that the facts could not be certainly determined and that I was writing only on the basis of my best judgment.

This did not allay the historian's anxiety. He asked me if in all such cases I summarized the evidence, analyzed it, set forth the other interpretations, and appraised them. No, I said: I had to get on with the book. I did not write about anything until I believed myself qualified to. When there were gaps or controversies, I notified the reader; where I followed someone else or differed from someone, I did the same. Exceptions as aforesaid. Then if I was wrong, let those who knew I was correct me. But this was deceiving my reader, he said, and betraying the historian's fiduciary relationship—did I think I had a right to mislead people? I said no but added that I did not think the oath required me to

be omniscient and infallible, either. When I took up the cross-examination, I drew out his assumptions. It is wrong, he believes, to write history unless you are absolutely certain that everything you say is absolutely right. Clearly such certainty is impossible in a book that deals with many subjects or covers a considerable period of time. No one ought to be permitted to write about complex subjects or sizable periods. A real historian breaks them up to fragments of manageable size and confines himself to a fragment he can handle.

That is how history contracts from the Wars of the Eighteenth Century to the War of Jenkins' Ear, to Jenkins, to the Eustachian tube. I appeal over the head of the American Historical Association, to the Council of Learned Societies. Please announce a ruling: how long a period and how complex a subject is it ethical to write about? But maybe the Association too will answer a question. In books by members in good standing, can I assume that every statement is established, backed by indisputable evidence, and not open to question? Since when?

The mail that followed my piece about the advertising campaign conducted by the American Medical Association is the largest I have received in years and letters are still coming in. Later on I may analyze and discuss them here. Just one aspect now. Up to today I have received ninety-one letters from medical men. Disregarding decimal places, something over 80 per cent of them approve what I said. Every letter I have received that was written on the letterhead of a hospital, medical school, or medical foundation is favorable. I do not pretend that so small a sampling justifies any conclusions but one recurring theme is obviously significant.

The *Journal* of the American Medical Association for January 27 ran an editorial five and a half columns long devoted in great part to my piece. It treats me as ignorant, dishonest, and radical. (Not communistic—quite. It invents a conspiracy and inserts me in it and then chances to hit on the subject of communism, remarking at some length that Communists use the same tactics as the conspiracy. Galleys read by a lawyer, probably. But why not say it straight out? You

mean that criticism of the AMA is *ipso facto* proof of communism.) It alleges that I said things which I did not say and accuses me of misstating some things which the editor knows I stated correctly. Let that go; I'm more interested in some of the editor's other statements. He implies (he would say "infers" and needs a dictionary) that I wrote in collusion with two doctors who at about the time my piece came out also published some criticism of AMA policies. It was my loss but on January 27 I had never heard of either of them. Presently one of them wrote to me and enclosed a copy of a letter he had written to the *Journal*. The enclosure tells the *Journal* that it has distorted and misrepresented what his earlier piece said. Any bets that the editor will run his letter? I'll cover them. I have seen copies of a number of similar letters by members of the AMA which haven't been printed in the *Journal* and won't be.

The editor says that the *Journal* prints opposing opinion but cannot reasonably be expected to do so very often when it is the opinion of a "minority politically inclined or socialistically minded faction." (He also needs a short treatise on syntax.) But a lot of my medical correspondents say that it won't print any opinion which deviates from the AMA party line. And, they add, neither will the county and state medical press. "I have never seen anything published in the ———— contrary to the official AMA stand," one of them says, and fifteen all told say just that about the local publication he names and several others. No hearing for deviationism.

Then they go on. They discuss what a professor at a celebrated medical school calls "the organizational means by which the AMA maintains its control." What that delicate phrase means is indicated by the many letters which ask me to regard them as confidential, direct me not to print them, or end, "I'm sorry but you've got to keep this to yourself—I've got my career to think of." As one puts it, "I cannot expose myself to action by my colleagues." He means that he might be dropped from his local society and thereby, or by equivalent means, be made ineligible for hospital staffs, and so, effectively, barred from the practice of medicine. Is his prudence unjustified? By no means. It is recognition of a very real threat, or what the dictionary

calls terrorism. That threat is what keeps silent thousands of physicians who are against AMA policies. One of the prosecutions I mentioned in my piece was for an effort to make the threat good. Though a correspondent who disagrees with me thinks it mere verbalism to call that a crime, the court differed from him.

So do a lot of medical men who have written to me. "God damn it," one of them says, "as a specialist I cannot quit the AMA and its lobby without losing my specialist memberships; I am helpless."

I hope the *Journal* will run another editorial harmonizing these letters with the freedom and democracy which, it says, are the AMA's fixed stars. Maybe the editor does not get around enough. In this subversive locality it has lately come out that 43 per cent of the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society have neglected to pay the AMA's assessment for the advertising campaign, thus beating the New York County Medical Society by 1 per cent and ranking Massachusetts thirty-sixth among the states for loyal support of propaganda.

Such figures suggest to me that opposition to the AMA party line is greater than the *Journal* claims, and I am going to say so to the medical school that has dropped me into an open slot in its lecture series. Since I do not belong to the AMA, however, I will confine myself to the opinions and language of some who do, though I don't know how many letters I can read in an hour. I promise the *Journal* that I will imitate its habitual tact, observe the professional courtesies of journalism, and withhold some opinions. Thus I would not read in an open meeting such a passage as the following, from a doctor who has a distinguished reputation in his field, "Official medical opinion is revealed through the medical press, and the medical press is a kept press, providing as little freedom of expression as do the news organs of a totalitarian nation. Those who raise the voice of protest run the risk of liquidation."

Q Let's get back to history. At intervals I have awarded in these columns the Easy Chair Prize in American History. I would make and announce another award now except that it would be impertinent of me to seem to be passing judgment on the book

that would get it. The same reason keeps me from reviewing it here. I am in the position of the lightning bug whose opinions, Mark Twain remarked, couldn't make much difference either way to the lightning.

The book is Frederick Merk's *Albert Gallatin and the Oregon Problem*. (Harvard University Press, \$2.50.) You will find it timely for it deals with an international crisis that might have led to war but was resolved by diplomacy. It is so short that you can read it in a couple of hours, and if you start reading it you will read straight through. It must horrify the historian I was talking about earlier. It is written in narrative and he knows that the narrative method prevents historical analysis. Though it concentrates on Gallatin's negotiations with the British over Oregon in 1826 and 1827, it covers the previous history of Oregon, a complex subject, and the western expansion of the United States and Canada, a long time. Well, it infuriated me, or maybe "humiliated" is the word. No man has a right to be able to handle so much so masterfully; to concentrate it so completely and clearly in such small space. Every so often Mr. Merk finds in his path a subject that I have written about in one or another of my books. His treatment is a few sentences long, clear, graceful, and final, and reminds me that mine is many pages long, turbid, and, as my interrogator put it, open to question. The demonstration is painful but I must say it's fascinating to watch.

And why don't those of us who work with frontier history have an attack of candor and proclaim our indebtedness to Fred Merk? A student of Turner's, he is worth much more to us than his master. We use his stuff every day and usually we steal it. Nobody knows how many careers in American colleges are based solidly on his lecture courses and seminars and stick close to their base, but I could draw up a long list of books in which he is an unnamed collaborator. A lot more of Merk is printed every year than gets enclosed in quotation marks or cited in the bibliography.

When the worst blizzard of this century struck Boston, some Harvard students fought their way through it so they could have the experience of attending the only class that Mr. Merk had ever missed. They found that he had got in from his suburban home before them, and that happens to all workers in the westward movement. He beat you to it long ago; you find his blaze on the trees and he is ranging on ahead. I suppose he must have made some errors and maybe misled a reader, but credentials have not yet been issued to the man who can prove it.

With Mr. Merk the professional categories and specialties break down. This short book is not diplomatic history; it is not segmented or abstracted; it is in the round. That is the kind of learning he has and, more to the point, the way his mind works. Gallatin in London holds Canning off from forcing the Oregon issue to a showdown, so that the growth of the United States may eventually settle it. In Gallatin's mind is the whole American experience, all the forces and factors, the land and the people and the interests and the institutions. There they all are in Mr. Merk's mind as he writes, not separated but simultaneous and organic—a whole. We call that history.

I wish his light-fingered collaborators would make more use than they do of one of his attributes. The documents are in the archives and the books are in the stacks, and too many historians write as if that's where history is too. Not Mr. Merk. He always has in mind what the geology and the geography and the topography are, what the climates are, what the soils are—consequently why the routes ran where they did—what crops grew here and why, why others wouldn't—why one breed of people settled here and another moved on—why one kind of effort succeeded and another failed—what the prevailing winds had to do with commerce—how sand and jack pine equate with mortgages. His history is people living in the world, not their votes and statistics. That is the life-giving element and the one that the miniature Merks miss while taking notes.

Can Science Make Sense?

Joseph H. Spigelman

NEVER before have so many people searched so desperately for guidance as today. In politics and business, there is the incessant search for directions to a secure peace and prosperity. There is the search, in education, for central reference points around which our accumulations of information can be organized into knowledge. In the literature that most truly reflects and epitomizes our time, there is the search again for some central guidepost: for a father (Joyce, Kafka, Thomas Wolfe); for a faith (Huxley, Auden, T. S. Eliot); for significant myth (Yeats, Mann, Robert Graves); for the crucial insights, the epiphanies, that can structure the chaos of experience (Proust, Rilke, E. M. Forster). In life generally, there is the anxious turning each day to a different oracle; to a Toynbee, a Merton, a Ron Hubbard; to psychoanalysis or existentialism; to Vedanta or Baha'i; to the very latest political commentator or economic forecaster; to whatever other revelation may be in current fashion, in the hope perhaps there to find the guidance people need.

For a great many people the search has ended, at least temporarily. They take their guidance from some person—though generally someone decently cloaked in ideology and Holy Writ—from a Stalin or a pope, who tells them just how to think and feel about everything from popular songs to scientific

theories, from the mysteries of religion to the perplexities of personal relations. Many others are seeking guidance in cultism, utopian causes, or inspirational literature.

But in this competition for the role of sense-makers to a bewildered humanity, the scientists are losing out. Not that people do not want to be instructed by science. They have never been more eager for whatever guidance it can give. People stand reverently before its pundits, listening hard, trying most earnestly to understand, but what they hear is ever less intelligible. They have acquired a great deal of "scientific" information, more than laymen have ever before known; but of what this information means, they have, at best, only a vanishing glimmer of an idea.

Scientists themselves are hardly any better off. So far has scientific specialization gone that only the most select coterie can hope to understand the refinements of each specialist's work. Professor Norbert Wiener aptly described the situation in his book, *Cybernetics*:

Today there are few scholars who can call themselves mathematicians or physicists or biologists without restriction. A man may be a topologist or an acoustician or a coleopterist. He will be filled with the jargon of his field, and will know all its literature, all its ramifications, but, more frequently than not, he will regard the next

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subject as something belonging to his colleague three doors down the corridor, and will consider any interest in it on his own part as an unwarrantable breach of privacy.

What wonder then that, as Herbert Dingle, a leading British astrophysicist, admitted some years ago: "The criteria for distinguishing sense from nonsense have to a large extent been lost; our minds are ready to tolerate any statement, no matter how ridiculous it obviously is, if only it comes from a man of repute and is accompanied by an array of mathematical symbols. . . . If this state of mind exists among men of science, what will be the state of mind of a public taught to measure the value of an idea in terms of its incomprehensibility?"

The reception of Einstein's new Unified Field Theory, announced in late 1949, gives the answer. Though hardly anyone, even among physicists, fully understands this theory; though it is at variance with the quantum concept of atomic physicists; though it is not only untested, but in its present form untestable, it was widely proclaimed the "key to the cosmos," the "solution to the riddle of life," and the like. The same kind of reception has greeted other Einstein pronouncements, including those—like the Unified Field Theory of 1935—he later repudiated. Where there is no understanding, people can only follow a leader accepted on faith. The disposition to accept and acclaim a theory completely above our heads may become, in more desperate times, the disposition to follow that political magician who can deliver the most intoxicating, because they are the most mysterious, incantations.

II

THE unintelligibility of science, like the unintelligibility of poetry and art, is a peculiarly modern phenomenon. Things were quite different not so long ago. From the early seventeenth century—with the work of Galileo, Descartes, Leibniz, and Newton—to the end of the nineteenth, and residually to the present day, the whole of science was illuminated by an idea that was intelligible in itself and the source of intelligibility, not only for science but for every department of life.

This was the idea of *autonomy*: in essence the notion that reality is separable into a number of closed systems, not importantly connected with each other; that what happens in any one system is determined almost entirely within that system itself; that the several parts and aspects of nature can therefore be investigated separately, as if unrelated to other parts and aspects.

The first important manifestations of autonomy were in physics—in the key concepts of classical mechanics:

The concept of the particle as a structureless mass-point moving uniformly through a structureless space and time, unaffected by either.

The concept of absolute space and time, separable from each other, from the matter and the events they contain, from observations upon them; neither affected nor affecting.

The concept of mechanism, an organization composed of perfectly rigid parts, movable without deformation, no part internally affected by any other or by influences from the outside.

But the applicability of autonomy to other fields soon became evident, and its dominion gradually spread to all the sciences and fields of practice, in each producing progeny in its own image:

Modern chemistry, made possible by the isolation of weight from all other aspects of the chemical reaction.

The technology of replaceable parts and replaceable men, both alike abstractions from all their characteristics except the specialized functions they severally perform.

The theories of preformation and later of orthodox Mendelian genetics, which held that an organism's heredity is entirely unaffected by environmental influences upon the parents.

The notion of the man-machine, a bundle of separable physico-chemical reactions and conditioned reflexes.

The practice of mechanistic medicine, which still treats diseases as the fault of one or another of the separable organs or functions of the body.

The concept of economic man, with no worth, no needs, scarcely any being, apart from his exchange value on the market.

The doctrine of legal personality, under which beggars, kings, and corporations were all alike subject to a law for which nothing mattered but their abstract relationship to certain abstract rules and principles.

The policies of *laissez-faire* government, with its mechanically compartmentalized powers and functions, indifferent to all that happened outside its rigidly circumscribed concerns.

The view that certain races or nations are inherently good, creative, superior, while others are inherently evil, imitative, inferior, regardless of environmental or other influences.

The practice of Sunday religion, as something quite apart from everyday life.

The passion for pure scholarship, pure science, pure art, each pursued only for its own sake, with no interest on the part of the devotee in its relevance to life.

The alienated, fragmented lives we still lead.

The idea of autonomy had almost universal relevance. And where it was relevant, there it brought clarity and precision. The reason is simple. The parts or aspects of anything, considered separately, are easier to understand, to manipulate, than the whole. Man broken down into his constituent aspects—economic man, religious man, tubercular man, and so on—ceased to be a mystery and became instead accessible to reason. Changes that are functions of a few known variables within the system are not only relatively easy to understand; they can also generally be expressed mathematically. The path of a particle could be described definitely and exhaustively—at least on paper—so long as its movements could be supposed to be the simple function of fully determinable parameters. So too, wages that vary only with the marginal utility of labor might be plotted on a curve and then extrapolated, as they cannot be if they depend also on the vagaries of trade unionism and government policy.

By giving problems a simple precision, uncomplicated by other considerations, the idea of autonomy encouraged attempts at their

solution. It thus engendered that tremendous dynamism which made the age of autonomy the heroic age of Western civilization.

THE only trouble is that the idea is no longer generally acceptable. It no longer affords a satisfactory way of seeing things. People are more and more interested in understanding things as connected, rather than in isolation; and in making connections where they do not exist. In science itself, the hold of autonomy has weakened. Starting about a century ago, with the recognition in thermodynamics that physical processes are not fully reversible, that they are not accordingly independent of time's unidirectional flow; continuing with Relativity Theory, which showed that we cannot meaningfully speak of time apart from space, of space apart from the matter that structures it, of matter apart from the energy into which it might be transformed, of anything in nature apart from the observer; and from there to quantum physics and quantum chemistry, to organismic biology and Gestalt psychology, to psychosomatic medicine, socio-economic law, and the science and technology of human relations, scientists have tended increasingly to make interdependence, rather than autonomy, their major premise.

III

CAN then the idea of *interdependence* take the place of autonomy as a means of illuminating the sciences and overcoming their unintelligibility? It does not seem so. For one thing, interdependence is not a scientific notion. It comes to science from the outside, from religious and moral philosophy, from literature, from common experience. ("No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe," and that kind of thing.) Science is compelled to recognize interdependence, to reckon with it as best it can; but it is alien to its spirit. For the world can best be understood when broken down into separate parts and aspects. This is as true today as in the seventeenth century. To the extent that scientists are forced to accept the interdependence of phenomena, their subject matter becomes more and more intractable to scientific inquiry. Scientists are therefore always seeking isolable systems on which to

work. Bertrand Russell, in his widely acclaimed *Human Knowledge*, still regards the assumption of the isolability of systems as one of the indispensable presuppositions of all scientific investigations.

Many other ideas, more characteristically scientific, have been proposed as successors to autonomy, both as unifying principles for the sciences, and as keys to the meaning of science for the layman: notably the concepts of evolution, entropy, relativity, indeterminism, and organism.

But all of them are peculiar to the field of their origin and inapplicable to any other. Efforts at wider application almost invariably result in claptrap and confusion. Witness the use Herbert Spencer and the American Darwinian sociologists made of "evolution"; Henry and Brooks Adams, of "entropy"; Spengler and the geopoliticians, of "organism"; a whole slew of divines, of "indeterminism"; and almost everybody, of "relativity." But the physicists' Principle of Indeterminism asserts only that it is impossible to assign precise values simultaneously to any pair of conjugate parameters (like position and momentum, energy and time, action integral and angle variable) that may characterize a dynamic system. It does *not* mean the freedom of the will, the providence of God, or anything else of that sort. The physical Principle of Relativity means principally that the same phenomena will be differently described in different co-ordinate systems, that no co-ordinate system can be given pre-eminence, but that certain relations—*e.g.* among mass, velocity, and the speed of light—are covariant for all continuous co-ordinate transformations; that is, for all co-ordinate systems. This does *not* imply the relativity of truth, nor does it have any precise relevance for politics or morals. The biologists' Theory of Evolution means approximately that biologic species have, over the course of geologic epochs, differentiated and multiplied through a complicated combination of mutations, adaptations, and natural selections. This has nothing to do with social development, which is rather the outcome of man's bungling efforts to realize the potentialities already inherent in his own single species. Organism has some meaning for biology—unfortunately none too definite—but none at all for history, the social

sciences, or social planning. And so too for "entropy," "Gestalt," "the unconscious," and all other leading concepts of the special sciences.

The laws and principles of the various sciences have dependable meaning only for the particular fields to which they respectively belong. All other meaning ascribed to them is speculative philosophy, in which each man is his own philosopher, and with which the scientist has no particular concern.

NO RESPONSIBLE scientist has anything to say as a scientist outside his own increasingly narrow specialty. Even when he is a specialist in making connections between specialties—a biochemist, say, or a cyberneticist—he can speak authoritatively only about the particular connections he has found or made, and of nothing beyond that. The implications for other sciences, or for humanity generally, that have been drawn from particular scientific concepts have all been the work of philosophers, theologians, and publicists; or of scientists turned amateur philosopher (like Eddington and Jeans), amateur theologian (like Lecomte du Noüy), or amateur publicist (like Alexis Carrel). In no case do such men represent the body of their colleagues; in no case do the philosophers, theologians, and publicists speak for the scientist.

But even those who stick to some one science do no better in making its meaning clear than those who try to go beyond it. For there is hardly a scientific theory that is not shot through with common-sense absurdities. Those of physics—insubstantial matter, curved space, change of location without movement, and the like—are most notorious. But scarcely more assimilable to common sense are the key concepts of embryological field theory, of psychoanalysis, of econometrics, and of other advanced branches of science. As for those who have tried to explain these concepts in common-sense terms (Eddington and Jeans are, of course, the best known) so far from elucidating these mysteries, they have only—and perhaps deliberately—deepened them, by giving them a mystical interpretation as alien to common sense as to science. The point simply is that the leading ideas of contemporary physics and of other up-to-date sciences have no

meaning as most people understand "meaning." And what meaning they can still be said to have is so entangled in impenetrable mathematics and technical jargon as to be quite inaccessible to the layman. It is not without significance that the two men—Lincoln Barnett and the late Professor Selig Hecht—who in recent years have perhaps done best in "explaining" physics for the layman have not themselves been physicists. They have therefore had more courage than practicing physicists could have in skirting the paradoxes and mysteries that lie at the heart of physics and that today constitute its leading ideas.

IV

It is increasingly fashionable for scientists to disdain explanation. It is thought sufficient if the facts of observation can be connected, if pointer-readings can be linked mathematically. What lies behind these mathematical formulations, what they mean, should be—so it is contended—no concern of ours.

This might all be very well if the facts pointed to their own connection; if all we needed to do was to note down a series of pointer-readings and the law of their connection would become unmistakably apparent. Even if we still failed to understand what these connections signified, we would at least know that their affirmation is what scientists have to say, what they agree upon. In certain areas, contemporary science *does* afford that much clarity. Planck's Radiation Law and the All-or-Nothing Law in neurophysiology are examples of simple laws apparently well established. But, as scientists become more aware of the actual complexity of phenomena, the number of simple laws generally acknowledged dwindles, their authority weakens. The Law of Supply and Demand in economics and the Gas Laws in physics are examples of laws which, through progressive complication and qualification, have lost much of their old authority.

Typically, the connection among phenomena is very far from evident. There are alternative ways of ordering the same set of facts, and all we have therefore is a number of competing theories covering the same phenomena. Thus even in physics, which

deals with the simplest of phenomena, these phenomena are ordered in all sorts of incompatible ways. Witness the unquenchable flood of theories, none quite satisfactory, in nuclear physics. Relativity Theory, though seemingly so secure, is rivaled by the Neo-Newtonian theories of M. J. S. Dewar and others, and, more significantly, by various post-Einsteinian theories, notably those of E. A. Milne and H. G. Kussner. Similarly for other branches of physics. Since the biological and social sciences deal with matters vastly more complicated than those of concern to physics, it is not surprising that they exhibit an even greater diversity of theories. There are literally scores of mutually contradictory theories of embryonic development, of psychoneurosis, of the business cycle, of all the other things of interest to science.

The multiplicity of theory is actually much greater than appears on the surface. For theories called by the same name are variously formulated. Relativity Theory, for example, has been reformulated again and again by Einstein himself and by other workers. John Maynard Keynes' theory of employment has been so amended and refined by the Keynesians that it is today, in effect, a different theory, or rather a large and varied group of different theories, each differently interpreted by different experts.

But this diversity of theories, and of their formulation and interpretation, is quite natural. As new facts are uncovered, as the old facts are better understood, theories will change, at least be understood differently. Every scientist who thinks for himself, who doesn't let Stalin or the Pope think for him, will have his own theory about the subject matter in which he is expert, and a different theory at different times, as his knowledge and insight develop.

EVEN as regards fact, agreement among scientists is much less substantial than might appear. Actually, the facts revealed by observation are not the same for different scientists, nor even for different observations by the same scientist. Thus, in the frequently conducted "round robin" tests, different laboratories that have been given the same detailed instructions on how to make certain measurements will nevertheless always come up with varying results.

And, in almost all instances, the differences are greater than can be accounted for by errors in measurement. Indeed, the usual supposition that "errors in measurement" are alone responsible for discrepancies in the result is unfounded. As the late Professor Morris Raphael Cohen pointed out in 1923:

There is little empirical evidence to show that while the observer and his instruments are always varying, the objects which he measures never deviate in the slightest from the simple law. Doubtless, as one becomes more expert in the manipulation of physical instruments, there is a noticeable diminution in the range of the personal "error"; but no amount of skill and no refinement of our instruments have ever succeeded in eliminating irregular though small variations.

The actual facts observed by different specialists are no more the same than their understanding of these facts. The so-called constants of nature—the velocity of light, the charge of an electron, etc.—are *reported* as constant only on the tacit assumption of the constancy and uniformity of nature. But these are purely metaphysical assumptions, not supported by empirical observation. Actual measurements always show slightly different results. (Thus, the Michelson-Morley experiments did not show that the velocity of light is always the same, but only that it did not vary by the previously expected amount. Millikan's measurement of the electron charge and all succeeding measurements show only that the magnitude of this charge varies within a certain very narrow range. Similarly, for all other physical "constants.")

V

INDEED, the growing awareness of diversity and novelty lies at the heart of the confusion in modern science. Classical science had assumed that underlying the boundless variety and flux of appearances was an objective reality that was everywhere the same, forever unchanging. The uniformity of space and time was taken for granted; so was the equivalence of different states of an isolated system; and the reducibility of all systems to arrangements of the same kind of elementary particle. Laplace's

Mécanique Céleste seemed, once and for all, to have demonstrated the illusoriness of change. Prout's Hypothesis boldly affirmed the essential sameness of things and for a century thereafter experiment seemed in the main to confirm that supposition. A century, even a generation, ago, nature seemed simple; its laws were simple; they could, in principle at least, be understood simply.

We think otherwise today. Some scientists—Einstein most notably—still believe in the simplicity of nature's laws. But that faith is not shared by others, nor is it warranted by the recent progress of science. Scientists are compelled toward an ever increasingly complex—and decreasingly intelligible—formulation of the laws of nature by the complexity of fact that experiment reveals. Today Relativity Theory tells us that space and time are *not* uniform; that every point in space-time differs in orientation from any other. We know from Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle that different states of the same system are *not* equivalent. We find that there is an irreducible variety of elementary particles—photons, electrons, positrons, neutrinos, anti-neutrinos, several kinds of mesons, protons, negative protons, neutrons, etc.—and experiment every so often uncovers new kinds. We have learned from Pauli's Exclusion Principle that even particles of the same kind, particles that can in no way be distinguished from each other, must yet have different properties. Everywhere we look, uniformities once firmly established have turned again into diversities, not merely the apparent diversities of old, but diversities basic and ineluctable. So too, from what once appeared to be simple recurrences there now emerge the most significant elements of novelty.

But, unfortunately, science has today no adequate means of accounting for, or dealing with, objective diversity and novelty. Effects that are not equivalent to their presumptive causes just cannot be explained, as most men understand explanation. What is worse, things that are not equivalent to other things, states that are not equivalent to preceding and succeeding states, cannot be described in equations, the basic form of mathematical, and therefore of scientific, discourse. They must accordingly be described by indirection, in increasingly roundabout, intricate, and,

for all that, approximate and "statistical" ways.

Clearly, what is needed is some calculus or model of differences and changes by reference to which differing and changing systems could be rigorously, yet simply, analyzed, ordered, and explained. This need has become evident to many people, and some have pretended already to have met it. The work in particular of the late Alfred Korzybski and his school of General Semanticists has commended itself to many as a satisfactory way of dealing with the fundamental facts of diversity and emergent novelty in

nature. But this work has not won the acceptance of careful thinkers. While the General Semanticists deserve credit for recognizing the problem and wrestling with it, it seems doubtful that they have found the road to a solution. Their specific contributions thus far—the "structural differential" and the rest—are only parodies of what is required.

The task of reckoning with diversity and novelty is still before us. It is not an easy task and we must not expect easy solutions. But a start has been made that may, in time, yield the means of making sense of science.

Seer

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE eyes are there, but so designed
 All they can see is inward mind:
 The veil is always drawn before
 The luminous Lucretian shore;
 These eyes do not behold the pain,
 The sun, the cloud, the hill, the plain;
 Not even phantoms of belief
 Are doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief;
 All the bright rush of evidence
 Marshaled before the world of sense
 Is nothing, less than nothing—so
 Phidippides, DiMaggio,
 The Parthenon, the A & P,
 Sharing invisibility
 Are equally conveyed, consigned
 To the dominion of the blind.

And we, before this marble bust,
 Reduced to particles of dust,
 See, or suppose we see, the pure
 Majestic god, serene and sure,
 And in our fevered lives aspire
 To his immortal lack of fire,
 Immune and cool, beyond the strange
 Phenomena of chance and change.

But these are not blind eyes. They burn
 With passionate inward self-concern,
 Most quick, most diligent, to mark
 Each mode, each motion, in the dark,
 Noting the Self's minutest move
 With fond and fascinated love,
 Forever fair, deluding us
 Forever, wise, preposterous.

Jasper

A Story by Emma Smith

Drawings by Betty McIntyre



ON THE day Laura Southey came back from visiting friends at Shillong, her husband shot a tigress in his teagarden. "Oh Roger," she said, as he drove her back from the station that night, "how dangerous. She might have mauled you. Was she a big one?"

"Big?" said he. "Biggest I've ever seen. Whacking great brute." He took one hand from the wheel and spread the fingers wide open. "Couldn't span the pug-mark," he said, "that'll show you. . . ."

It was no exaggeration, for the tigress had been a fine creature. Laura shuddered when she looked at the close ranks of pampas grass on either side of the car, perfectly still, shining whitely. She urged her husband to drive faster.

"What—scared, old girl?" he said, proud of her alarm. Laura and he had been married only a short time and she was barely accustomed to the idea of wild animals loitering about her home. It was the first tiger Roger had killed, so he was not ashamed to repeat himself more than once as they bounded along the rocky dust-covered deathly-deserted road under a blazing Assamese moon.

"I was just having a quiet lie-back round about two o'clock," he said, "when that fool Giroo came rushing in all of a sweat, hollering, 'Tiger, tiger.' So out I went," said Roger, "and the coolies were all sitting up in trees shaking with terror—you know what they're like—and while I was wondering where the

hell the thing had got to, there she was. Large as life. Near as you are to me. Looked straight up into my face as cool as you please."

The cold hill air stirred among the flat, fleshy jungle leaves, between the black palms.

"Oh Roger," cried Laura, "were you frightened?"

"Matter of fact, I wasn't," said Roger. "Took me by surprise, I suppose. And before I had time to get the wind up, she was dead at my feet. Enormous great beast, Laura, you've no idea." He took one hand from the steering wheel and held it out toward her, the fingers stretched wide. "I couldn't," he said, "span her pug-mark, not by more than an inch."

And so, still talking of the incident, they reached home. There was one thing Roger had not told Laura. He wanted to surprise her, and when she went into the living room she was very surprised. In a basket before the fire lay a tiger cub asleep.

Laura knelt on the hearth rug to touch the little creature with her fingers. The servants pushed their turbaned heads, gaping with grins, around the doorway. Roger filled his pipe and looked with satisfaction at the result of the day's shooting.

"The mother had it in her mouth when I shot her," said Roger.

At this Laura was torn with pity and love. "How beautiful he is," she cried, "just look, how lovely. I should like to call him Jasper."



Roger thought this not at all a foolish name for a tiger, and from that moment the animal was known as Jasper.

HE SEEMED to grow remarkably quickly. In no time at all he was up to Laura's knee, and used to follow her round the house, stopping when she stopped and paying attention to whatever it was she did. She thought him wonderful. "He is so intelligent," she said many times to her husband, and at the end of each day as he leaned back in his sweat-creased shorts, hot and tired, drinking a first whiskey before bathing, she would tell him of Jasper's behavior since breakfast, his latest habits, the way he winked his eyes, his gentleness, his sense of humor. And after dinner, when Jasper stretched himself between them on the hearth asleep, they would point out to one another how finely developed, how long and strong were his limbs, how smoothly his skin lay, of what clear gold his eyes were when he opened them to yawn. Indeed, he was very beautiful, very quiet in his behavior, and seemed not to give a second thought to the skin of his mother which decorated one wall in the living room.

Fed bountifully on good cooked meat, Jasper grew and grew. In the shortest possible time he was waist-high, and the finest specimen of a tiger it was possible to see. Of Roger and Laura he was the pride and joy. Strangers visiting were so shocked by the sight of Jasper appearing round the side of the house that more than once they turned their car hard round on its tracks and drove,

white-faced, away. Roger and Laura laughed very gaily when their servants reported such visits, but even their friends from neighboring teagardens, who knew what to expect, were sometimes alarmed when the great tiger came strolling out onto the veranda and down the steps to greet them. Laura, however, laid her small palm confidently on the strong flat head and assured them there was no need to fear. She pulled his ears gently and her eyes shone with love.

"He is so beautiful, don't you think?" she said.

Roger took color photographs of Jasper standing in the middle of the green brilliant lawn, with a fall of scarlet hibiscus flowers behind him, and the warm Indian sun striking twice as richly on his rich red hide. And softly his golden paws crushed the semi-tropical flowers when he wandered in the garden. Often, spreading wide the fingers of his right hand, Roger would say of him admiringly: "His mother was a huge great creature too. I couldn't span her pug-mark with my hand, and I can't his."

THEN Laura and Roger had a baby. During the time of her pregnancy, Laura kept the tiger always by her, and the first words she said to Roger after the child was born were ones of anxiety:

"I do hope," she said, "that Jasper will like him."

She introduced the two with trepidation. Jasper put his whiskered head, big as a coal scuttle, close up to the child and blew softly. Then he turned his amber eyes mildly

toward Laura. Much moved, she burst into tears and threw her arms about his neck. The baby awoke and screwed its wizened face up in screams that drowned the sound of Laura's sobbing.

She wanted to call the child Tiger, but Roger thought this was pushing their devotion too far, and compromised by having his son christened John Jasper Southey. John and Jasper showed every sign of friendliness to each other. In spite of this, one of Laura's friends said to her, "I wonder how you dare to have that brute around the place with John."

"Oh, good gracious," answered Laura laughing, "there's no need to worry about Jasper. He's as gentle as a kitten."

"He might be jealous," said her friend.

Laura, who had never thought of it before, began to watch Jasper for signs of jealousy. She asked her husband what he thought.

"Jealous?" said Roger, "Why should he be? What, old Jasper? Of course he isn't."

But all their neighbors seemed to feel the same way about Jasper. What they had previously thought was eccentric and amusing, now appeared to them in a sinister light. "Why," said one of these, "Jasper could gobble up little John in one mouthful and not even notice it." Laura felt sick and for a moment her face and fingers went white. "Jasper," she called, and when he came over to her she looked deeply in his eyes and believed he would not do this. But the talk went on. Roger was teased at the club. Laura reproached at the teatable. They both became irritable, embarrassed with Jasper and sharp with John.

"Hungerford says we ought to shoot Jasper," said Roger abruptly one evening.

"Oh, no," cried Laura, horrified, "no, no; I'd rather shoot John." She was taken by a fit of violent weeping and Roger left the room gloomily.

One day Laura found Jasper standing by John's pram, his chin resting on the edge, staring in at the sleeping child. She stopped and looked at him, tranced with fear.

"You must never do it, Jasper," she said aloud; "they would shoot you for that."

The tiger at once looked up at her and seemed, she thought, to grin.

Laura went straight to Roger. "Roger," she said, "people are right. We ought to send Jasper away for a time. Just till John's older, you know. We could have him back again later, couldn't we, in a year or two?"

They talked it over hurriedly and decided to beg a temporary home for him at the nearest zoo, two hundred miles away. While they were talking John woke up and began, as he usually did on waking, to cry. "Oh," said Laura, putting her hands to her ears, "that noise, that noise."

THE zoo authorities were delighted to have Jasper. In a year's time, when John was growing into a pinched little boy with red rims to his pale big eyes, Roger went to visit Jasper in his cage. Laura would have gone too, but John was sick with a cough and so she stayed behind. Roger returned in a few days and looked at Laura sadly.

"He didn't know me," said Roger, "and oh, Laura—he's *wild*."

"Wild?" she asked, trembling.

"Savage—mad as a devil. Laura, I never heard him roar before."

Within twelve months they were told he



had died. John, when he was five years old, took the skin of the tigress from the wall and came crawling on the floor to his mother.

"My name is Jasper, isn't it?" he said, watching her face closely with his ill impish eyes.

"You know your name is John," she replied.

"But I'm called Jasper too."

She leaned forward and struck his frail

face as it peered up at her from under the skin's dry folds. Never before had she hit him, nor did she ever so again. He backed on his knees away from her and opened his mouth in a tiger's roar of defiance, but his wretched stomach rose and took him by the throat and held him coughing, coughing, on the floor, with the gaudy skin slipping from his thin shoulders and his eyes fixed on his mother.

Thin Partitions

JAMES MICHIE

WALKING our cabins criss-cross through the air,
Treading the flimsy, delicate decks, we know
What winds and spaces hang like sharks below
For us to fall, and by
The breadth of a hair
Still unconcernedly preserve ourselves on air.

Talking among our friends we cannot tell
What friendship means, for we would rather hear
Their harmless tongues than the hammers in their ear
Thudding, or in their blood
The funeral bell
Clanging for our decease, although we cannot tell.

The hand put out to light your cigarette
Might strike the face it hates, startle the wise
Puckers enveloping its ingrown lies
That hand would like you dead
And buried, yet
There it remains, and moves, and lights your cigarette.

The man who cracks the joke that makes the tears
Crease up the crowsfeet of his happy guest,
Ponders the primitive, forbidden jest,
Which, like a bomb, his brain
Nurses, but fears—
To stop the crowing laughter of his guest with tears.

And you, more near, lying upon my bed,
To strangle is as easy as to kiss.
This is the gesture of my love, and this
My hatred. Should we not
Fear, who instead
Kissing and trusting, sleep defenselessly in bed.

The Festival Year

Paul Moor

EUROPEANS have always been great ones for music festivals. Before the war, such operations as the Salzburg Festival and the annual Wagnerian orgy at Bayreuth had no equals in all the world. Since 1945, as the countries of Western Europe have come to look with a steadily warmer regard upon the American tourist and the currency in his wallet, new cultural operations have sprung up all over the map. At the moment, Great Britain is tremulously poised to launch what will to date be the most stupendous show of them all: the four-and-a-half-month Festival of Britain. For the tens of thousands of Americans who will attend this mammoth do, and probably have a brush with at least one other on the continent, some of the experiences of one who bears a few scars from earlier such encounters may perhaps be of service.

The annual Big Three of European festivals since the war have become the Edinburgh, the Holland, and the resuscitated Salzburg. Almost anywhere you turn there are others, most of them, even the smaller ones, dwarfing our own institutions such as the Boston Symphony's summertime Berkshire Festival. Many, including all the Big Three, offer side exhibits in drama and art as well, but it is the music which makes them unique and which will be primarily dealt with here. Also, since these notes are concerned mainly

with the newer festivals, those that have sprung full-panoplied from the head of the postwar dollar gap, it will be assumed that such prewar phenomena as the Salzburg Festival need no special introduction.

It is neither crass nor ungracious to speak of the festivals as being staged largely to attract dollars. If anyone makes any bones about this fact, it is only the tourists themselves who may prefer to cherish the mistaken idea that all this wealth of art just naturally exists in these romantic surroundings. Now anyone who has spent a winter in Paris recently can tell you that musically, in comparison with New York, it has come to be pretty small potatoes. London has considerably more to offer, and Rome, Vienna, and Berlin are struggling back to their former excellence, but New York is now the world's musical capital. Some of the native Scots looked a bit uncomfortable a couple of years ago when Sir Thomas Beecham, with his customary directness, announced to an Edinburgh press conference that "... the Americans are paying for all of our luxuries and most of our necessities," but no one contradicted him; the dollars left behind in shops and hotels have never been counted, but no one doubts that they more than make up the deficit of the festival offerings themselves. The truth of the matter is that the choicest music to be heard in Europe today is saved

From Palma de Mallorca, Prades, and other crannies of southern Europe, Mr. Moor sent in his manuscript, and addenda, on the revels which many Americans will attend this summer. He is a concert pianist, photographer, and writer.

and scheduled for the months when the largest possible number of tourists can manage to be on hand for it.

JUST about the best of all possible festivals is the one which lasts for three weeks of early autumn in Edinburgh. If there is any complaint to make about it, it is the niggling one that being forced to choose among such a plenitude of superior items can be almost painful for anyone who relishes great music superbly presented, programmed, and performed by the finest artists living. Unless restraint is employed, it is entirely possible for even the most sophisticated visitor to find himself run ragged trying to keep up with concerts which would stand out during an ordinary metropolitan season but which are here just among several items on one day's agenda.

Edinburgh's two big prestige offerings for 1951 are the world première of Benjamin Britten's operatic version of Melville's *Billy Budd*, with a libretto by E. M. Forster; and the first European visit in many years of the New York Philharmonic, to be conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos and Bruno Walter. Others on hand will be the Sadler's Wells Ballet, a company for which Americans need no recommendation, and the Glyndebourne Opera, whose lovingly and assiduously prepared productions are in all likelihood the most nearly perfect opera to be heard today.

The visitor to Edinburgh during festival time sees that lovely city in a rather different manifestation than during the year's other forty-nine weeks. If any Chamber of Commerce, of whatever nationality, wants some pointers on how to turn an entire city over to tourists while avoiding the sour and poisonous aspects of a tourist-trap, they should go to Edinburgh toward the middle of August and take a long, thoughtful look.

Edinburgh does not lie within that rather small area to which most tourists confine their gambols—it is, after all, farther north than Copenhagen—but its easy assimilation of all the foreigners and their daft ways and accents gives it a far more cosmopolitan air than is found in the larger Sassenach capital of the neighboring country to the south. A group of two or three people standing on an Edinburgh corner and peering uncertainly at a map do not stand there long before some-

one walks up to help—or, as has happened, a truck stops and its overalled driver suggests with a hospitable burr that he may be driving their way. Streetcar conductors will, without batting an eye, take the time to cast back to their school days and come up with whatever remains of their French (or German or Spanish) to help some harassed outlander. The smiles of welcome are perhaps strained but never exhausted even when a visitor named Flanagan—or Fournier or Bernstein or Martinelli—decides impetuously to be measured for a kilt and highland jacket.

Highland dress is, of course, much in evidence. The kilt, that noble, practical, maligned, and misunderstood garment, constitutes one of the few remaining examples of nature's principle that the male should sport the more alluring plumage of the species, and does a good deal to lend Edinburgh a visually festive air. Any foreigner with the certitude of character to take one back home with him should be cautioned to start saving toward it: a good kilt contains many yards of heavy, high-grade wool, and runs between fifty and seventy-five dollars. In the opinion of one who somewhat unsteadily wore a borrowed kilt home from a party last year and for a week following stood off the owner's every effort to retrieve it, this warm and princely piece of apparel is worth every penny of it. For those content with less antic keepsakes, the large shops have special export sections where cashmere sweaters, stockings, suitings, robes, and many other treasures may be sent straight to your boat or plane, thus avoiding the 33.3 per cent purchase tax which otherwise obtains.

The new arrival's first big impression of Edinburgh is usually the spectacle of Edinburgh Castle, atop a high granite ridge which towers above Prince's Street, the town's main thoroughfare, looking like the materialization of the average American's childhood image of a European castle. The castle esplanade is the setting for a nightly local-color pageant which is as popular and as eagerly attended as the more highbrow events in the city's seven theaters and halls. During the Military Tattoo, as it is called, when spotlighted kilted members of the Highland regiments march out of that story-book castle to do the Sword Dance, and the pipers smite the night air with the mixolydian

strains of "Scotland the Brave," it requires no Celtic ancestry for the blood to tingle and a lump to come to the throat.

In Edinburgh, the list of pleasures never seems to end. Last year, the Old Vic was on hand to give us a revival, after two centuries' desuetude, of Ben Jonson's "Bartholemew Fair," and there were new plays by two native sons, James Bridie and Eric Linklater; the year before, we had the world première of Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," and Sir David Lindsay's boisterous and captivating hurrah of popish corruption in sixteenth-century Scotland, "The Three Estates." To add to all this, the Edinburgh Film Guild has daily screenings of the year's best documentaries from the entire world—a program meriting an article entirely to itself. And, of course, there is the little matter of concerts by five or six of Europe's best symphony orchestras, as well as ballets, recitals, chamber music, and opera.

II

THE Holland Festival offers almost all of this, but the time allowed for it is extended to a full month and the programs are scattered about that small country, so the effect is less overpowering. The most important events take place in Amsterdam, The Hague, and Scheveningen (which actually is a seaside suburb of The Hague), but there are less pretentious items which justify the required journey to Delft and Bloemendaal. Distances are short, trains are fast and dependable, and the choicest things to be heard and seen are given repeat performances in different cities, so no one need miss anything important.

Whereas the folksy hospitality of the Scots makes everyone feel just one of the gang, the slightly more formal atmosphere of Holland preserves the air of one of the dressier nights at, say, the opera in either New York or Paris. No one is allowed to forget that music and drama events have their social aspects, too. Last year, after an Edinburgh official deplored the ambient encroachment of the sports jacket among festival audiences, someone asked the city's Lord Provost if he concurred; hell, no, he cried, let Youth Hostellers come in shorts and hiking boots if they had nothing more stylish. Any Youth Hosteler

heading for the Holland Festival this year is advised to include a lounge suit in his rucksack, preferably a dark one.

Amsterdam's main hotel is called the American (although the neon sign says, punctiliously, "*Hôtel Américain*") and the impression is carried away that absolutely everyone, everywhere, speaks fluent English. Definitely everyone rides a bicycle, as all visiting writers before and since Karel Čapek have been quick to generalize. In the same vein, everyone may be said to drink no alcohol except gin, taken neat. For amateurs of Gestalt psychology, it is worth adding that no citizen of Amsterdam will hesitate to accommodate with directions to any requested point, although by personal statistics they are flagrantly wrong 80 per cent of the time. Excellent maps are cheap at most bookstores; thirsty visitors can get the customary drink by asking just for "Genever."

The fact may as well be faced: Holland during the Festival is got up to look pretty touristy. Streets lined with ten-foot windmills, their blades outlined in electric lights, are only one of the wiles intended to put the visitor in a holiday mood and introduce him to local culture. After-concert shows at the Festival Club, featuring a parade of phlegmatic matrons in national costume and a dance routine created by a local teacher and realized by her pupils, are another. On the other hand, hours outside concert halls and theaters can be far too short when applied to such local institutions as the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, or the same city's modern collection in the Municipal Museum. Sitting in a Dutch café on a canal is every bit as pleasant as passing an hour in a Parisian or Spanish one on a boulevard or *rambla*. And some of the more elemental night spots near the waterfront, such as the Casablanca, offer a view of life unmatched anywhere between Marseilles and the Nyhavn in Copenhagen.

MUSICALLY, the principal interest is in the orchestra bearing the name of Amsterdam's main concert hall, the Concertgebouw; it was before the war one of the best symphonic groups in the world, and still is, and the acoustics of the Concertgebouw itself show it off to perfection. Eduard van Beinum has been its regular conductor since Willem van Mengelberg was exiled, and

he will conduct this summer, along with Otto Klemperer, Rafael Kubelik, Leopold Stokowski, and George Szell. Soloists will include Kathleen Ferrier and Artur Schnabel. The other participating orchestra is the Residentie, from The Hague. One or the other of these groups was conducted last year by Beinum, Monteux, Münch, Furtwängler, Schuricht, Bernstein, and The Hague's permanent conductor, Willem van Otterloo; the list is each year as impressive.

The excursion to the acoustically perfect open-air theater at Bloemendaal is well worth the scramble for trains afterward, particularly if the presentation is as good as last year's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," given by the Young Vic, an organization from the senior company's school. Fake outdoor scenery on a proscenium-arch stage can never compete with natural verdure which makes the Athenian wood actually *look* like a wood and lends some measure of credibility to the foolish people's constantly getting lost in it. As always, whether here or at the Old Vic's "Hamlet" or "She Stoops to Conquer," the predominantly Dutch audience seemed to grasp and relish every verbal flourish, and even the fish leaping in the crescent strip of water between actors and audience entered into the spirit of the evening. The Young Vic plans to do "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" this year.

III

OTHER new festivals on a somewhat more modest scale, at Aix-en-Provence, Florence, Venice, Lausanne, Besançon, and elsewhere, are sufficiently established and publicized to be accessible to anyone going to those regions; but there is one smaller one, planned uniquely for last year but now scheduled for one more, perhaps final, time this year, which should be brought to the serious layman's attention as what may be a once-in-a-lifetime event. This is the series of concerts given in the Rousillon section of France by the cellist Pablo Casals, the greatest living string player and quite possibly the greatest living musician.

Last year, after a long silence in protest against England's and the United States' tacit acceptance of a fascist government in Spain, Casals was persuaded to play in public once

more in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Bach, with whose music Casals' art has always been associated. Judging by externals, the festival was modest. Since Casals refused to play outside Prades, the little town in the Pyrénées-Orientales where he settled after leaving Spain, the twelve concerts were held in the local church—the nearest thing to an auditorium available—with a small seating capacity.

The festival amounted more to a pilgrimage. Casals performed the six suites for unaccompanied cello and the three gamba sonatas like a man in his second youth—which is what the seventy-three-year-old master said the festival had brought to him. He conducted an orchestra of which about one-third of the players were Americans, some of them well-known soloists, who paid their own fares and received a fee scarcely covering their expenses while in Prades. Such soloists as Rudolf Serkin, Joseph Szigeti, Alexander Schneider, Isaac Stern, and Eugene Istomin performed without fee. Emotions ran high, a good many tears were shed, and the music heard there was as fair and noble as any of us is likely ever to encounter.

Casals, visibly and repeatedly moved by the awareness of what it meant to people to hear him, and by the devotion which caused them to travel to an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, at length agreed to another festival this year. Since it will include, besides Bach, music of Mozart and Beethoven, the local Bishop decided that this was too secular to warrant use of the church again, so this year's concerts will be held twenty-five miles away, in the Mediterranean port of Perpignan. There will not again be the *esprit* displayed last June, when the town of Prades (usual population 5,000) was turned entire into a sort of birthday celebration for the man called *le Maître* by his neighbors there; there will be no focal point such as was provided by the suddenly bustling little *Grand Café*, where, if you sat for an hour or so, anyone in town you might be looking for—including a few such unexpected customers as Lily Pons, Burl Ives, Ruth Draper, Uta Hagen, Paul Strand, and Oscar Serlin—would eventually come by; there will be no scenes to compare with the surprise party in the *Grand Café's* garden where Casals, grinning like a kid, conducted a delirious dance orchestra while the

resident Catalans taught the *sardana* to the foreigners. Prades was compact enough for everyone to be in on everything; Perpignan is a small city, and it will be more like a proper festival, with the necessary enforcement of restrictive rules.

But the music, which after all was what brought people to Prades from as far as California, will not suffer from being heard in a hall with acoustics intended for music, and those who bore the frustration of last year's pious embargo on applause will be happier free to express their appreciation more demonstratively than by merely standing.

IV

THE prospect of the Festival of Britain, which opens the first week of May, is almost too staggering to contemplate. Acrimonious words have flown between factions in Parliament, acres of the Thames' south embankment have been cleared and transfigured with streamlined new buildings, recriminations have been exchanged between liberal groups and the bluenoses who demand the closing of the amusements section on the Sabbath, Englishmen have been officially admonished to put on their brightest faces for the visitors, an Underground station has been converted into a dormitory, and residents from elsewhere on the island have been adjured in no uncertain terms to stay the hell outside the cities and commute rather than deprive the foreigners of precious bed-space. The only chronological peg from which the Festival depends is the hundredth anniversary of the great Exhibition which left the Crystal Palace as its monument. The Empire then was, forthrightly, the Empire, rich as Croesus, and there was none of the vaguely uneasy present-day nonsense about the British Commonwealth of Nations. The 1951 Festival will leave behind it in London a fine modern concert hall (sorely needed ever since the blitz destroyed Queen's Hall), a sizable deficit in pounds, and, the government earnestly hopes and expects, a handsome residuum of dollars.

In exchange, Britain is prepared to put on quite a show. This year's Edinburgh Festival, big as ever, will be merely a *part* of the grand design, which takes in Festival events

all over Britain and Northern Ireland. Stravinsky's new opera, "The Rake's Progress," to an Auden libretto, is one of the promised exhibits, and Christopher Fry's latest verse play is another. One display, devoted to "British Wit and Eccentricity" and collected from all conceivable sources, should alone be almost enough to justify the journey; one entry, a man-sized mechanical rabbit which plays "God Save the King" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" on a banjo, can be personally attested to as being nothing short of splendid.

For the London Season of the Arts (May-June), the Arts Council of Great Britain has commissioned twelve new sculptures, sixty new paintings, two new ballets, four new operas, and six new symphonic works. British talent will be in the forefront, but there will also be the cream of foreign genius.

The national opera, Covent Garden, plans to outdo itself. Some official heads and tongues have wagged with regret that it will not be under the guidance of Britain's outstanding conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham; none have wagged more vehemently than Sir Thomas'. A journalist a short while back asked him, with a certain purposefulness, whether he had been to Covent Garden recently. "Oh, no," said Sir Thomas, "I'm not allowed, you know"—which is not true, but that is beside the point. "However," he went on, "the most extraordinary thing happened the other evening. I had just turned on the wireless and I said, 'Betty! Come quickly! We're straight through to Korea!' And you can imagine my *amazement* when it turned out to be the second act of 'Tristan,' coming from Covent Garden."

AS THE result of a thoughtful conference held by the directors of the Holland, Salzburg, and Edinburgh festivals, their schedules this year will not overlap and the zealous traveler can absorb all three. Holland opens in mid-June, between the first big blast in Britain and the opening in Perpignan. Edinburgh, after Salzburg, winds up with a bang—Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music," with massed bands on the castle esplanade and cannon in the battlements—on September 8, by which time surely everyone will have had enough.

What Is Maturity?

Carl Binger

AT FIRST I had intended to call this article "The Meaning of Maturity" but, while setting down my thoughts, it became increasingly clear that a precise definition could not be reached, and that it would be necessary to deal with the subject of maturity as an undefined concept. It would be nice if we could list the criteria of maturity, give them a quantitative weighting or rating and then apply these standards to a given personality, or a given piece of behavior. Actually, we are far from this possibility, but that does not excuse us from the semantic responsibility for at least letting others know what we have in mind when we use such a word as maturity, and of justifying this use. It has come into pretty wide usage—not only by psychologists and social scientists but by the public as well.

What good, devout, practicing PTA member hasn't been told that the trouble with Johnny is that he is emotionally immature? It is true that his finger painting is conspicuously creative, but he doesn't mix well with the other children, he is often sullen and withdrawn, and his attention span is distressingly short. Sometimes he doesn't seem to hear what is being said to him—or at least not to understand. He has a way of getting himself absolutely filthy and he lashes out at the other children in a sadistic way that is really frightening. At this Johnny's mother interrupts: "You're not telling me that my

child is abnormal in any way, are you? That there is anything fundamentally wrong with him?" "Why of course not; (this with a reassuring smile) he's a lovely seven-year-old; he's just emotionally immature."

Now Johnny's mother is no fool; besides she has done her home work—Spock and all the rest. She knows that she and her husband have done a good deal of bickering and that there have been some scenes which Johnny could have overheard. His father is such a baby; when he can't have what he wants right away he has a tantrum; and particularly when he comes home tired from the office and wants to relax with her over a drink. Then the children are always underfoot, unruly, ill-mannered, and demanding attention. At such times Johnny seems to be particularly jealous of his younger sister and nasty to her. Just when everything should be quiet and harmonious all hell seems to break loose. Her husband will lose his temper and thrash the boy or she will suddenly turn on both children like a fury and then rush out of the room and burst into tears. What is the matter with them? Are they all neurotic? Are they, too, emotionally immature? Some of her friends seem to have similar troubles. What is happening to her generation and the next? It wasn't so when she was a girl. It wouldn't have been permitted. There was discipline in her home and in her husband's too. Why, he still trembles when they arrive late for dinner

A few years ago Dr. Binger explained to Harper's readers "Why the Professor Fell Out of Bed." Associate Professor of Clinical Psychiatry at Cornell, he also directs the Mary Conover Mellon Foundation for the Advancement of Education, at Vassar College.

at her mother-in-law's. Why do they call her an in-law? Out-law would be more appropriate; a meddlesome, scheming old thing. She tries to tell her how to bring up her children and think what a mess she made of her own son! . . . At this point Johnny's mother bites her lip to stop her hateful thoughts because the truth is she loves him very much. She loves her children too and she knows that lack of love or a "feeling of rejection" can raise great havoc with children and cause all kinds of distortions of character. But how is it possible to love them when they can be so selfish and inconsiderate and hateful?

Now this may be an exaggerated story of family life, but some of it will probably have a ring of familiarity to many readers. One is reminded of the definition of a family as a social system ruled over by its sickest member. Certainly the "sickest member" in the family described here is the father, who seems unable to handle his own aggression fruitfully—or to tolerate his children's. This we may find to be a most important attribute of maturity: how one manages one's emotions, how one settles problems, reconciles conflicts, and achieves some sort of inner balance and tranquillity.

BEYOND the fact that the word *maturity* has come into general usage in professional and lay circles, there are more compelling reasons for trying to be clear about it. These have been well put by Dr. H. A. Overstreet in his widely read book, *The Mature Mind*. In the preface to this book there is a most appropriate quotation from Alfred North Whitehead: "It is the business of philosophers, students, and practical men to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into a riot, a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality." After this quotation, Overstreet declares that the concept of psychological maturity "may be said to be the master concept of our time" and "central to our whole enterprise of living." "This," he says, "is what our past wisdoms have been leading up to."

I could not agree with him more wholeheartedly. That is why it seems to me incumbent upon those of us whose work as parents, educators, teachers, or therapists makes us

responsible for the training and welfare of others, to try to order our thoughts about our ends and objectives. If we are working toward the Good Society—no matter how black the outlook is just now—then we had better have some notion of what it looks like and some critique of the methods we are using. I know that the cynical will accuse us of naïve and immature idealism, the hopeless of self-deception, the clever of being banal and trite. But never mind, I know enough about sailing to realize that it is better to have a rough chart than none at all, and enough about scientific research to appreciate the fact that a wrong hypothesis is better than none. So, in spite of obvious difficulties, I will tackle this assignment.

DR. OVERSTREET has introduced a useful approach to this subject in his "linkage theory." He sees man as a creature who lives by and through relationships with others, and as capable of growth or subject to arrest of growth at any point. The linkages which tie him mentally, emotionally, and socially to his fellow man are those of knowledge, responsibility, communication, mature sexuality, empathy, and philosophy. Although Dr. Overstreet lists these separately he does not imply that they are independent of one another. He offers them simply as a way of looking at maturity from a functional point of view, but he emphasizes the basic fact that psychological maturity cannot be measured by any single, isolated trait in a person, but by a "total character structure."

Unlike the concept of the normal, the concept of maturity cannot be derived statistically. Therefore it is impossible to treat it as a scientific idea exclusively, since it necessarily involves judgments of values. Like many other concepts, however, maturity can be recognized even though we are unable to define it. Such knowledge as we have about maturity has been won largely by the application of analytical methods to the immature, just as our knowledge of mental health has been derived mostly from studies of mental illness. We will use what knowledge we have, even though there may be a logical error in such procedure.

Maturity is not simply the opposite of immaturity—at least we probably shall not arrive at a sound understanding of it if we proceed

by describing an immature individual and then by saying, "A mature man is everything that this one is not." Good is not simply the opposite of evil; peace is not simply the opposite of war; and health is not simply the opposite of illness.

Perhaps it is the holistic significance of such concepts as good, peace, health, and maturity that makes them so difficult to define in scientific terms. The methods of science are analytical ones and its tools are such instruments as the scalpel, the microscope, and the spectrometer, which are dissecting and divisive in their functions. These tools are, after all, an extension of our thought processes. Scientific language is another such tool better adapted to a description of the relationship of parts than to a description of the whole, to processes of disintegration than to processes of integration. To describe the whole we must fall back upon the language of the artist and the poet who, by abstraction, interpretation, and re-creation, can make the whole come to life again.

These then are reasons why such concepts as mental health and maturity elude us when we try to define them. And yet another reason is that our practical professional experience brings us in closer contact with the partially disintegrated and dissociated than with the hale and hearty. Naturally, we know more about the things that we are daily called upon to examine and to do something about.

How then are we to extricate ourselves from the dilemma of describing maturity, on the one hand, in what might be called literary-idealistic terms, in which we are simply expressing our personal preferences for a way of life, and, on the other hand, of describing it in terms of its negative—immaturity—with which we are clinically so much more familiar? I am not sure that there is a satisfactory way out of this dilemma, but if there is it will come from looking on maturity, not as a kind of state of grace, but as a psycho-biological process—analogue to the maturation of the fertilized ovum.

II

IN THE rest of this article, I shall deal with the concept of maturing as a process and not as a state. Just as in the body there are physical changes from birth through

adolescence to adulthood, so in the mind we recognize a parallel developmental process in which the psychic apparatus is built, in which the distinction between the self and the not-self is established out of experience, and in which the instinctive forces of the unconscious express themselves through the body in shifting and progressive ways. A time arrives in the growth of the individual when, ideally speaking, his emotional maturation keeps pace with his physical; then he is able to give as well as to receive love and to express his love by joyful union with the opposite sex. As he becomes physically capable of reproducing his kind, he should gradually become emotionally capable of caring for them—or at least of taking his place with the givers, the providers, and the protectors—as opposed to the graspers, the demanders, and the receivers.

Many influences can interfere with the orderly progress of emotional maturation; and at any one of the way stations an individual's growth may be halted or retarded. This does not mean that he is lost to a useful and creative life, but it does mean that he will be handicapped and like so many of us he will not have achieved a capacity to use the past but merely to suffer from it. Each one of us, because of our long years of emotional dependence in childhood and because of the extreme difficulties of being a civilized human being, is more or less handicapped. We are handicapped by childish tendencies which have not entered into the main stream of our energies, but have remained sequestered in our unconscious minds where they can force us into behavior destructive both to ourselves and to others.

IF THIS sounds theoretical and remote, perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by asking you to picture an eighteen-month-old infant suddenly grown, within a month or two, to his full physical stature. Instead of being thirty-one inches tall and weighing twenty-five pounds, he now stands six feet in his stocking feet and weighs 190 pounds. But in all other respects he has not altered. He still slobbers and drools. When he is hungry he bellows, and he goes into a towering rage when he can't immediately have what he wants when he wants it. If it amused him he might dandle his mother on his knee, but he

might also bite off her nose, pull her hair out, clutch at her skirt and probably rip it off; or he might simply drop her down the stair well—just to see what would happen. In his more exuberant moments he would choke the family kitten or poke its eyes out, yank down the curtains, and generally wreck the house. Such a creature would be a monstrous menace in the home.

Now let us imagine that during his month or two of rapid physical growth his intellect had proportionately developed. Indeed, he had so distinguished himself in his studies that he had been granted the newly created degree of Master of Business Administration; or he had passed his bar examinations in record time and therefore felt equipped to run for Congress. But in his feeling life he had not developed. He understood nothing of how other people felt. He just expected them to do his bidding. He responded warmly only to those who did things for him. He had no real affection or loyalty. Of course, since he gave out so little, others soon tired of doing things for him; and this made him terribly mad. Sometimes he would be sullen and suspicious, or deeply depressed because of his constant disappointments. But with his superior intellect he had enough cunning to manipulate others to do his will, disregarding what was just or socially enlightened.

Such an infant prodigy might make a brilliant industrialist, though pretty uncompromising in his labor relations and not too observant of the law unless it suited his personal convenience. As a Congressman he would do better. His name might make the headlines, because he would not only be a go-getter, but a vote-getter. He would be a loyal party man. His party would always be right and he would accuse anyone of nefarious practices who differed from him.

You see that our first infant turns into a physical menace and our second infant into a moral one. And yet no evil has been added to them. They are just, as people like to say, little boys at heart.

III

BUT these infantile impulses can yet be salvaged, especially if we are made conscious of them by experience, by suffering, or by treatment. Indeed, they can be-

come the well-springs of creativeness. This little-understood process, *i.e.* the directing of unconscious infantile impulses into useful, socially adapted activity, is what Freud called *sublimation*—a term borrowed from the alchemists for turning baser metals into gold.

Although one of the most important concepts in psychiatry, our knowledge of sublimation is still quite rudimentary. Why does X remain tied to his mother's apron strings and so identified with her that he is tortured by incessant longings to be loved by men; whereas Y manages to free himself sufficiently to shift his allegiance to his Alma Mater, where he becomes a great teacher, specializing perhaps in aesthetics, and utilizing his unconscious homosexual tendencies as an effective and harmless instrument in the classroom? Why does A remain an unredeemed brute who delights in inflicting pain on others; whereas B's sadism has passed through a subtle refinery so that he turns out to be a skillful surgeon? (This is not to say that all surgeons are necessarily sublimated sadists. Some of them may be and that is all right, provided underlying impulses do not break through in their cruder forms.)

These questions must remain rhetorical ones for the present. The most we can say is that too early repression of primitive infantile instincts appears to make them less accessible for sublimation later in life, because they are driven into the unconscious where they remain buried, only to work independently and autonomously and perhaps later on to cause all sorts of physical, emotional, and social upheavals. Too early denial of satisfactions such as the need to suck, the need to eliminate, the need to be angry, the need to be dependent and warmed and cuddled may do similar damage. I want to emphasize that we know less about the conditions that favor sublimation than we do about those that interfere with it.

Here we are obviously approaching the whole problem of neurotic illness. The circumstances which prevent effective sublimation are also those that lead to neurosis. There are some experts, especially Dr. Leon J. Saul, the author of that thoughtful book, *Emotional Maturity*, who see maturity and neurosis as identical. Such an equation, although it has its merits as a point of departure, puts us in the uncomfortable position of defining one unknown in terms of

another. It is true that the last fifty years have taught us much about neurotic illness—its universal distribution, its protean manifestations, its origins in the first years of life—even something about its prevention. But I am inclined to agree with Dr. Eric Fromm when he says: "... we still know little of what constitutes a neurosis and less what its origins are. Many physiological, anthropological, and sociological data will have to be collected before we can hope to arrive at any conclusive answer."

It can be granted with Fromm that, in our present state of knowledge, the kernel of neurosis lies in the conflict between the child and his parent and the failure of the child to solve this conflict satisfactorily. (This idea tends to corroborate the original conclusion of Freud, who saw in the Oedipus complex the kernel of the neurosis.)

WHAT does this mean in terms of maturing? That there is something in the relationship between the child and his mother and father which prevents his growing up emotionally, which keeps him infantile. This same thing may lead eventually to neurotic illness—either in the sense of such outspoken symptoms of neurosis as phobias, anxiety states, panic, obsessions, depression, etc., or to more subtle and even more unhappy manifestations, because generally not recognized as due to illness: the chronic failure and ne'er-do-well, the sponge, the cheat, the thief, the delinquent, the sex-offender, the constantly dissatisfied and demanding, the aloof and unhappy. Or again, the disturbed relationship between child and parent may show up later in life in the form of physical illnesses, now described by the term psychosomatic.

A few brief examples will be more convincing than many pages of generalizations. I will take one instance from each of the categories that I have just mentioned, that is, one of an outspoken neurosis, one of a severe character disorder, and one of a psychosomatic disturbance. All three patients were vigorous men in the prime of life. I have chosen them deliberately to show incidentally that neuroses are not the special privilege of idle women who fondle Pekingese dogs. In each instance the unresolved conflict with a parent is a prominent feature of the biography.

Patient Number 1 is a thirty-three-year-old married man, the father of two small children. He himself is the son of a wealthy, powerful, and politically influential family from the Midwest. His father is a captain of industry; although he is tough and makes a noise like a self-made man it was actually his father (our patient's grandfather) who was the pioneer and founded the family fortune.

Into this setting of privilege and responsibility the patient was born. In spite of a sensitive nature and artistic leanings the foregone conclusion was that he and his brothers would enter the family's fiercely competitive business, for which he had been ill prepared by gilded days at private school and college.

He was his mother's favorite and very close to her until he married a dependent but solicitous and affectionate wife.

Owing to his social position he lived on a scale far beyond his earning capacity, so that his father had to contribute to his upkeep. This was done willingly, but disapprovingly, because of the belief that young men should make their own way.

The patient soon found himself at loggerheads with his father, disagreeing with him in matters of business policy, beholden to him because of his generosity, and resentful because of the fix he found himself in. Sometimes he was openly defiant, or he would make a show of independence by some rash and ill-considered business venture, but more often he was submissive, almost obsequious, and wanting his father's praise and approval, which he rarely got.

It was under these circumstances that he showed his first signs of depression, beginning with sleeplessness, difficulty in concentration, feelings of awkwardness and shyness with people whom he now avoided more and more. He found it increasingly difficult to come to decisions, even about trivial matters. In addition he seemed to lose his zest for life; he took little joy in his children; he brooded and wanted only to stay at home and listen to the radio. He spent his week-ends mostly in bed, although he had previously been both gregarious and given to sport. He lost his appetite, began to lose weight and to toy with the idea of suicide. He thought that it would be better for him to kill himself while he still had a good work record than to wait until this was impaired by his inadequacy.

This patient's depression was so severe and the risk of suicide so real that he had to be hospitalized. His recovery was slow, but he established a good relationship with the psychiatrist, who became a tolerant, understanding, and encouraging figure in his life, rather than a threatening one as his father was.

He finally acquired enough courage to quit the family business and to start out on a new venture, less exacting and less competitive than the world he had been forced into. In other words, he was able to accept himself and to assume the responsibility of developing his real potentialities without his former irrational bondage to an ideal imposed upon him through his heritage. By withdrawing from the unequal battle with his father, he won the battle with himself.

PATIENT Number 2 was the son of a potato farmer from the state of Maine. He was a year younger than the patient just described. He was unmarried and had been a minister of the gospel until the difficulties for which he sought psychiatric help got the better of him and necessitated his resigning from his pastorate. He too suffered from severe tension and depression and he too had to be hospitalized because of compulsive asocial behavior which took the unhappy form of exhibiting himself to little girls in parks and on the street. The beginning of this perversion was said to have followed the breaking up of a romance with a girl of whom he was very fond. He explained his exhibitionism as a means of manifesting his hatred for women and showing them that he could get along without them. But his hatred was also directed toward himself, and this was evident not only in his depression but in the fact that just before admission to the hospital he had impulsively tried to injure himself.

You can imagine the conflict that this poor man suffered from when you consider that he was a shy, sensitive, idealistic, very intelligent, and actually exceedingly moralistic person. He had always been solitary and had considered himself physically inferior to other boys, who kidded him for being a sissy. So he spent a good deal of time reading and lost in fantasy in which he imagined himself a great public speaker with the power to sway large audiences. This might have been a satisfactory

sublimation for his exhibitionism but it didn't prove so.

When he was twelve years old he indulged in some sexual play with a sister who was six years younger. This was discovered by his mother who gave him a severe beating. A few years after this episode the sister died, and the patient not only attributed her death to his act but looked upon it as God's punishment of him.

His father was an extremely moody, irritable, irascible person given to violent outbursts of temper—as was the patient in his youth. But he was frightened of his father, who constantly criticized him and belittled him. Though he was close to his mother he resented the fact that she always supported her husband in his rages at the boy.

A study of his fantasies and dreams revealed overtly incestuous strivings toward his mother and remaining sisters, accompanied by the most cruelly sadistic and cannibalistic imaginations concerning girls and women. From these thoughts he obtained intense and pleasurable excitement but they were met with stern prohibitions by his savage conscience (the internalized residue of his father). The result was not only insupportable tension, but a compulsive need to fly in the face of authority and to act out his primitive impulses.

With the protection of the hospital this patient improved greatly. He no longer felt the need to defy authority because, in a sense, he had made friends with it. It was hoped that with further psychiatric treatment outside the hospital he might be able to maintain this improvement.

PATIENT Number 3 is a thirty-six-year-old married man, like Patient Number 1, the father of two children. As were both of the other patients this one too was of far above average intelligence. He suffered from high blood pressure, though stated more accurately what he suffered from was the fear of what he thought high blood pressure would do to him. He had many of the symptoms common in hypertension: headache, buzzing in the ears, occasional precordial oppression, and heaviness in the left arm. Further inquiry revealed a long history of neurotic complaints. He said of himself that he had always been over-concerned with his

health. For a long time his gastro-intestinal tract was the chief focus of his discomfort and concern but his anxiety had now attached itself to his blood pressure. He lived in dread, not of dying, but of a heart attack or a stroke that would render him a helpless and dependent invalid. He could already see himself permanently consigned to a wheel chair.

In spite of his disabilities he was an able and effective young business executive. When this patient began treatment his blood pressure was 190/105. His treatments consisted of nothing but talk—mostly by the patient. A good many months later his blood pressure had dropped to 120/70, and he had lost most of his symptoms which in his case were the bodily expression of fear and unexpressed rage.

Let me review briefly what transpired during the psychoanalytical treatment. As is usual in such treatment, one begins with the immediate and disturbing facts of the patient's life—the ones which he naturally first chooses to talk about. In this case it was his health and his worries over his future and the support of his family. What would happen to them if he should become permanently invalidated? Gradually we penetrated behind this outer layer of defense and found in him a frightened, puny, pimply youth whose father had walked out on his mother. His father had had terrible rages and yet was to him the ideal of a strong and heroic figure whom he remembered as an officer in World War I. But he never came back to them. The boy was left alone with an adoring, but bitter and unhappy, mother. They lived in a part of the States where to be divorced was a permanent disgrace for a woman. The patient felt this keenly, became prematurely ambitious and self-reliant, and was pushed too soon, before he was ready for it, into a position of responsibility. He led his class at school but remained physically weak. He looked admiringly and enviously at the football stalwarts. This notion of weakness clung to him and, in spite of more than usual success in his professional and domestic life, it seemed to load the dice against him. Behind his driving ambition there was great insecurity, great lack of self-confidence. What he actually wanted was failure and illness and to be taken care of. It was the old story of an unconscious wish being experienced as a con-

scious fear. All this was revealed to the patient, not as an intellectual process, but as a personal experience through which he passed gradually, accompanied by many disturbing emotions. The most difficult thing for him was to accept this view of himself as being weak and full of fears, because he had always acted like a he-man. He had lived the life of the great American "extrovert," ambitious, hard-driving, and unusually successful. He was the white-haired boy of his corporation. But he had won his place at great cost and always with the feeling that some day the ax would fall. Finally the strain was too great for him. Only when he was able to accept his weakness could he begin to develop his real strength with a most gratifying relief of symptoms. But relief of symptoms does not in itself constitute cure; nor is cure achieved on the analyst's couch. It is won in real life with the aid of insight and an inner realignment of forces.

THESE three patients had much in common. They were all men of about the same age from what would be called "good American homes." Each one, as indeed we all are, seems to have been delivered a blow by fate, that is, by the events of their early lives. These events, and above all the relationships with their parents, shaped their personalities and their destiny. It is to be noted that in each instance their father's influence was a critical one; so that mothers may take comfort: they are not responsible for all the ills that befall us, after all. Why the manifestations of neurotic illness should have been so widely different in these three men is something we do not wholly understand. It has to do with what Dr. Saul calls "specific emotional vulnerability." This means that we all have weak spots or soft spots in our natures. Some more, or more extensive, than others. These weak spots in our makeup are actually the result of certain experiences or environmental influences of childhood that persist anachronistically, leading to uneven development. Part of us then is grown up and part childish.

Of all the important, fateful, and determining influences of childhood the relationship of a child with his parents comes first. This is his very lifeline through which he establishes his relationships, for better or for

worse, with the rest of the world. A child will do everything in his power to maintain this lifeline—everything from obedient submission to open, defiant, and delinquent rebellion. Few parents are wise enough to meet these rapid and necessary gambits of their children.

THE immediate effect of the conflict between child and parent is, of course, much more intelligible and more manageable at the time of its occurrence. Later, when the conflict or the reaction to it has become frozen into the personality, it may be irreversible. In any event, it probably no longer involves the actual parent but the residue or image of him in ourselves. In other words, in later years the conflict becomes an intra-psychic or internalized one. Therefore, a child should be helped, if possible, at the very time when it is being too threatened by its own fear or anger or guilt in the dealings with its parents. Help will come by understanding what the child's behavior signifies—what the child is trying to tell us—and then by translating this into language acceptable and not too threatening to the parents.

Here is a case in point: A little girl of nine, who had previously caused no trouble or concern at home, suddenly became unruly, disobedient, and unreliable. She stayed out late, she took other children's toys, and she grew slovenly and careless of her appearance. No device on the part of the mother could cope with this child's arrogant and defiant behavior. Finally it came out, but not until an expert had had several talks with the girl.

She had been promised a bicycle. War shortages made it impossible to procure one. This was explained to the child, but it meant nothing to her. What she wanted was a bicycle; that was all that mattered. It meant her self-esteem and her social position to her, and much more. So she said to herself: "If my mother really loves me she will give me a bicycle; I will put her love to the test; I will do everything outrageous I can think of and see what happens; I want to know whether she loves me for myself when I am bad, as well as when I am good." When this was made clear to her mother (and naturally enough the child couldn't do that) and her daughter had been assured that no matter what she did she would get her bike, she at

once gave up her "naughtiness" and returned to her accustomed considerate and reasonable behavior.

IV

THIS clinical material that I have presented will, I hope, illustrate what is meant by the statement that the kernel of neurosis lies in the conflict between the child and his parent and the failure of the child to solve this conflict satisfactorily. This is not to say that it is the ultimate cause. There are undoubtedly many other contributing factors, physiological ones, for example, which call for further research. But it is the kernel in the sense that it is the nub; it is at the core. When one opens up the problem psychologically this is what one usually finds. And it is something one can deal with and do something about, because it is the internalized image of the parent with whom the battle is now being waged and this image of the parent can be changed.

From the point of view of preventing neurotic illness and of fostering emotional maturity, probably the best insurance is to have parents who have themselves matured sufficiently to *be* parents and who possess enough knowledge and flexibility to tackle this difficult but rewarding job. But we cannot wait for the perfect pair to produce the perfect baby and then elect him President. We must work with what we have. The more the notion of maturity is understood, both as a personal and as a social ideal, the more will it count in our planning and in our conduct.

We know that ideals have great potency, even when they are childish and unrealistic ones. All the more reason to be clear about such a "master concept" as maturity and to try to understand it. One cannot do so without studying its opposite as well. I have not wanted simply to make an inventory of those qualities that we recognize as mature. To do so is the special prerogative of saints and wise men and philosophers. Many of them, in spite of their visions of perfection and perfectibility, have not themselves, we may surmise, completed the process of maturation. Was it not said of Socrates that the reason he had made Xantippe his wife was just to prove that a philosopher could not be happily married?

Much that passes for the true coinage of maturity would not stand ringing on the counter: such notions, for example, as adjusting to one's environment, being a good mixer, being a happy extrovert, always being objective and unemotional. These are often the bogus and brittle adaptations of the conventional and insecure. Some of the great ones of the world find themselves, as does Albert Schweitzer, in complete contradiction with the spirit of the times because it is filled with "contempt for thought." . . . "Through disparagement of thinking," Schweitzer says, "our race has lost its sense of sincerity and with it the sense of truth."

Adjustment, which is such a highly prized American virtue (so often merely another word for conformity), is in itself no criterion of maturity; but a sense of sincerity and a sense of truth are. To attribute these qualities to maturity is to make what in the technical language of sociology and philosophy is called "a value judgment," in which sincerity

and truth are accepted as good. But the concept of maturity is based as well on certain empirically observed facts.

As people move from emotional illness toward emotional health, and as adolescent children solve the conflict with their parents, they acquire a degree of self-knowledge which enables them to learn from the past and not only to suffer from it. They grow to accept and respect their own uniqueness and that of others; they develop the capacity to tolerate frustration and disappointments; and they find pleasure and satisfaction in living and working and in their associations with other people. These are important earmarks of maturity. There are others, of course. In the end we must admit that maturity remains something that can be recognized when we see it, but it cannot be described in scientific terms alone, without invoking value judgments. On the basis of these two approaches, however, one can at least approximate an understanding of what it is to be mature.

Even Pure Women Do It

BE IT remembered that the waltz of Byron's day differed as widely from its existing namesake as did its predecessors from it. . . . What, then, would the noble poet have said of the frantic whirl of our drawing-rooms, whose exigencies demand a contact so immediate that—*crede experto*—each palpitation of the female heart communicates its vibration to the manly breast opposed? What would have been the wound to his squeamishness had he beheld matrons and maidens alike clasped closely in the arms of not always unobjectionable associates, their heads reclining upon their partner's shoulders, disheveled and with dress disordered by the maddening haste of the exercise—a struggling crowd, flushed with excitement, and sweltering in sudorific sociability?

What a glaring inconsistency is there manifested in the toleration at one time of a posture which, under any other circumstances, would blast a reputation! No pure woman would suffer a man to retain her hand in his, much less to encircle her with his arm, in the ordinary relations of social life; and yet, at the bidding of fashion, and because the additional stimulus of music is superadded, she will not only permit these liberties, but will remain willingly strained to his breast for a quarter of an hour at a time, publicly exhibiting herself in a position which in itself she virtuously condemns.

—"Concerning Round Dances" by Alfred L. Carroll, *Harper's*, April 1866

The German Booby Trap

John Fischer

IN THE past six months, a seductive idea has been creeping up on a good many honest and intelligent people. It is the suggestion that we can—and should—make a deal with the Russians to settle the long, aching disagreement over Germany.

Such a deal looks both simple and attractive. It would set up a unified, disarmed, and neutral Germany as a kind of buffer state between East and West. All of the occupation armies would be withdrawn. An all-German government would be elected by a free, democratic vote. Its arms industry and its police force—just big enough to keep order inside the country—would be rigidly limited by treaty. Its independence would be guaranteed by the United Nations. If any of the neighbors (which, in practice, means Russia) tried to take over the New Germany by force, everybody else would pitch in to stop the aggressor.

In brief, Germany would become a sort of jolly, peaceful Switzerland, instead of the throbbing sore spot in the middle of Europe which it is today.

This scheme has always been popular in France, where nearly everybody is understandably nervous about rearming the Germans and irritating the Kremlin. It has lots of support among certain Socialists in England—the left-wing Cliveden Set—who never give up hope of reaching a friendly under-

standing with Russia. In recent months it has enlisted some powerful advocates in the United States as well.

The most influential of these probably is Walter Lippmann. In his newspaper column and in a brilliant article in last February's *Atlantic*, he has argued that we should adopt a German policy aiming at "neutrality like that of Sweden and Switzerland," and that we should abandon all hope for West German troops to strengthen the Eisenhower army in Europe. Other experienced analysts of foreign affairs, such as James P. Warburg, have presented a similar case in dozens of speeches and pamphlets.

Their main arguments, and those of their European sympathizers, run something like this:

I THE Russians have announced that they will not "tolerate" the rearmament of the Western Germans. They have a pathological fear of the Teutonic hordes who so nearly destroyed the Soviet Union a few years ago; and their worst nightmare is that the capitalist villains of America and Europe will some day gang up with the Germans to crush the homeland of communism. Therefore, any serious effort to fit our half of Germany into the North Atlantic defense plan might provoke the Russians into a preventive war. And there is nothing to stop them from sweeping

During the war, Mr. Fischer, who is now editor in chief of general books at Harper & Brothers, served with the Board of Economic Warfare and the Foreign Economic Administration. He is the author of Why They Behave Like Russians.

to the English Channel in about three weeks.

2 JUST because the Communists are so scared of our rearming Germany, they will pay a fancy price to keep it from happening. Here, then, is our chance to make a sound bargain with Stalin. If we agree to a permanently neutral Reich, he may agree in return to ease up his pressure on Western Europe. He might even be horse-traded into calling off his attacks on Korea, Indochina, and Malaya. At the very least, such a deal would get the Red Army out of the heart of Europe, where it has been an instrument of mischief and terror for the past six years.

3 ONCE we reach agreement on Germany, it may gradually become possible to negotiate with Russia over other points of conflict. For this is the hard core of misunderstanding and suspicion between East and West. If it is finally cleared up, the general tension may begin to relax a little. An end to the Cold War might even come within sight.

4 WE CAN'T build up an effective military force in West Germany anyhow—at least not any time soon. The Germans of all parties, from Adenauer's conservatives to Schumacher's socialists, have displayed a stubborn reluctance to pick up the gun we've been trying to shove into their hands.

5 EVEN if it were possible to conjure up such a force, we could never depend on it. The German yen for a united Reich is so mystic and incurable that sooner or later the Eastern and Western slices of the country will come together—even if the Bonn government has to swing over into the Communist orbit. (In that case, any tanks and rifles we might have given "our" Germans would be turned against us, as they were in China.)

6 ON THE other hand, there wouldn't be much danger of a united, neutralized Germany going Communist. Elections in the West have proved that Red strength there is negligible. The best intelligence we can get from the Soviet Zone indicates that its Germans already have had a bellyful of their Russian masters. In a free ballot, therefore, the

democratic parties probably would come out all right.

7 FINALLY, the very thought of a reborn Reichswehr throws the French into a fit of hysterical shivers. It worries the English, too, and stirs up misgivings in every country that was trampled by Nazi boots. So long as we insist on rearming the Germans, we will keep open a deep split between ourselves and our allies, no matter how often it may be glossed over by reassuring statements.

II

THESE are persuasive arguments. Their appeal is especially strong to those men of good will who are eager to explore every possible road toward conciliation. Small wonder they are making converts, here and abroad, among many people whom not even Senator McCarthy could suspect of leftish sympathies.

They might convert more yet, if the Kremlin didn't show such unbridled enthusiasm for the same idea. For many months now the full chorus of Soviet propaganda has been whooping for very much this kind of united and disarmed Germany. It seemed to be one of Mr. Gromyko's chief objectives at the conference of deputy foreign ministers in March. Consequently, simple prudence suggests that we ought to look at the teeth of this particular gift horse with special care.

We will find, I believe, that the arguments on the other side are even stronger. (To my mind, at least, they seem conclusive.) Unfortunately, they have not been put forward with anything like the cogency and eloquence commanded by those who advocate a neutral Germany.

For one thing, neither Mr. Truman nor his chief lieutenants seem to be very good at explaining such matters; certainly they aren't blessed with F.D.R.'s genius for dramatizing the great issues of foreign policy. Then, too, they have been so busy scraping off the mud tossed around by McCarthy & Co. that they just haven't found time to answer their more honest and serious critics. And there is one argument—the most powerful of all—which government spokesmen hesitate to discuss openly; for reasons which we'll note in a moment.

The alternative plan for Germany might be summed up in these terms:

Let's make the best of the fact that the country is split in two, and is likely to stay that way indefinitely. The Western half should be merged as quickly as possible into that rejuvenated, closely-knit community of Free Europe which we've been working for ever since the war. By means of the Schuman plan—and similar measures which may follow—the West German economy can be integrated with that of its neighbors. Through close association, the Germans may gradually pick up the habits of democracy. Eventually (but not at once) German troops can be brought into General Eisenhower's international army; and the heavy industry of the Ruhr will help equip that force.

On some distant day when the Soviet empire begins to shrink or crack up, the Eastern half of Germany might be drawn back into the orbit of Free Europe. Germany would then be reunited—not as an isolated neutral, but as a closely-integrated part of the Western community.

If my understanding is correct, that is roughly the policy our government is pursuing. The chief points in its favor are these:

1 EUROPE cannot be defended without German soldiers and German guns. The countries of the North Atlantic alliance simply don't have enough men to fill up the fifty or more divisions necessary to hold the line. Even if we were to chip in more than the six divisions we have now promised, some German units would still be needed. Similarly, the equipment and maintenance of this force would put a back-breaking strain on our economy, unless we can get some help from the Ruhr—the biggest industrial complex in Europe.

2 OUR allies might have good reason to balk at the revival of a national German army, commanded by German generals. But they won't be nearly as reluctant to accept German contingents which will be blended into an international army, led by American, French, and British commanders—especially if France is rearmed first. Furthermore, the Schuman plan is specifically designed to prevent rebirth of German militarism; once it is in effect, Germany's heavy industry can never

again serve as the base for a nationalistic war machine like Hitler's.

3 THE Germans, too, will go along with this program, as soon as they are convinced that the West is strong enough to discourage Communist aggression. What scares them now is the risk of building up a military force, in the teeth of Soviet threats, with nothing much behind them. When the Eisenhower army actually grows some muscle—say, in the fall of next year—then the Germans won't be so coy. Like God, they generally turn up on the side of the big battalions.

4 BUT won't all this provoke the Russians? Not very likely. All the evidence indicates that the men in the Kremlin are about as cold-blooded a bunch of calculators as ever lived. They aren't the kind to be stampeded into any action they consider risky. On the contrary, they habitually strike only when the gamble looks pretty safe, as it did in Greece, Indochina, and Korea. What really provokes them (or any other professional strong-arm man) is the sight of an easy victim.

A number of the best-informed and most thoughtful men in Washington are guessing that Stalin won't touch off a major war unless he can get two things at the same time: (a) enough atomic bombs to knock out most of American industry with the first blow; (b) a good prospect of overrunning Western Europe without serious opposition. He *might* get both of them in the fall of 1952; and if so, he won't need any "provocation."

However, it hardly seems probable that he will have a big enough atomic stockpile by that date. And afterward it will be too late. From then on the army of the North Atlantic nations should be strong enough to make the conquest of Europe painfully expensive, if not impossible. (As Vannevar Bush recently pointed out, the development of atomic artillery and other tactical weapons is weighing the military scales heavily in favor of the defensive.)

But while fifty-odd divisions probably can protect Europe, they could not possibly launch an attack on Russia. In the face of 175 Soviet divisions, such a notion is plainly ridiculous. Surely it gives the Kremlin no reason to risk a preventive war.

5 A DEAL to create a neutral Germany would not actually ease the tension between East and West. The actual root of the trouble is not the conflict over Germany. It is the Kremlin's aggressive campaign of imperialist expansion. Until that is checked, no good can come from any local agreement over a single area.

Nor is there any reason to believe that the Soviets really want to ease the tension—or that they would keep the agreement five minutes after the ink was dry, any more than they have kept the other promises they've been making ever since 1941. A properly trained Communist simply does not comprehend such ideas as "neutrality" and "independence." To him, every nation is either a helpless satellite of the Soviet Union, or it is an enemy.

Almost certainly, therefore, the Russians would set out immediately to undermine the new German state by the fifth-column methods they have found so effective in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. It is true that they probably would not win the first elections. But in the long run a small, disciplined corps of Red storm troopers would have an excellent chance of disrupting and capturing the government, just as Hitler did. (He didn't have a majority either.) Moreover, we have no evidence that the Germans have yet lost their taste for dictatorships, or have developed any capacity for democratic government under such difficult circumstances.

6 THERE is something wrong with the whole concept of a neutral Germany. Small, unambitious countries like Switzerland and Sweden can make neutrality work. The biggest—and potentially the strongest—in Europe cannot. Even with the best will in the world, the Germans could not avoid being a major factor in the military and political equations of the world. Given the traditional German mentality, the new state inevitably would use its powerful bargaining position to play off both East and West. In

the end, it might well emerge with the balance of power.

7 HERE lies the gravest danger of all. *For in any bargaining contest, Stalin holds a trump card which we can never match.* He can always offer to hand back the Eastern provinces which Germany lost to Poland at the close of the war.

In return, he might ask merely that the Germans enter into a friendly alliance, severing their ties with the West—and giving Russia access to the industrial output of the Ruhr. Any German government would find it virtually impossible to reject such an offer. If it did, public opinion undoubtedly would force it out of office. Recovery of the Lost Province is the one bait which the German people could scarcely resist, even if they thought about the fatal hook concealed inside.

If the Soviet Union ever should get its hands on the war industry of the Ruhr, the whole balance of power would be shifted—permanently and fatally—against the West. The Communists always have regarded this (quite rightly) as the key to Europe.

(The Poles wouldn't like such a bargain at their expense. But what could they do? They are ruled by the most obedient of Kremlin puppets; their army is commanded by a Russian general; their secret police are under Beria's control. They might grumble under their breath, but that is about all.)

Understandably, American officials don't like to talk much about this possibility, at a moment when they are trying to coax the Bonn government into loyal co-operation with the West. It must weigh heavily in all their calculations, however. Indeed, it is the main reason why we are never likely to agree to the establishment of a united and "neutral" German nation. In any negotiations with Russia, this is the booby trap we must watch most cautiously. For it is the only way in which the Soviets could win the greatest prize in Europe, without a fight.

Bush Boy, Poor Boy

A Story by James Aldridge

Drawings by Lou Block

ONCE, there were two things that were worth while doing in life. One was to shoot a fox, the other to catch a twenty-pound cod. At one time these achievements were so important to me that I abandoned everything else in life to pursue them. Why, I couldn't exactly say, but the reason began somewhere in the difference between myself—a bush boy and a poor boy, and young Tom Woodley who was a town boy and a rich boy. There it began; but in the way of life, it became something quite different to me in the effort to achievement.

I lived with my father, a woodcutter, on the Murray River, three or four miles outside the town of St. Helen, Victoria. The truth is, I didn't know much about anything except the bush, whereas young Tom Woodley was a clever boy with everything he touched: school, playing sport, church-going, and being liked by everybody in the town, and that included the teachers and the policeman. Where Tom was the best of everything, I was the worst of it, except in the bush. Every boy in town had something he could laugh at me about, but once they came out of the town and along the river, I could beat them all: that is until young Tom Woodley came out to the river in his father's Model-T Ford on a picnic and within an hour had shot a fox with a .22 rifle and pulled in a fifteen-pound Murray cod on a line.

These were things that I, a bush boy, had never achieved. I had caught amazing quantities of fish, and I had even caught a Murray cod of ten pounds; but never anything

larger. When I could get the ammunition, I had shot large numbers of rabbits, in fact I almost lived by selling rabbit skins; yet I had never once been able to get a fox in range.

With Tom Woodley I knew it had been luck, but that didn't do me any good because I knew that I had nothing to stand up to now, nothing at all; and I stopped going into the town altogether, in fact I even





stopped going to school, and I stayed in the bush, determined to catch a twenty-pound cod and shoot a fox before facing the laughter of the boys in shoes and the joking of men behind counters.

THE fox was the more difficult proposition, and yet the day came when I was to stand near enough to a fox to club it to death, if only I had been big enough to do it.

It was really an accident. For once I was not hunting or fishing, but looking for mushrooms. I was on Pental Island, which was covered in lagoons and swamps and dry patches and clumps, and as I was walking through a fish shallow pool, I came out on a small dry rise with one clumpy bush on it. I was picking mushrooms under the bush when I saw the fox. He had smelled me, but there was nowhere for him to go. He was more afraid of the water than he was of me. He backed away from the bush, and I backed away from him. The dry land we shared was only about thirty feet square, and he was less than ten yards away; but here I was without a gun and there was the fox, standing with his tail up and his teeth bared, but not making a sound.

I stepped slowly back into the water. I couldn't do anything without a gun and I knew it would take me an hour to get home: I had to swim a river and then go over a mile through the bush. Even so, I knew that this

fox would stay right where he was. I knew foxes; and I knew that this one was terrified of the water and would die before he would move into it. So I put down the mushrooms I had collected in a sugar bag, and got through the pool and started to run for home.

At home I had a .22 rifle, but the very reason I didn't have it with me was my lack of ammunition; and as I ran I begged myself to think of a place where I could find just one shell: no more. As I ran I thought of the .22 shell I had lost last year in the woodpile. That was no good. I had tried a dozen times before to find it. I could not borrow any, and there weren't any shells in all the drawers in the house: I had searched them time and time before. I was running for nothing, but I didn't stop. I ran through the high grass and came to the river. I jumped off the point and swam across the deep hole and waded the rest. Then I ran up the high bank, through the willow trees, and made for home.

I got home and started to hunt in the woodpile, raking up the chips with my hands and feet, still panting and puffing from the run. I couldn't find that .22 in the dust and the chips of a year ago, so I went desperately into the house. I looked in the chamber of my rifle, but it was empty: I had known, but I had hoped. Then I knew there was only one thing to do. My father was away cutting wood, so I went into his room and got the .303 that hung on the wall. It was so big that I could hardly carry it, but I lifted it down. It had a clip of three shells in the magazine. It was clean, but it hadn't been fired for years. My father wouldn't even fire it himself, and the shells were in it in case of emergency. I took it down and carried it outside. This was the worst thing I could do. I was not allowed to touch this gun, not to touch it at all. But I didn't care now.

I put the heavy .303 over my shoulder like a log, and started to run back with it. I was tired already, and I was half-walking before I had gone far. Still, I kept running in spasms, I walked and ran, and when I got to the river I nearly sank trying to keep the gun out of water. I couldn't hold it up, and it was well dipped by the time I got across.

I covered the distance from the river to the lagoon very slowly. I was starting to shake inside, puffing in and out; but I managed to run the last hundred yards to the

swamp and the pool. I looked across the twenty-five yards of water to the island, and at the same time I pulled back the bolt of the .303 and put a shell in the chamber. Then I waded across to kill my fox.

But the fox had gone. I kicked the bush and looked into it, looking for a hole or a warren, but there was nothing at all, except a few droppings and a feather. He had gone and that was that. I could understand how he had been caught on the dry land in the first place: a quick break in the lagoon had obviously flooded the land around him as he slept on the rise; that was clear enough; but I couldn't see how he could get off, knowing his terror of water. I started to hunt on the other dry patches, and then on the whole dry land. It was hopeless. So I went home with my mushrooms and the .303.

I got a hiding with a harness strap for taking the .303, because I couldn't give any explanation of why I had taken it. I did not try to tell the truth: I simply made up a long story about chasing a wild pig. My father said there were no wild pigs in the whole country. I knew that too, but I got the hiding anyway.

I went back looking for that fox the next day and thereafter. I kept looking; and though I was eventually looking for any fox, it was always the same fox to me. I kept looking and hunting, even though I had no ammunition. Then one night I wept for a couple of hours in bed for the mystery and the difficulty of it all, and the next day I went back to fishing for a twenty-pound cod.

THERE were a number of places along the Little Murray River which were good for cod, and I knew them all. The best was at Old Roy Carmichael's. Roy had a house which he had built of a boiler. Outside (near the river) there was a gate he had taken from some old church, but there wasn't any fence. On the gate there was a latch that said IN and OUT. Roy always put it on the right one if he was in or out. He had built mud steps down to the water's edge, and as the river rose in winter and went down in summer, Roy would mark the height on the steps with an iron peg. I used this peg to hold my rod as I fished for cod, and old Roy himself came down to get some water just as I was putting a mussel on a hook.

"Why don't you use worms?" he asked me.

"I've used up just about every worm in the countryside," I told him.

"What about the Council's pig yard?" old Roy asked.

"I can't go up there," I said. "I got caught digging under the stone floor."

Roy was thin and old. He had a gray mustache that dropped right over his mouth. Sometimes he laughed for no reason at all, and he laughed now.

"How is your father, Edgar?" he bellowed at me.

"He went into town to sell some wood," I told him.

"How do you like it when they laugh at him in town?" Roy said.

I didn't know what to say to that, so I asked him why he lived in the boiler.

"I lived *over* it for twenty years," he said. "Now I live in it. That's the best boiler that ever went into a river boat. They don't make them like it any more. If she hadn't hit the Point, the old *Rang Dang* would be going yet, with that boiler still inside her."

I knew all about it. The old *Rang Dang* was a paddle steamer which had tried to come up the Little Murray. It had hit low ground at the Point and sunk. Old Roy had been the Captain of it. He had waited around to try and get the *Rang Dang* up from bottom, but the boat had fallen apart, so he had only saved the boiler. He had stayed right there and lived in the boiler. That was a long time ago. I had asked him once why he didn't get another boat. He had picked up a dead sunflower and thrown it at me, so I hadn't asked him again. My father, Edgar Allan, had told me that he couldn't get another boat anywhere after that. They, I suppose whoever owned the boat, said he was drunk when he hit the Point. After that Roy never drank, just to prove that he had not been drunk at the time.

"You know that's a two-inch boiler," he said to me now.

"It looks thick enough," I said.

"It hasn't got a flaked spot in it. Come on up. I'll show you."

I had been through this before, but I hooked my rod under a stone and went up with him. He passed the gate and put it to IN. He opened the heavy metal fire-door and bent down to get inside. The boiler was

filled with a number of things, mostly made from old petrol tins. It had a floor of wood and there were all sorts of clocks with bodies made of tins. There were flower pots in tins with curled-over edges, a cut-out tin was set in as fireplace, and the bed was made of kerosene tins framed together. Everything was painted red. On one side, he had taken out a whole plate so that he could get into the extension he had built. You could still see all the holes where the pipes had been.

Old Roy gave me a sledge hammer. "Go on," he said. "Hit it. Hit it anywhere you like."

I didn't like doing it. When I hit, everything fell down from the shelves. He insisted. "Hit it anywhere!"

I found a clear spot, gripped my bare feet on the floor, and swung the sledge hammer as best I could, upward. It bounced off the iron side, and everything rattled down.

"Harder!" Roy shouted. "Anywhere!"

I hit the side harder this time, in the same place.

"How old are you?" old Roy said. He was angry.

"Eleven," I told him.

"Can't you hit harder than that?"

"There's no room," I said.

"There has to be room," he said. "What happens if you're looking for a flaked spot and you don't hit hard enough? A head of steam hits it and the whole lot blows to smithereens. Give it to me. Look."

Old Roy swung the hammer up onto a plate. The whole place shook and the tins rattled. He hit it again in another place. Everything fell down and clattered about. Roy kicked everything aside and walked to the back and hit it there. He kept hitting it until he was too tired to do it any more.

"You see," he said. "Not a flake." He was shaking; he was an old man.

"What about everything on the floor?" I pointed to the mess.

"Junk!" he said. "The only thing worth while around here is the boiler."

We went out then and back to the mud steps.

"What are you fishing for?" he asked me.

"A big cod," I told him. "Twenty-pounder."

"You used to fish for bream."

"I know, but I'm after a big cod." And I

told Roy about Tom Woodley and the fox and the cod.

"Have you been getting any cod lately?" I asked.

"No. Perch. That's all there is in this river. Yellow bellies."

"Fish are fish," I said.

"Why don't you go over to the Big Murray?"

"The river is still too high to swim."

"I'll take you over in the boat."

"No thanks," I said very quickly. Roy had taken me over once before, saying he would pick me up when I came back, if I shouted to him. I had come back and shouted, and he hadn't come. He had forgotten all about me. The river had been too high and fast to swim, so I had stayed on Pental Island all night, getting a hiding when I went home the next day.

"I'll come over with you," he said. "I'm getting sick of the taste of perch."

"All right," I said.

Roy went to get some lines and the oars to his boat. His boat was always tied up here at the steps. He had built it himself, and it was the best small-boat on the river.

Roy came down and looked at my rod and said: "What do you want a rod for? A line is better for cod: they are like elephants: they catch themselves."

"I like a rod," I said. I liked to fish with a rod. If I caught that twenty-pounder I wanted to catch it on a rod.

"Leave it behind," Roy said.

"It's all right. I want to take it."

Roy shouted: "Whatever-your-name-is, leave that rod behind!"

I stood there and didn't get into the boat.

"Are you coming or aren't you?" Roy shouted. He was red in the face.

"If I can bring the rod."

"Get in," he said. "Get in. Bring the rod. What do I care. You're like the rest of them. You can laugh at me! Get in. Do you hear me!"

He was shouting at the top of his voice, and he shouted and swore all the way over. As we went across we were carried downstream by the current, but Roy knew exactly where it would take him. He had another set of steps on the Pental Island side of the river, and we landed right on them.

Pental Island was between the two rivers,

the Big Murray and the Little Murray. The Little Murray came out of the Big Murray twenty miles upstream, it wandered about, then it came back to the big river just below Roy's place. There was a clump of gums where the two rivers joined, and that was where we were going now.

On the way I told him about the fox on the dry spit of land. I asked him what he thought had happened to it.

"Did you ever see a fox chased by a snake?" he said.

"No," I said.

"That's it," Roy said. "That's it, Edgar. He was scared off by a snake."

"If he wasn't scared off by me, he wasn't scared off by a snake."

"I tell you it was a snake." Roy got angry again. "They are more afraid of snakes than of you." I didn't believe it.

At the timber we walked straight through to the deep hole under a hanging gum. Cod were always in the deep holes. Bream were on sandbanks. Perch were in backwaters. Fishing for perch you used a float; but for cod and bream you fished on the bottom, with two hooks above the sinker.

"You can take the dead tree," Roy said. This was the best place. I thanked him, but it did not mean anything because wherever I fished, he would cast his line near mine and then come around by me and talk. He didn't believe that noise scared off the fish.

"Have you ever seen a fish with ears?" he used to say. When I said, "No," he would say, "Well how the devil can they hear? If they could hear they could talk, or bark. Have you ever heard them talk?"

"No," I would say, "but I've heard them bark."

"You're a liar, Edgar," he would say. "How can a fish bark? It hasn't any ears."

Now I walked out on the dead tree and sat on a fork. Half of the dead tree was in the water. I could drop the line straight down into the hole; but I like to cast a bit. I baited with mus-sels, let about a yard of line hang

on the end of the rod, put my thumb on the wooden reel, and swung the rod. The sinker flew out, taking the line; and it plunked down right where I wanted it. Roy undid a heavy cord line from a stick, baited it, and whirled it over his head and threw it. The bolt which acted as a sinker plunked down very near mine: too near. I jumped, because I believe noise frightens fish.

We sat quietly for a while, and I held the line lightly, waiting for bites. Then Roy got up and walked over to the tree and came out on it.

"Why don't you go to school?" he said to me.

"It is too far away," I said.

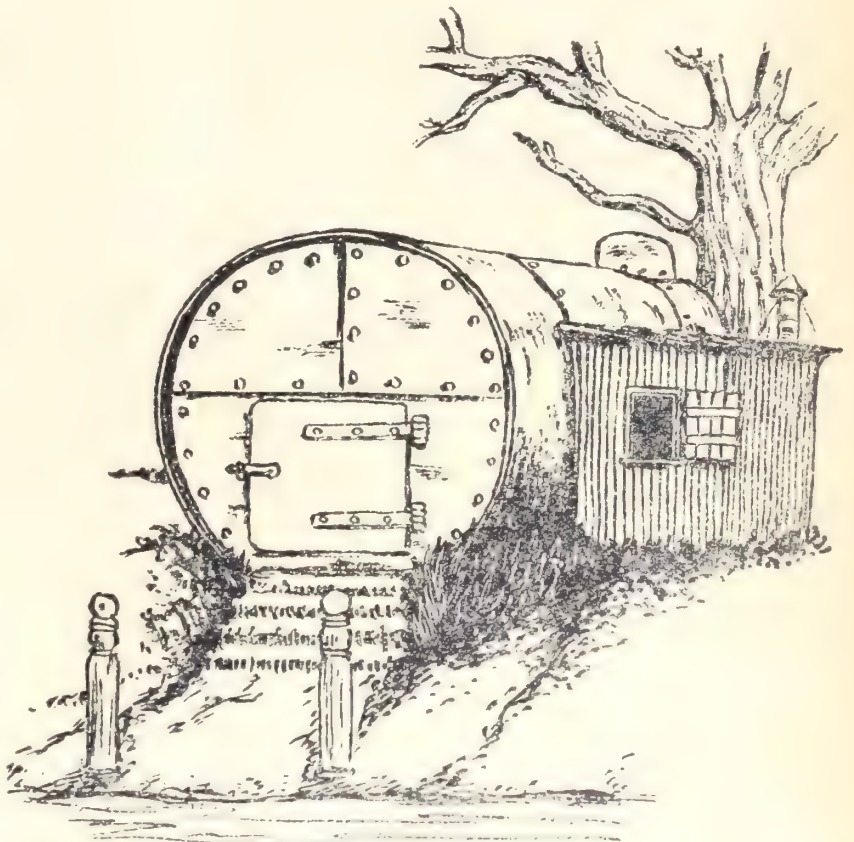
"School is never too far away," he said. "You could walk."

"It takes too long," I said. "Two hours."

"What are two hours! Can you read and write?"

"Yes," I said. I could read very little. I could hardly write. Most people thought I would say, "No," when they asked me that, but I didn't like saying, "No."

"That's not enough," Roy Carmichael said. "You have to know about figures and some history."





"I know," I said. "I would like to know about them."

"Yes. You ought to go to Castle Donnington school."

"I used to go," I told him, "but Miss Gillespie sent me home."

"What for?" Roy was angry straight away.

"She said I was pretty dirty; and I didn't have any books. It wasn't any good having them. I used to swim the river to save time, and I accidentally dropped the books in the river near the Point one day. They were no good when I got them up. It's funny she thought I was dirty: I had to swim the river every day."

"What does it matter if you're dirty? What's the matter with dirt? You know who the only clean people are? The drapers and butchers. The ones in the bank, and the dentists. You know who the best boys are at that school, Edgar?" he said.

"No," I said thinking about the fish.

"The little bleeders of the drapers and the butchers. Do you know what they grow up to be?"

"No," I said.

"Drapers and butchers. I've watched them. They are the ones for schools. The dirty faces can go to Hades. You can go to Hades. If I was a boy I could go to Hades. I am the only man alive who can take a boat up the Little Murray, but I could go to Hades. The ones that can sell you a pair of drawers

and keep their necks clean, they're the ones. If I had a boat, I would teach you to take it up the Little Murray. I'm the only man alive that can do it. What does your father do, Edgar?"

Roy knew what he did, but I told him: "He carts wood," I said.

"Is that a reason for a town to belittle a man?" Roy said.

I didn't care about that. I was getting small bites, nibbles. I could imagine the fish just pulling on the side of the bait, tearing it away without touching the hook, so I waited. Then it all happened.

"Look at your line," I said to Roy.

He looked over to the bank, and the willow springer to which he had tied his line had been pulled clean out of the bank, and was tight in the water. Before he could leave me, I felt a big pull—a tremendous pull—on my own rod, and I jerked it up to hook the fish; but the rod bent and nearly broke, and I knew I had my big one.

"You've hooked my line," Roy shouted in my ear. "You'll lose my fish."

"It's on mine," I cried back as I held onto the rod, almost falling into the water, just hanging on.

"No," Roy said. "You've hooked my line. Give me the rod."

He was dancing up and down, his face was red, and his hair was aloft. "You'll lose my line, you're pulling it in. You'll lose the fish."

I didn't have time to look around at Roy's line. I was trying to hang onto the fish that had hold of mine, and at the same time keep Roy from taking my rod away from me.

"What's the matter with you!" Roy said and got a good grip on my rod. "Let it go, will you. I'll break it on your back."

The fish pulled, the rod bent, Roy and I held onto it.

Then Roy swung his arm and knocked me clean off the log into the shallow water behind, and by the time I got out he was reeling in the fish and walking back to the bank to land it. I ran over and tried to get the rod

back, but he pushed me away and landed the fish.

It was a Murray-cod all right, and it was more than twenty pounds. It was fat and gasping and kicking as Roy whipped it right up the bank away from the water. I ran up to get hold of the line. I could see already who had caught it.

"It was on my hook, it was on my line," I cried at Roy, and I was really crying. "You caught my fish." It had been Roy's line that had tangled with mine: it was his that had ruined this catch. "You caught my fish," was all I could shout at him.

"What's the matter with you?" Roy said, and I thought he was going to hit me again. "I got the fish out, didn't I? You would have let it go, you would have fallen in the hole, you would have lost it."

"You got my fish," I said. "That's the fish I've been waiting to catch."

"Well you caught it," Roy said and put his foot on the cod to take out the hook.

"I didn't catch it," I said. "You did!"

"It was on your line," he said. He was laughing now.

"What's the good of that! You pulled it in. You caught it. You took it away from me. You caught my fish."

"Well, you can have it," Roy said.

"I don't want it. I just wanted to catch it."

"Well, damn it, you caught it. You can say you caught it. I won't deny it."

"That's no good," I cried. "Tom Woodley caught his fifteen-pounder. You should have let me catch this one." I was not exactly howling, but I was practically screaming at Roy, because I knew that I would have little or no chance of ever again catching another big one.

Roy was sorry and said: "Never mind, Edgar."

I swore then, round and long.

Roy got mad again and threw a clod at me.

"You stole my fish," I said from a distance, to insult.

"Take your fish!" he shouted.

"I don't want it," I said, and then I ran.

I tried to get Roy's boat out and back across the river, but I beached it on some shallows and Roy caught me and took it over and laughed at me all the way across. Then he held onto me, on the other side, and I said I'd never get a fish like that and never

get a fox. Never again. I was finished now, and Roy knew it, and he hung onto me and told me he would let the world know I had caught that fish; and moreover he would help me get that fox. He had ammunition and a fox whistle, and if I came back tomorrow he would hunt a fox and maybe fish again. Then he let me go.

"Don't you want your rod?" he called after me as I went.

"Keep it," I shouted back and swore at him again.

He threw it at me, and I ran away cursing and shouting, leaving my rod, and leaving the big Murray-cod that should have been mine.

That cod was mine, and I knew it. Yet not having it, and not having caught it, the thing began to overwhelm me. It was always on my mind, from the moment I lost it, and before long it had become something that I had but could never have: something I had achieved yet could never achieve. The puzzle and mystery of this was even worse than the mystery of the disappearing fox, and if I'd wept a little in bewilderment over that, this time I had nightmares that made terror of incidents I had long since forgotten. All of them were puzzles, and all of them were repetitions of the same feeling: to have wanted something so much, to have almost had it, and then to have lost it at the moment of success. It made me sick, and it seemed that I was never in peace again. More and more the necessity of killing that fox became a way to solve these things and give me back a day without thought and a night without terror. That fox was the fulfillment somehow, and I knew I had to achieve it or be miserable forever.

THEN late in summer Roy gave me my chance. He found me one day on Pental Island, and after he had boxed my ears for taking a revenge shot at his fox terrier, he began to laugh at me.

"Are you still bawling and howling about that fish?" he said to me.

I hadn't forgiven him even then for that fish. He had certainly told the town I had caught it (a twenty-eight-pounder), and he had thus half-saved me from Tom Woodley and the town boys; but I hadn't forgiven him because I knew I hadn't caught it, and be-

cause my sudden nightmare and its life-puzzle wouldn't let me go, and I blamed him for that too. I wouldn't talk to him about that fish, but he laughed and didn't care, so I didn't care, and I told him I would call the next day and get my rod back.

"Do you still want that fox, Edgar?" he asked me.

"Yes, but I want to get it myself," I told him.

"Don't be such a moaner," he said. "And if you do want a fox, you come down here tomorrow morning before daybreak and I'll show you where you can get one."

"Where is he?" I asked Roy. I didn't trust him now.

"You come down tomorrow morning and I'll show you," he shouted.

"You'll show me where it is, and then you'll shoot it yourself," I said.

"You holy little beggar boy," he called me with a red face. He seemed very upset, and I was sorry. "You come down here tomorrow morning before light and I'll take you over and get you that fox! D'you hear!"

"All right," I said, because he seemed desperate about it.

I don't think I slept at all that night, because I knew that Roy would really show me a fox, and within shooting range. By now, hunting the fox had become habit, even though it was still the most vital thing in my life—the one solution and the one satisfaction to the puzzle and inconsistency of each day and each thing. I just didn't know where I stood these days, and more and more all things had become a puzzle to me because of the loss of that cod. Perhaps it was my own doing now, because I could always set off on a blind and hopeless route of thought by asking a few questions about myself, and then about anything: a worm, a gatepost, a hinge, a piece of wood. All I had to do was look at anything and ask myself what it was and where it came from and what had brought it to this state and where would it go, and all the nightmare of the lost Murray-cod would return. Yet on this night I knew it would end, because tomorrow I would hunt that fox, shoot it, achieve the simple aim, finish this whole puzzle, and go back to normal again. That was tomorrow.

I was over at Roy's long before light, and I had to kick on the boiler door to wake him

up. He told me to go away and leave him in peace, but I kept on kicking the door and he finally got up. He gave me a piece of cold meat to eat, and we rowed across to Pental Island. Roy knew Pental Island even better than I did, because he had a trap-line all over it, and he covered it almost every day. We emptied a few of his traps as we went, and he had me carrying the rabbits on my shoulder as he walked ahead.

"Don't make so much noise," he said to me as we climbed a little hill. The rabbits were hitting my back, and their bellies were making a rolling and rumbling sound. "Drop those things and keep quiet," he said in a whisper.

Roy didn't creep, as I would in hunting. He walked upright, but he walked very carefully and slowly, stopping absolutely still from time to time and then moving on again. I moved behind him, doing what he did, and holding my .22 loaded and ready. When we reached the dry red top of the hill, which was bare and round, Roy lay down carefully and put his head over the top. It was still dark, but light was breaking the sky.

"Down there," Roy whispered and pointed to a clump of three or four sphinx bushes, "is a fox warren. That old fox is sleeping there now."

"I can't see him," I said.

"Of course you can't," Roy growled between his teeth. "He'll be coming out when the sun comes up. Can you hit him from here?"

It was about fifty feet down to the clump, and if the fox wasn't running I knew I could hit him. "Leave him to me," I said because I didn't want Roy to interfere. He had a .22 himself, and he held it ready for use.

"Well, keep your mouth closed and your feet still," Roy said, "and wait; and when you see him come right out, let him have it."

We waited, and I had a feeling now that this was all right. It was simple enough to be lying here, it was simple enough for anything in life at all. The sun would rise, the fox would come out, I would shoot, and life would again be normal. I had never felt so sure and relaxed in my whole life before, and I looked at Roy and cocked a grin. I was forgiving him the cod.

"Keep your eye on that bush," Roy whispered angrily.

I watched the bush and watched the horizon. The sky became pink, the mist rose, the crows flew high, and the kookaburras laughed; and then came the sun; and a little after the sun came the fox.

He was old and red. He had white feet, a white tip on his tail, and alert ears. He came out of a hole near the bush and put his head around quickly and lifted his nose up and crouched. Then he walked a few feet as if the ground was hot right under him. He turned around and looked straight up at the hill; and then he sat on his tail and licked his paw, and I had my rifle up to my face.

My .22 was old and the sight was off, so I sighted below and to the left of his head. It was easy and sure. The chance was here, the world was assured, and just as he licked the side of his jaws, I was easing on the trigger.

Yet I didn't fire. Whatever the reason, whatever the restraint, I didn't want to kill that fox and I didn't intend to. I held the sight and kept my cheek on the gun and the finger on the trigger and thought to myself that all I must do is give it a pull and that fox would be dead, and I would be alive.

"Go on," Roy said as if he would kill me himself for being a fool.

"I don't want him," I said and put down the gun.

"Shoot!" he said right in my ear.

"I don't want him!" I said aloud and the fox heard and was gone like a shot. Roy stood up and I could see his .22 follow the fox for the first few seconds. Then he fired. I was still lying down, but I saw the old red fox go tumbling over; but I didn't care. At

the same moment another one came leaping out of the warren and went running away, full of life.

"Why didn't you shoot!" Roy cried as he reloaded his gun.

"I don't know," I said. I really didn't know.

"Are you sick or something?"

I shook my head. I thought for a moment that I would like to stay on this hill forever.

Roy looked hard at me and laughed for no reason and forgot about the fox and sat down on the warm side of the hill.

"How old are you, boy?" he asked.

"Twelve now," I told him, still waiting for his temper.

"Twelve," he said slowly. "Do you know how old I was when I lost the *Rang Dang*, lost my boat, lost everything, and never got it back?"

I didn't know and I didn't care.

"Fifty-two," he said. "Fifty-two."

I had no idea what he was talking about except that he had lost something and never got it back. For my part I only knew that I was quietly happy again without knowing why.

If I had hoped to solve the puzzle of life by killing a fox for the loss of the cod, I knew I was wrong. Life was life, somehow, and that fox had been too alive for me to shoot. The fish didn't matter, the fox didn't matter, Tom Woodley and the town boys didn't matter; and though I had spared one life to learn so much, I had killed five or six rabbits by the time we went home.

Yes, life was life; but I had it licked.



Mrs. Mac of Barnard

Anne L. Goodman

IN OCTOBER 1949 when Barnard College began its sixty-first academic year, and also launched a \$10 million Development Plan, Dwight D. Eisenhower, ex officio president of Barnard as part of Columbia, greeted faculty and students in assembly. Bareheaded and diffident in his academic gown, he addressed the company on the importance of privately financed educational institutions like Barnard, concluding with the words:

There never was a truer thing said than that "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and in no other direction must you be more vigilant than in supporting private educational institutions. If you profit by every opportunity you have here, if in doing so you achieve a thorough understanding of what this school is for, and do your utmost to insure its perpetuity, then, in your own way, and very specifically, you will help your country and the world.

Following him came Barnard's dean and actual head, Millicent Carey McIntosh, an attractive, athletically built woman in her early fifties with a well-tailored suit under her gown and her short, wavy, light brown hair combed back under her cap. The audience settled itself for further uplifting remarks. Instead, fixing the group with her eye and speaking without notes, the dean dis-

cussed the necessity, in a year when the college was raising money for new equipment, of taking care of the "material resources" it already had. College women, she pointed out, were apt to be messy and careless with college property. "It is no use having these higher graces," she said, "if we undermine them with the most primitive sins of house-keeping."

Several of the girls remarked later that they had found Eisenhower by far the more inspiring. However they remembered to watch their cigarette butts on the campus and the books they took from the library.

This is not to suggest that Mrs. McIntosh is not usually a highly inspiring speaker. Few students take cuts when she is scheduled to talk in assembly. Her announcements to the college about new administration policies and such important changes as last year's tuition rise have made faculty and undergraduates alike feel that they know and share in all Barnard's moves. At the same time her speeches almost always fire listeners with something of the speaker's zeal. Her persuasiveness is grounded in sincerity. The \$1,000,000 which John D. Rockefeller, Jr. gave to the Development Plan, shortly after Mrs. McIntosh went to see him last year, is generally recognized on the campus as his personal statement of faith in the dean's aims. Mrs. McIntosh is frank in her desire to make

Anne L. Goodman went after the facts about Dean McIntosh in off-hours from her work as one of the editors of Harper's. Since her college years at Bryn Mawr, she has worked for the OWI abroad and for a number of publications in New York.

Barnard a leader in women's education. But in moving toward this end she seldom loses sight of the practical.

When she was appointed dean five years ago, she declared in her first speech at the college that she was not so much concerned with women's rights as with "college women as people; as human beings living with men in contemporary society."

Many [she continued] are questioning their education and wondering whether it has given them the best preparation for the life they actually have to lead. Most women expect to marry and do so; no college has yet, so far as I know, been bold enough to formulate views on what gives the best preparation for marriage.

This statement coupled with Mrs. McIntosh's own position as wife and mother brought consternation to certain ranks of the Barnard faculty. The great days of the college's academic glory, they reluctantly confided to each other, were over. Henceforth the trend would be toward majors in home economics and child care, classes in cooking and housekeeping. A few months after Mrs. McIntosh took office, in the fall of 1947, they realized they had been mistaken. The new dean was "bold enough" to formulate her own views on the subject she had raised. "I am convinced," she said in a later speech, "that a liberal arts college, given an intelligent girl, is the best possible preparation for marriage."

ALTHOUGH the one new course Mrs. McIntosh herself has introduced at Barnard, "modern living," required for all freshmen, is designed to give its students insight into personal problems and relationships, and although she points proudly to another new course on "the family" open to juniors and seniors, it is notable that she takes equal pride in a new course in practical politics and that at meetings of Columbia University's Committee on Educational Policy, on which she is the only female member, her voice is one of the loudest in insisting that advanced courses in the classics be maintained, however fast the modern world seems to be swerving toward the vocational. She is sensitive to criticism of Barnard's academic standards and will take considerable pains to

keep a high rate of scholarship in the faculty.

Not long ago a brilliant woman bacteriologist, so outstanding that she drew students from Columbia Graduate School as well as Barnard, left Barnard's botany department. There was only enough money in the budget to provide an instructor to replace her. Mrs. McIntosh took her problem across the street to Columbia's graduate and undergraduate deans. If they thought it worthwhile to add a certain amount to the salary Barnard could offer, she explained, a "crackerjack bacteriologist" could be hired who would serve all three schools—at a mutual saving. When the two men suggested that perhaps Columbia should hire the professor and Barnard share in the expense, she tactfully pointed out that it was Barnard and not Columbia which already had the laboratory. The others saw her point, and arrangements were made. It was probably only chance that the new professor, like her predecessor, turned out to be a woman. At any rate she was eminently qualified. But it is possible that Mrs. McIntosh, who is in some ways as feminist as any of the agitators for women's suffrage thirty years ago, has enjoyed watching Columbia men file into Barnard to sit at a woman professor's feet.

She has been equally eager however to make similar arrangements working in the opposite direction. And by opening Columbia to the girls in this way she has built up Barnard's offerings in ancient history, Latin, Greek, physics, and mathematics. In her current plans to establish a department of Latin American affairs she is open about her intention to use "the full resources of the university." And the new religion department is a joint project of Barnard, Columbia College, Columbia Graduate School, and the Columbia School of General Studies which offers adult education on the college level to older men and women with full- or part-time jobs.

ALL this is part of what Dean John A. Krout of the Graduate School calls Mrs. McIntosh's "federation of Barnard into the larger life of Columbia without any loss of its independent status." Set across Broadway from the rest of the university, Barnard has its own head, buildings, faculty, and board of trustees. In the years when former Dean Virginia Gildersleeve was building

up the college's prestige in a world sometimes hostile to higher education for women, a large part of the male side of the university regarded it as a slightly frowzy nunnery, dedicated to the turning out of slightly frowzy feminists, and, as such, much better left alone. It was always possible for Barnard students of high standing to take courses at Columbia and for Barnard professors to teach their specialties on the graduate level across the street. But the procedure involved was often complicated enough to discourage applicants, and Columbia attendance at Barnard courses was unheard of. Today the trend is away from such rigid separation and Mrs. McIntosh has been quick to capitalize on it.

The traces of distrust which persist in some older Columbia quarters at the spectacle of vastly increased numbers of Barnard girls in Columbia lecture halls have been largely balanced by an appreciation of the new dean's tolerant attitude toward extra-curricular exchanges. Elopements between Barnard and Columbia have risen sharply since she took over—without, in most cases, interrupting either student's college career. And there is a strong feeling at Columbia that Mrs. McIntosh, far from resenting, "rather welcomes" such inevitable attentions as midnight serenades of Barnard's two residence halls after a Columbia beer party, provided, of course, they do not go too far.

When, after a football game or dance, Columbia boys in a time-honored tradition tear down the Barnard fence, the dean merely requests that the responsible persons pay for it. On one occasion when the actual expense turned out to be \$100 more than the estimate—and consequently \$100 more than the boys had raised—she reasonably decided it would be unfair to ask them to collect so much more; Barnard would have to foot the difference and take consolation in a superior fence.

Her stock with Columbia undergraduates rose high two years ago when the staff of the college humorous magazine got out a bogus issue of the Barnard college paper, the *Bulletin*, and surreptitiously distributed it all over the Barnard campus in place of the real issue published that day. The humor was crude enough to ban the paper from second-class mailing privileges, had its editors been foolish enough to seek them, and the dean

herself was one of the chief victims. But she had a single remark to make to Columbia on the subject. "All I want to know," she said, "is who is going to pay the printing bill for this week's *Bulletin*, since you suppressed all the real copies."

II

WHEN people at Columbia and Barnard refer to Mrs. McIntosh as "the most unusual woman college head in the country," they are usually thinking of her private life. As the wife of Dr. Rustin McIntosh, head of Babies Hospital in New York, Carpentier Professor of Diseases of Children at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one of the foremost pediatricians in America, she is married to a man whose career is at least as impressive as her own. As the mother of four sons and a daughter, whose ages now range from seventeen to eleven and whom she has largely brought up herself, she is a remarkable example of the ability of an intelligent woman to combine family life with a career. She is also unusual in the extent of her activities.

Her thirty-five memberships go from vice-chairman of the Committee on Forgotten Intellectuals and Professionals to corporation member of Manhattanville Neighborhood Center; from director of both Bryn Mawr College and the Brearley School to sponsor of the United Negro College Fund and member of the advisory council of the Home Term Court of the Magistrate's Courts of New York City. Recently she was elected the first woman director of the Home Life Insurance Company of New York. Her speaking engagements, not always to educational groups, would be the despair of many women faced with nothing more time-consuming than running a well-organized household. She is emphatic about her opinion that there should be more women in politics and is an articulate supporter of the League of Women Voters. But her prime concern has always been education, and there are few branches of it in which she has not had firsthand experience.

When she went to Bryn Mawr College as a freshman in the autumn of 1916, she was a shy, naïve girl from Baltimore, one of the six children of parents who were both

Quaker ministers. At that time her aunt, M. Carey Thomas, one of the great leaders in women's education and a feminist so extreme that she discarded her first name, Martha, for the more masculine-sounding Carey, was Bryn Mawr's president. Under her influence her niece developed a high regard for the academic tradition and the new fields of activity opening up to women. She became a leader in sports (she still plays a fast game of tennis) and undergraduate organizations, and she graduated *magna cum laude*, majoring in English literature and minoring in Greek.

An uncomfortable feeling that her aunt was forcing her into an academic pattern sent her defiantly home after graduation, to organize clubs and classes for factory girls in Baltimore's YWCA. Her sympathy with labor's cause almost persuaded her to make workers' education her life work, but she eventually realized that it was not really her main interest. She left for a year in England, to study economics at Newnham College, Cambridge; taught English for a year at Rosemary Hall in Connecticut on her return; then took her Ph.D. in English at Johns Hopkins.

In 1926 Miss Thomas had the satisfaction of seeing her niece return to Bryn Mawr as instructor in English and two years later become, first, freshman dean and then acting dean of the college. Shortly afterward she received a blow to her now well-developed ambitions for the young woman. In 1930 the trustees of the Brearley School for girls in New York City offered Miss Carey the position of headmistress, and she accepted. To Miss Thomas this meant simply that she had turned her back on higher education for good.

A second, and still more unexpected, blow for Miss Thomas followed. Hitherto Miss Carey had had little time for men, and vestiges of her shyness were apparent on social occasions. But in 1931 Dr. Rustin McIntosh, whom she had met in Baltimore through one of her four brothers, while he was studying at Johns Hopkins, came to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. The next year they were married. "He's the most attractive man I've ever seen," Mrs. McIntosh explains today, adding with amused satisfaction, "All my friends were terribly

surprised when he married *me*." Her aunt was both surprised and shocked.

When neither of the McIntoshes considered the possibility of Mrs. McIntosh's giving up her work, Miss Thomas changed her opinion. "Millicent can do a great deal for the CAUSE," she wrote a friend a little later, "by proving that she can hold down a husband and a job like the headmistress of a big school." Nevertheless when Mrs. McIntosh's first children turned out to be twin boys, one of the telegrams that poured in struck a discordant note. Signed M. Carey Thomas, it said, in effect, too bad they couldn't have been girls. (Mrs. McIntosh obliged by producing a girl next, before going on to two more boys. But it might be interesting to know what Miss Thomas, since dead, would make of this grandniece now. At sixteen Susan McIntosh attends the Putney School in Vermont so that she can study dairying and scientific farming. And her present plans for college involve neither Bryn Mawr nor Barnard but either Cornell or the University of Iowa.)

III

MRS. McIntosh has often said that her seventeen years at Brearley were an invaluable preparation for her present job at Barnard. Brearley was originally established in a strictly classical tradition by a group of men who wanted their daughters to get the same education as their sons. When Mrs. McIntosh arrived, the school had just moved into new buildings along the East River and planned to expand its school day from a few hours of concentrated study in the morning to the afternoon as well. This gave her the opportunity to introduce sports, art, music, and dramatics. It also necessitated a sharing of authority.

Mrs. McIntosh divided the school into four age groups, each with its own virtually autonomous head. The heads were responsible to her, but they were expected to make as many decisions as possible themselves. This policy, which she has also followed at Barnard, has been variously described as "a great ability to get other people to do her work" and "highly creative administration." To a lesser degree she has applied a similar practice in her domestic life. Feminine guests of

the McIntoshes have become accustomed to the fact that, if they know their hostess well, the family darning basket is quite apt to be passed around with the after-dinner coffee. A guest who is unable to cope with darning sometimes gets the alternative of a hem to turn up or a shirt needing buttons.

On the academic level, Mrs. McIntosh's delegation of responsibility has been even more successful. Part of this is due to her knack for sizing up and choosing the right person for the right job, part to the great loyalty she always feels for the people she has chosen—which produces a correspondingly great loyalty in return. She also accepts the often trying corollary of such a system: she does not interfere, unless asked to, in a delicate situation where she has already turned the decision over to someone else. Since some of her friends believe that she has a secret conviction that she could personally set right a good many of the ills of the world, this discipline is strongly to her credit.

UNDER her leadership, Brearley grew and maintained its position as one of the best preparatory schools in the country. Outsiders who inquired whether or not the headmistress was "progressive" usually received a standard reply: "I don't know. I suppose so. She's sympathetic to any approach that makes learning more interesting. But she does insist the girls learn."

All but one of her children were born during a school year. In each case she worked until almost the event itself and returned shortly afterward. When the twins arrived, the school got a holiday. Susan's birth the next year was announced at a fire drill, and Susan herself appeared in her mother's arms three weeks later at assembly. Largely because of her own productivity, Mrs. McIntosh feels, the faculty decided that she was the obvious person to teach physiology to the eleven- and twelve-year-olds. She took on the assignment and presented the subject in such forthright, personal terms that her pupils were enchanted.

She also taught senior English, the Bible, and two courses close to two of her educational crusades. The first of these, general languages, was given the year before the students took Latin. Concentrating on the history of language, the general principles be-

hind all languages, and the basic structure of sentences, Mrs. McIntosh got her intermediate girls to the point where they could guess translations of German, Spanish, and Italian when the only two languages they actually knew were English and French. Today she is still concerned with what she feels is a faulty approach to language study in American schools and colleges. After her first year at Barnard she called a conference of teachers of French to discuss methods of procedure, and after a trip to Europe last summer she was struck again by the disadvantage Americans with a poor grounding in languages suffered from—and by her desire to do something about it as soon as she found time.

A second course which she worked out and taught at Brearley was ethics, in which she related immediate situations in which the girls might be involved at home to classical points of view about ethics and morals. It is possible she has carried over some of this to Barnard's present modern living course.

One of her current regrets is that she is not teaching. But when she supplanted the standard freshman hygiene course with modern living last year, she arranged it so that after the college doctor and a member of the sociology department had given their points of view, she could take over the last lectures and fill in with comments on contemporary family and social relationships. Her first lecture is concerned with "the ability to be interesting oneself," and her notes for a later session read:

The changes since 1914 in the relationship between the sexes with references to:

- (1) The emancipation of women
- (2) The increase in alcohol as a social device
- (3) The flight from orthodox religious belief (in hell-fire, etc.)
- (4) The universality of the automobile
- (5) The teachings of Freud
- (6) The Kinsey reports.

AT BREARLEY Mrs. McIntosh got to know all the 550 students and concerned herself directly with their problems. She introduced psychological and aptitude tests, a course in remedial reading, and from time to time recommended psychiatric treatment for a child whose emotional problems ap-

peared to be particularly deep-seated. (At Barnard she has added a consulting psychiatrist to the medical staff.) The question of the right college for each individual child interested her so intensely that some recalcitrant parents, faced with a very positive and unexpected recommendation, used to feel that a headmistress's intervention in such matters should be more limited than it appeared to be at Brearley. The fact that Mrs. McIntosh followed the same practice in her own family and sent each of her children to the school he chose or that seemed best suited to his needs was a poor consolation to an ambitious father or mother who had just been told that his daughter would be happiest in a small junior college.

At Barnard with its 1,100 undergraduates Mrs. McIntosh has accepted the fact that many of the girls will never be more than vaguely familiar faces to her. To compensate for this she has set up a system of class advisers carefully chosen from the faculty and herself meets regularly with the head of the Undergraduate Association, the editor of the *Bulletin*, the four class presidents, and other undergraduate officials. She hires sitters for her youngest son from the undergraduate body, and her office is open two hours a week for any undergraduate who wants to see her for any reason—even if it is only to meet her.

A particularly unhappy-looking or untidy-looking girl whom she passes on the campus is also apt to draw the dean's attention. Very often she investigates later to find out the girl's name, background, and probable reasons for misery. If she hears of a specific undergraduate difficulty, she deals with it immediately.

The year that comprehensive examinations in major subjects were introduced for all seniors, the dean interviewed each girl who failed. One of them, who came from the Middle West, was chiefly upset by the fact that she was afraid to tell her family, who were planning, at considerable expense, to come on and watch her graduate. "What's their telephone number?" asked the dean. The girl gave it to her, and the dean put through the long-distance call while the girl sat in her office, explained to the bitterly disappointed mother that her daughter would have a chance to retake the examinations in

the fall, that meanwhile she could go through all the festivities of commencement with her class, and that she, the dean, personally hoped that the family would carry through their original intention and attend.

IN SELECTING Mrs. McIntosh as dean, the trustees of Barnard recalled that some years before Miss Gildersleeve had mentioned her as her "ideal successor." After investigation, they were equally impressed by her record, administrative ability, and talent with young people. For a long time they were not at all certain they could get her. There were projects at Brearley that she wanted to see through, commitments she felt she had to the school. Her final decision was motivated by the fact that she had been at Brearley seventeen years and firmly believed no one should stay in one administrative position for more than twenty, and by the challenge of appealing for funds for Barnard and the grounds on which such an appeal could be made.

Two-thirds of Barnard's students are non-residents and well over half of these come from New York public schools. The 350 resident students are drawn from almost every state in the union and, at the present time, from Puerto Rico and thirty-four foreign countries. "All these," Mrs. McIntosh once said, "result in a group of undergraduates who are rewarding to teach and exciting to know. Other colleges and schools claim to be democratic in their choice of students, but at Barnard for the first time I saw democracy in action on the campus."

The diversity of students plus the college's relation to Columbia and its setting in New York City with countless facilities to be used as a laboratory, Mrs. McIntosh believes, give Barnard a unique position. To parents who object that they are afraid to send their daughters away to New York where "they may get in trouble," she has a ready answer: "A girl who is going to get in trouble can find it anywhere." In her fund-raising speeches she stresses the advantages of the city, the need to raise Barnard faculty salaries to Columbia's level to keep up the exchanges between the two colleges, the importance of new equipment for new courses, and her own ambition to have more seminar rooms where small groups can meet.

WITH the demands of fund raising, Mrs. McIntosh found almost as soon as she came to Barnard her position needed clarification. Since the dean of Barnard has the responsibility of a college president anywhere else, she decided to become a president in everything but name, and give the dean's job to someone else. To this end she abolished the elaborate system of assistants to the dean that had been in operation and substituted for one associate dean two: the first to deal with general curriculum and faculty problems; the other to take charge of student credits, transfer-students from other colleges, and majors. (Characteristically one of these is a man and the other a woman.) Almost all of the other professors were put on some committee, one of the most important of which was the curriculum committee to handle long-needed changes in that field, postponed during the war, and to report to her.

In her ardor to get things done, she moved a great deal too fast. She left the curriculum committee gaping when she told them she expected them to be through their work in three months. When they not only protested but demonstrated that this was impossible, she let them proceed at their own rate; but during her first months several of her deputies felt that their chief energies were going into a desperate attempt to slow the dean down. She has never completely lost the tendency to try to make other people progress at something approximating her own pace, or dispelled the suspicion that she frequently acts on impulse after hearing only one side of a question. But her readiness to accept criticism and correct her own mistakes, the quite staggering amounts of work people under her leadership have found themselves suddenly able to accomplish, and the sense of enthusiasm and progress she has brought to the whole campus are accepted at Barnard today as more than compensations.

All in all, her conquest of Barnard was as swift as some of her administrative decisions. What resistance there was to a series of rigorous changes, after an uninterrupted regime of thirty-six years under Miss Gildersleeve, evaporated long before the first semester was over. The faculty found they enjoyed their new responsibility. At the same time the dean was ready to take over

the disagreeable chores of refusing a promotion or explaining sources of dissatisfaction to a professor, instead of leaving it to the department head. She was remarkably well informed about everything on the campus, concerned about faculty housing, and interested in faculty families. Invitations to a college function, sent from Mrs. Rustin McIntosh instead of Dean Millicent Carey McIntosh, always included non-faculty husbands and wives. Since she did not move into the deanery but remained in her house on East 87th Street, the duplex apartment where Miss Gildersleeve had lived was made available to faculty members for entertaining whenever Mrs. McIntosh was not using it for official dinners or parties.

HER manner on campus has always been informal. For the first three years she drove up each morning in a Ford station wagon, after dropping off her various children at schools along the way. This year, with all but the youngest McIntosh at boarding school, she has substituted a new Nash. She signs personal memoranda Millicent McL., or, if she knows the recipient especially well, Milly McL., or just Milly, and she is referred to all over college as Mrs. Mac.

Despite her effectiveness on the lecture platform she is at her best with individuals or small groups. She talks much better than she writes, where she suffers from what she describes as "the Ph.D. approach," and she likes personal contact. The head of one department who reports to her frequently explains, "She always gives you the feeling not just that she is listening to everything you say, but that she sees it from your point of view."

She applies this not only to professors and undergraduates but also to union representatives of the maintenance workers on the campus, alumnae with various problems, the director of the public relations department, trustees, and regional heads of the Development Plan—all of whom she may see, in rapid succession, in the course of a single day.

Her approach, however, has its drawbacks. Some people confronted by the dean's undivided attention have mistakenly assumed that she was agreeing with them—and been sadly disillusioned later to find that the reverse was true.

Her sense of humor, which is personal and unexpected, can also be disconcerting. "She never laughs when I say something I think is funny," a fairly close acquaintance objected once. "And then a perfectly innocent remark will set her off."

IV

THERE are those who hold that Mrs. McIntosh is not intellectual, that she is extremely sensitive to the climate around her and thus given to flirting experimentally with popular ideas, and that she is better at taking up and developing other people's ideas than at evolving her own. Nevertheless there are certain educational points, like the teaching of languages, on which her opinions are definite and set.

One of these is the responsibility of any educational system to teach its students to express themselves clearly and concisely on paper. Her first year at Barnard, before fund raising took up so much of her time, she visited each section of the required freshman English course and hammered into the students the necessity of learning to write decent English. "None of us ever forgot it," one of them recalls.

A second point on which the dean has often expressed herself is the importance of a study of history, now another required course at Barnard. A third is her belief that all education should instill a strong moral sense. She has sometimes been misquoted as favoring "broad general studies" over too much specialization—but only by those who have failed to take note of her sharp remarks on the senselessness of "a scattering of information" and the valuable mental discipline of mastering one field of knowledge.

The misunderstanding may come from her frequent statements that education should address itself to the individual and "prepare students for life." This in turn is closely related to her opinions on women's education, which have also caused confusion.

She has not altered her conviction that "a liberal arts college is the best preparation for marriage," but she is willing to admit that the methods used in modern colleges have often failed to achieve their end. The amount of criticism leveled against women in general in recent years is to her irrefutable evi-

dence of something wrong—and quite possibly wrong with women's education. When Marynia Farnum's *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* came out, Mrs. McIntosh dutifully read it each night before she went to sleep. As she progressed, her irritation rose to such a pitch that her husband finally asked her why in heaven's name she didn't throw the book away. "Because," she replied desperately, "she has a certain number of good points to make."

The difficulty, she has finally decided, is that contemporary college courses are often given in a way that emphasizes scholarship rather than meaning. A girl who studies them may legitimately feel that she is being prepared only for graduate work and may lose sight of the fact that the "training of her mind, the cultivation of her imagination, and the enlargement of her perspectives" is preparing her equally well for a career, or marriage and bringing up children.

"The primary task of human beings," Mrs. McIntosh wrote recently in answer to a question about her views on women's education, "is to understand their own natures, and to discover the fullest possible development of the qualities with which they are endowed." This, she continued, holds for men and women alike. Education fails when its instruction fails "to relate the subject matter to the student's experience of what is important. History teachers, for instance, can present their subject," she suggested, "not only as a succession of facts but also as a revelation of basic truths in human behavior, of basic philosophies which have led to human decadence or progress."

SHE expects most Barnard graduates to marry. She does not expect them to retire into the home when they do. If a career is not possible, or if they choose not to have one, they should take an active part in community life. The argument that outside activities make a woman a poor mother annoys her. The lack of them, she believes, is equally apt to make her a dull, frustrated, or domineering one. "The fact that a woman has a baby," she once wrote, "does not mean that she is the only person qualified to do his laundry, to wheel him in his carriage, to put him to bed for his nap, or even, when he is older, to keep an eye on him while he plays.

She may be much better qualified to teach arithmetic. The mother is, I agree, the best person in the world to feed her baby, bathe him, and tuck him in bed at night. But usually these pleasant duties can be combined with a job."

This statement was obviously drawn from life. When the McIntosh children were younger, their parents had a cook, who has remained with the family ever since, and a housekeeper. But their mother was always there in the evenings to play with them, read to them, and put them to bed. If one of them was sick, she dashed home from Brearley at lunch to sit with him.

The McIntosh children also made frequent appearances at Brearley. Now that they are older, and more self-conscious, they seldom penetrate the Barnard campus. And there have always been Christmas vacations, spring vacations, and long summer vacations when the whole family is together. At every opportunity they retire to the family farm at Tyringham, Massachusetts, where everyone wears blue-jeans, shares the housework, and at the end of each summer puts up enough vegetables from the garden to last the winter; and where there are frequent camping trips and other expeditions.

Last summer, when Dr. McIntosh was asked to address an international medical conference in Zurich, the family used this as an excuse to tour Europe together in the station wagon. Mrs. McIntosh refused to see any European educational authorities, and the Barnard trustees, alarmed at the possibility of losing a valuable property, read with mounting horror her letters describing mountain-climbing trips in Wales and the Alps, day-long drives from country to country, and swims across some of the Continent's fastest streams.

If anyone points out to Mrs. McIntosh the rare opportunities for being with her family that her career has offered her, she delivers an impassioned appeal on another of her favorite topics: the advantages of teaching as a profession for women. She wants to see talented women enter teaching on the secondary as well as college level, and held an interschool conference on the subject recently. Her present Barnard faculty is evenly divided between men and women, and she hopes to keep it that way.

MRS. MCINTOSH has drawn a sharp line between her professional and private lives. At home she relaxes, and visitors to the house often feel that Dr. McIntosh, and not his wife, is the dominant personality. She does housework without enthusiasm but takes a lively interest in her children's concerns, which currently include amateur theatricals, T. S. Eliot, and the United World Federalists as well as Susan's passion for livestock. She is also a willing audience at family chamber-music recitals, since all the children take after their father, a gifted amateur pianist, and have learned to play various instruments.

Both the elder McIntoshes enjoy living simply, invariably choose day coaches over Pullmans when they travel, and prefer to drive. Each has also been willing to make concessions to the other's career. In the late thirties when Bryn Mawr was looking for a president, there was a persistent rumor that the authorities would like to interest Mrs. McIntosh in the position. Friends connected with the college went so far as to inquire about possibilities for Dr. McIntosh at Philadelphia hospitals. With his ability, they argued, he would be successful anywhere, and he himself raised no objections. His wife did. His positions in New York, she felt, were "the best in the world for him." But when she discussed the subject with him, she put it on a different basis. The children, she said, were doing well in New York; why move them.

Later, when she was trying to decide whether or not to accept Barnard's offer, a Barnard trustee sought out Dr. McIntosh to enlist him on the college's side. He and Mrs. McIntosh had already talked the matter over in detail, and both realized that the new job would involve far more travel, night work, and evening functions than Brearley. But he merely replied mildly to the trustee that if his wife wanted the position he imagined she'd take it, and he certainly had no intention of trying to dissuade her.

Mrs. McIntosh is fully aware of her good fortune in having a husband who takes this point of view. A friend of both of theirs regards the matter differently. "Rusty is the wisest man I know," she says. "Can you imagine what would have happened with all Milly's energy if she'd had no outlet except husband and family?"

Fame, Fame, Fame

Leonard Lyons

IN A New York night club I once saw Henri Bernstein receive four coveted week-end invitations from ranking Long Island hostesses, spurn a substantial advance from a Broadway producer for an option on a new play, feign the proper disinterest in a film executive's opening bid for the screen rights to one of his melodramas, and simultaneously pay court to an attractive young lady who had come under his spell.

The distinguished French septuagenarian, whose dedication to hearts and letters has brought him eminent rewards in both highly competitive fields, paused only once in resolving these sundry negotiations. "My dear fellow," he told me, tossing his leonine mane—long a target for the drama critics of two continents and a snare for the caressing fingers of the most beautiful women of Europe—"you should try being famous some day. It's fun."

In the ensuing years five million published words in newspapers and magazines throughout the world attested to the diligence of my application, and to my approaching that elusive state to which M. Bernstein had given me a tempting insight. But whenever I thought the glory mine, and the adjectives concerning me not necessarily the exaggerations of a night club master of ceremonies, a glance, a word, or a gesture restored perspective, and set the crown of fame askew.

Soon after I began writing my column for the *New York Post* I was introduced to Belle Baker, who acknowledged this introduction to "Lyons of the Post" with a beaming assurance: "I read you every Saturday Evening." Lord Rothermere once gave a dinner party for me in London and, after the table had been cleared away, indicated to the guests that they were about to hear The Oracle, then asked me: "What about Russia, Mr. Lyons?"—breeding the suspicion that he believed he was entertaining the noted anti-Soviet author and expert, Eugene Lyons. And the Duke of Windsor, when we met, was prodded by his hep Duchess: "You know, dear, Lyons. Leonard Lyons. 'The Lyons Den.'"

His Royal Highness nodded vaguely, and his wife, with fixed smile equivalent to a pinch under the table, added: "The columnist, dear. We read him all the time. The *New York Post*."

Faint recollection settled on the Countenance Royal once-removed. "Oh, yes. Of course," he said, his eyes unclouding. "Elsa's paper."

When next we met, the Duke and I, our lines of communication had been severed by the retirement of Elsa Maxwell as a *New York Post* colleague of mine. And the Duchess' briefing was hampered by the lack of time and by my forbidding frown which, I hoped, was conveying a "No coaching from the

In the course of gathering anecdotes for "The Lyons Den," a syndicated column which he writes for the New York Post, Leonard Lyons has become accustomed to the outrageous fortune of a purveyor of other men's renown. This is his story.

sidelines, please" warning. I therefore was made content with a regal but nevertheless perfunctory bow.

THE wife of another renowned Duke—Kahanamoku, of the Hawaiian Islands—once introduced me to a police official in Honolulu, during a hula ceremonial at Don the Beachcomber's. Mrs. Kahanamoku, the former Nadine Alexander whose dancing graced several Broadway musicals, felt that her nostalgic devotion to syndicated columns was shared by all the islanders. "I'd like you to meet the famous New York columnist," she told him.

The hula ended and the spent official bowed to me, and with a knowing wink replied: "A pleasure, indeed. I listen to you on the radio every Sunday. Flash! Flash!"

The Winchell specter also emerged one evening at the Dolder Grand Hotel in Zurich, where the managing director became intrigued by the curious range of my visitors, from Franz Lehár to itinerant bobby-soxers in whose American home-town papers my column appears. He found occasion to isolate Mr. Robert Brenard, an English news-service executive with whose family I was motoring through Switzerland, and asked him: "Who's Lyons?"

"Surely you've heard of Leonard Lyons," said Mr. Brenard. He studied the manager's eyes, seeking to pierce this Man-from-Mars pretense, and then simply and painfully recited: "Lyons is one of the world's foremost columnists."

"I don't understand," the manager stubbornly persisted. "What does he do?"

"Let me put it this way," Mr. Brenard suggested. "Now take Walter Winchell. . . ."

"Who?" the hotel man innocently inquired.

Brenard wheeled, as if to see whether his sigh of resignation had shattered an Alp, and said: "Let's skip the whole thing."

Once, however, lack of recognition stimulated my ego. It was in the candle-lit Champagne Room of El Morocco, where Harvey Firestone learned that I had just admired the impromptu piano-playing of his daughter, Elizabeth. He beamed at the headwaiter who had reported my applause, and asked him: "Where's he sitting?"

Mr. Firestone then approached the dark

corner indicated by the headwaiter and, with the appraising eye of a movie casting-director, said to the man at the table next to mine, a man who had the looks, bearing, and sophisticated air popularly attributed to a New York columnist: "Will you join my party, Mr. Lyons?"

The mustached, gray-templed gentleman whose suaveness and nonchalance have been fluttering the hearts of females for over two generations, winced and bared his teeth, and replied with a touch of resentment which I resented: "I'm definitely not Lyons." Then Mr. William Powell again declared: "No. Not Lyons," with a firmness which boded ill for MGM's entire still-photo publicity department.

Another rebuff over my identity was encountered by Mrs. Gerald Kersh, wife of the British novelist, at the Manhattan Chess Club a few days after she had been admitted to membership. There, where beauty and wit are secondary attractions, she thought to stir the veteran members from their chess-board concentrations by a quick example of her talents at public relations. On the night of an international match between the American and Argentine champions, Mrs. Kersh whispered to the presiding officer: "Our club is fortunate today. I've persuaded one of America's most influential columnists to see this match. The columnist from the *Post*."

"Oh, wonderful," was the eager response of the president of the Manhattan Chess Club. "And what time will Mr. Bigelow be here?"

Mr. Bigelow, I discovered after investigation the next day, is the chess expert whose column made its debut in the *Post* long before mine did. This was one of twin revelations made to me in the city room, where the editor introduced me to a proofreader retiring after fifty years of service. "You've been reading proof on Lyons' column from the very first day he started," the editor told the venerable proofreader. "You've never had a chance to tell him what you think of his column. Tell him."

The departing proofreader stared at me, and said: "Too many commas."

This human predilection for translating all things into personal terms was illustrated for me once again at the Stork Club, during a gin rummy game I played with the

proprietor, Sherman Billingsley. Even a remarkable winning streak could not disconcert him from his preoccupation with his famed establishment. For when he saw me exchange greetings with an array of newsworthy arrivals who were desirable patrons but strangers to him, Mr. Billingsley placed his cards face down on the table, laced his arms on his chest, looked at me admiringly, and delivered the accolade which was his sincere tribute to my envied link of international acquaintanceships. "Gee, Len," he said, in awe and wonder, "you'd make a wonderful doorman."

My potential talents as a night-club employee also were recognized by the escort of Margot Graham, the British actress whose resplendant jewels bore brilliant testimony to her marriage to a gold-mine MacMartin of Canada. She introduced me to her beau of the evening and invited me to join them for a drink. Later, the gentleman called for his check and, dazzled by Miss Graham's jewels and red hair and bewildered by her instructions on the proper distribution of his bounty, he tipped the waiter generously and then placed a \$5 bill on the plate near which my elbow rested while I was tabulating my gin rummy losses to Mr. Billingsley.

A moment later he returned, recouped the \$5, muttered something about confused advice from Miss Graham about "tipping that nice headwaiter who stopped at our table," then bade me a pleasant good night and gave the \$5 to the real headwaiter.

MISTAKEN identity once enabled me to obtain confirmation on a rumor about a fur coat ordered by the sister of the Shah of Iran. The coat was to be made in New York, from rare sable skins presented to the Shah by the Soviet government in anticipation of an oil-concession treaty. The rumor concerned the reluctance of leftist fur workers to make this coat because the Shah, after accepting the sable from Stalin, had made his oil deal with the West.

I telephoned the furrier for verification, before printing it, and when his secretary heard my name she put the call through to him with flattering speed. Surprising also was the warmth of his greeting: "Hello, Lenny, how are you, fella?" We discussed the Princess' coat and the woes involved in its completion, and then the furrier suddenly

asked, in tones of misgiving: "You *are* Leonard Lyons, aren't you?" Despite my reassurance, he seemed skeptical and I suggested that he satisfy his doubts by calling me back immediately, at Whitehall 4-9000.

"Whitehall?" he repeated. "Isn't your telephone exchange 'Pennsylvania'? How can you get a downtown exchange number on West 32nd Street?"

I told him that the *Post* is downtown and not on West 32nd Street. "The *Post*?" he groaned. "Are you Leonard Lyons, the columnist? I thought I was talking to Leonard Lyons, the furrier."

Another matter of identity arose later in Paris where, in the lobby of our hotel, I met Arthur Lesser, the producer, who asked if he could be of service. I mentioned that my wife and I were eager to see the Folies Bergères that evening. Lesser glanced at his watch, muttered that only forty minutes remained before curtain time, and snapped his fingers as a signal of solution. He knew the manager of the theater, he said, and would telephone him.

Lesser called the box office and reported to me: "Okay. There'll be two tickets for you at the door. But wait here a moment." While I beamed smugly at my wife, over the ease with which the Impossible had been accomplished, Mr. Lesser went up to his room and returned carrying a straw hat. He placed it atop my head and adjusted it at a jaunty angle. "Wear it just that way, when you call for your tickets," he cautioned me. "And it'll help if you keep your lower lip protruded. The tickets are in the name of Chevalier."

It was in Paris, incidentally, that I finally heard from the lips of Henri Bernstein—the man who, years earlier, had spurred me with the condescending counsel: "You should try being famous someday. It's fun"—the unequivocal declaration that at last I had attained the goal. This happened at Maxim's, where he was dining with a fetching young lady whose susceptibility he was probing. "Mr. Lyons," he said, in introducing me to her, "is the most famous columnist in America."

When I entered the denial which modesty and truth dictated, he reaffirmed the fulsome description and continued: "I will tell you, my dear, how Mr. Lyons became the most

famous columnist in America." He told her of my years of anonymity, the diligent search for the key of recognition, "and then, in New York one day, Mr. Lyons met me," said Bernstein. "I told him a series of brilliant, witty anecdotes about myself and he printed them all. All of them. And as a result, Mr. Lyons became the most famous columnist in America."

THE doubts engendered by Mr. Bernstein's spiel were revived at the National Celebrities Golf Tournament in Washington where, playing in a foursome against Arthur Godfrey, Lefty Grove, and the Attorney General of the United States, my progress was impeded by spectators asking for advice about "Charioteer," "Glad Time," "Comanche Peak," and "Buzfuz." These were racehorses, I learned, and my counsel was sought because the rainstorm had flattened my hair and made me resemble Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, whose autograph was requested from me and was quickly given.

Thereafter I presented my invitation at the White House and joined the line waiting to check hats and outer garments in the cloakroom downstairs. Any qualm as to my eligibility for a tournament whose participants were starkly labeled "National Celebrities" was dissipated for the observers when they saw the White House cloakroom girl rush to take my hat and coat and heard her ostentatious call: "No check for Mr. Lyons." They did not hear my whisper to her, "How did you know me?", nor her confidential reply, "I used to check hats at Leon & Eddie's."

The next year, when I brought two of my sons to the Embassy Room of the Hotel Statler in Washington, they seemed surprised when the cloakroom girl announced: "No check for Mr. Lyons." I failed to recognize the lady and again asked her: "How did you know me?" This time she replied: "From the White House."

My sons, incidentally, have attained the proper perspective toward their father's position in American letters. When, at a dinner party at our home, they were introduced to Robert E. Sherwood, John Steinbeck, Gene Fowler, Sinclair Lewis, Ferenc Molnar, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse, the oldest of my four sons, George, took me aside and said: "I guess maybe those men do write better

than you, Pop—*but*," he added, by way of consolation, "but you write more."

Once, while expressing their eagerness to see the Ringling Brothers circus, they advised me that it was possible to obtain tickets without paying. Their friend, Jimmy, had shown them complimentary tickets. "Jimmy's father is a friend of Dan Parker, the sports columnist," they reported. "And Mr. Parker got the tickets for them, free."

The next day, by way of sentimental regard for my having been the first newspaperman to mention his name in print, John Ringling North, head of the circus empire founded by his late uncle, sent to my home the tickets for his box at Madison Square Garden. My sons recognized that the punched holes denoted that the tickets were complimentaries. The boys immediately telephoned their friend, Jimmy, and leveled him to proper size. "Jimmy, we're going to the circus too," they gleefully told him. "How? Well—your father's not the only one who knows Dan Parker."

APPLAUDING a columnist or the public singing of his praises is an accepted practice among the ladies and gentlemen of Broadway. To an actor a columnist is the equivalent of a beautiful woman, to be wooed and smiled upon, and sometimes the rewards, in measured type space, are almost as gratifying. I once heard the honeyed words from the bandstand of the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco, where Ted Lewis announced to the assemblage that they were fortunate and greatly privileged, indeed, to have with them this glorious night that illustrious, that famed, that beloved, yea, that great writer whose compositions are read avidly by millions throughout the world.

Mr. Lewis then uttered my name, and the San Francisco patrons responded politely. The bandleader waited for my glow to subside, then pointed to my table again and, revealing a unique attitude toward the standards of modern literature, proceeded to introduce my companion as "a great guy, a grand fellow I met on my way in tonight. I don't know his name—it just slipped my mind—but if he's sitting with Lyons, let's give him a great big hand anyway." And the San Francisco night club customers gave token applause to my anonymous companion, San Francisco's only Pulitzer Prize, Drama Critics

Circle Prize, and Academy Award winner, William Saroyan.

More than five million words I've written have been published in newspapers and magazines throughout the world, but none of them prompted Louis Marx, the toy manufacturer, to invite me to his table in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, where he was entertaining Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands. The Prince, casting eyes about the room, had said to his host: "I've heard a lot about this place, Mr. Marx, and about the important people who come here. Who's most important here tonight?"

Mr. Marx surveyed the room, crowded this

night with Broadway and Hollywood stars, playwrights, industrialists, and social leaders—but I was the one for whom he sent. He introduced me to the Royal Consort, who was flying home the next day to rejoin his wife, Queen Juliana, and their four daughters. Prince Bernhard stared at me blankly, and then at his host, his puzzled look and "Going Up?" eyebrows bespeaking the query: "What's so important about *him*?"

"Mr. Lyons," Mr. Marx explained to the Prince of The Netherlands, who thereupon arose, placed the tips of his fingers against his forehead, and made a sweeping bow, "has four children too—but his are all boys."

Night-Music

CLELLON HOLMES

Do not be afraid
Though the light is far.
Dawn has been delayed
On another star.
Though it's very far,
Do not be afraid.

The unrepentant vein
Consummates the past.
In the dark and rain
The future's falling fast:
Consume the past,
O unrepentant vein.

Though we've been unmade,
Care will speak to Care.
Hope has been betrayed,
Nothing else is sure.
But Care will speak to Care
When we've been unmade.

Though the dream is fast
In a night of rain,
Dreams can be amassed
Where the night has lain.
In a ceaseless rain,
Only dreams are fast.

Lip on lip is laid:
Rest, and rest secure.
Impure men are made,
Love is always pure.
Rest, and rest secure:
Lip on lip is laid.

Love alone will last,
Love is what we are.
In it, we are cast;
Night can never mar
What we really are.
Love alone will last.

Do not be afraid
In a night of rain.
The unrepentant vein
Rests, and rests secure.
Though we've been unmade,
Love is what we are.

Though the light is far
And the dream is fast,
Consume the past.
Lip on lip is laid,
Care will speak to Care,
Love alone will last.

After Hours

IT USED to be that if you wanted to buy works of art inexpensively (I use the adverb in a relative sense) you went to Europe. Now Europeans come to America for bargains. The westward flow of art that washed up on our shores for a century or more is being reversed, and many of the treasures are drifting back to Europe on a wave of inflation. There is evidently a great deal of money available for the enrichment of private collections especially in Switzerland, England, Holland, and France, and a strong desire to convert money into tangible goods of lasting value. Art has long been considered one of the most reliable of hedges against inflation; its value fluctuates, surely, but those objects which are genuine treasures have a staying power unequalled by currency.

One evening in March I watched a group of European buyers at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York spend nearly one hundred thousand dollars for rare books and rare bindings. A portion of the Lucius Wilmerding collection was being auctioned off, and the plums were plucked for the most part by Kundig of Switzerland, Berès of Paris, and Robinson of London at prices which astonished many of the American dealers and collectors, to say nothing of Mr. Anthony Bade, who was the auctioneer.

I went and had a talk with Mr. Bade several days after the sale to see what his impression of it was. He was impressed, all right. He was even surprised.

The Lucius Wilmerding collection of books is the largest and most important to come on the market in a good many years, and since the big money with which to buy such books seems to be concentrated in Europe, Parke-Bernet decided to try a trick which had never been tried before. They sent a selection of the best books to Europe

for exhibition. They were shown first at Mr. Kundig's gallery in Switzerland, next at Mr. Berès' in Paris, and finally at Robinson's in London. This was in January, and as soon as the exhibitions were over the books were brought back to New York to be readied for the sale. It seemed obvious to Mr. Bade that Messrs. Kundig, Berès, and Robinson already had a good many customers for the books before they came here to buy them, and were in effect bidding them in for the usual 10 per cent commission for specific collectors. Book dealers, Mr. Bade assured me, don't throw that kind of money around unless they have a customer already signed up.

"This 10 per cent," Mr. Bade said, "isn't just for sitting in the sale and bidding. The agents examine the books for the collectors and give their opinions on their value. As a matter of fact many dealers know a good deal more about what is in a man's collection than he knows himself. There are collectors in Europe now who are spending upwards of \$150,000 a year on books."

Mr. Bade, who is a slender man with iron gray hair and a pleasant, indefatigable voice, has been auctioning books for thirty years. "The other night," he said, "when I saw how the bidding was going I started asking higher prices than I ordinarily would have asked for the opening bids, and I often got them. In some cases we started at the price we thought we'd sell them for and went up from there."

THE evening I attended the sale (the second "session"—there had been one in the afternoon) about two hundred people sat in folding armchairs in a large room hung with pinky-dark gray velvet curtains. At one side of the room was a stage and on it a velvet-covered easel where, one by one, the books were displayed as their

turn came to be sold. Mr. Bade sat (and when the bidding grew exciting would occasionally stand) in a small ecclesiastical pulpit with a sounding board over it to the right of the stage, and at eight o'clock promptly the first book was placed on the easel by an attendant in a green uniform. The bidding started at twenty dollars and the book went for fifty. Things ambled along rather quietly for about twenty minutes and then the prices began to work their way up into the thousands. It was the outsides of the books that were bringing the high prices, not the contents. This section of the Wilmerding collection was interesting mainly because of the beauty and craftsmanship and rarity of the bindings, several of which dated back to the Renaissance and one of which was bound especially for Catherine de Medici. It brought \$3,050 from Mr. Berès, who bid by nodding his head. The particular excitement of the evening, however, took place when five Fugger bindings from the early part of the sixteenth century went on sale one by one. Fugger bindings, in case you are as ignorant about these things as I was, are elaborately tooled bindings of many colors and were made for the Fuggers, a German family of international bankers, around 1535. They are very rare and highly prized. The highest price bid that evening was \$8,600.

Mr. Bade had six or seven extra sets of eyes to work for him, attendants in uniform in various parts of the room who watched for bids and would call out when one of the bidders raised his eyes, or his pencil, or nodded. Only Mr. Kundig of Switzerland followed the European custom of bidding aloud. "And fifty . . .," he would say in his deep voice. And if his bid was raised he would repeat, "And fifty," or sometimes it was, "And a thousand." When the limit of his discretion was reached, and Mr. Bade would look at him encouragingly, he would pull his forefinger across his throat and stop bidding.

Only occasionally would Mr. Bade announce the name of the successful bidder.

"It's impossible to say," he told me, "which books are being bought for private collectors, which for libraries, and which for dealers' stock. Very few important collectors bid for themselves. Most of the people at these sales just come to see the excitement."

There was, to be sure, a kind of quiet excitement, but I missed the real fun which took place at the sale the next afternoon. Pierre Berès stood up when the manuscript of an unpublished Montaigne diary was on the block and said, "I bid \$10,000 in the name of the City of Bordeaux." (Montaigne had once been the Mayor of Bordeaux.)

Kundig raised him a thousand and the bidding see-sawed back and forth until Berès finally got the diary for \$21,000. The Wilmerding family, heirs of the gentleman whose collection was being sold, contributed \$5,000, and the remainder was put up by a number of interested persons. Mr. Bade had reason to be pleased by the turn things took, of course. He said Mr. Kundig certainly must have had a customer for the diaries in Switzerland, to have pushed it as far as he did.

The total for the two days of the sale was \$318,864 and a lot of loot went back to Europe. I asked Mr. Bade if this wasn't a good deal more than the books would have brought five years ago. "Oh, yes," he said without hesitating, "I should think about a hundred thousand more."

Our Self-conscious Contemporaries

THERE are two items that have come our way; they speak for themselves. The first is a printed rejection slip used by the editors of *Western Sportsman*, a magazine published in Austin, Texas. Here it is:

Howdy, Podner!

I enjoyed reading over your manuscript but, I'm sorry to say, it's not quite what we're looking for. I'd like to be able to tell you exactly what that is, but time just won't permit. We're busier'n bees at honeying time around this lean-to. The best thing to do is get a copy of WESTERN SPORTSMAN and study it carefully. Thanks for letting us have a look-see anyway, and do it again anytime. Best Wishes!

The second item is printed as a little illustrated folder (about the size of a large calling card) by the *New York Times*, the newspaper that uses the slogan, "All the News That's Fit to Print." The folder was given to me by a friend who recently had luncheon at the *Times* with its top brass. He and the other guests each received one of these, for some unexplained reason, at the end of the meal.

The New York Times Grace Before Meat

O Lord, the Giver of All Good,
 In whose just Hands are all our Times,
 We thank Thee for our daily food
 Gathered [as News] from many Climes.
 Bless All of Us around this Board
 And All beneath this ample Roof;—
 What we find fit to print, O Lord,
 Is, after all, the Pudding's Proof.
 May Those we welcome come again
 And Those who stay be glad, Amen.

John H. Finley

Sea Change

FOLLOWING are notes on a violinist, presented as a descriptive account of the state of musical individuality at mid-century, in defense of the proposition that the incidence of genius has not declined. If the word "physicist" calls to your mind a crew-cut, file this image under "virtuoso."

Name: Isaac Stern. Born: Kriminiesz, Russia, July 21, 1920. Parents came to this country and settled in California, spring of 1921. Began piano at six, violin at eight. Entered San Francisco Conservatory at ten, local debut at eleven. Invited to perform with San Francisco Symphony under Pierre Monteux ("Such playing I haven't heard since the young Kreisler"), also with Los Angeles, Portland, Minneapolis, and Chicago orchestras. New York debut (Town Hall) at seventeen (studied for year with Louis Persinger), but thereafter returned to San Francisco (studied with Naoum Blinder, symphony concertmaster). He never studied abroad.

Reviews of Carnegie Hall concert, January 1943. Howard Taubman, *New York Times*: "The rise of Isaac Stern to the upper ranks of violinists has not been as sensational as that of some of his colleagues and predecessors, but he has arrived with an authority that indicates he belongs and plans to stay." Virgil Thomson, *New York Herald Tribune*: "... one of the world's master fiddle players."

HE GETS around, made two USO tours to the Pacific during the war, and has "concertized" on every continent but Africa (memo to impresarios and critics: can nothing be done about that word?). Is now in Europe (fourth tour) and will play

at Perpignan with Pablo Casals, as he did last year at Prades. Travels, together with Shura (Alexander) Zakin, assisting pianist, at high velocity, showing strongly developed sense of space-time, with a marked preference for last-minute change of plans. To allow latitude, management (S. Hurok) provides double reservations, train and plane.

On stage he resembles a fifteenth-century cherub in full dress, with eyes by Picasso (classical period). Disney would draw him as a highly cultivated squirrel. Note the continuous Grecian curve in profile, from the tip of the nose over forehead and thick black hair. Overhead lighting in concert hall (second memo: can nothing be done about *this*?) adds a diabolical cast, suggesting a benign and circular Harpo Marx. Voice: gentle, low-pitched, and musical, with anecdotal lapses into broad dialect (fund of stories apparently unlimited). Informal costume of practice and recording sessions reveals possible professional secret: very strong arms.

Seems subject to agoraphilia. Takes pleasure in the company of humanity, delights in post-concert entertainment, and deplores departure of guests before first light—proposing gin rummy or a late movie as possible alternatives. There are no reliable figures as to the number and distribution of his friends, who are legion. Politeness is partly responsible. "May I ask," he said to a jay-walker who stepped in front of his automobile in traffic, "if you are interested in living?"

Further and better explanation: he pursues the occasion for its own sake. Driven with blaring siren to a railroad station outside of town, after a Georgia concert, he changed to plane reservations just before departure, put Shura on the train, and returned to target practice with his motorcycle escort's pistol, shooting at tin cans out behind a barn. At a concert in Pasadena, his last encore was played, to enthusiastic but startled music-lovers, by Jack Benny, who rendered "The Flight of the Bumblebee" with minimum assistance. At Prades, late of an evening, there took place an impromptu trio consisting of Isaac Stern, Burl Ives, and a nightingale outside the window.

A HARD worker, both in practice and recording sessions, where he is seldom satisfied. After three "takes" of the

Tchaikovsky Concerto in D with the Philadelphia orchestra, he was told over the loud-speaker that the cellist Gregor Piatigorsky was waiting to play next. "Grischa," his disembodied voice came back to the control booth, "can you give me another twenty minutes?" Postscript by Irving Kolodin in the *Saturday Review*: "Some months ago a new version of this work by Isaac Stern prompted the observation that only a new Heifetz performance would be likely to excel it. Now we have the new Heifetz, and the issue is very much a draw."

Competition is a live issue. Maid who watches over his Riverside Drive apartment year-round maintains an iron guard at the telephone ("I couldn't interrupt Mr. Stern now, he's practicing") but has been known to bring on the first course with the remark, "You didn't practice too good today, Mr. Stern, you're not going to get a very good dinner." Has recently acquired a tape-recorder, and now when learning a new piece practices against recordings of himself practicing.

Mechanical aptitude well above average. New Year's Eve he and pianist Willi Kappel recorded part of a Brahms sonata, Stern crawling under the piano during violin rests to tinker with the tape-machine, and Kappel, cigarette dangling precipitously as he sketched in chords, leaning over to ask what was happening. "Just checking the valves," said Stern. Response was equally precise when told a friend had visited Brookhaven, seen his brother-in-law (an AEC physicist), and been shown a complicated apparatus: "Oh, you mean the van de Graaf."

Girl who worked on a radio program with him years ago, once and briefly, reports that he not only arrived on time for rehearsal but knew the exact number of seconds that would, or could, be taken up by each piece he proposed to play—a thing unheard-of in radio, she said, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. (Asked if he remembered the lady in question, he described her vividly and accurately.) Has computed that his repertoire, played continuously, would last sixteen hours: the fourteen principal concerti (five hours), fifteen sonatas (five hours), and a hundred smaller pieces (six hours).

Unwary visitors, expressing moderate in-

terest, have also discovered the extent of the Stern Memorial Kodachrome Collection, a panorama of barren landscapes and fellow musicians taken in all parts of the globe. Comment by Martin Feinstein, who has special charge of publicity for the Hurok office: "When Isaac went to Prades I thought, there'll be Gjon Mili from *Life* and all those photographers, and I told him be sure to bring back some pictures we can use. So what do I get? Two hundred shots of Gjon Mili."

THE musical world is polarized between here and abroad. Listen in the Green Room, as first in English come the sedate compliments on the performance, then the intimacies in a rush of German, French, or rapid-fire Russian. As the only first-rank violinist whose training is entirely American, Isaac Stern is generically unique and puzzled by the reaction of Europeans—his playing is so accomplished yet so obviously saturated with sensitivity and drive. Though his whole outlook and experience, as he wrote for the *Times*, "are unconditionally American, they were happy to learn that my parents were Russian and that I had spent the first ten months of my infancy absorbing Old World culture. . . ."

Points of polarity: our performing standards are higher, especially in the small towns, but European audiences are more "willing to enjoy the physical impact of the music"—a reaction deadened here by "a terrible inferiority complex when it comes to the arts." This summer's flight to Europe is made in the grip of this two-way pull, and to see Casals, who "opens a door in the walls of music," as much by individuality as by technique.

But no European cult of the Master. "For years, the artist was placed on a pedestal and examined from the distance. . . . I think that notion is crumbling; and a good thing, too." Toward the end of a two-day session at the Columbia Record studios, after a tense rehash of the results so far achieved, the recording director called out to him through the microphone, suggesting that the next try be cut short. "Let's do only part of this, Isaac. Pick it up at *poco mosso*."

"Okay," his voice came back. Pause. "Poco your mosso."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

The New American Classics

Charles Poore

IT is time to recognize that we have a new classical tradition in American writing. And time to see what it is doing to our literature. The ascendancy of that tradition may be deplored in many ways. But its stature can be measured in its immense influence. Three out of a possible four or five Nobel prizes are already among its trophies. The list of other ribbons and medallions it has won grows formidable. It is clear that, in the American way, the wild young rebels of yesterday have once again become the influential old masters of today.

The most ironic thing about the new American classical tradition is that it is now being accused of weighing too heavily on the creative talents of the present rising generation. Born of rebellion is it stifling the spirit of rebellion? A present-day youngster, we are told, can try very few flights and forays without learning—or, at any rate, hearing—that he is not as good as Hemingway, Faulkner, Lewis, Dos Passos, T. S. Eliot (Mr. Eliot is obviously on permanent lend-lease), Wolfe, Steinbeck & Co.

What are the new American classics? At a venture, I would include *Main Street*, *The Waste Land*, *This Side of Paradise*, *A Lost Lady*, *The Enormous Room*, *The Great Gatsby*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *U.S.A.*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, *Of Time and the River*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*. You may want to add, to change, to take away. I'd like to include Lardner, Mencken, and E. B. White. These also have given main currents to American

writing in our time. But let's keep the issue clear. We can draw comparisons with Poe and Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain, on another occasion.

It is preposterous to keep on trying to put all the new American classics under the Lost Generation's Steinese umbrella. They did not all belong to one generation. And they were too conspicuous, too spectacularly active, to be lost. They can best be grouped as the writers who flourished greatly in the years of the Long Armistice, 1918-1939. But there's no denying that the Lost Generation tag is here to stay.

The devastating extent of the new American classics' influence on the young American writers who have come after them is charted in John W. Aldridge's challenging and morose critical inquest, *After the Lost Generation* (McGraw-Hill, \$3), the first extensive exploration I've seen of the works of Norman Mailer, Robert Lowry, Vance Bourjaily, Merle Miller, Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, Frederick Buechner, Paul Bowles, Alfred Hayes, John Horne Burns, and Irwin Shaw.

James Michener's new book, *Return to Paradise* (Random House, \$3.50), a fine sequel to his Pulitzer prizewinner, *Tales of the South Pacific*, would have fitted into Mr. Aldridge's survey, though decidedly not into his sedulously cultivated postwar disenchantment. And Shirley Jackson's excellently told story of one girl's initiation, *Hangsaman* (Farrar, \$2.75), will prove to him, I hope, that he had better not again underestimate the power of a woman.

If it is true, and I doubt it, that the younger generation he is writing about is led by a band of sad young men forever moping and groping around for faiths and causes, he should look into Paul G. Hoffman's *Peace Can Be Won* (Doubleday, \$2.50). For here's a book that points a way toward a new age of honorable codes and standards worth the belief of free men. It will be a tough fight with a short stick, though, for some time to come. And it probably cannot best be won by sitting in an academic cloister and howling, with Mr. Aldridge, that we live in a "valueless" time, that all the gods are dead and all is chaos, that the young writer "is unable simply to look into his heart because he no longer knows where his heart is or whether he has one." Aoooooh, Aoooooh, Aoooooooooh!

Nonsense. There is plenty of vitality in the younger generation. It will produce the novels and stories and poems that in their turn will relegate to the past the present new American classics. It is learning, from Koestler and Silone, from the Manès Sperber who has just written *The Burned Bramble* (Doubleday, \$3.95), a stinging novel of the Comintern's dress rehearsals for chaos in the Europe of the nineteen-thirties, and from *Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession* by a historian and a scientist, F. Beck and W. Godin (Viking, \$3.50), who were there, what stands in the way. It's not Hemingway & Co., or the ghosts of Proust and Joyce. It's more real than the myths of Eliot.

Give the younger generation a little more time, please. Give it time. It squeezed the triggers that stopped one lot of totalitarians. It needs an interval to digest that experience. The novels about World War II that Mr. Aldridge, himself a member of the present younger generation, takes apart with the quiet and inexorable enthusiasm of a biologist slowly disassembling a fly, are not necessarily the best novels about that war we shall ever have. Nor need they be the best novels those authors will write.

LET'S not get our own interiors into too much of an uproar over the sad and wistful hopeless horror of it all, anyway. There should be some decent limits to the forlorn pleasures of despair. If we've

made up our minds to live, let's live. Or at least make one hell of a stab at it, while we have world enough and time.

In two or three angry, eloquent pages of the felicities and ferocities of academic life in America Mr. Aldridge has himself sketched the scaffolding to hang a good novel. It is clear that when he gets through worrying over such things as "the failure of that portion of *The Naked and the Dead* which has to do with the philosophical evil of war"; the "dilemma" of *The Gallery*; the "absence of genuine values" that led Irwin Shaw in *The Young Lions* "to concoct false values and to superimpose them upon his material" while Merle Miller, in *That Winter*, was being "guilty of much the same offense"; and the miasmic shallows in the works of Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, Frederick Buëchner, and Paul Bowles, he will be able to write a true picture of a living world. That's all we ask of a novelist. It could not be more.

The idea that things are in very poor shape indeed is at least as old as Ecclesiastes. It was best expressed for the Lost Generation right at the outset of its singularly prolific career, when Amory Blaine, on the last page of Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*, published in April, 1920, thought:

Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revery of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all God's [he meant "all the gods"—or did he?] dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken. . . .

The turmoil has grown dirtier and grayer, no doubt. But the essential problems face every generation.

IF YOU want to see what a wild young American of an older generation was up to in his boisterously ambitious younger days look into the two massive volumes of *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt: The Years of Preparation, 1868-1900* (Harvard, 2 vols., \$20) edited by Elting E. Morison to make one of those monumental contributions to the scholarship of history and biography that are also a pleasure to read.



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“Won't you drive Mamma to some battlefield for she is going to get me some trophies,” he wrote, at the age of ten, to his father, who was in Europe, in a letter that is almost too characteristically pat for the opening page. At fifteen he was in Egypt, where “we could always fall back upon shooting when everything else failed us.” In Dresden, that year, a French teacher told him that if he only knew the tenses of the verbs he would have “a very good knowledge of the French language.”

At Harvard, at eighteen, he saw “our football team play the Yale men; in which contest I am sorry to say we were beaten, principally because our opponents played very foul.” The Rooseveltian breakfast consisted of tea or coffee, hot biscuits, toast, chops or beefsteak, and buckwheat cakes. On top of that T.R. was “training to box among the lightweights in the approaching match for the championship of Harvard.” His library, he wrote at that time, “has been the greatest possible pleasure to me.” Presently he added “the ‘Library of British Poets,’” and liked that very much too, “but I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to read it yet.” In his senior year he stood nineteenth in the class, and wrote home: “Please send my silk hat on at once; why has it not come before? Also send my rubbers on.”

The boy grew older. In Paris, in 1881, he reflected that Napoleon “was a great fighter, at least, though otherwise I suppose an almost unmixed evil.” *Sic semper tyrannis!* He went into New York politics, guided by Joseph Choate, fought Tammany, poked into national politics, objected to Blaine, whose adherents “included many scoundrels, adroit and clever.”

In 1884, when he was twenty-six, he wrote his friend Henry Cabot Lodge from the banks of the Little Missouri that he had just spent thirteen hours in the saddle and that his Dakota ranch was all right, though “This winter I lost about twenty-five head, from wolves, cold etc; the others are in admirable shape, and I have about a hundred and fifty fine calves. I shall put on a thousand more cattle and shall make it my regular business.”

The first volume carries T.R. into his career—a must for all leading Roosevelts—as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and although Mr. Morison is inclined to think it is the least satisfactory one in what will be a set of eight, to be completed by 1953, it covers a lot of ground. In the course of it, T.R. married twice and wrote eight books of his own.

In the second volume, 1898-1900, with the Rooseveltian Spanish-American War as a centerpiece, we find T.R. cheerfully writing Finley Peter Dunne from Albany in November 1899: “I regret to state that my family and intimate friends are delighted with your review of my book.”

The book Mr. Dunne had reviewed, of course, was *The Rough Riders*. And in his review the creator of the immortal Mr. Dooley had taken pokes at T.R. that not only delighted The Teeth's family and intimate friends but that have not been matched for their effectiveness to this day.

Among the titles Mr. Dunne/Dooley suggested for T.R.'s book were: “Alone in Cubia,” “Th' Biography iv a Hero be Wan who Knows,” “Th' Darin' Exploits iv a Brave Man be an Actual Eye Witness,” “Th' Account iv th' Destruction iv Spanish Power in th' Ant Hills, as it fell fr'm th' lips of Teddy Rosenfelt an' was took down be his own hands.”

T.R. had written Lodge that he didn't suppose he'd really see much fighting, before embarking for Cuba, but after he got there the letters he soon began to send back sound more martial than those of an Algiers or Casablanca commando imagining what he might have done in the Kasserine Pass. At that, T.R. on San Juan Hill probably faced more bullets fired in displeasure, aimed, special delivery, at him, possibly, than one or two novelists who have written some pretty stirring books about some pretty recent wars without otherwise equaling Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*.

AND when I say that I do not have James Michener in mind. For Mr. Michener was stationed on Guadalcanal, among other places, during the war, and he flew the Slot, that murderous “home of great bat-

NEW BOOKS

bles," in very heady days. When he went back there, recently, in the course of writing *Return to Paradise*, he was proud—"vengefully proud, if you will—of what my generation accomplished at Guadalcanal." His collection of factual sketches and imaginative short stories growing out of those sketches, a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, is a well-balanced picture of war and peace. What truer, better reflection of our world can we find?

The South Pacific is or is not a paradise—depending on your point of view: "there are always apples and snakes." Mr. Michener, who is, nevertheless, I suspect, much closer to Manhattan than to Rabaul, at this moment, says that it is a wonderful place to live. Well, he can have the green vales of Tahiti and the towering peaks of Wau. We'll take the Berkshires, any day.

Mr. Michener points out, with a certain amount of justifiable amusement, that the great American novel was not written about Chicago, say, or Philadelphia: "It was written about a white whale in the South Pacific." Well, in return, every university library in America that contains a set of Melville's works has held at least one scholar writing a book about that white whale. As for Melville himself, he sensibly went up to the Berkshires to write his novel—when he was not scrambling through the ice glen at Stockbridge with Hawthorne.

"A writer's artistic life is a most delicate adjustment of many factors," Mr. Michener says in *Return to Paradise*. An author "must learn to keep alive the unique and delicate thing which is his singular function as a writer," John Aldridge says in *After the Lost Generation*. "But why is it so important, this creating?" Natalie Waite, the heroine of Shirley Jackson's *Hangsamen*, an even better story than "The Lottery," asks, when her young college English teacher sincerely but stickily starts to sound like Michener and Aldridge on writing. And that earthy quality in the midst of the metaphysical, together with an uncommon capacity to be clearly metaphysical about life's earthy qualities, is what lifts Miss Jackson's story of a girl's crucial confrontations to a plane of its own.



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NEW BOOKS

Hangsaman, a volatile mixture of humor and horror in a college setting, is still a long way from the college tales you will find occasionally in *The Stories of Scott Fitzgerald*, a set of twenty-eight edited by Malcolm Cowley (Scribners, \$3.75). Like Fitzgerald, though, Miss Jackson gives her undergraduates a dignity, a capacity for tragedy as well as comedy, that good-old-Siwash-bemused authors are naturally unable to understand.

The range of Mr. Cowley's anthology of Fitzgerald's stories is wide enough to include most of the famous ones, from "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz" and "May Day" to "The Rich Boy" that has served as a peg on which to hang so many piously critical sermons and "Babylon Revisited." Also a number Fitzgerald himself did not particularly want to save. Incidentally, I wish some reader of "Babylon Revisited" would examine the story's second page and tell me how Charlie Wales, in a Paris taxi, managed to cross to the Left Bank of the Seine twice without returning once to the Right Bank. Or, again, did he?

IF YOU want to read a novel that flagrantly and hilariously defies all the laws of probability, try *At Swim Two Birds* (Pantheon, \$3), by a wild Irishman who calls himself Flann O'Brien when he is not calling himself by his birthday name of Brian Nolan or his journalistic name of Myles Na gCopaleen (repeat) Myles Na gCopaleen. Mr. Flann O'Brianago&c spoofs all the beasts, men, and gods of Irish mythology, ancient and modern, in the course of his fantasy, tells three stories at once, and generally brings Joyce up—or down—to date. It gets to be too much of a muchness before it's over. But the flavor lasts.

Another very cheerful novel is J. B. Priestley's *Festival* (Harpers, \$3.95), a cavalcade of contemporary England that takes all sorts of people for a ride on the gaudy carousel of the looming Festival of Britain. In this one Mr. Priestley finds work or mischief for more characters than he had in *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement* combined, I should say, and it also becomes too much of a muchness long before it is over. Gives you the

feeling that you're being overstuffed with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and Olde Englishe ale. An odd one to come out of England these days.

Mr. Priestley, who served with the Duke of Wellington's and Devon Regiments, 1914-1919, seems to have acquired an abiding lack of idolatry for the military mind in those years, and in the course of *Festival* he manages to satirize it just as scathingly (although without tears in his eyes) as the most outspoken of some of our new war novelists.

ONCE or twice a year I swear I've had it—I'll never read one of those we-bought-a-little-ingle-in-a-dingle-with-a-dell books again. And two or three times a year I give in to my ill-suppressed desire to snap up a mossy old Connecticut manse and transform it into a masterpiece after William Lescage. In this mood I've been reading *Farm Wanted* by Helen Train Hilles (Messner, \$3), who seems to be a sort of East Sixty-eighth Street Mrs. Jekyll and Millbrook RFD Miss Hyde. She makes an absorbing story out of her adventures as a working member of the gardening and animal husbandry press gang—and *canapés*, so far as I could make out, or rich, nourishing soup of everything that grows.

Her two daughters, Lee and Linda, were enormously helpful, as well as decorative, on their summer and week-end ranching safaris. Her husband thriftily took the place of a cast-iron deer on the landscape: "His country recreation," we read, in an early vignette that is never essentially altered, "other than playing with the children, was to take a deck chair out onto the lawn and lie for what seemed like hours with the sun shining full on his face. He didn't sleep, he didn't speak, he rarely moved, he just lay there drinking in the sun." A rugged individualist in a welfare state.

Farm Wanted, along with Dorothy Jenkins' admirable *The Week-end Gardener* (Rinehart, 1950, \$2.75), *A First Book of Tree Identification* by Matilda Rogers, with photographs by Wynn Hammer (Random House, \$2.50), *How to Get It from the Government* by Stacy V. Jones (Dutton, \$1.50), in

BOOKS IN BRIEF

case you want some public lands or money or help from your Congressman, *Fun for a Rainy Day* (Tudor, \$1), *The Fisherman's Encyclopedia* (Stackpole, \$12.50), *The Hunter's Encyclopedia* (Stackpole, \$17.50), and *Tale of a Foolish Farmer* (McGraw-Hill, \$3) by George Sessions Perry, a Texan who ranches as ably as he writes, should set anyone up as a landed proprietor. Not to mention the rock-bottom realities of *A Practical Guide for the Beginning Farmer* (Harper's, \$3) by Herbert Jacobs, a true fundamentalist in the classical tradition.

A jug of wine, an axe, and something to keep quaint rustic characters and poison ivy in their places would also be handy. I'm going to try it this summer, anyway, for a few Edwardian weeks. With time on my hands I'll read again the new American classics.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Nice American, by Gerald Sykes.

A "nice" American, spending the last month of the war in Algiers, has to make up his mind about two women and his postwar life. Shall he re-marry his divorced and dominating wife or persuade his feminine and devoted French mistress to divorce her husband? When the war is over shall he go back to his conventional business job at home or stay in a place that will help develop the neglected artistic side of his character? The answers to these questions are worked out, in the course of this wordy, introspective novel, with some skill and a lot of understanding of racial and international tensions. Unfortunately the main character is such a cold fish, so preoccupied with himself, that his elaborate soul-searching seems eventually an affront and a bore to the reader. Creative Age, \$3

Judgment on Deltchev, by Eric Ambler.

An English journalist reporting on

a treason trial in a Balkan capital behind the Iron Curtain accidentally gets involved with some of the principals and hereby hangs the tale. It's a familiar pattern and the inter-party intrigue is both as familiar and as confusing as always. But the author of *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and *Journey into Fear* makes a satisfyingly hair-raising thriller of it just the same. Knopf, \$3

The Hill of Fortune, by Robert Wernick.

In a spirit not unlike the earthy, carefree one of Victoria Lincoln's *February Hill* Mr. Wernick builds up a moving story of two boys, a girl, the boys' family, and an old mansion in the run-down section of a New England town. The story, resolved in three episodes, 1935-1940-1945, is brightly and sharply enough told so that the business of growing up seems once more a riotous, painful, but worthwhile experience. By the author of *The Freebooters*. Scribners, \$3

The Loved and Lost, by Morley Callaghan.

Mr. Callaghan, author of *Such is My Beloved*, and *They Shall Inherit the Earth*, has not published a novel in this country for over ten years. In this new one he creates a mysterious and endearing character—a girl, a white-collar worker in Toronto, who because she sees no reason for not going to a Negro café by herself, is misunderstood and mistrusted by her friends whom she never tries to enlighten about her motives. She is the symbol of one man's faith, and also of his lack of it. Thus the thesis of the book becomes in a sense the universal and tortured Biblical struggle: "Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief." In a short novel Mr. Callaghan has managed to build great tension and to portray memorable characters.

Macmillan, \$3

NON-FICTION

Florence Nightingale, by Cecil Woodham-Smith.

There is so much to be said—and all in the superlative—both about this most excellent biography and its extraordinary subject that in a short



We admit to a very special enthusiasm for HUGH MACLENNAN, author of *The Precipice* and *Two Solitudes*, and especially for Mr. MacLennan's new novel—*Each Man's Son* (\$3.00). What a writer! And what a book! Shall a man covet another man's son, and shall he seek to secure his own marriage with the child of another's? That's the problem that troubles the Calvinist conscience of Dr. Ainslie, brilliant surgeon in a tiny community on Cape Breton Island, who yearns for a son to give meaning to his marriage and to his life. It's wonderful how Mr. MacLennan makes you feel the brooding storm hovering over the hearts and minds of his protagonists. Then the storm breaks upon them in all its fury and, as in the denouement of a classic drama, we see again how man proposes but God disposes.

* * * * *

Fortune magazine says that "SUMNER H. SLICHTER, Lamont Professor at Harvard, is the best known economist in the U.S." In *What's Ahead for American Business* (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book: \$2.75), Mr. Slichter answers the questions everybody is asking these days, questions that affect the pocketbooks and indeed the lives of all of us. No gazer into the clouded crystal ball, Mr. Slichter reasons soundly, argues cogently, shows that our contest with the Soviet Union is primarily a contest of production.

* * * * *

Which brings us to three very different kinds of novels that have nothing in common except good writing and good reading. One is by a young Englishwoman—ORIEL MALET'S *The Green Leaves of Summer* (\$3.00). Another—*The Enclosure* (\$3.00) by ETHAN AYER—is by a young American who has a wry knowledge of the importance of owning money and the self-importance of exclusive communities. And the third—*Insurrection* (\$3.00) by LIAM O'FLAHERTY, the author of *The Informer*—is by a writer who has been referred to as "the Irish Faulkner." *The Green Leaves of Summer* is charming and gay, a lighthearted, youthful story that's all sunlight and radiance. *The Enclosure* is subtle and witty and sophisticated and in its quiet way quite devastating. As for Liam O'Flaherty's considerably more mature novel, *Insurrection*, about the 1916 Easter uprising in Dublin, for sheer narrative drive and power, it can hardly be excelled.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

review one can barely start. The biography took six years to write; the life it describes was ninety years long and each year remarkable. The nursing years in the Crimea are, of course, the best known. But that was only the beginning of Miss Nightingale's prodigious labors. A bedridden invalid after her return from the Crimea in 1856, she not only influenced statesmen, but did their work. She reformed nursing, she reformed the treatment of the British soldier. Sometimes she worked twenty-two hours a day at her reports and writings. While slaving this way she found time to rail at the life of English gentlewomen: "The whole occupation of Parthe [her sister] and Mama was to lie on two sofas and tell one another not to get tired by putting flowers into water." She wrote, among other things, an unsigned pamphlet, *Mortality in the British Army*, "which was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, instance of the presentation of statistical facts by means of pictorial charts." Abstracts in the War Office show that in a single year she worked on such diverse subjects as *Warrant for Apothecaries, Proposals for Equipment of Military Hospitals, Organization of Hospitals for Soldiers' Wives, Proposals for the Revision of Army Rations, Warrant and Instructions for Staff Surgeons, Instructions for Treatment of Yellow Fever, Proposals for Revision of Purveying and Commissariat in the Colonies, Revised Diet Sheets for Troopships, Proposals for Appointments at Netley and Chatham, Instructions for Treatment of Cholera.* . . . She had a passion for facts and when she was ill, "the sight of long columns of figures was 'perfectly reviving' to her." In one of her despairs, which were as exaggerated as her activities, she wrote in 1862: "I think what I have felt most during my last three months of extreme weakness is the not having one single person to give one inspiring word, or even one correct fact." She died in 1910, blind, her mind gone, ninety years old, having brought about revolutions reaching to the ends of the earth, honored, revered, and quite alone. And the biographer has made it all clear—frustration, achievement, lack of propor-



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tion, greatness, driving will, and charm. And one wonders—as with Joan of Arc—if she had lived in our scientific times, whether at an early age she would not have been turned over to an analyst, with her voices and her troubling dreams, and been taught to control those visions which cost her so much but gave so much to the world. A great book, and worthy of its subject.

McGraw-Hill, \$4.50

Charlie Chaplin, by Theodore Huff. It is bad luck for any biography to be read immediately after *Florence Nightingale*. The profound scholarship, the novelist's perception that went into it, let alone the stature of its subject, make this summing up of the work of Charlie Chaplin seem unworthy of the name of biography. One feels that a lot of stories about Chaplin have been put together but that no new sources have been tapped; no new conclusions drawn as far as his life is concerned. What is here is a chronology and a detailed summary, though not a critique, of all his works, with illustrations from the pictures. That is a great service, but it is not biography. At first thought it seems that a man whose screen character has endeared itself to the whole world while his real personality has done precisely the opposite should be an exciting challenge to a biographer. No attempt has been made to deal with that paradox here. His marriages, his *mésalliances*, his political and personal gaucheries are dealt with as factually as his pictures, with no attempt at illumination. . . . His pictures are, of course, his monument in any case—and if a detailed examination of them is what is wanted, here it is—but they are not his biography and should not be so labeled.

Schuman, \$4.50

Terror in the Streets, by Howard Whitman.

This book is an extension of a series of articles in *Collier's* describing crimes of violence in the cities of the United States. It is the author's intent to show that whereas crime in this country used to be crime against property, it is becoming increasingly crime against the individual—usually violent crime against the innocent individual. Very often,



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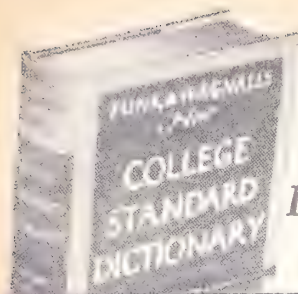
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too, the criminal is psychopathic, acting merely for the sake of the thrill. Mr. Whitman's detailed accounts of his talks with many of the criminals as well as the victims leave little doubt of this, and his facts alone are eloquent. Rape, for instance, has increased 200 per cent in the past twenty years. Another set of FBI figures show what such statistics mean. "They mean a major crime committed every eighteen seconds, on the average, day and night. They mean a murder every forty-four minutes. They mean a burglary every minute and a quarter. They mean a robbery every nine minutes. They mean a rape every thirty-two minutes. They mean an aggravated assault every minute and a half." As to conclusions, Mr. Whitman has no absolute answers. But he suggests that a theory of responsibility be substituted for our present arbitrary and often senseless prison terms—relating discharge to development of responsibility as we relate discharge from a hospital to improvement in health. A journalistic but thoroughly heartfelt and honest approach to a serious problem.

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BOOK FORECAST

Excitement: May, June, July

The "original, uncorrected edition" of *The Origin of Species* has never been published in this country. Philosophical Library will publish it for the first time in May. . . . On May 3, from Doubleday, comes *A Mouse is Born*, by the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Anita Loos; on May 9, Harper's new "Find," *The Season of the Stranger*, by Stephen Becker; on May 24, the author of *The Naked and the Dead*, Norman Mailer, publishes his second novel, *Barbary Shore*, under the aegis of Rinehart & Co. Neither he nor his publishers will give an inkling as to what it's about. . . . In June Duell, Sloan & Pearce will publish J. Donald Adams' *Literary Frontiers*. . . .

Farrar, Straus & Young and the Literary Guild are both enthusiastic about *Umberto's Circus*, a first novel by a Czechoslovakian, Eduard Bass (now, alas, dead). It is coming out in July.

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In Progress

John Steinbeck hopes to finish his next large novel, *Salinas Valley*, by next winter (for Viking). Margaret Coit, who wrote the splendid biography, *John C. Calhoun*, is at work now on a biography of Bernard Baruch (for Houghton Mifflin). Dutton's Marchette Chute, whose *Shakespeare of London* was such a critical and popular success last spring, is now working on a biography of Ben Jonson. Scribner's James Jones, whose first novel *From Here to Eternity* has gone into the hundred thousands (not counting book-club help), has already finished more than a hundred pages on his next. . . . Harrison Smith, who was an editor at Harcourt-Brace when Sinclair Lewis wrote *Main Street*, is going to edit a selection of Mr. Lewis's letters which Harcourt will publish in the fall. (He is also working on a biography of Mr. Lewis, which will not be ready for several years.)

Just Finished

William Faulkner, Nobel Prize winner, and more recently winner of the National Book Award, has just finished a new novel, *Requiem for a Nun* (Random House). Willard Motley's newest, *We Fished All Night*, is now at Appleton's. No news as to when either will be published.

Flora, Fauna, and Florence

Sometime next year Houghton Mifflin will publish Margaret Goldsmith's *The Picture Primer of Indoor Gardening*, companion to her already successful *The Picture Primer of Dooryard Gardening*. In the fall Crowell will release *Audubon's Animals*, edited by Alice Ford. Pictures in black and white. And almost at once (some time in May) McGraw-Hill announces *American Wildlife and Plants* by Alexander C. Martin, Herbert S. Zim, and Arnold L. Nelson, all of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. . . . For all who are interested in Cecil Woodham-Smith's *Florence Nightingale* (reviewed above) it will be good news that she plans a special children's edition, emphasizing the early years and the Crimean experience. From McGraw-Hill in the fall.



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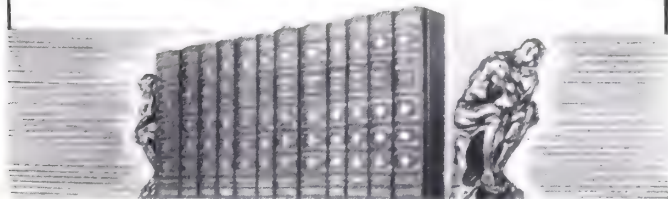
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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

DOWSING, that apparently miraculous ability of certain individuals to find hidden sources of water with no more than a willow rod, has always been a topic of fascination, and Kenneth Roberts' recent book, *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod*, has created a new interest in the whole subject. In July, **Thomas M. Riddick**, a consulting water engineer and chemist, dashes some of the dowsers' proudest claims in a well-documented article entitled "Dowsing is Nonsense." We feel it's a particularly apt piece for what is usually one of the driest months in the year. (Later on we hope to present another point of view on the matter.)

A SECOND appropriate piece for summer reading is **John Perry's** firsthand report on the somewhat sad state of "Weekend Camping" in the second half of the twentieth century. There's also a moving and thought-provoking account by a white business man whose daughter married a Negro of what this meant to himself and his friends as well as to the young couple.

MARY HEATON VORSE investigates "The Child Reservoir of the South," where much of America's present labor force is coming from. And in fiction we're introducing a new American writer, **Glen Haley**. "I'll Call You Eager," which will appear next month, is his first published story, but we think you'll be hearing more from him later.

WITH all of the heated interest in foreign affairs these days we have, of course, many irons in those fires. Which ones will be out in time for July we cannot predict as early as this. But we can assure you of important ideas and reporting in the foreign scene.

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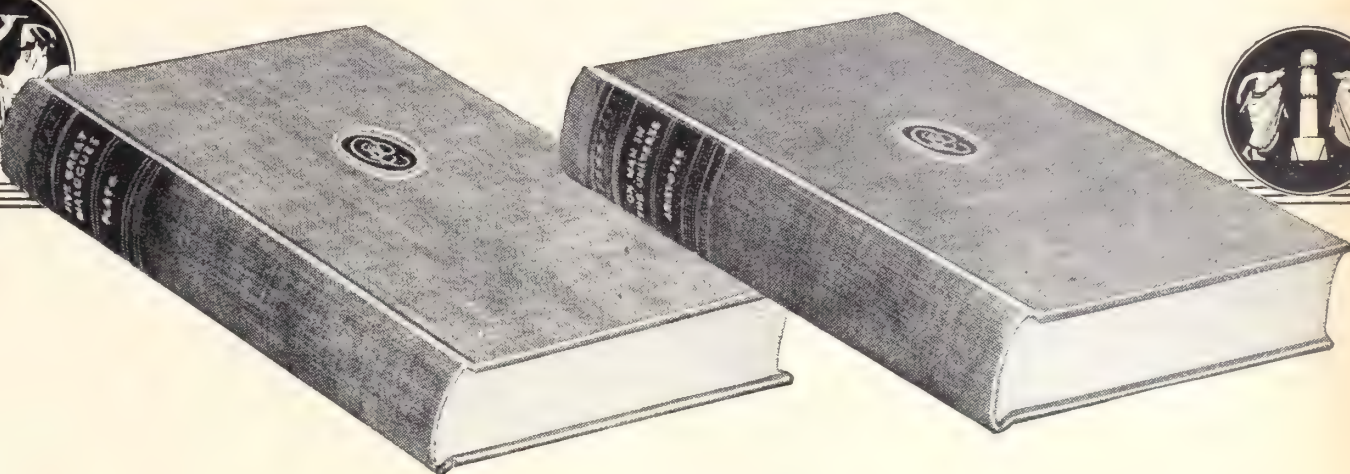
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Personal & Otherwise

IF YOU were encouraged by the popular interest in the Kefauver committee's crime-hearings, you would find food for melancholy speculation in the batch of old newspaper clippings P & O has recently been throwing away. They were from New York newspapers during the Seabury investigations of 1931, when there were daily "revelations" of connivance between criminals and public officials. From those twenty-year-old newspapers one would suppose that civic indignation was at a pitch where it could not be resisted. (Those were the days of the Vivian Gordon murder, you may remember.)

The indignation lasted, however, just long enough to bring about Mayor Walker's resignation a year later. That placated everyone's conscience, apparently, and before long Jimmy Walker was restored to popular favor. He was a nice fellow, really, and he hadn't done anything anyone else wouldn't have done under the circumstances.

There was one clipping in that yellowing batch that had a doubly melancholy twist, however. It was a front page story from the *New York Times* some time in March 1931, and it began like this:

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt addressed a gathering of several hundred yesterday afternoon at the Broadway Temple, 174th Street, during which he expressed his confidence in the majority of the members

of the New York Police Department, described government as a "minimum of power delegated by the people," and warned against the usurpation by government of broad powers "regulating your life and mine."

Twenty years is not very long, geologically speaking. But it has obviously been time enough for mere mortals to forget all sorts of astonishing things.

The P.O. and S.O.

As P & O observed in these pages just a year ago, Americans have an ambivalent attitude toward bigness. "We want everything from buildings to bosoms to be bigger and better; and at the same time we wring our sentimental withers over everything little, from the 'small hotel' in the song to the 'little woman' in the kitchen." And the government behaves just like the rest of us. When it is looking for someone to plan and build an important project like the \$600 million hydrogen bomb plant in South Carolina, for example, its heart yearns after bigness and it demands in effect that the work be done by the Du Pont Company—the largest chemical concern in the world; but simultaneously it has six anti-trust suits pending against Du Pont because the company is too big.

The fear of bigness in business is in part,



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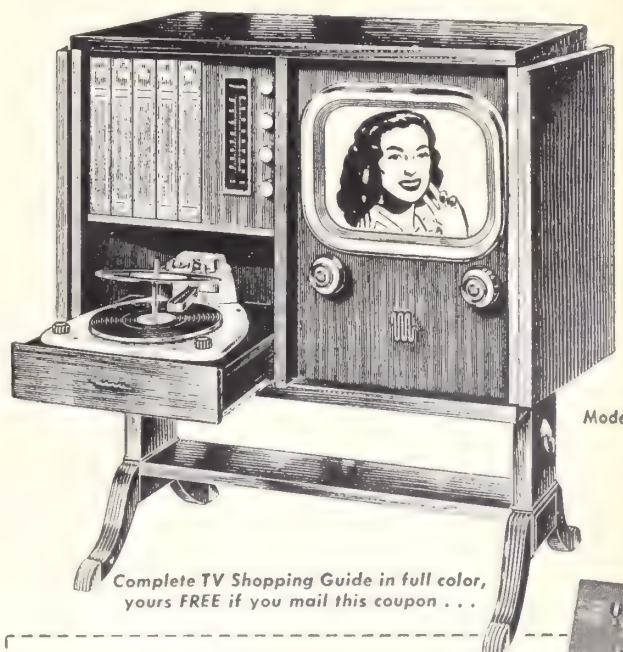
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at least, a concomitant of a sentimentally patronizing affection for the "little fellows" (the small enterprises which are run, we assume, by "the little people"). Many of us seem to believe, in spite of a century's evidence to the contrary, that there is just so much economic pie and if one company gets more the others will get less. We fear the big corporations because we assume that they inevitably hurt or destroy small business.

The threats of this kind of monopoly in American business were real enough at one stage in our history, and the emotional attitudes which were then aroused have persisted as a part of "the folklore of capitalism." But if we rid ourselves of prejudices inherited from the days of the Populist revolt and of the muckrakers, it will be clear that in recent years the basic problems have changed. Nowadays, so far as small enterprises (and new ones) are concerned, the difficulty is not how to compete with big business but how to get together the capital to acquire and maintain the technological equipment which modern industry requires. And nowadays, so far as big business is concerned, the problem is not at what point its bigness interferes with small enterprises but at what point it interferes with its own (and society's) efficiency.

IT is obvious that big business runs the risk of becoming fat, inefficient, and bureaucratic, and one need only look at some of the railroads to see what this can cost in social terms. To meet this problem many people have advocated government ownership or control, but there is little evidence to support the notion that government ownership is a guarantee of efficiency. The risk of bureaucratic sluggishness appears to be inherent in bigness, regardless of ownership.

Take, for example, the muddled inefficiency described in *C. Lester Walker's* article, "So They're Re-doing the Post Office" (p. 37). The U.S. Post Office is one of the biggest businesses in the world and probably one of the most cumbersome. Mr. Walker's account, based in part on the findings of the so-called Hoover Commission on government organization, is a highly readable and wryly amusing exposition of the ways in which a successful business (which in this case enjoys a legal monopoly) can outgrow its organizational framework as well as the methods and equipment which were appropriate when it was smaller.

It seems pretty obvious, from Mr. Walker's

piece, that the over-centralized administration of the Post Office is responsible for a large part of its inefficiency, in spite of Postmaster General Donaldson's insistence that decentralization would not help matters. But the Postmaster General may, of course, be right. There is no way of *proving* that a decentralized administrative setup would be more efficient without trying it—which the P.O. obviously doesn't intend to do if it can help it.

THERE is, however, another article in this issue which is pertinent to this discussion. In "Big Business Manager: Eugene Holman" (p. 90), *C. Hartley Grattan* sets out to examine how the largest industrial corporation in the United States is managed—"by what types of men, under what form of organization." Standard Oil of New Jersey is a holding company which owns "a majority interest in most, and a 100 per cent interest in many" affiliated companies engaged in producing, refining, transporting, and marketing oil and oil products. It is a vast and complicated enterprise, and it is managed with superb efficiency. And as Mr. Grattan shows, the management of Jersey Standard "follows the principle of decentralization—an increasingly popular idea in giant corporate management." Unlike the Postmaster General, who threatens to resign if his big business is decentralized, President Holman of Standard feels that to attempt to operate such a business as his "in dictator fashion would be plainly absurd."

Mr. Grattan is well known to *Harper's* readers as the author of many articles on business and economics, most recently "The Middle Class, Alas!" in last February's issue. His portrait of Eugene Holman this month, like his "Senator Flanders: Intelligent Conservative" (January 1950) and the earlier group portrait of "Truman's Three Wise Men" (June 1949), is really the product of a distinctive kind of analytical reporting which seeks to present social and economic trends in terms of the individuals who shape—or are shaped by—them.

The drawing of Eugene Holman is the work of *Ivan Opffer*, Danish-born American portrait painter, who has drawn many distinguished people, including five British Prime Ministers, well known authors like Bernard Shaw, Scott Fitzgerald, Henri Barbusse, etc., and "a few bank presidents." "Mr. Holman impressed me as a great man," Mr. Opffer wrote us, and, on seeing the drawing,

Mr. Grattan remarked, "That's the man."

Ivan Opffer attended the National Academy in New York, later studied in Paris; he has exhibited at the Royal Academy in London and in Copenhagen. He served overseas with the AEF during the first world war, and his son was back home from Tokyo in April 1951.

Sages in Chaos

Slightly over a century ago, when Robert Chambers' *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* first appeared in England, the orthodox school of British geology was that of the "catastrophists," Adam Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison, who held that the history of our planet had been interrupted from time to time by violent cataclysms. This view, as Professor *John Q. Stewart* of Princeton reminds us ("Disciplines in Collision," p. 57), was an outgrowth of "eighteenth-century speculative catastrophism," and anticipated that of *Immanuel Velikovsky* and his *Worlds in Collision*. There was a time when Dr. Velikovsky's unorthodox notions would have seemed rigidly conventional, when "deluvial" was still as good a word as "alluvial," and when scholars argued seriously whether all the rocks of the lithosphere had been formed by water or fire.

Robert Chambers, on the other hand, was an exponent of "uniformitarianism," or the belief that the Earth's surface has been modified only by slow, evolutionary processes. Though this idea, of course, has since become the accepted one, Chambers' *Vestiges of Creation* was roundly condemned on its appearance by virtually all the leading scientists of the day. "Thoroughly unscientific," said Thomas Henry Huxley. "I can see nothing," wrote Adam Sedgwick, "but ruin and confusion in such a creed. . . . If current in society it will undermine the whole moral and social fabric, and inevitably will bring discord and deadly mischief in its train. . . ."

THE present state of science, to be sure, is vastly removed from that of a century ago, and in the reception of Dr. Velikovsky's book the antagonists have changed places.



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But it is the same phenomenon of entangling emotional condemnation with scientific disapproval which has prompted the editors of *Harper's* to extend him the space ("Answer to My Critics," p. 51) for dealing with objections point by point—and to ask the aid of Professor Stewart in raising the discussion to a higher level of discourse than it has so far enjoyed. Up to now Dr. Velikovsky has been condemned as extravagantly unscientific, but almost none of his critics have made more than casual efforts to expose what they believe to be grave errors. This is the job to which Professor Stewart addresses himself.

P & O inclines to agree with Dr. Velikovsky, without taking sides, when in rebuttal to Professor Stewart (p. 63) he denies that his theory is merely a "revival" of catastrophist geology. Readers of Charles Coulston Gillispie's recent *Genesis and Geology*, an acute and lively summary of the science in the days before Darwin, will realize from many quotations like those we have reproduced above that the distinctions made by nineteenth-century British scientists, with their heavy theological overtones, no longer pertain. Whether or not Dr. Velikovsky succeeds in "reviving" catastrophism, it should now be possible for us, in a world which widely accepts the empirical basis for science, to recognize the possibility that "fruitful" results may come from unlikely quarters. Professor Gillispie remarks that, looking back, we can see that the "catastrophists actually accomplished more in extending the frontiers of knowledge than uniformitarians did. Sedgwick and Murchison succeeded in identifying the Cambrian and Silurian systems of the Paleozoic. . . ."

JOHN QUINCY STEWART has been associate professor of astronomical physics at Princeton since 1927. He is the author (together with H. N. Russell and R. S. Dugan) of *Astronomy*, a standard text, and of many contributions to research results in physics, astronomy, navigation, meteorology, and demography. In 1937 he organized the party which successfully observed, from a ship in the Pacific Ocean, the longest modern total solar eclipse (more than

seven minutes). In recent years he has devoted a major portion of his time to the development of a mathematical treatment of the falling off of social influences with distance. "A wide variety of observed social data," he explained in a General Electric Science Forum over Station WGY, "are given rough predictability by the proposition that the influence of people, P in number, at a distance d miles away, is proportional to the number of people divided by their distance, that is to P divided by d ." This interest in "social physics" has brought him in close contact with a number of authorities from other fields, both in the physical and social sciences.

Immanuel Velikovsky might now be well known, except that the uproar over *Worlds in Collision* has tended to obscure the fact that its author ever wrote anything else. Just to set the record straight, he has also published a historical novel in Russian, set in Rome at the time of the Medici, written in the Caucasus in 1920-21 but published in Paris in 1935, and some professional papers on mental health and disease. In one of them (1930) he anticipated the electro-encephalic changes in epileptics, and in another (1941) he analyzed Freud's own dreams. In 1948, under the name "Observer," he wrote a series of fifty columns on Middle Eastern politics for the *New York Post*.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Velikovsky's next book, *Ages in Chaos*, which Doubleday will publish later in the year, will not stir up so violent a reaction as his first. Unfortunately, the most authoritative opinion so far available indicates that it will. Dr. Robert H. Pfeiffer, head of the department of Semitic Languages and History and Curator of the Semitic Museum at Harvard, read the book in 1949. "Dr. Velikovsky," he wrote, "discloses immense erudition and extraordinary ingenuity. He writes well and documents all his statements with the original sources. His conclusions are amazing, unheard-of, revolutionary, sensational. If his findings are accepted by historians, all present histories for the period before Alexander the Great must be discarded, and completely rewritten. If Dr. Velikovsky is right, this volume is the greatest

contribution to the investigation of ancient times ever written."

That many reviewers and readers will declare that Dr. Velikovsky is overwhelmingly wrong seems inevitable. But at least we may hope that those who repudiate his historical theory will take the trouble to examine it carefully before denouncing it.

Film Fun

One of the most fascinating things about Hollywood's movies is that people here and abroad go on liking them although almost nobody, here or abroad, has a good word to say for them. Even some Hollywood producers and directors have formed the habit of returning from Europe with headline-making warnings to their brethren about the distasteful frivolity of American movies. Hollywood should make adult pictures, as the French and Italians do, because Europeans like adult films and Americans ought to, if they don't, and they probably do if there are any available. And meanwhile Europeans and Americans alike stay away from the "adult" films in droves.

It is with this curious problem—especially as it concerns American audiences—that **Arthur L. Mayer** deals in "Myths and the Movies" (p. 71). Mr. Mayer may be presumed to know what he is talking about, because he has been in the motion picture business (as he once put it) "ever since he recuperated from the blighting cultural effects of four years at Harvard," from which he was graduated in 1907.

ANYONE who cares to check up on Mr. Mayer's early experiences in the industry will find a colorful—and possibly reliable—account in a piece of his called "Premature Obituary" which we published in July 1944. Most Harvard men would, we should think, gladly trade their four years of frustrated combat with the Cambridge police for even a vicarious share in Mr. Mayer's adventures with Balaban and Katz, the great (and fantastic) movie theater operators in the Midwest, and with Jules Rubens, whose manner of acquiring independent theaters and building them into a highly profit-

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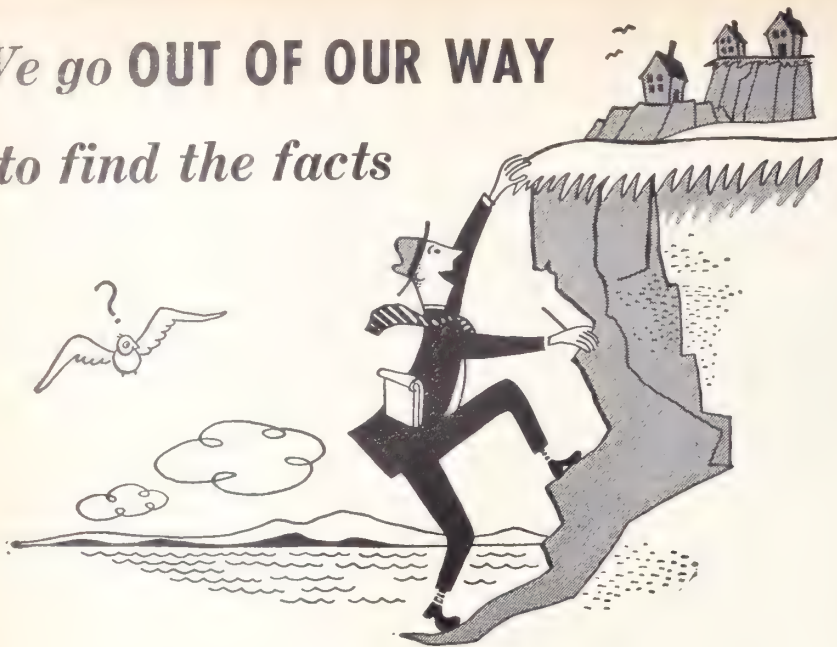
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able circuit was at least ingenious, if not altogether gentlemanly.

From 1933 to 1948 Mr. Mayer operated the Rialto Theater in New York, and also in 1933 he became president of the Mayer-Burstyn Film Corporation which imported such films as "Open City," "Paisan," "The Bicycle Thief," and "Seven Days to Noon." During the war, as personal representative of Basil O'Connor, Chairman of the American Red Cross, and as film consultant to the Secretary of War, he visited all the theaters of war. He has served as a film adviser to agencies of the most diverse character, from ECA to the Birth Control Association, and from the State Department to the American Civil Liberties Union. Last year he served as chief of the Motion Picture Branch of Military Government in Germany, and upon his return to this country became Executive Vice President of the Council of Motion Picture Organizations.

Checks and Balances

•••In the leading article in *Harper's* last month, James Reston took up the question of "Why We Irritate Our Allies." There are some unhappy features in the picture he painted of the moves of "sudden diplomacy" which frequently give nations friendly to us the jitters. One reason—in addition to technical difficulties within the governmental agencies responsible for dreaming up and carrying out our foreign policy—is a lack of experience on the part of our officials and political institutions. But, Mr. Reston emphasized, "The remarkable thing, on the whole, is not that we do so badly but that we do as well as we do. The British had about a hundred and fifty years in which to adjust their education, their institutions, and their mentality to the leadership of the nations. We have had about a decade. . . ."

In "Mr. Truman's Politburo" (p. 29) *John Fischer* sketches the persons and methods of the young and little-known organization which is chiefly responsible for designing United States foreign policy. The National Security Council, of course, is subject, like all agencies of the government, to the harassment of

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our system of checks and balances. Its best laid schemes gang aft a-gley, for example, in a sub-committee of the Appropriations Committee of the House; and they are likely—as we have recently been seeing—to be targets for political brickbats from all over. Nevertheless, this little group of men are at work night and day, and what looks like “sudden diplomacy” is often not that at all.

Mr. Fischer is a contributing editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and was formerly a newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent. From 1937 until the end of the war, he served in the Department of Agriculture, the Board of Economic Warfare, and the Foreign Economic Administration. He has traveled, as a Rhodes Scholar, a reporter, and a government official in Britain, Europe, Russia, and India, and is the author of *Why They Behave Like Russians*. He is now editor in chief of general books at Harper & Brothers, and is at work on a book about American foreign policy.

•••*Nigel Balchin*, who contributes a very short story of no political significance in this number, has himself participated in civil and military service for Britain and written several novels which deal with current governmental problems. “Sawing the Lady in Half” (p. 46) is a trick of fiction which seems as easy as lying, but, for all we know, it may have cost the author many laborious hours.

During the war Mr. Balchin went from the Army, in which he enlisted in 1941, to the position of Deputy Scientific Adviser to the Army Council. His training in science was obtained at Cambridge, where Mr. Balchin was an exhibitioner and prizeman of his college (Peterhouse) in natural science. He took first class honors in the natural science tripos, and after leaving Cambridge became an industrial consultant on the staff of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. He wrote short stories and worked on plays as an undergraduate and has continued to write along with his jobs ever since. His satire on modern business methods, *How to Run a Bassoon Factory*, was first published in *Punch*. His novels reflect his varied interests—from government policy-



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making to psychiatry and science for political ends. Those best known in the United States are *The Small Back Room*, *Mine Own Executioner* (which was seen here as a movie), and *Who Is My Neighbor?* (brought out last year by Houghton Mifflin).

The suave drawings of "Sawing the Lady in Half" were made by **Bob Cato**, a free-lance art director. He was born in New Orleans, is still in his twenties, spends "as much time as humanly possible painting."

•••"Of the many kinds of madness that afflict our age none is more curious and remarkable than the universal passion for figures," wrote C. Hartley Grattan in *Harper's Magazine* (April 1950). "We live in a wilderness of statistical magnitudes, lurching onward from millions to billions to trillions, fortifying our illusions and giving reality to our fears with charts and tables, graphs and equations." While we Americans, Mr. Grattan continued, are the "greatest figure-mongers of them all," the Russians systematically conceal the figures about themselves.

The difficulties in the way of American figure-mongers' satisfying their appetite for statistics about Russian resources are, therefore, manifold, and any American who undertakes to work on the jigsaw will get more hindrance than help from Russian sources. **Randolph Leigh**, whose "What the Russians Need for War" (p. 78) clearly demonstrates the author's enjoyment of figures, knows better than most people the truth of Mr. Grattan's skeptical conclusions about estimates of Russian power. As a reading of his article will show—and as the amplified source-references which he supplied to the editors further demonstrated—Colonel Leigh's figures are based on the observations of many persons independent of Soviet influence—such as officers connected with Lend-Lease operations, earlier geological surveys, Russian escapees, and American experts of the Department of Agriculture, which sent dozens of men into Russia in the years before 1946.

COLONEL Leigh is author of the official over-all history of the supply side of U.S. Army operations

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in the European Theater during the second world war. His book, originally called *American Enterprise in Europe*, has been issued in more than a million copies in several editions and four languages; the *Infantry Journal* published it in this country as *48,000,000 Tons to Eisenhower*. A pirated Russian version has been used in some Soviet officer-training courses. After finishing the book, Colonel Leigh, who was three times in action and received the Bronze Star and Croix de Guerre, went into sixteen countries gathering information on problems of supply and, indirectly, tactics. Since 1947 he has been a civilian, though he was recalled by Military Intelligence to temporary duty during 1948 to do special work on Russia.

A Tennessee-born Virginian, Colonel Leigh was graduated from the University of the South and took a master's degree at Columbia University. His early career was in newspaper work—as publisher of two Wyoming papers and as editorial writer for the *Los Angeles Times* in the early twenties. He was organizer and director of national and international oratorical contests, and is the author of several books, including *Conscript Europe* (1938) and *Forgotten Waters* (1941).

•••“If you want my advice about writing a college novel,” a brutal publisher once told a would-be author. “here it is. Don’t write it.”

“Why not?”

“Because, if the campus situation is so deadly unbearable, there’s nothing in the world to prevent the hero from leaving it.”

“Windfall for Whitford” (p. 83) is a piece of fiction about college life which, in its own way, recognizes this indisputable, if rather condescending, piece of sagacity. The author, *Lowry Charles Wimberly*, has known many professors and students in more than three decades of teaching English. In his current courses in creative writing and seventeenth-century literature, he has undoubtedly explored the question of whether college life is appropriate ground for fiction. He is besides an editor and writer of fiction and criticism for general, scholarly, and “little” publications. “Windfall for Whitford” might be his indirect

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comment on that publisher's dogma.

Mr. Wimberly was born in Plaquemine, Louisiana, moved North at an early age, and has spent most of his life in the Midwest, much of it at the University of Nebraska, where he was graduated and, in 1925, received his Ph.D. He has been professor of English for some time, is author of works on folklore and British balladry, and has contributed stories and articles to many magazines—including three before "Windfall for Whitford" in *Harper's*. He is editor and co-editor of many anthologies, among them *Prairie Schooner*, *Caravan*, *Mid-Country*, and *Famous Cats of Fairyland*. For over twenty years he has edited the literary quarterly, *Prairie Schooner*.

The illustrations for Mr. Wimberly's story were made by *Anthony Saris*, whose work is new to *Harper's*. He studied at Pratt Institute, the Brooklyn Museum, and the New School in New York, and has done art work for *Collier's* and other magazines, and for pharmaceutical firms. Water color is his specialty when he has time for it, and he calls himself a "Sunday painter."

...In our March issue of last year we ran an article by *Albert L. Warner* called "The Chaos of Congress." As correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and chief of their Washington bureau for many years, and subsequently as news commentator for the American Broadcasting Company, he was just the man to make literary order of the Congressional confusion. In his current article, "How the Korea Decision Was Made" (p. 99), he applies the same technique of clarification to those five fateful days of decision in June a year ago when our Korean policy was formulated. In untangling who said what to whom and when in Washington and in the United Nations, and in calculating the reactions here and abroad, he talked to top people in the State and Defense Departments and to others close to the White House during those trying hours.

He is now commentator on foreign and military affairs for National Broadcasting Company; this assignment, he says "brings me back to the network on which

as an Army colonel in the last war I used to mastermind the military developments of the week on the Army Hour. I am presently on the Three Star Extra program."

•••When we asked **Robert Brittain** for information about himself he answered almost entirely in terms of his poem, "Three Wishes for a Yearling" (p. 45). In the first place, it was written for his older boy who is now no yearling but very nearly three years old. It is being set to music by a local composer in Berkeley, California, where he lives, and he has a request for permission to read it on a radio program. We are happy to report that another poem of his which we published, "Autumn Has Not Her Smile," was reprinted in *Poetry Awards, 1950*.

Besides being a poet who has published in *Harper's* (as well as many other places) off and on since her first poem, "Faith," appeared in September 1916, **Hortense Flexner** has written several books for children and is well known as a teacher of writing and fiction at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. The proofs of "Memory Lesson" (p. 50) were returned from Mexico where she and her husband were traveling last winter.

After **Sylvia Stallings** finished at Bryn Mawr (we published several of her poems while she was still a student there) she went to Paris to study* on a French Government scholarship. From "Cafard" (p. 77) it is obvious that she has never quite recovered from her year in France. Indeed she says that this was written when she sat down to write a long-overdue letter to some French friends. Out of the typewriter came not a letter but this poem. Miss Stallings is now assistant to Lewis Gannett on the book page of the *Herald Tribune*.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith (Mrs.) who writes "Salute" (p. 82) has been living by her pen since 1941 when she sold her first poem. She has sold her work to many nationally known magazines and some of it has been reprinted in England. She lives in Bakersfield, California, and says that except for one year in a department store, writing is the only gainful occupation she has ever had.

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LETTERS

Mr. Hoyle's Universe—

To the Editors:

While most of us can only sit mute at Professor Hoyle's feet regarding "The Expanding Universe" (April), the humblest layman might venture to take him to task when he steps into religion.

He asks if "it was given to the Hebrews to understand mysteries far deeper than anything we can comprehend, when it is quite clear that they were completely ignorant of many matters that seem commonplace to us." I suggest that an answer to this is contained in his own two words "seem commonplace." Science—and here one can speak dogmatically—has in fact made nothing commonplace. Indeed, how much of our science, as changing as it is relative, may not actually be a using-up of wonder or mystery; a sort of elaborated ignorance?

Professor Hoyle maintains, categorically, that the Christian sense of security is illusory. How does he know? All he is saying is that his own sense of insecurity is real. . . .

There was a time when I thought Sir Thomas Browne's statement that, as for him, there weren't enough miracles to believe in, merely humorous. Today I wonder, and progressively wonder.

A. E. JOHNSON
Syracuse, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . Mr. Hoyle himself has proved to be as amazing as his subject matter in the course of his final article. . . .

Mr. Hoyle would have us understand that the "New Cosmology" (in his account of which his own role figures frequently) extends "far beyond" the system of Sir Isaac Newton. In fact, the author thinks that if he could describe his cosmology

to Sir Isaac "it would have . . . a shattering effect on" the latter. But the cosmology of five hundred years hence (twice the period since Newton) is not going to have any such "shattering effect" on Mr. Hoyle. . . . He has the temerity to "doubt" that his cosmology—presumably including the unexplained revelation that "created matter does not come from anywhere"—will undergo any basic change or amplification during the next five centuries.

The article thus presents the spectacle of a young professional declaring that the work of the greatest genius among his predecessors is largely outdated but stating blandly that the achievement of his own day, in which he himself claims a large part, will endure twice as long with no major alteration. . . .

WILLIAM H. SCHIEDE
Princeton, N. J.

To the Editors:

. . . When Mr. Hoyle talks about the galaxies I can listen all day. And I was glad to see what he did to some medieval theologies at the end of the last article. But like many thoughtful men who have specialized in a particular field of science, Mr. Hoyle seems to have only a smattering of information about Christianity. In large sections of organized Christianity there has been rapid development of thought and theory during the past seventy-five years. . . .

I would certainly not dismiss the science of today on the basis that the Middle Ages produced its alchemists. Why judge *all* Christianity on the basis that *some* of its adherents still insist upon a theology dating from the Middle Ages?

LOUIS F. PRESNALL, Minister
Hurley Union Church
Hurley, N. M.

To the Editors:

I suppose Mr. Hoyle fully expects the clergy to disagree with his con-

clusions at the end of the final installment of "The Nature of the Universe." . . . Is not Mr. Hoyle stepping out of his field as an astronomer and physicist when he presumes to use the word "illusory" of that which profoundly wise and good men have testified to in every age? We are interested in his theories about the formation and size of the universe, but I challenge his authority to pronounce metaphysically—especially when he gives away his ignorance of the very thing he dismisses in a few sentences.

BENJAMIN MINIFIE, Rector
Grace Church
Orange, N. J.

To the Editors:

Hoyle in his concluding chapter, when he leaps from the intellectual supernova of cosmology into philosophy and religion (a jump which Albert Einstein scrupulously avoids), flings a whale of a challenge at us religious Jonahs.

My humble retort is a single passage from Jewish tradition bearing upon his dreaded "eternity of frustration."

The Babylonian Talmud Bera-chot (Benedictions) folio 17a says: "It was a favorite teaching of Rab (Rabbi Abba Arika, 3rd Century) 'Not like this world is the world to come. In the world to come there is neither eating nor drinking; no procreation of children or business transactions; no envy or hatred or rivalry; the righteous sit enthroned, their crowns (of Torah—knowledge and thought) on their heads, and enjoy the nourishment flowing from the effulgence of the Shekinah (the divine inspiration—the supreme intelligence).'"

Now that isn't so bad, is it? A fellow could ask for more than 300 years of that, couldn't he? . . .

ELY E. PILCHIK, Rabbi
Congregation B'nai Jeshurun
Newark, N. J.

To the Editors:

I have just read the final part of Mr. Fred Hoyle's "The Nature of the Universe." . . . In this period of ideological conflict it seems significant that a scientist . . . should take such a positive and uncompromising position in regard to the fundamental problem of man's relation to the universe. It seems even more significant that while Mr. Hoyle is in direct opposition to traditional theology . . . he is also in opposition to the tendency of materialism to reduce all phenomena to completely physical terms. . . .

This is significant because it shows that scientists . . . have begun to follow a "golden mean" between theology and materialism. In philosophical terms this "golden mean" is known variously as naturalism or humanism. . . .

The importance of Mr. Hoyle's work is this: in popularizing his science he has also "humanized" it.

BILL SMITH
Alzheimer, Ark.

Soda Pop for Patriots—

To the Editors:

I was much disgusted, but kept silence, when, a year or so ago, Bernard DeVoto could find nothing better to write about in your December (Christmas) number than the proper composition of a cocktail.

Now, in "Whiskey Is for Patriots" (April), he comes along with the most nauseating glorification of frontier crudities and present-day barbarities in the use of intoxicants that the pages of any respectable magazine were ever disgraced with.

Why didn't he show us the very great benefits done by intoxicants to our country at Yalta and Tehran?

. . . . It is unpardonable that, in times when dreadful decisions are too often being made by half-drunk politicians, he should actually applaud this idiotic drinking as patriotic. . . .

J. B. ELY
Morristown, Tenn.

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto drinks a very literate whiskey. Do you think he could be parted from half a bottle of the stuff that wrote the "Easy Chair" this month?



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TO GROW EVERY DAY,
WHITEY!"



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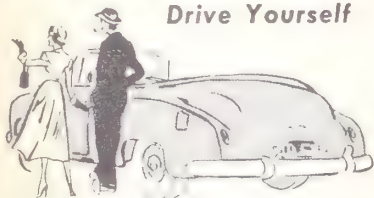
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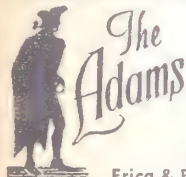
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LETTERS

As a frontiersman the *Tribune* tower haunts the view from my window. I could use it, and by his thesis may deserve it.

LESLIE H. GOULD, M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

... What a solace it is in the midst of the current wild alarms to know that we have right here at home not only the Breakfast of Champions but also the Potation of Patriots! And to be assured that this boon is not only for Men of Distinction but can be had by you and me and even by Bill over there in the corner. Now let's see Stalin try to do something with that one. . . .

J. T. HUNTER
Peoria, Ill.

Who's Isolationist?—

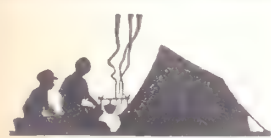
To the Editors:

Lubell's article in the April *Harper's* ("Who Votes Isolationist and Why") was an astounding mixture of fantasy and prejudice. You deserve much credit for your courage in revealing this classical example of racial prejudice camouflaged as a scientific survey paid for by a Foundation established in 1925 "to advance human achievement" and "to enrich human life by aiding in the cultivation of beauty and taste."

Lubell either states or implies that "isolationists" are mostly German farmers in the "culturally isolated" prairie states who "lack interest in education"; oppose Democratic wars; "harp upon the alleged mistakes of Tehran, Yalta, and Potsdam"; back "Republican obstructionism on foreign policy"; and represent "a sizable body of voters with known prejudices." This definition is far too limited.

Why attribute prejudice to this small group of citizens when almost half the population display similar beliefs and characteristics? As a Scotch Presbyterian I resent his derogatory innuendo concerning McCarthy's "crudeness," his use of a Catholic priest to stab Taft as "unjust," and his subtle allusion to Alger Hiss as a symbol of Republican prejudice. His handling of information is base and unscientific.

RAY MARS SIMPSON
Evanston, Ill.



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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Curses!—

To the Editors:

Re: David McCord's "Symmetries" [April 1951]:

David McCord, playful as an otter,
Evolves a neatly balanced teeter-
totter : tauter

Than ever. Thus the knave'd make
ord-

Inary versers curse David McCord!

MARGARET BEIDLER
Easton, Pa.

To the Editors:

Re: "Tale for a Deaf Ear" [April 1951]:

Drop dead—twice!

L. E. HUTTON
St. Petersburg, Fla.

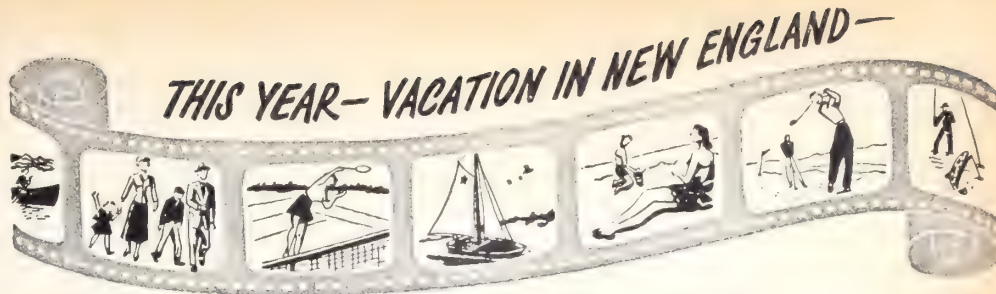
Your Land and Mine—

To the Editors:

In the March issue of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. DeVoto calls on me, as Director of the Bureau of Land Management, for a flat declaration that I do not favor certain proposed legislation on the administration of Western grazing lands.

No employee of the Bureau of Land Management, including myself, has been assisting or encouraging the stockmen in any way, in the drafting of any such proposed legislation as Mr. DeVoto discusses. Whatever the stockmen are doing, they are doing by themselves. When, or if, their proposals become definite and are embodied in a bill before the Congress, this agency will, no doubt, as is customary, be called upon to consider various matters included in such a bill. Until then, it is premature to reach a final judgment on the merit of pending proposals. Mr. DeVoto may be interested to know there have been numerous revisions in the discussion draft of the bill which was first made public some months ago.

Because of Mr. DeVoto's leading position as a conservation writer, I am shocked at the numerous errors and misleading statements in his article. He is either grossly misinformed about matters on which it would be relatively easy to become well-informed or he has allowed himself to become seriously biased. Because he has the opportunity of



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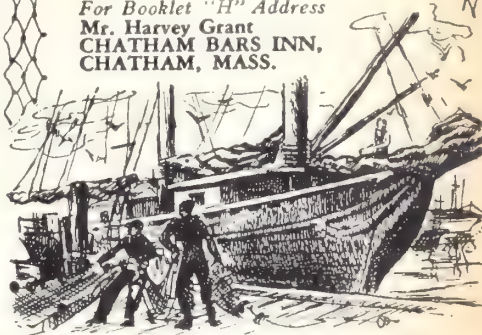
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reaching a wide and thinking audience through his "Easy Chair" department in *Harper's Magazine*, I believe that he has the responsibility to be accurate and fair.

If *Harper's Magazine* is interested in obtaining all the facts on the issues involved, I will be glad to provide some of the missing ones in the form of an article for publication.

MARION CLAWSON, Director
Bureau of Land Management
U. S. Department of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

To accuse someone of misrepresentation is easy, to reply to the accusation is space-consuming. Whether or not my piece contained errors and misleading statements is a question which I will take up in full detail in *Harper's* later on. Meanwhile, if I in fact misrepresented anyone or anything I clearly did not misrepresent Mr. Clawson or the Bureau of Land Management.

Presumably Mr. Clawson can read English as well as you and I. What I said was that Western stock interests were openly saying that their legislation had the support of the Bureau of Land Management. I added that, as presumably this was not true, it would be well for Mr. Clawson to disavow it.

This is the point that Mr. Clawson's letter most carefully avoids meeting. Let's put it more plainly. It is being widely said out West, and now by others than stock interests, that the Bureau of Land Management is supporting the proposed legislation. (Not helping to draft it. I did not say that, and in fact I know as well as Mr. Clawson does who co-operated in drafting it.) I put it up to Mr. Clawson: has the proposed legislation, in either its original, its present, or its now projected form, got the support of any part of the Bureau of Land Management?

Ask Mr. Clawson in my name what we must do to get him to answer a question as it is asked.

BERNARD DI VOTO
Cambridge, Mass.

What Bright Boys?—

To the Editors:

The article, "Exempt the Bright



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N. Y. 16

Boys?" [by Gerald W. Johnson] in your March issue, ends with a stirring challenge. Men of courage will not want to be exempt from service in an emergency.

President Conant has made it clear that "exemption of bright boys" is not the solution. All should serve; but each must serve in the capacity in which he will be most effective. Haphazard assignment would be suicidally dangerous to our security.

Other elements in the appraisal of intellect are open to criticism. The reference to the bombing of Hiroshima implies that the physicists who made this possible were guilty persons.

This shows confusion of fact and responsibility. After the world-wide announcement that enormous atomic energy was available, our leaders knew that Germany was working feverishly to use it for our destruction. It would have been criminal negligence not to put our scientists and engineers to work to "get there first."

Germany lost that race. Our government was faced with the momentous decision whether to use this trump card and end the war at once, with the killing of a few hundred thousand Japanese, or to finish it by invasion with the killing of a million or more American soldiers and several million Japanese. The decision the government made seems more humane than the alternative. In any case, responsibility for deciding rested wholly on the President and his military advisers; the scientists had nothing to do with it.

Questioning further the morality of brainy folks, the author names some men of keen intellect found guilty of perjury, and concludes that the proportion of bad men to good is about the same among the "intellectuals" as among others—doubtful logic.

Intelligence recognizes the unpleasant consequences of anti-social behavior, and thus affords the means of making sound judgments. To disparage selection of the best minds for higher education, because of a handful of keen-witted malefactors, is to obstruct forward progress in the very paths that hold the greatest promise for the future.

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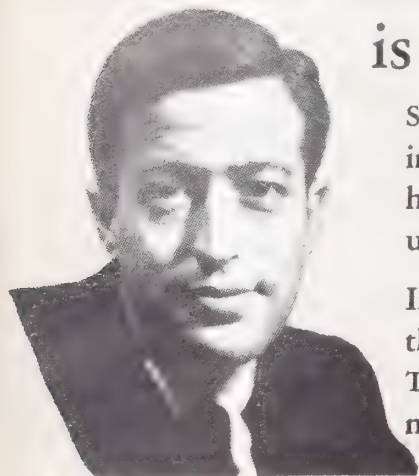
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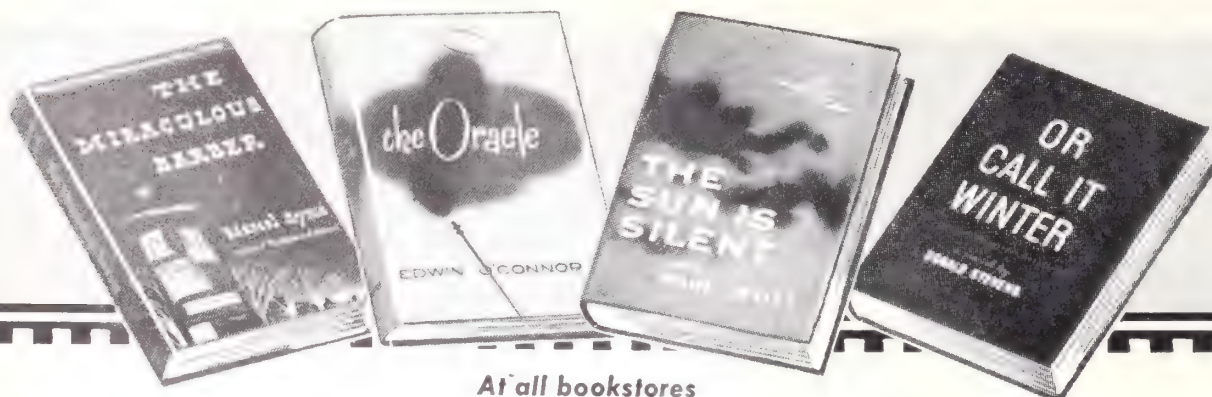
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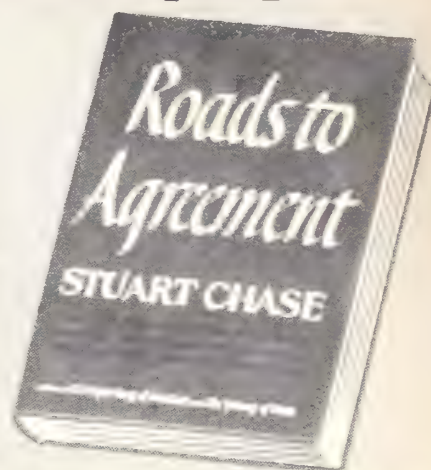
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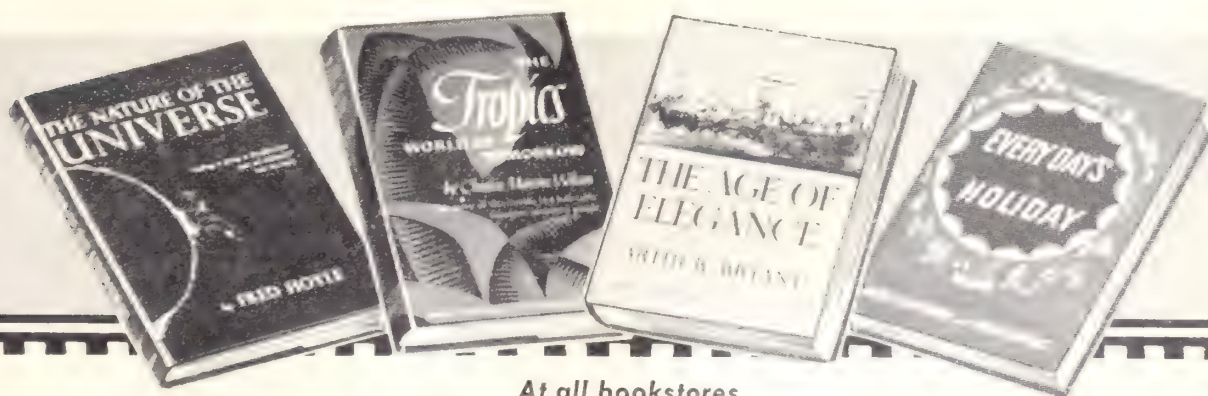
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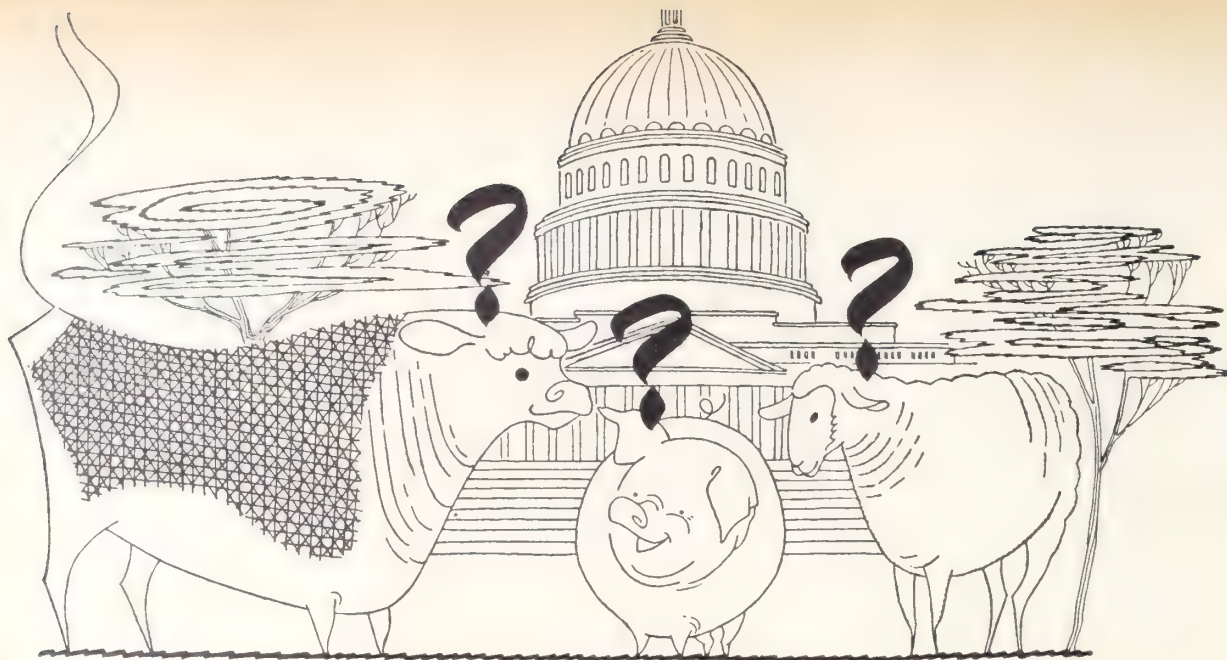
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Then, too, farmers and ranchers say livestock production will be *discouraged* by continuance

of man-made regulations designed to set aside the law of supply and demand. Nobody ever has been able successfully to repeal that law in a free country.

Government price and rationing controls, no matter how well meant or how efficiently administered, are no guarantee for the future in the fight against inflation. In fact, Washington stabilization officials have said controls must be *temporary*; that we should be rid of them as *quickly as possible*. Every control leads to more. OPA experience proves that the result is the chaos of black markets run by chisellers and hoodlums. That means less and less meat in legitimate channels of trade at a time when we may need it most for our armed forces and civilians as well.

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MAGAZINE

Mr. Truman's Politburo

John Fischer

AT THREE-THIRTY every Wednesday afternoon, eleven serious, rather tired-looking men file into the Cabinet Room in the west wing of the White House. To the average American, five of them are unfamiliar. Almost certainly he would not recognize them if he met them on the street.

The last through the door usually is James S. Lay, a thin, soft-spoken young man who walks with the alert tension of a welter-weight boxer. As the others take their places around the coffin-shaped mahogany table, he steps to a side door that leads to the Executive Study and says:

"All here, Mr. President."

When Harry Truman comes into the room a moment later, he nearly always carries in his hand a thin sheaf of papers, bound in a buff cardboard cover and stamped *Secret*. An identical sheaf lies in front of each man at the table. Week after week these papers pose one or two questions—the hardest, most painful questions that any living Americans have to face. The answers that these men find to

them will add up, quite literally, to life and death for all of us.

These twelve men make up the National Security Council: the most powerful and least publicized of all government agencies. Even in Washington, a good many people have never heard of it. It is America's nearest equivalent to the Soviet Politburo, the committee of top Bolsheviks which directs the strategy of world communism. (By coincidence, the Politburo, too, now has exactly a dozen members.)

The parallel is not very close, of course, because the twelve men in the White House have nothing like the absolute power which rests with their counterparts in the Kremlin. Their range of action is closely hedged on every side—by Congress, by public opinion, by the touchy feelings of our allies abroad. Several men who have never sat in on their sessions (Eisenhower and MacArthur, for example, and at least three Senators) have wielded almost as much influence over American policy. Unlike the Politburo, the Na-

In this article on the National Security Council, Mr. Fischer introduces some of the problems and procedures in the making of American foreign policy which he will discuss more fully in a book to be published next fall.

tional Security Council makes no effort to dominate the country's internal politics. Only two of its members have ever been elected to federal office, and not one of the remaining ten could be accurately described as a politician. Most of them, indeed, would deeply resent that label.

Yet in one awesome essential, the comparison is apt enough. The decisions now being taken in these two council rooms, five thousand miles apart, very probably will fix the course of the whole world for peace or war.

II

THE National Security Council is something utterly new in American experience. Its job is to hammer out a set of basic, long-range policies to guide everything we do in world affairs—military, diplomatic, and economic—and to dovetail these policies together into a single, coherent plan. Five years ago, such an undertaking would have been considered fantastic.

Under our traditional, or Donnybrook, system, everybody played his own foreign policy by ear. Diplomatic schemes were run up in the State Department; economic matters were handled by the Treasury, Export-Import Bank, Commerce, and half a dozen other agencies; strategy was entrusted to the generals. Frequently the military left hand didn't know what the diplomatic right hand was up to, unless a couple of bureaucrats happened to swap indiscretions at a Washington dinner party. It was perfectly possible for the Secretary of the Interior to defy State Department orders for a shipment of helium. And the Secretary of the Treasury once thought up his own private scheme for vengeance on defeated Germany, and very nearly sold it to a full-dress international conference at Quebec—to the surprise and consternation of his Cabinet colleagues for State and War.

All this was good fun, and probably no great harm, in the placid days before 1914, when neither our military nor foreign policies made much difference to anybody. In war-time, however, such light-hearted chaos became unbearable. Somebody has to run a war—hot or cold—according to some kind of schedule. During both World Wars, the military took over by default. Any serious economic or political planning for what might

happen afterward was considered almost treasonable, because "victory comes first." The result was a series of tragic mistakes, for which we've been paying dearly ever since.

What co-ordination there was of strategic, economic, and political matters—and it was never much—had to be handled by the President himself. The job simply was too big for any one man, even with the help of such amateur Machiavellis as F.D.R.'s Harry Hopkins and Wilson's Colonel House. In the end, both Presidents cracked under the strain.

During the final months of World War II, the confusion got so bad that a group of harassed senior officials rigged up a device of their own for reaching agreement on prickly decisions which the White House didn't have time to handle, and which simply could not be postponed. They called it the State-War-Navy Co-ordinating Committee—pronounced "Swink"—and it worked; to everybody's immeasurable relief.

The idea was too good to die with the war; or so it seemed to Ferdinand Eberstadt, who was then one of the most influential heavy-duty thinkers in Washington. When Congress decided to unify the armed forces in 1947, he managed to slip into the bill a little-noticed clause providing for a National Security Council to handle "the integration of domestic, foreign, and military policies relating to the national security." For this service, Mr. Eberstadt ought some day to have a large marble statue in Washington's greenest park.

III

IT ISN'T easy to size up the work of the Council today, because every problem on its docket is secret—and properly so. Yet it is possible to dig out a few significant facts about its method of operation, the men responsible for the job, and some of the results.

The most notable fact, to anyone acquainted with Washington, is that the Council is a fairly harmonious team. It has its human jealousies, of course, but there is no sign of the blood-thirsty personal feuding which made life so interesting among Mr. Roosevelt's chief lieutenants. With one exception noted a little later, all members of the NSC share a common point of view about America's role in the world; and their honest

differences about how best to play it have nearly always been merged in compromise.

Moreover, the two key members—Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall—like and respect each other. They developed a habit of mutual confidence four years ago, when Marshall took over the State Department with Acheson as his main helper; and their relationship sets a tone which has profoundly influenced all those who work with them.

(This halcyon climate is only nine months old. While Louis Johnson, the Human Dynamo, headed the Defense Department, he made no secret of his conviction that he could run everything practically single-handed. His co-workers on NSC often felt that he listened to their suggestions with about as much cordiality as Simon Legree would have shown to an impudent field hand. Toward Acheson, in particular, he scarcely made an effort to veil his contemptuous rancor.)

A second noteworthy fact is that Mr. Truman does not dominate the Council, as Stalin (from all we can learn) seems to dominate the Politburo, or as Winston Churchill dominated his War Cabinet. Legally, the responsibility is all his; the Council is merely authorized to “advise” him, and he alone must carry the burden of decision. In fact, however, Mr. Truman has delegated his authority in foreign affairs to the uttermost limit that the Constitution permits. From the day he took office, he apparently recognized his own shortcomings in this field, and he has leaned heavily—sometimes almost pathetically—on the judgment of his “experts.”

As a consequence, the real center of gravity in the Council now rests with a civilian and three soldiers: Acheson, Marshall, Walter Bedell Smith, and Omar Bradley. Technically, Marshall and Smith are also civilians; but you can't erase a lifetime of army thought and training by putting a man in a gray flannel suit. Technically, too, Smith and Bradley aren't quite full-fledged members of NSC. Under the law, that status belongs only to the President, Vice President, Secretaries of State and Defense, and the chairman of the National Security Resources Board. The other seven are merely invited to sit in, to supply information and comment as needed.

In the actual workings of NSC, however, Bradley and Smith carry more weight than some of the “regular” members. As Director of Central Intelligence, Smith furnishes the bulk of the secret information on which the Council must act—and contrary to occasional Washington rumors, he now is probably able to deliver intelligence of pretty high proof. Certainly the morale and efficiency of the Central Intelligence Agency have perked up remarkably in the months since he took command.

The source of Bradley's authority is even more impressive: he speaks as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—the Pentagon's College of Cardinals, and ultimate oracle on all questions military. Furthermore, Marshall, Bradley, and Smith all wear the halo of victory. Along with Eisenhower they were the chief architects of our late conquest in Europe. When all three of them line up together (as they generally do) it would take a very brave President indeed to overrule their considered judgment.

The massiveness of this gold-braid influence—especially at a time when civilian leadership is somewhat palsied—has disturbed Washington's more nervous liberals, including a few Congressmen of both parties. In fact, it isn't quite as ominous as it sounds—thanks largely to the good luck which put these particular men in their particular jobs at this moment in history. None of the three (nor Eisenhower, for that matter) could be called a militarist in the usual, scary sense of that word. All three are profoundly committed to the American principle of civilian control of affairs; they detest war as much as any pacifist; and they have learned to think in political and diplomatic terms well beyond the horizon of the typical soldier. A search of the whole Army List would hardly turn up three men further removed from the swash-buckling Napoleonic school of generalship exemplified by MacArthur and the late George Patton.

One business man, new to Washington, recently characterized the High Brass situation like this:

“Maybe I sound kind of pious—but I don't think anybody could talk to Marshall or Bradley for half an hour without being convinced that they are *good* men. I mean good like an old-fashioned country doctor, or a

really first-rate minister. Matter of fact, both of them would look right at home behind the pulpit of a small-town Presbyterian church."

Other people who work closely with Marshall are likely to compare him to Washington or Robert E. Lee. He conveys the same sense of austerity, selflessness, and rather overwhelming character: he commands the same respectful loyalties.

Another reassuring fact is the counterbalancing presence of Dean Acheson. He has the advantage of the most agile mind in the Council, plus the concise persuasiveness of an experienced trial lawyer. Because his department originates many of the big policy statements, he frequently takes the lead in the discussions. Most important of all, he is known to have Mr. Truman's full confidence. ("He won that fight with Louis Johnson, didn't he?")

IV

THE remaining characters in the NSC cast play strictly supporting roles. Vice President Barkley, for example, sits and listens, so he'll know the score if Mr. Truman ever drops dead. Averell Harriman attends as a special assistant to the President, charged with a wide variety of special chores—a sort of reprint edition of Harry Hopkins, without either Hopkins' power or intimacy with the President.

Charles E. Wilson speaks up whenever a point arises about his defense mobilization job, but seldom has much to say about the more frequent questions of strategy and foreign affairs. Stuart Symington's official niche in the National Security Resources Board chairmanship had been shrinking ever since the new emergency agencies took over the country's economic controls. At this writing he has just moved to a new assignment—the fumigation of the malodorous RFC—and his seat on the Council has not yet been filled.

The unhappiest man around the Council table undoubtedly is Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder. He was invited to sit in because he is one of Mr. Truman's favorite cronies, and incidentally because nearly every move on the global chessboard costs money. This grieves Mr. Snyder, a notoriously close man with a dollar. Moreover, he suffers from a deep, subconscious yearning for the good

old isolationist days, when we could get along with a dime-store Army and visiting diplomats didn't automatically stop by the Treasury, satchel in hand. Consequently, he has twinges of misgiving about some of the main elements in American policy—the Marshall Plan, for instance, and the Point Four program. His colleagues listen to Snyder's occasional dissents with Christian patience.

The last two members of the NSC are sometimes referred to in Washington—when they are mentioned at all—as the Mystery Boys. One reason is their talent for invisibility: even within the government many people would not recognize either their names or faces. But mostly they are regarded as mysterious (and a little awesome) because they behave in a fashion almost without precedent in the capital. Each of them holds a position of immense potential influence—but neither has used it to enhance his personal power, or to harvest publicity, or to help his friends, or even to press his own views about government policy.

One of them is James S. Lay, formerly an employee of several utility companies and now the executive secretary of the Council. The other is Sidney W. Souers, who preceded Lay in that job and is now listed simply as "consultant" to the President. His office is close to Lay's, in the southwest corner of the ugly Old State Department Building just across the street from Mr. Truman's study; and he still keeps a motherly eye on the administrative workings of both the NSC and the Central Intelligence Agency. This is natural enough, since he nursed both of them through their infancies, serving in each case as the agency's first executive officer.

Souers is a paradoxical fellow. He is a successful St. Louis business man, and looks the part: amiable, plump, and no more romantic than any other laundryman or insurance executive whom you might meet in a Pullman smoker. (In both of these lines, incidentally, he did well.) No competent novelist would dream of casting such a type as the confidential agent of the White House, specializing in security and intelligence matters; yet Souers has handled that role with marked success. The impression he gives is easy-going and convivial; in fact he is a very crisp operator, and as tight-lipped as a mouse trap. Odder yet, he is apparently the only close

confidant of Mr. Truman who never talks politics and shows no traces of political ambition.

While working for Naval Intelligence during the war, Souers met Jimmy Lay, then a young army officer serving as secretary for the Armed Services' top intelligence committee. The two of them have worked closely together ever since, and they are jointly responsible for many of the strengths and weaknesses the Council has developed in its day-to-day operations.

V

THE easiest way to get a glimpse of these strengths and weaknesses is to follow a typical problem along the NSC belt line. No problem is really typical, because each crisis has a character all its own; and this case must be hypothetical, since the Council is shy about public discussion of the items actually on its agenda.

Suppose, however, that a cablegram arrives one Thursday morning on "Beetle" Smith's desk at the Central Intelligence Agency, reporting from a trustworthy source that the Soviet Union is getting set to "liberate" Iran. This operation looks as if it may follow the customary pattern: native Communists are to start a revolt, under leadership of Iranian exiles trained in Moscow and smuggled across the border at the last moment. Russian tanks and guns will be ready to flood in as soon as the uprising starts, perhaps with a few Soviet advisers to see that they are properly used. Meanwhile—as other intelligence reports no doubt would indicate—Red divisions would mass on the northern side of the frontier, ready to help their Iranian comrades if the Western nations showed any inclination to intervene. The scheduled date for this push would not be clear, but next November might seem probable.

That same afternoon the daily Intelligence Digest, containing a brief analysis of this report, is on its way to the White House, the State Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Jimmy Lay. A little later—at about the hour that would mean closing time in an ordinary government office—Lay's phone rings. The call is from one of Mr. Acheson's aides, who suggests:

"Don't you think we ought to have a new

policy paper on this Iran business right away? And how soon do you think it can be in shape to go to the Security Council?"

Because he has been expecting this call, Lay already has in his office Max W. Bishop, the State Department man assigned to work full time on the Council's small staff. Since State is most immediately interested in this problem, the first draft of a policy statement will be pulled together there, under Bishop's tactful shepherding. Most of the work will be done by a two- or three-man team, including the officer from the Iranian Desk and someone from the Department's Policy Planning staff. With a big pot of coffee—the indispensable fuel of government—they buckle down to the job that night.

At about ten o'clock next morning, Lay reports to Mr. Truman's office. (This is part of his normal routine; he is one of the very few men who see the President every day—and this fact alone is enough to make him a figure of considerable consequence in Washington.) Together they talk over the pending work of the Council and the disquieting news from the Middle East. The upshot is that the Iranian Crisis goes on the NSC agenda for discussion eleven days later. (*Not* at the next session; that wouldn't give time enough for the careful preparation which must lie behind such a crucial decision.)

Over the weekend the State Department team completes its draft, and on Monday Lay goes over it, line by line, with Bishop and the three other members of his staff. They find three or four questionable points, but on the whole it looks pretty good. Lay orders mimeographed copies sent immediately to each of the agencies represented on NSC.

Two days later the Senior Staff gathers in a high ceilinged conference room just down the hall from Lay's office. It is a small group of top-drawer officials from all the agencies concerned: Charles E. Bohlen, the State Department counselor and top Russian expert, is one of them; Frank Nash, special assistant to General Marshall, is another. Rear Admiral E. T. Wooldridge sits in for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. For hour after hour they dissect and reassemble the draft statement, in patient search for the right answers to scores of interlocking questions.

Is it vital for the United States to protect

the independence of Iran? Plainly it is—because of its strategic position flanking both Turkey and India; its badly needed treasure of oil; and the disastrous moral effect that its fall would have upon the other nations of the free world. Well, then, can it possibly be saved by diplomatic action? Perhaps a timely warning from the UN? If not, what military force can be mustered to save it? Can our allies be rallied to help? How long can the Iranian government hold out? Can we afford to divert troops and equipment already earmarked for the defense of Europe? Would they be likely to arrive in time? Is the shipping available, and what tonnage can be landed in Iranian ports? What would an interruption of Iranian oil shipments mean to the European Recovery Plan?

Is a purely local defense likely to succeed, as it did in Korea? Or is this the incident that will touch off a general war? And what are the Kremlin's real intentions? Could they be hoping to tie up a large part of our military strength in the Persian Gulf, so that they will be free to strike elsewhere a few weeks later?

In the end, the Senior Staff comes up with a brief recommendation for action—no longer than three or four paragraphs—based on their weighing of all these possibilities. Attached is a six- or eight-page summary of the facts and reasoning on which their proposal rests. If it is well done, this revised document will cover all the factors bearing on the Iranian problem; and it will fit neatly into all the other policy actions taken by the Council in its previous meetings. (At this writing there have been 87 of them, in which action was taken on some 115 policy statements.)

When our hypothetical Iranian paper finally reaches the Council on its appointed day, it is not likely to stir up any heated argument. The main points at issue have (presumably) been threshed out and compromised in the earlier stages. If the deliberations follow their usual course, the document will be discussed with anxious care and a few phrases may be changed. But by late afternoon it probably will be adopted pretty much as the consultants wrote it. There will be no formal vote. Like a Quaker congregation, the Council operates by arriving at "the sense of the meeting."

As the other members repack their brief cases, Mr. Truman will turn back the stiff

cover of his copy of the statement, and on the first page he will write in his neat, angular hand:

"OK HST."

At that moment, the United States has a new policy. What it will be worth, in lives saved or spent, is something no one can tell for months to come.

VI

IN SUM, the machinery works. Without question, it is the most orderly and effective policy-making process this country has ever had. In addition to its obvious advantages, it is beginning to accomplish what one participant calls "co-ordination in depth." Clear down the line to the junior officers, the people who will have to put a new policy into effect understand the reasons for it and what it is expected to achieve—because they have had some part in working it out.

Nevertheless this new system is still a long way from perfect. It has plenty of critics in Washington, and some of the most thoughtful of them are men deeply involved in NSC operations. (This of course is a healthy sign, indicating that most of the wrinkles eventually may be ironed out.) Their criticisms boil down to five main points:

(1) *No policy can be any wiser than the men who make it; and at the bottom level, where the spade work is done, the men just aren't good enough.*

The preliminary papers, drafted in the basement of the State and Defense hierarchies, often are pretty shabby articles. One responsible official, in whose judgment I have confidence, described them, with indignant exaggeration, as "worse than the average high-school theme."

The main blame for this obviously does not lie with NSC. Rather it is the fault of our whole method of recruiting civil servants. Part of the guilt belongs to Congress, which stubbornly refuses to vote decent salaries. (Even General Bradley, who carries one of the most dreadfully responsible jobs in all the world, gets paid only \$16,961 a year, including his subsistence allowance—a sum that would look like chicken feed to any respectable television comedian.) Even more of the guilt belongs to the McCarthys and the bureaucrat-baiting press, who have made public

service a hazardous and disagreeable labor

(2) *The Council's machinery isn't well designed to make up for these shortcomings.*

As the Iranian example illustrates, most of the really first-rate thinking has to be done by the Senior Staff—especially when the first policy draft isn't of prime grade. (The members of the Council itself obviously don't have the time and energy to give their best thought to every question that comes up. Nobody could, and run a major department at the same time.)

Now the men on this staff generally have been of impressive caliber. George Kennan, Philip C. Jessup, Paul Nitze, Thomas K. Finletter, and Generals Wedemeyer and Norstad have served at one time or another in this capacity; and several of the present consultants are very nearly as good. Unfortunately, they have to work on a part-time basis, because all of them have heavy responsibilities in their own departments. In part, this is unavoidable. Top quality brains are always scarce, and they have to be spread thin. It might be possible, however, to concentrate a bigger share of them on the Council's work; and in fact a recent reorganization of the staff setup has resulted in some useful steps in this direction.

(3) *There is no adequate follow-up system, to make sure that the Council's decisions are properly carried out.*

Ordinarily the department most concerned is expected to see to it that a new policy is put into effect; and it tries to "co-ordinate" the work of all other agencies to this end. From time to time it reports back to the Council on what has happened. Beyond this, there is no means of enforcement, because the NSC has no administrative machinery of its own. Consequently, a Council decision occasionally becomes just one more piece of forgotten paper, buried deep in the governmental files.

A policeman is clearly needed; and it seems possible that Harriman may gradually take on this chore.

(4) *The Council needs a different kind of executive secretary.*

From Souers and from his own wartime experience, Lay acquired a sharply-defined theory about the way an executive secretary should operate. Like the clutch in an automobile, he strives to transmit ideas, smoothly

and with a minimum of friction. He doesn't try to be the engine. His job, as Lay sees it, is *not* to influence the President or other Council members; nor does he try to inject his own views into the policy statements prepared under his supervision. On the contrary, his main concern is to see that the ideas of others are presented fairly, and that conflicting views are set forth in honest balance. Nearly everybody connected with the Council agrees that Lay performs this kind of job very well indeed.

Certain critics, however, argue that the Council needs a secretary who would operate in an entirely different way. They would like a "strong" executive, who would stamp the imprint of his personality on everything the NSC does. His personal concept of foreign policy would then give the Council's work its main strand of consistency. The policy statements presented to the Council for approval would be fundamentally his, rather than the sometimes feeble group productions that they are today. Lord Hankey, the father of the British cabinet secretariat system, is often mentioned as a sample of what these critics want.

Almost certainly this type of secretariat would not work under our scheme of government as well as it does in the very different British cabinet system—and quite possibly it wouldn't work at all. A dominating personality of the Harry Hopkins type might well have wrecked the NSC before it got under way. Inevitably he would tend to become a Gray Eminence, making up the President's mind for him and trying to impose his private policy on both State and Defense Departments. Men of the character of Marshall and Acheson wouldn't put up with that for long. Either they or the "strong" secretary would have to go.

Such suggestions for changing the secretariat often seem to be a kind of subconscious groping toward a remedy for a more deeply-rooted ailment. . . .

(5) *The Council lacks strong leadership.*

The trouble here lies with Mr. Truman; and until 1952 nothing much can be done about it.

Personally I am convinced that Mr. Truman is a courageous, hard-working man, doing the very best he can, and that history probably will rate him well above the aver-

age in Presidents. Members of the NSC generally regard him as a competent chairman, both conscientious and decisive. Unfortunately, the time we live in calls for something grander than that—something Mr. Truman simply hasn't been able to deliver.

What he plainly lacks is that rare quality of leadership which has marked our three or four Presidents of the first rank. The old-fashioned historians called it "vision"—the ability to comprehend a great issue earlier than ordinary men, to set his course to meet it, and to carry his associates and the country along with him.

Although there have been heated arguments over some decisions of the President-in-Council, I believe most serious students of foreign affairs would agree that in the main they have been sound ones. They also would agree that he has been pushed into them—at the last hour—by events and the tide of opinion. He has never managed, as Roosevelt so often did, to foresee well in advance what actions would become necessary, and to shape public opinion ahead of time to support them.

The result, at this writing, is that Mr. Truman has lost control. All of his urgent security measures—from Universal Military Training to a minor appropriation for propaganda broadcasts—have bogged down in Con-

gress. Obviously neither Congress nor the public have been convinced that these measures are really urgent. Nor are they likely to respond to Mr. Truman's somewhat muffled pleading, so long as a temporary lull endures on the Cold War front.

Indeed, the only leadership to which the country seems to respond at the moment is that of General Eisenhower and, paradoxically, Generalissimo Stalin. On those rare occasions when Eisenhower tugs the halter, we move; the rest of the time we sit back on our haunches and relax, until we get another prod from the Kremlin. It might almost be said that the Russians have been making our foreign policy for the last four years—and that if they were only smart enough to act sweet for a few months, they would wreck the whole structure.

What the Security Council (and the nation) need most desperately is the compelling, far-sighted leadership which only a truly great President can supply. No executive secretary, no Cabinet officer however brilliant, can provide a substitute. Even without it, however, the Council can still serve as an extremely useful piece of machinery—perhaps especially useful in periods like this when the man in the White House needs a few steadying hands on the wheel in addition to his own.

Citizen and Soldier

IN OLD times the difference between civil and military was narrow, in fact soldiers and statesmen were usually interchangeable. . . . Interchangeability between the statesman and the soldier passed forever, I fear, in the last century. The Germans professionalized the trade of war, and modern inventions, by increasing its technicalities, have specialized it. It is much the same with politics, professionalized by democracy. No longer can one man hope to exercise both callings. . . . In acquiring proficiency in his branch the politician has many advantages over the soldier; he is always "in the field" while the soldier's opportunities of practicing his trade in peace are few and artificial. . . . The politician, who has to persuade and confute, must keep an open and flexible mind; the mind of the soldier, who commands and obeys without question, is apt to be fixed, drilled, and attached to definite rules. I will not take the comparison further; that each should understand the other better is essential for the conduct of modern war.

—Field Marshall Sir Archibald Wavell, *Generals and Generalship*, the Lees Knowles Lectures delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1939.

So They're Re-doing the Post Office

C. Lester Walker

BY DECEMBER of last year a large number of Americans had come to the belief that the United States Postal Service was going to pieces. The signs seemed to be abundant and to come from everywhere.

In California, letters from Oakland to San Francisco, just across the bay, were sometimes taking as long as letters from Alaska.

In New York, a letter from John Street to four blocks away on Pearl Street had taken three days. Mail from Brooklyn was now frequently four days getting to Manhattan. Mail from London, England, was being received in Radio City as soon as mail posted at the same date and hour in the Bronx. In Elmira, upstate, a hotel's guests arrived ahead of their letters requesting reservations.

Now if you posted a letter in Ohio on June sixth (as one lady in Cleveland had done) it arrived at its New York destination, sixteen hours' distance by rail, not one day later but six.

Of course these cases were the exception, not the rule. The vast bulk of the mail's billions of pieces still went through with statistically only a small percentage of error or delay. But the exceptions, by common ex-

perience of many a citizen, had now become more noticeable than ever before in his recollection.

Air Mail and Special Delivery had by general report deteriorated too. A letter dispatched Air Mail from New York on the fifteenth of the month had reached Colorado on the thirtieth. Specials now took as long as ordinary mail used to. One for the record had gone from New York to Newark, New Jersey, just across the Hudson, and required forty-eight hours.

Parcel Post was in similar estate. From Orlando, Florida, a package mailed on the eighth to Albany, Georgia, arrived on the twenty-ninth. Shrubs from Texas sent Parcel Post to Indiana delayed so long en route that when they arrived they had rotted. One Parcel Post package in New York actually took a week to go from 11 West 42d Street to 100 East 42d Street.

Imperfectly addressed mail now bounced back at the sender. Formerly the Postal Service had known how to deliver it—but now, apparently, no more. For a time this was true even for mail from abroad. So a letter from Hong Kong to a well-known importer addressed "Seattle, Wash.," with no P.O. box

Like the rest of us, Mr. Walker would like to assist the couriers of the Post Office in the swifter completion of their appointed rounds. Here he reports the complaints about the Postal Service, with suggestions for improvements.

number, had been returned clear back to Hong Kong. Even though it might have contained important orders or vital shipping documents? Yes.

One letter (I have it before me) was addressed from Connecticut to "Mr. Lionel Barrymore, Hollywood, California." It went, and came back (6,000 miles) stamped "Return to writer. Reason: Better address."

Mail deliveries, and collections, so it seemed to the average citizen, had also gone to wrack and ruin. Residential areas now had only one delivery a day. Business districts were receiving mail less often and later.

It was almost impossible now to mail a letter anywhere in the evening and have it on its way that night. The last collections from letter boxes were made so that mail might reach the post office by 8:30, which usually meant deposit in the boxes before 7:30. Daytime collections had gone so awry that in the cities more business houses than ever had given up using mailboxes and were trucking their mail themselves to the post office. In New York one survey of 495 firms revealed 66 per cent now doing so.

At the General Post Office, the biggest, in New York, for a time during the summer one window remained open after 6:00 P.M.—one only, and only for acceptance of newspapers and fully prepaid first-class mail. It was now impossible to buy a postage stamp there after six o'clock—in the biggest post office in the biggest city in the world.

"**I**S OUR country going backwards?" wrote a disgusted citizen to one of the papers about this time. "A lot of our mails moved better and faster in the United States when they went by stage coach—150 years ago. Is our economy breaking down? What's happened, anyway?"

The disgusted citizen had forgotten. What had happened was that the Post Office Department in Washington had (back in April 1950) ordered cuts in the Postal Service. Reason: the Service was losing so much money. It would lose in the current fiscal year, said Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson, at least \$530,000,000.

Not enough business, perhaps? Too little volume? Such was not the case. For the United States Post Office was operating one of the world's very biggest businesses. It em-

ployed 500,000 people, had 42,000 branch offices, maintained 24,000 buildings, operated 10,000 vehicles, now transported and delivered 45 billion pieces of mail annually. And its yearly revenue was the staggering sum of \$1,677,000,000.

Perhaps it was just in the nature of things, then, that post offices, being government services, *should* lose money. But this wasn't so either. By sensible postal rates, set high enough to defray the costs of service, the British Post Office had managed to show a surplus virtually every year since Queen Anne's day—1711. The Canada-Post Office had for long been making a profit year after year, and was progressive enough to see the economy of now following an "all-up" policy of transporting by air all regular first-class mail, up to one ounce, which went any distance.

Well then, what were the reasons for the plight of the U. S. Post Office? A thorough study of them had just recently been completed. This was the survey made for the so-called Hoover Commission (the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government) by a firm of management engineers (Robert Heller & Associates of Cleveland) on the organization and administration of the whole United States Post Office Department. It was an investigation whose findings were both dramatic and revealing.

Our Post Office Department seemed to be a bureaucracy to end all bureaucracies. To quote the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report (a group crusading for the report's recommendations), there was found "a creaky, over-centralized organizational structure; outmoded methods and equipment; cumbersome budgeting and accounting systems; a maze of tangled regulations and restrictions." Also revealed was an organization fed on by parasitic hidden subsidies and too often under the thumb of congressional politicians.

But the real story of "what ails the Post Office" lay behind these generalities. Some of the details might have come from Gilbert and Sullivan.

VALDONIA, West Virginia, is a town of 15,700 people. Its postmaster is Mr. Walt Stommers, who has held the job for sixteen years. Well, one winter night

three years ago a storm dropped the bough of an elm wham on the post office roof. In the morning Mr. Stommers found a hole a yard wide with snow and rain pouring through. The ceiling had caved in and there was a drift two feet high on the floor in front of the stamp window.

You might think that Mr. Stommers would have hired some repairmen right away, to remove the bough and fix the roof, since otherwise the inside of the post office would soon be ruined. However, he didn't do any such foolish thing. He sat down, instead, and wrote a letter to Washington. He reported that repairs would probably come to \$150, and requested permission to use money from some of his service funds, since the money of his maintenance funds had been nearly exhausted by some painting of the building, whereas a number of the service funds still contained a sizable amount.

Not for a moment did Mr. Stommers consider using the service funds' money and getting the ruinous damage repaired right away. To do so might cause him to have to pay the \$150 himself. From Washington the Post Office Department (which, incidentally, would have to bring another government bureau into the repairs operation, the General Services Administration's Public Buildings Service, because this post office building was government-owned) might very well disallow the expenditure of service funds on a maintenance matter. It would be highly irregular. He well knew that no postmaster might spend more than \$10 for anything without proper authorization direct from Washington and that sometimes an item even as small as five cents was disallowed. So his request-letter went on its way, and snow and rain continued to ruin the Valdonia, West Virginia, Post Office.*

Stommers' was a sample of the Post Office's over-centralization of management at work. Every one of the country's 42,000 postmasters has to report similarly direct to Washington. Each must write to Washington on the simplest matters. And this has been going on at least since 1836, when the last basic change in the Postal Service's organizational structure occurred.

THIS situation has sometimes produced some pretty fantastic results, especially when matters of the sanctity of appropriations have been involved. An Ohio post office a few years ago needed a safe and requisitioned it. "A small safe to keep stamps in," wrote the postmaster to Washington. The request was denied with the explanation, "We now have no safes for stamps."

But the Ohio postmaster learned of a neighboring post office which had a surplus safe and induced that postmaster to ship it to him. He then reported to Washington. This was irregular. Washington should have been written to before any action was taken. The Department now refused to approve the arrangement, because this was a safe for use in one appropriation category and might not be transferred to another. It pointed out that the loaned safe was a type used for Money Order accounts and not for stamps. But alas, the safe had by now arrived on the first post office's loading platform.

"And there she stood for weeks," a Postal Service employee has reported, "and nobody daring to bring her indoors, because no permission for her had been granted by Washington."

The post office at Seattle one time badly needed a tow truck for its own breakdowns. Washington, however, wouldn't approve the purchase. Then the Seattle postmaster learned he could buy an Army-surplus tow truck, new, for \$1.00. So he went ahead and bought it? Oh, no. He had to write Washington for approval. But Washington answered: "No." Thought the postmaster then: "I'll buy it myself; give it to the Department." But he couldn't—not without first writing to Washington. And the answer on that too was: "No." The number of breakdowns in Seattle didn't require a tow truck, Washington believed; and it was contrary to procedure to allow any local postmaster on the scene to act on his own judgment and initiative.

Yet today the whole tendency of modern big businesses is to decentralize its organization. Sears Roebuck services its customers not from central headquarters in Chicago but from regional headquarters scattered around the nation. J. C. Penney gives every one of its 1,612 retail stores almost complete managerial autonomy.

* Names of places and persons have been changed in order to disguise both.

Another result: the Post Office's over-centralization is bad for morale. Ambition is dampened, initiative stifled. "Why should I think up better ways to run my post office," a postmaster in a Massachusetts town expressed it to me, "when I can hardly take an extra breath without referring it to Washington?"

EQUALLY productive of inefficiency perhaps, the surveyors discovered, were the Service's rules and restrictions on the conduct of postal business. Most of these were to be found in a magnificent monument of minutiae, the book *Postal Laws & Regulations*—two pounds, eleven ounces, and 961 pages. Here was a tangled maze of instructions and prohibitions. There was one ordering that a postmaster's different funds (such as his Migratory Bird Stamp fund, Money Order fund, etc.) must be kept in separate boxes. And boxes meant boxes. Such accounts might *not* be kept in books. "So all over the country," reported an investigator, "one found postmasters religiously keeping such funds in separate cigar boxes."

Another restrictive regulation applied to postal vehicles. It prevented a Chevrolet motor from being put on a Ford chassis. This, since at one time (during the war) proper Ford engines were unobtainable, forced many a post office's mechanics into scavenging auto graveyards.

A regulation which was the work of Congress and imposed on the Post Office against its wishes was that known as the "residence requirement." This required every postmaster, in any post office, big or small, to come from the immediate locality. Hence, if Boston had a brilliant postmaster, doing a superior job, it was impossible to send him as a reorganizer or trouble shooter to take over, say, the office in Omaha. He was rigidly restricted to his own district.

Outside Atlanta, Georgia, was a post office so small it was part of a general store. General Motors erected a plant nearby and opened up a huge spare-parts-by-mail business. Overnight, volume was suddenly that of a first-class post office. New help, new equipment were needed in a hurry. But Washington said No. So months passed while thousands of dollars in stamps and funds had to be kept in an old locked drawer

and extra help was limited to \$10 a month for someone to come in and sweep the floor. Neither new help nor new equipment was forthcoming until this post office could be reclassified. But a Post Office regulation at that time prevented classifications ever being adjusted until the end of the fiscal year!

ANY American in business knows that today an ABC of efficiency, and often of profits, is use of the most modern methods of operation joined with the most modern equipment. But the survey found a striking scarcity of both in the Postal Service.

A major cause for this situation was no fault of the Post Office: a scarcity of funds for purchase of the new equipment. But much equipment was found to be antiquated beyond belief. Philadelphia had horse-drawn mail wagons. Boston had mail trucks which had been World War I ambulances. Six years or 50,000 miles is considered the maximum profitable life for a truck in private business. But the average age of all Post Office vehicles was fifteen years.

Some were so ancient that the repair depots actually couldn't buy replacement parts. They therefore reground their own crankshafts, poured their own bearings, cut out new fenders from old oil drums with blow torches. In San Francisco the trucks were so antiquated that they were too high-built to clear the ramp ceiling to the repairs floor; so each time repairs were made the entire cab had to be taken off first on the ground floor. Some trucks were showing annual repair costs greater than the original new cost of the truck.

Other equipment in the Postal Service, thanks largely to inadequate replacement funds, was found to be in generally similar straits. Typewriters, for example, averaged twenty years old. Adding machines were both antediluvian and scarce. One of the survey men tells of seeing clerks in the Seattle Post Office, when the cash receipts from Alaska were just in, standing in line to use one old hand-puller adding machine.

"It was so old that the '8' on that machine printed a blank and you had to know and allow for it."

As for its methods in use, the Postal Service had few more moss-grown than its accounting and budgeting system. Much of

this was based on a warrant system installed by Alexander Hamilton. It resulted, as the Hoover Report was later to say, "in a mass of red tape and a host of employees."

Under this system concise and up-to-the-minute information (as for instance for cost controls) was never readily obtainable. It was impossible to tell whether last month the post office at Dallas did a better job than the post office at Hohokus, New Jersey. No local postmaster under the system could run his post office as a business, because his whole operation was not considered as an integrated unit but as a bundle of "appropriations"—with each one tied to and reaching back to Washington. There were at that time fifty-eight separate categories of appropriations—"Vehicle Service," "Carfare & Bicycle Allowance," "Stationery," etc.,—and Congress itself made each one, from the \$3,000 for the Postmaster General's travel expenses to the \$500,000,000 for clerk hire.

In addition, to compound the inadequacy of the system, the Post Office Department couldn't call its soul its own on matters of accounting anyway. Its accounting operation was under the dominance and overseership of another government bureau, the General Accounting Office. Located down in Asheville, North Carolina, this bureau performed all final accountings of the Postal Service's business and even acted directly with the 42,000 individual postmasters around the country. (It wrote them regarding the errors on their reports and the monies they had spent contrary to regulations!) And it was so slow that the Post Office at Washington never knew what the financial "score" of its operations was until some eight months after turning its own accountings in.

The situation was idiotic in another way. The Post Office was constantly blamed for the failings of its accounting and budgeting systems. But the systems had been imposed by the all-powerful General Accounting Office. It was there, in that agency, that the whole responsibility for the faults of the systems lay.

METHODS of materials and products handling—so much a science in modern industry—were found in no highly advanced state either. As in Benjamin Franklin's day the sack was still regarded as

the *ne plus ultra* of containers for moving all mail. When mail cars rolled in, packed to the ceiling, railway mail workers filed into the car, grabbed a single sack by the drawstring, and dragged it out and down the platform to a truck or receiving chute. Little had been done to improve on this method.

But what were some of the country's big firms doing? Sears Roebuck, for example, was loading its thousands of packages into high wire baskets the height of a truck, which then proceeded to the Post Office.

Dragging and heaving mail sacks, three employees took twelve hours to load a railway mail car. Might the big baskets method work faster? Possibly. But no such method had been worked out up to this time.

In an age of mechanization the method of sorting the mails was found to be almost wholly by hand. Yet this operation was susceptible to being speeded up by machines, the investigators believed. In post offices of over a million-dollars' yearly receipts (which take in 60 per cent of total postal revenues) mechanical means, it was estimated, could perform more quickly 80 per cent of the sorting operations. But machine sorting was used in only one post office—Chicago.

The Netherlands uses sorting machines, and England had developed them as early as 1918; but the one in Chicago was the invention of a postal employee named John Sestak. The machine had a keyboard which controlled baffle plates. A mail clerk read the address and dropped the letter into a slot. Thence a conveyor belt whipped it through the metal baffle plates which directed it along the right lane to the right depository compartment.

This machine really worked, although Sestak and the Chicago Post Office had had a heart-breaking struggle to bring it into being. They had had to make parts literally out of tin cans and scrap because Washington would never help out the experiment with an appropriation. ("It's Congress—they won't grant it.") When the machine worked, however, an appropriation finally was made—for the construction of three machines. Sestak and the Chicago Post Office have been working on this machine for over eight years. The appropriation was made only two years ago; and there are now three of the machines in use—all in Chicago.

A machine to "face" letters—stack them so that stamps and addresses are all one way—had a less happy history. The "facer" was thought up by a Kansas City postal employee named Richard Werner. It received letters down a chute, vibrated them into position, then with rotating arms which an operator manipulated by push buttons, it would suction-pick-up letters which were positioned wrong and pivot them or turn them over. This machine method could face ten times as fast as a mail clerk working only with his hands, it was said.

Werner tried to get the Post Office to set up a shop for him where he could build and experiment with this remarkably ingenious machine, but without success. Congress wouldn't appropriate; so the Post Office just couldn't supply funds.

ANOTHER time-hallowed method of doing things was the one used by the Postal Service in the distribution of magazines. To every big post office the magazines came in big bundles which were piled to the ceilings to await breaking open and individual sorting, from the address on each magazine, as to zone, carrier, route, and delivery sequence. All the handling which this entailed was very time-consuming and also, too often, very damaging. *Life* for instance would then receive thousands of squawks from subscribers: "Betty Grable's legs were torn right off my copy." *Better Homes and Gardens* once had 90 per cent damage in one city.

There must be a better method of handling this whole operation; and one of the engineers on the study one day hit upon an idea: "It occurred to me," he has said, "that your milk bottle doesn't have your name on it. Why should your magazine? Why not just give the letter carriers a list of the people to deliver to, and the right number of, say, *Time* magazines?"

The Post Office agreed to try it in Baltimore. *Collier's*, *Life*, the *Post*, and others, supplied card lists. Each card said: "Deliver X magazine to subscriber: name and address." Each letter carrier, with the cards for his own route, requisitioned the number of undressed *Posts* etc. which he needed, shuffled his cards into sequence with his letter mail, picked up the magazines, and started out.

The method was tried in other cities, with six magazines, all told over a year. It seemed a success. A Curtis Publishing Company official declared it such a success it would probably save publishers \$150,000,000 annually.

Might it also bring great savings for the deficit punch-drunk Post Office? Perhaps. But that was not to be. The Postal Service abandoned the method after the year's trial. There were a number of reasons. One high Post Office official has given some of them:

"The system broke down when there were too many cards for the individual carrier to shuffle. It could be all right on individual residents' addresses, but in apartment houses of, say, six hundred families, there was no way to distribute to each recipient. It didn't really save us any money."

In disagreement, its advocates reply: There are only 350 addresses on the average on a carrier's route in residential areas; how could there be too many cards, even if as many as 50 per cent of people got magazines? At apartment houses the carrier would use a list of apartment numbers receiving the given magazine and write the numbers on each one, then leave a stack of periodicals so numbered. It should have saved money because it required fewer employees.

But the National Association of Letter Carriers protested the method. It said it *added* to the carrier's work. "He has to write apartment numbers sometimes on the magazines."

There was other opposition. The International Mailers Union (publishing house employees who address and sack mail) protested: "It's causing our members to lose jobs." Addressing company owners also objected (to the Postmaster General) that the method would "cause us to lose business."

So it isn't in operation anywhere today.

THERE were other aspects of the postal operation which seemed highly irreconcilable with the idea of a revenue-receiving government bureau which wanted to show a profit; and some of these perhaps made even less sense.

There was the so-called Frank and Penalty Mail. Franked mail was that sent free by members of Congress, and in one year there were 20,046,468 pieces, all first class. A Congressman could send hundreds of thousands to promote his own political fortunes. One,

in 1940, sent seven million pieces. With never a cent of return to the Post Office.

More screwball was Penalty Mail. This was mail sent free by all other Federal departments. In one year 1,468,971,997 pieces! And the senders had often abused the privilege—using it on a large scale for free mailings of administration-in-power propaganda. The Department of Agriculture once upon a time had even used it to send girders and concrete for a bridge in one of the national forests. All told, according to the Postmaster General, it represented yearly \$75,000,000 which the profit-hungry Post Office could never collect.

Another grandly anomalous item was the Postal Service's prosaic penny postal card. To print and deliver it at the time of the investigation cost two and a half cents: an annual toss-away of \$45,000,000. (Today it is \$70,000,000.)

"Curiouser and curiouser," as Alice said, was the situation in regard to the rates the Post Office charged and the subsidies it paid. Over rates (its prices for the services it had to sell) the Post Office had no control whatever. It might know, for example, that the rate for Special Handling was a money-loser, but it couldn't up the charge. Only Congress could do that. Similarly, it could not bargain among the air lines for the best rates for carrying Air Mail. The rates were set by the Civil Aeronautics Board. And they were set high—because the board wanted to encourage and strengthen our commercial aviation industry.

Moreover, nobody knew just how much of this money of which the Post Office was mulcted *was* subsidy. The Chairman of the CAB had once frankly stated: "I cannot tell you whether the subsidy element represents 30, 40, 50, or 60 million dollars." Hamstrung by such hidden payments, how could any service make an Air Mail operation pay?

Even on matters of personnel—so vital to successful operation of any business—the Department was not allowed a free hand. The Civil Service Commission conducted the examinations for the rank and file of postal employees and was the final authority on their hiring and firing. But worse, the Service's postmasters—about 22,000 for first, second, and third class post offices—were picked by the politicians.

Under the system candidates for a postmaster job take the necessary Civil Service

examination; then the names of the three highest are sent to the Postmaster General for selection of one. Of Jones, Smith, and Johnson the politics of Johnson is that of the party then in power. So the Postmaster General sends up his name to the Senate to be confirmed. It then goes to the President for appointment. But suppose all three names, by some chance, be of the party not in power? Then the Senate, normally, would refuse to confirm the name sent up, and ask Civil Service for another. If of the right party this aspirant would be confirmed and appointed.

Such selection of postmasters has inevitably been blighting upon both efficiency and ambition. It has, as the Hoover Commission mildly puts it, "created a political barrier to promotion within the service and thus deprived it of a great incentive to good work."

SUCH are some of the causes behind the Postal Service's prevailing difficulties. They are, of course, not *all* the causes, but are the ones highly significant in relation to the Post Office's "scorecard" of revenues and expenditures. This has shown since 1946 a wildly rising deficit. Then the deficit stood at \$129 million. In 1949 it had soared to \$577 million.

To any outsider this seems like a hopeless runaway. But the group which investigated the service thinks otherwise. It would be possible over a few years' time to reduce this deficit, they believe, much more than one half—and with no cuts in postal services at all—if certain drastic steps were taken. Summarized, these would be:

Save—by more efficient management\$90 million

Save—by modernization of methods and equipment (after necessary expenditures for the same)\$60 million

Earn—by higher rates on the Special Services.....\$64 million

Earn—by higher charge for penny postal card\$70 million

Save—by removing charges not properly assessable to the Postal Service (such as Frank and Penalty Mail, Air Mail subsidies, etc.)\$150 million

Total\$434 million

This leaves \$143 million still on the deficit side, and as yet untouched the losses on foreign surface mail, second class (magazines and newspapers),* third class (circulars and advertising), and fourth class (Parcel Post), whose total losses in 1949 amounted to \$435 million. On these mails the Commission has made no recommendations because their separate rates have long been based upon considerations of public policy, the importance of wide dissemination of information through the printed word, etc. Yet if today some increases in these rates *could* be made, the Post Office's deficit would certainly be further reduced.

One result of any such rate rise in the second-class category would undoubtedly be fewer publications in the country. For some publishers would undoubtedly be put out of business. Another effect: prices of periodicals would go up, which would mean fewer people buying and reading—a result counter to the preferential rate's basic principle of the importance of unlimited information easily and inexpensively obtainable in a democracy. It is pointed out on some sides, however, that in an age of telephone, radio, and television, the printed word is less all-important as a disseminator of information than it used to be.

As for fourth class (Parcel Post)—its rate is low compared to any other means of shipping packages. (One pound from Washington to New York, 12 cents; by Railway Express, 86 cents.) If it could be wisely raised, just enough so as not to cause a serious drop in volume of postal business, it would aid the struggle to lower the postal deficit and still not impose too much additional tax on either business or the general public.

Both publishers and heavy users of Parcel Post (although many of them oppose *any* upward rate change) have indicated their willingness to accept a fair and reasonable rise, but they generally add, with some vehemence,

* Magazine and newspaper publishers dispute the notion that their use of the mails is really a deficit operation. They have two contentions. One is that the accounting methods of the Post Office obscure the fact that in general second-class mail pays its own way. The other is that most publications carrying advertising, because they pay what are known as zone mail rates on the advertising portion of the publication, actually pay more than the costs of mail handling, and thus are not receiving a subsidy but in fact paying one.—*The Editors.*

"All right—but why doesn't the Postal Service, instead of cutting service and jumping rates, *first* show what it can do in deficit cutting by improving upon its own management and efficiency?"

The fact is that, despite its many failings, the Post Office *has* been improving its efficiency record to an appreciable extent in the past few years. It can point to a 104 per cent increase in mail volume in the last decade, while the number of its employees has risen only 48 per cent—a comparison which certainly indicates some substantial improvements in its over-all efficiency.

TODAY there is good reason to believe that the Post Office will continue such improvement, and to an impressive degree, if the Congress will only one day untie its hands. The Department approves of all the recommendations made by the Hoover Commission for reorganization of the service, with one exception, and, where Congress has made it possible, has already activated a number of them.

Hence the Service now has an up-to-date and autonomous accounting system in the making (complete change-over in five years) and one which will not be under the authority of GAO. It has initiated a comprehensive research program which is already producing effective modernization of some methods and equipment. As one example: mail handling in bulk amounts, through Post Office experiments, is now being revolutionized at some railway terminals. Instead of the traditional mail sack, square, large, aluminum cage-baskets, whose sides fold flat for stacking after use, are being used, teamed up with the latest in fork trucks and mechanical jacks for lifting, loading, and moving operations. Handling costs, it is reported, should be thus reduced 50 per cent; the loading of a railway car accomplished by two men in only 90 minutes.

Another instance: a new Money Order system has been developed and instituted. By July of this year it will be in operation, utilizing the very latest in International Business Machines, pre-punched cards, and electronics.

In a revolutionary and far-reaching step, toward better service and greater economy, the Post Office is now shifting a great part of

its short-haul mail from the railroads to the highway truckers. Since this mail costs about \$100,000,000 a year to transport, and since the trucking contracts will be let under competitive bidding, substantial savings are probably in the offing here.

With bulldog tenacity, however, the Postal Service is still resisting the proposal that it decentralize (by dividing into fifteen postal regions, each headed by one supervising official) so that its 42,000 postmasters will not be tied directly by its apron strings to Washington. "Decentralize," the Postmaster General has said, "and I resign." Decentralization he labels as "a costly operation . . . no direct benefit in administration or more efficient service . . . [good] for private industry but not workable for the Postal Service. . . ."

The proponents reply: "Canada-Post Office is decentralized and shows a profit. . . . The *transportation* of mail in the U. S. Postal Service has been a decentralized operation since 1864 and has functioned excellently. . . . Washington wants to keep management of its 42,000 postmasters centralized for power purposes."

The rest of the proposed reforms the De-

partment is ready and eager to get under way. It will set new rates to meet the costs of the Special Services and the penny postal card, cut more red tape from its regulations, cease paying hidden subsidies, and abandon political selection of its postmasters in favor of appointment and promotion on merit only. But it must wait upon Congress for the green light.

Will Congress grant the authority? For the Post Office Department and equally for anyone who ever mails a letter, that is the question.

A New York newspaper, commenting editorially on the President's last words to the Congress regarding the postal deficit, pointed up the situation very succinctly:

Not a word was said about the Hoover Commission reforms, which would save \$200 million a year and improve service to boot. Was the reason perhaps in the fact that a kingpin Hoover proposal would take the politics out of 20,000 postmaster-ships? We wonder.

A lot of the rest of us in these days of slow mails are wondering too.

Three Wishes for a Yearling

ROBERT BRITTAIN

FIRST, trees—whose bellying dip-nets swell and sway
as runlets of air set bobbing the fish-cork shapes
of leaf shade on flickering pools of grass—where my bold
kingfisher, my boy with the bird way of cocking his head
and the bird-bright eye, can dangle a lure for whatever
glinting-as-mica thought may flash in a sun-green mind.

Then shells—those ear-shaped and murmurous mouths that tell
and tell and never tell in what clamorous towers
a smother of sea sets throbbing the drowned bells—
that my deep-down diver, my gannet, my small wave-walker,
may wander the liquid world of sound and wonder
at beach-white thoughts as mute as a coral branch.

And hills—humped in the sun and their flanks tawny
as catamounts, the granite muscles all hunched under
furze, under juniper scrub—where my tiger-tamer,
my road-running chaparral, may clamber and climb
to thrust up a fist and seize out of weightless vacancy
stone-grave thoughts to ballast the lurch of the world.



Sawing the Lady in Half

A Story by Nigel Balchin

Drawings by Bob Cato

THE older I get, the surer I am that it doesn't pay to try to understand women. You only make a fool of yourself. The only thing to do is to treat the whole business as though it were a conjuring performance—sit back and watch, get any fun out of it that there is going, but don't be the sort of bore who always knows how it's done. You'll probably be wrong anyhow, and if you're not it only spoils the game.

But if you've seen enough conjuring performances you begin to recognize certain tricks as old friends, and to know how they will end, even if you don't know how it's done. When you get to my age there is a certain satisfaction in being able to say, almost as soon as the show begins, "Oh, this is *that* thing, and it ends with the lady not

being in the trunk at all but up in the gallery." And then you sit back feeling superior and watch the audience being surprised. That's the great advantage of experience. You don't need any intelligence to acquire it. If you can go on not being run over by a bus for long enough, it's bound to come.

Yet however experienced you are, you may sometimes be sure you know what's coming and still get it all wrong. The lady may be still in the trunk and the conjuror in the gallery—or in the trunk too, or some such nonsense. Witness the business of my niece Ursula. Ursula is now nearly thirty, and an uncommonly pretty woman. She got married bright and early when she was twenty-one, and got unmarried again when she was

twenty-five. That was four years ago, and since then she has been living in a rather nice flat in Devonshire Street and not marrying anybody. I don't see her once a year, and whenever I do she is so bright and having such a good time with it all that it nearly breaks my heart. Because young ex-wives who live by themselves and have such a good time are one of the conjuring tricks I've been looking at now for about forty years.

WELL, about six months ago Ursula rang me up and asked me to take her out to dinner the next night. This was surprising, because on the very rare occasions that I've asked her out, I've had to make an appointment for three weeks ahead, just as though she were a fashionable dentist. Anyhow, out we went, and right from the start I could see that there was something wrong.

In fact I was afraid at one time that she would start telling me all about it over the cocktails, and if there's one thing that annoys me it is being told all about it when I'm ordering a meal or trying to eat it. But she hung on very well right through to the coffee, prodding about at her food for all the world as though she was eating, and even remembering to ask me what the claret was. It happened to be a rather nasty bottle so I told her what I thought it must be and she laughed exactly as though she had heard what I said. But I knew this was too good to last, and when they brought the coffee I sat back and said, "Well now my dear—?" and she started straight in and said, in so many words, "I can't go on like this."

I said, "I was afraid you couldn't."

She looked a bit startled and said, "Why? Do you know about it?"

I said, "No my dear. I don't know anything about it at all. But I'm pretty sure you can't go on like this, whatever it is."

She thought for a bit and said, "It's a bit mean to spill it all over you. But I don't see what else you're for. And anyhow we're rather alike—black sheep and no good and so on. So you may understand better than—than Daddy, say."

I said, "I'd never presume to understand anything better than your father. I was brought up to believe that that was quite impossible. But if you've been a bad girl and

want to explain to somebody that you've really acted very well, you'll probably get on better with me. Your father believes in the truth. I only believe in trying to make things pleasant."

Ursula said, "I'm not saying I've acted very well but—I've really *tried*—"

"I get the general position. What exactly *have* you done? Robbed a bank? Or poisoned a rival?"

She said, "No. Just got myself and—and some other people into rather a mess."

YOU don't want it all. It took from 9:30 P.M. to about 3:00 A.M. At about midnight the restaurant started to put the chairs on the tables and look reproachful. But Ursula was in full swing, and so we went back to her flat and had another three hours of it. And in the end all it added up to was that Ursula was in love with Derek Porterman, who wasn't in love with her, and Leslie Wayer was in love with Ursula, who wasn't in love with him. Apart from that the only items that seemed to me relevant were (a) that Porterman was more or less married already and (b) that both of them were members of clubs of mine. I put it to Ursula like this but she couldn't see it in the simplified form. There was no doubt that she had got it very badly over Porterman. All the usual symptoms were apparent in extreme form—and amongst them the usual female inability to



believe that you can be as much in love with a person as that without their being in love with you. Moreover, it was equally clear that the poor devil Wayer was besotted with her; and there was the usual female inability to get rid of anything as flattering as that. Anyhow, she was determined that it should all be very difficult, and it was no business of mine to stop her. She had clearly been having an agonizingly enjoyable time running them in double harness, being abjectly humiliated by Mr. Porterman (who didn't appear to be a very kindly type) at the same time that Mr. Wayer was constantly threatening to commit suicide if she couldn't be kinder to him. In fact as time went on I became more and more puzzled to know why she wanted to do anything about it. It seemed to me that everybody was having a full and interesting life—and particularly Ursula.

So about two o'clock I quietly began to move the closure, and when she said for the forty-seventh time that she couldn't go on like this I just said, "Why not?"

She looked surprised and said, "Because it isn't right."



For a moment I was startled. But I then remembered that, after all, Ursula is her father's daughter. So I just said, "There's that of course."

"Of course. I can't possibly go on doing this to poor Leslie."

"You're afraid he will commit suicide?"

"I don't suppose he will actually do that. But he's utterly miserable and drinking and so on. And he's one of the nicest people I know. And anyhow Derek's married and got two children. Even if he would get a divorce and marry me, it would mean an awful mess. I should never be able to live with myself."

I nodded. The thing was beginning to have a horrifying fascination. There is always something awe-inspiring about a woman in love when she starts to talk about other people's interests in this sort of way. After all, Ursula was nearly thirty, moderately experienced, and in most ways quite intelligent. I reminded myself again that she was her father's daughter and said, "Then what do you propose to do, my dear?"

She raised her head and said firmly, "I shall give up seeing Derek and—and probably marry Leslie."

I nodded. I had been expecting it. Ursula said rather challengingly, "Isn't that the only decent thing I can do?"

I said pretty hurriedly, "Oh come my dear—you don't come to me to be told what is the decent thing. I shouldn't know the decent thing if I met it in the street."

"But doesn't it make sense to you? I should like to marry Derek—I'll be quite frank about it. But I can't, so why not face it? And Leslie is in love with me and I'm very fond of him. So isn't it the sensible thing—?"

I said, "It all sounds very sensible indeed." And I give you my word that that grown woman looked relieved.

WELL there it was—as familiar a conjuring trick as that. But I was rather interested because there seemed to be two possible alternative endings. Of course she would go after Porterman with her teeth bared; and of course, wanting anything as much as that she would get it—up to a point. But would she be able to get him to marry her, thereby clinching the female victory? Or would he just stick to having her on his terms, in which case he would have won? Per-

sonally I was backing Porterman. He was a handsome, successful, thoroughly nasty piece of work with a hide an inch thick, and no woman really ever has a chance with one of those. I couldn't imagine Porterman giving anybody anything that would inconvenience him in the slightest, let alone getting himself into the divorce court because some girl had fallen in love with him. I decided that Ursula was in for a bad time, and I was sorry because I like Ursula. But if women insist on having all the fun of kidding themselves to quite that extent, they have to pay for it.

That was how I reasoned it out. I submit with all humbleness, that no sane man would have expected anything else. And yet what happens? Three days later I am in the club—the one Porterman belongs to—and he comes into the bar, looking as black as thunder, orders himself a double whiskey, downs it, orders another, downs that, barely answers when a couple of people speak to him, and then goes and flops down in a chair and starts looking at the *Economist* as though he didn't like what was in it. I naturally thought, "Aha. He's got Ursula on his tail and he's finding it very uncomfortable, because he likes her just enough not to slap her down and be done with it." But that evening Ursula rang up and her first words were, "Unc. Chas., I've done it."

I said, "Done what?"

"I've broken with Derek. I've told him and I'm never going to see him again. It was pretty tough, but not as tough as I thought it would be."

I had some difficulty over my next line, but in the end I just said, "Well done, my dear." And then I went away kicking myself for not having remembered that Ursula is her father's daughter, and that nobody could be brought up by my brother Nevil without being pretty odd. Heaven knows I was glad enough for her to be rid of Porterman. But if it meant she would marry somebody who was poor—Leslie—one-of-the-nicest-people-she-knew, it would be out of the frying pan into the fire.



So I went on being sorry for Ursula for about another week; and then I went into my other club and there was the party of the third part—Leslie. He was leaning against the bar and looked as though he had been leaning against it for a long time. A friend was suggesting that they should go away, and the barman was looking as though if he hadn't been so well trained he would have supported this strongly. Leslie was saying that he wouldn't go away because there was no object in it—nor, I gathered, in anything else. I heard later that in the end he got quarrelsome and hit the friend and was generally a nuisance, and I think the committee asked him to resign. Anyhow I've never seen him in the place since. But I didn't see this development because after one careful look at him, an idea crossed my mind and I went and rang up Ursula and asked her to come and have a drink. She seemed pleased to be asked, and was very pretty and bright and cheerful. After a while I said, "How did all your complications work out?"

She said, "You mean about Derek? Oh, I did it. I cut the whole thing out. Don't you remember I rang you up and told you so?"

"So you did. And you've stuck to it?"

"Oh yes. It's taken a bit of doing at times but I've got it taped now. As a matter of fact you know, I'm well out of that in some ways. Derek was madly attractive but he wasn't very—very *nice*, if you see what I mean."

I took an olive and said, "I do see what you mean. Now the other chap—Leslie Wayer—seems a very nice person. When sober.

Ursula said, "Yes." And there was a rather long pause. After a while she said, "Do you ever see him?"

"I saw him this evening."

"Was he drunk?"

"Very. Frankly, Ursula, I wondered why. I mean, he didn't look like a man whom somebody had started to be nicer to."

She said, "Nobody has."

"But I thought you were going to? Surely that was the whole idea? Wasn't that why you gave up Derek?"

Ursula took an olive and rolled it across the table and then sat and looked at it for a long time. She said, "Yes, But it didn't work out."

"Why not?"

She turned and looked at me very seriously with those lovely big hazel eyes. "Well you see, Unc. Chas., Leslie was one of the very nicest people I had ever known, but there's no denying that the poor dear was a bit—a bit *wet*."

"True. But you knew that before."

"Yes. But as long as I was running around with Derek and getting my face trodden on a lot, I somehow didn't mind Leslie being a poor fish. It was a—a sort of relief. Derek would be filthy to me and I could go and take Leslie's head out of the gas oven and some-

how—somehow it all *balanced*. But as soon as I hadn't got Derek—well, I just couldn't take it. Does that make any sense at all to you?"

I said, "No. Thank God."

"Why thank God?"

"Because I'm fond of you and I'm always alarmed for people when things make sense. So now you haven't got any young men?"

She smiled and said, "No. No young men. Sad, isn't it?"

"Not very. It's a thing that will probably right itself."

"Oh yes," said Ursula. And I knew from the way she said it that it had started to right itself already.

SO THERE we are. Don't tell me it was all quite obvious and what you would have expected. If you were watching the trick in which the lady is sawed in half and you found at the end that she *was* in half, that would be pretty obvious too. But you wouldn't have expected it. Because you know that one of the things about ladies is that they don't *get* sawed in half. They get themselves into position and the saw comes down through where they seem to be. But it takes more than that to hurt a woman, and you know that in the end she'll come bounding out in tights and a smile, without a feather out of place.

And if you're a man the best thing to do is to say it's all done with mirrors, and reach under the seat for your hat.

Memory Lesson

HORTENSE FLEXNER

DRUM-rattle, war,
Flags triumph or go down,
Across frontiers the blind feet surge—
All, all before;
We lose the count, the date, forget the frown
Of teacher and the page where heroes urge,
"This wall, this hill, this town—"
Forget the steel-cased head
Of him, first on the beach in the tides' roar;
Mislay the bronze-leaved crown
Brought far for these the last whose shadows merge,
Sharing a bleak renown,
The youngest dead,
A cradle-song their dirge.

Velikovsky and His Critics

*In January 1950 we published an article, "The Day The Sun Stood Still," describing the astonishing Velikovsky theory. The theory was sharply attacked as conflicting with scientific tenets, and later, when Dr. Velikovsky's book, *Worlds in Collision*, was published by Macmillan, the storm of protest against it, and the threats—in various terms—of boycott by scientists, caused Macmillan to hand over the book to another publisher, Doubleday, which has no textbook business, and led incidentally to the departure from Macmillan of the editor who had brought *Worlds in Collision* to the firm.*

But although the book and its author have been violently censured in reviews and comments, there has been a remarkable lack of explicit criticism of it based on careful reading. Believing that a theory so revolutionary ought to be met by careful appraisal rather than by denunciation and boycott, we have invited Dr. Velikovsky to reply to the scattered points raised by his critics thus far, and have asked Associate Professor John Q. Stewart, Princeton University astronomical physicist, who has had special experience in comparing widely different fields of knowledge, to comment on the article and the book. If the Velikovsky theory is untenable, this is the way, we believe, in which it should be refuted.—The Editors.

Answer to My Critics

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth.

Jeremiah 15:10

PERHAPS *Worlds in Collision* is the current Soviet dogma in regard to paleontology, anthropology, and cosmology, a new science which may best be called Sov-myth," wrote the *Dallas News*.

"It is a sad commentary on the state of thought in our times that such a book is

printed. It is a sign of the bankruptcy of capitalism that it pays serious attention to such a denial of all that science has learned," commented the *Daily Worker*.

What is there in these fewer than four hundred pages that reverberates in these and many other contradictory opinions? If there

is no truth in the work, why is so much ammunition directed against it? Are not many fantastic and worthless theories printed year in and year out, only to be met with silence?

In the Preface of the book I asked the reader to judge for himself whether *Worlds in Collision* is fiction or non-fiction. If, in accordance with the views of some scientists, the book is fiction, there is no reason for such a turbulent reaction. If it is not fiction, exorcism cannot banish it; faults and errors must be exposed.

A reviewer wrote: "If the reception given to *Worlds in Collision* by many critics and leading magazines means anything, then Velikovsky may well have succeeded in starting science on the road back to the days when Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake." In 1600 Bruno was executed for his heretical scientific ideas. Today an astronomer connected with the Harvard Observatory compares himself with Galileo for steadfastly insisting that the earth moves as it has always moved. Another astronomer—from Chicago—published a review entitled, "Copernicus: Who Was He?" suggesting that the author of *Worlds in Collision* had never heard of Copernicus. I wonder how this follows from my book, or if the astronomer is familiar with Copernicus' own words:

I can easily conceive that as soon as some people learn that in this book which I have written concerning the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, I ascribe certain motions to the Earth, they will cry out at once that I and my theory should be rejected. Accordingly . . . when I considered in my own mind how absurd a performance it must seem to those who know that the judgment of many centuries has approved the view that the Earth remains fixed as center in the midst of heaven, if I should, on the contrary, assert that the Earth moves; when I considered this carefully, the contempt which I had to fear because of the novelty and apparent absurdity of my view, nearly induced me to abandon entirely the work I had begun. . . . How did it occur to me to venture, contrary to the accepted view of mathematicians, and well-nigh contrary to common sense, to form a conception of any terrestrial motion whatsoever?

This passage is taken from the preface to Copernicus' *De Revolutionibus*; actually,

Copernicus did not publish his book until he was on his deathbed. The words of this illustrious scholar have been set down here only to show that the argument of "the judgment of many centuries" is not new.

I have carefully read and thought about the arguments made against the theory of cosmic catastrophism. These arguments, collected from my critics, follow here.

II

ON THE basis of ancient records of eclipses, they argue, precise calculations have established that, from the second millennium before the present era down to our time, the lunar eclipses have been retarded by the infinitesimal and almost exact interval of 1/1,000 of a second in a century; this very minute retardation is the result of tidal friction between the Earth and the Moon. The eclipses being so consistent throughout the millennia, there could have been no other changes in the rotation of the Earth nor in the revolution of the Moon during all this time.

It is a formidable argument, if it can stand. But does it not remind one of the "pyramidal inch," the minute measurements by which a British scholar once thought to extract hidden meanings from the Pyramid of Cheops? If the observations of the ancients can be fixed in time to the one-thousandth part of a second, then historical documents of the ancients must have very great observational value. *Worlds in Collision* is full of historical documents. However, historical testimony should not be trusted at all, we were told, even when hundreds of documents corroborate one another, if they are the basis for revolutionary conclusions affecting astronomy. Consequently, this early argument against my book disappeared from all subsequent criticism, to reappear in a much less formidable version. An astronomer from Michigan subsequently wrote: "Records of ancient eclipses go back to 2137 B.C. If the Earth's rotation had been disturbed only a fraction of the amount Velikovsky claims, these eclipses could not have taken place where and when they were recorded." A Harvard astronomer reduced the date 2137 B.C. to 1062 B.C.

If either of them were right, it would still be a devastating attack on the theory of great

perturbations and changes in the position and movements of the Earth and the Moon. However, our knowledge of ancient eclipses comes mainly from Claudius Ptolemy of the second century of the present era, and his tables do not go back much farther than the beginning of the seventh century before the present era; they are, besides, primarily the result of retrograde calculations.

Wherever an eclipse or mention of a disturbance of the solar or lunar light is mentioned in any ancient document, theoretical times of eclipses are consulted by modern scholars, and various candidate dates of eclipses calculated for the first or second millennia are considered. The actual dates are not known; they are fixed only with the help of modern reckoning of the time when and the place where the eclipses are supposed to have taken place. Even for historical eclipses after 700 B.C., the exact dates are not established. Thus, the date of the most famous eclipse of antiquity, foretold by Thales of Miletus, and occurring during the battle between Alyattes the Lydian and Cyaxares the Median, is still debated and referred variously to May 28, 585 B.C. and September 30, 610 B.C. Earlier eclipses are arbitrarily assigned to dates when they are presumed to have happened. The last great perturbation of the Earth described in *Worlds in Collision* (pp. 227 ff.) took place on March 23, 687 B.C.

THE most frequent argument against *Worlds in Collision* is that the planet Venus was mentioned by ancient astronomers in their inscriptions (the Venus Tablets of Ammizaduga) long before the time of the Exodus. A Harvard astronomer refers these tablets to the twentieth century before the present era or, more exactly, either to 1970 or 1914 B.C. The science editor of the *New York Times* ascribes them to the sixteenth century, adding that, according to them, Venus then moved "exactly as it moves presently." As a matter of fact, in *Worlds in Collision* I quoted these Venus Tablets, found by Sir Henry Layard in the ruins of Ashurbanipal's palace in Nineveh. I also cited the opinion of Schiaparelli that they originated in the eighth or seventh century, and the view of Hommel that the tablets were written by a scribe of Ashurbanipal in the seventh century and refer to a time only

shortly before. Then I made the statement that whenever these tablets originated, they establish that Venus did not then move as a planet but as a comet, in support of which I offered the observations of five consecutive years. From these observations it can easily be seen that Venus did not follow its present cycle, for in modern times the planet disappears behind the Sun once in nineteen months for two months and a few days; whereas, according to the tablets, Venus disappeared for five months and sixteen days and for nine months and four days. An accidental error in the figures is excluded since each item in the record is stated in dates as well as in the number of days between the dates. (For instance, "On the 11th of Sivan, Venus disappeared in the west, remaining absent in the sky for 9 months and 4 days, and on the 5th day of Adar she was seen in the east.") As for the number of centuries before the Exodus that Venus erupted from Jupiter and could be seen, I have not given an evaluation in the present volume.

THE third argument against *Worlds in Collision* is this: comets are very insubstantial bodies. One critic even calculated to his own satisfaction: "All the hydrogen and carbon in the biggest comet's tail would not make more than a pound of sugar, or enough gasoline to drive a kiddy-car from the Battery to the Bronx," and this spread over an area tens of millions of times greater than the entire earth.

This argument of the insubstantial character of comets goes back to Aristotle, who regarded these bodies as meteorological apparitions, something like rainbows. The modern argument that stars are usually visible through the tails of comets was already countered in the first century by Seneca, who pointed out that stars can be seen through the tail of a comet but not through its head.

Generally, the argument that in our lifetime we have seen only moderately large comets and that therefore there could not have been larger ones reduces itself to this: we and our parents have not seen such a thing, therefore it does not exist. It is also factually wrong. For instance, the head alone of the Comet of 1811 was 350 times larger than the planet Jupiter, or 500,000 times larger than Venus. A head of a comet usually

consists of an assemblage of meteorites. The material universe contains bodies as small as a meteoric dust particle and as large as the super-giant star Betelgeuse in Orion, a million times larger than the Sun; even in the family of planets there are bodies a million times smaller in volume than the Earth (asteroids) and a thousand times larger than the Earth (Jupiter). And were not Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, or Earth in the category of comets when they moved on elongated ellipses after having erupted from the Sun, which nearly collided with a passing star, as the Tidal theory assumes they did?

In order to conclude, as I did, that Venus in historical times behaved like a comet, I had to present historical material, and I trust I have done so. I can only refer the reader to pages 154-203 of my book, where he will find unequivocal references to Venus as a comet from Mexico to Babylonia and from China to Greece.

THE fourth argument is that nothing short of the direct impact of a great solid body could have stopped the Earth from rotating; a mere passing of a body, however massive, would not by its gravitational action have brought this about. And even if the Earth should have stopped, what would have started it rotating again?

In the Epilogue to *Worlds in Collision* I have evaluated the various possibilities of the mechanical stoppage of a body by entering into a thick cloud of dust, and of the cessation of the diurnal rotation by the Earth's passing through a strong magnetic field. With reference to the latter possibility, I wrote that "eddy currents would be generated in the surface of the Earth, which in turn would give rise to magnetic fields, and these, interacting with the external field, would slow down the Earth or bring it to a rotational stasis," and might also cause it to resume its rotation. The magnetic field sufficient to tilt the terrestrial axis is weaker than the field necessary to change the rotational speed of the globe. I wrote: "If rotation persisted undisturbed, the terrestrial axis may have tilted in the presence of a strong magnetic field, so that the Sun appeared to lose for hours its diurnal movement" (page 44).

Calculations show that the magnetic field in both cases would be of magnitudes which

are easily achieved in the laboratory,¹ but which are not expected to act anywhere in the solar system. The reluctance to recognize the existence of electrical and magnetic forces in the celestial sphere, however, is in danger of becoming a dogma, called upon to protect existing teachings in celestial mechanics.

The tails of the comets sweep at perihelion at enormous velocities; a cometary tail is always repelled from the Sun, so that when the head of a comet turns around the Sun in perihelion at a great velocity, the tail, which may be one hundred million miles long, sweeps as a rigid rod at an enormous speed, the end of the tail moving thousands of miles a second. The pressure of solar light is regarded as the cause of this. The pressure of solar light, almost exactly ten thousand times weaker than solar gravitation (on a cube of one centimeter weighing a gram), can repel matter if it consists of very minute particles (pressure acting proportionally to the surface of the particle, while attraction is proportionate to the volume). However, the pressure of light (acting here almost without the benefit of acceleration) cannot be made responsible for the velocities with which a cometary tail, as a rigid rod, makes its sweep in perihelion.

Astronomers owe us a calculation which they have omitted to make, and a confession that it is not the pressure of light that drives the cometary tails. Apparently electrical or magnetic forces stronger than gravitation act between the Sun and the tail of a comet.

And why is the Sun round (its polar diameter is even a little longer than its equatorial diameter²) and not flat, as it should be because of rotation and also because gases in the solar atmosphere are under very weak pressure, one ten-thousandth of the pressure of the Earth's atmosphere? Astronomers owe us an admission that the Sun is round against their expectations. And why do the great jets of gases and particles ejected from the Sun fly hundred of thousands of miles in an oblique direction and then return on the very

¹ Approximately $H \simeq 2.5 \cdot 10^6$ in the first case, and ten times weaker in the second (in order to shift the axis by one half of a radian).

² See Auwers, *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Vol. CXXVIII (a consensus of the results of measurements by twenty-six observers); S. Newcomb, *Astronomical Constants*, 1895; Ch. L. Poor, "An Investigation of the Figure of the Sun," *Contributions from the Observatory of Columbia University*, N. Y. (1908)

same oblique to the Sun, to the place whence they were ejected, as if no gravitation acts there?

Since Hale measured the Zeeman effect on the Sun in 1912-13, the observation of this effect has not given uniform figures, and at times the existence of a solar magnetic field has been denied (D. H. Menzel). Has not a basic mistake in observation or interpretation been committed?

Neither electrical nor magnetic forces are calculated as quantities in the celestial motions. The behavior of cometary tails, the movement of solar perturbances, and the round shape of the Sun are facts which astronomers have marked, "High tension; do not touch." However, an uninterrupted flow of strongly charged particles arrives from the Sun and influences the polar auroras, ground currents, the ionosphere and radio reception, and terrestrial magnetism. Are the Sun, the Earth (with its ionosphere), and the comets magnetically and electrically neutral? I wrote: "The accepted celestial mechanics, notwithstanding the many calculations that have been carried out to many decimal places, or verified by celestial motions, stands only if the Sun, the source of light, warmth, and other radiation produced by fusion and fission of atoms, is as a whole an electrically neutral body, and also if the planets, in their usual orbits, are neutral bodies" (page 387).

AN ARGUMENT was put forth that, in the event the Earth should stop, oceans would burst out of their borders, and hurricanes of enormous velocity would be generated, and anything not attached to the ground would fly off. An airplane that is stopped by a rock crashes to pieces. An airplane that takes a few minutes to slow down does not disintegrate. In *Worlds in Collision* it was not asserted that the Earth stopped suddenly: if it changed its rotational velocity, it must have done so gradually; and as an alternative I offered the explanation that a tilting of the axis in a magnetic field, even without the change in velocity of rotation, would produce the effect of disturbed solar motion.

As I endeavored to show, water actually moved over the land from oceanic spaces, and hurricanes were generated. The problems of erratic boulders transported hundreds of miles and the enigmatic moraines that were

carried from the equator to higher latitudes, as well as of ancient calendars and ancient sundials, are debated in the book in the light of great perturbations in the diurnal movement or axial inclination of the Earth. When the ice-age theory was proposed, as with the translation-wave theory before it, a cause was sought which might have shifted the axis, since such a shift was recognized as the best explanation of the ice ages.

The next argument concerns chronology. I am accused of having correlated events or records that lie far apart in time. With regard to the traditions or testimonies whose dates have not been established, this accusation has nothing on which to stand; on the other hand, my method of correlating records on the basis of the similarity or near-identity of their contents is legitimate, and by this method I dated the historical scene of the *Iliad*.

I explained that "on one point alone, not necessarily decisive for the theory of cosmic catastrophism, I borrow credence; I use a synchronical scale of Egyptian and Hebrew histories which is not orthodox." I asked the consent of the reader that I might use this chronology until *Ages in Chaos*, a reconstruction of ancient history, is published. In this later book, I begin by synchronizing the catastrophes that brought the Middle Kingdom of Egypt to its end and the natural upheaval of the days of the Exodus, and thus determine the time of the Exodus in Egyptian history. Then I am compelled to take the consequences, and going from century to century I collate the political and chronological material in a span of twelve hundred years. When this work on the reconstruction of ancient history appears, the reader will be able to judge what effect the theory of catastrophism has on the science of history.

There is another argument: what are described in *Worlds in Collision* are local, very minor catastrophes, and Velikovsky, without ceremony, has made of them global disturbances. I suspect that those who advance this argument made it up a priori, before reading the book. The references in the book are to changes in the movement of the Sun, to the displacement of the cardinal points, to the sudden change in the direction of the polar axis and the position of constellations, to the change in the length of year and month, to calendars, celestial charts; astronomical tab-

lets, historical inscriptions, sundials, and water clocks.

There remain only a few secondary matters, the favorite among them concerning manna. If the comet poured down petroleum, how could it pour down ambrosia or manna, too? Being strongly pressed by people who are interested in the scientific or the culinary aspects either to answer this argument or to agree that there were no worlds in collision, I turned to Professor Vassily Komarewsky of the Illinois Institute of Technology, an international authority on catalysis and petroleum. He suggested that in a future edition I should include the following paragraph:

After the catastrophe, clouds of thick dust and vapor enveloped the earth for many years. It is possible that in the dust and vapors, as a result of bacterial activity, organic compounds were formed—for instance, carbohydrates.

III

A SPECIAL case of misunderstanding arises from the phrase "collective amnesia." It may be that I should have called the phenomenon in question "collective blind spot." However, I explained what was covered by this term:

The memory of the cataclysms was erased, not because of lack of written traditions, but because of some characteristic process that later caused entire nations, together with their literate men, to read into these traditions allegories or metaphors where actually cosmic disturbances were clearly described (p. 300).

Since I refer to collective amnesia in the Preface and in the Epilogue, the two parts of a book that are most generally read, some confusion was to be expected on the part of my scientific reviewers. A certain astronomer, writing his review, thought that in my book I describe a collision of Earth with Venus and that the only result of that collision was a "collective amnesia"—no other harm was suffered. He seriously believed that in *Worlds in Collision* no records are to be found of any physical consequences such as hurricanes, earthquakes, oceans erupting and spilling over continents, and so on. He actually advised his readers not to read *Worlds in Collision*, and to give his advice the strength of

an argument, stated that he had not read it himself (except the Epilogue). Many other reviews have repeated that the population (or the survivors) of the days of the cataclysm forgot the event and that therefore there are no written documents referring to the catastrophe. This would make my research appear built on *argumentum ex silentio*. The fact is, however, that I quoted documents by the hundreds, probably by the thousands, and I wondered why these references to world catastrophes caused by celestial bodies are not properly understood. To this phenomenon of not being able to see in clearly written historical testimony the traumatic experience of an early age of mankind, I gave the name of "collective amnesia." I used the term as if a race or all mankind were an individual.

Here we have a good case of collective scotoma (blind spot), if one prefers this term. It is the inability to recognize and properly read a great number of testimonies brought together between the two covers of a book. From the psychology of the unconscious mind we know that the amnesia of traumatic experiences is accompanied by emotional outbursts at an attempt to unveil it. We have witnessed explosions of "highly unscientific fury." For if I am right, even if only to some degree, those who greeted the book with threats of boycott have taken a position which may easily become untenable. The reputation of scientists, at least of the entire branch of American astronomers, is thus jeopardized by a wager that *Worlds in Collision* is a calculated attempt to mislead the scientists and the public. Dr. Walter S. Adams, dean of American astronomers and director of the Mount Wilson Observatory for many decades, has disassociated himself from the "abusive criticisms uncalled for no matter how strongly their writers feel on the subject." Writing in the spirit of constructive criticism and questioning a series of the implications of *Worlds in Collision*, he added kind words about the "enormous amount of time and effort" devoted to gathering the material and "the real service to scholars and the public" rendered by doing so.

IT NEED only be added that I have suggested various tests to cover one or another aspect of my theory. In *Worlds in Collision* (page 367) I ventured the guess

that the atmosphere of Mars consists of argon and neon. I also conjectured that petroleum gases must be present on Venus and should be detectable if the light of the Sun penetrates to their level before being reflected.

These and other similar methods exist to check on some segments of the theory. But possibly the correct judgment concerning the theory of cosmic catastrophism will be left to the next generation, to those who today are young and able to learn anew. Sigmund Freud, in the preface to the second German edition of his classic *Interpretation of Dreams*, spoke of the "brilliant example of the aversion to learning anything new so characteristic of the scientists," and he quoted Anatole France: "*Les savants ne sont pas curieux.*" Much the same idea is expressed today by M. Butterfield of Cambridge, England, in his book, *The Origins of Modern Science* (1949): "The supreme paradox of the scientific revolution is the fact that things which we find it easy to instill into boys at school . . . defeated the greatest intellects for centuries." And again: "Of all forms of mental activity, the most difficult to induce, even in the minds of the young who may be presumed not to have lost their flexibility, is the art of

handling the same bundle of data as before but by placing them in a new system of relations with one another by giving them a different framework."

The young generation—as I learned when I lectured on *Worlds in Collision* in the Harkness Auditorium before a large audience of Columbia University students—is well able to face and deliberate on a new and unorthodox theory. The scholars who have taught and written and published not only have a vested interest in orthodox theories, but they are for the most part psychologically incapable of relearning. In the opinion of Gordon A. Atwater, former curator of the Hayden Planetarium, the explosive reaction of some scientists leads one to think that in constructing their theories on the assumption of an orderly, stabilized universe, they must have had some mental reservation, and that this reservation is their Achilles' heel.

Not so long ago science had to struggle to free itself from the shackles of religion. Now it is as dogmatic as religion once was. Ideas that were revolutionary, schismatic, and damned in the nineteenth century are beatified and pronounced infallible in the twentieth, by the same guardians of dogma.

Disciplines in Collision

JOHN Q. STEWART

MANY good scientists are indifferent critics of science. Among those who have most confused the public mind by representing speculations as facts are the astrophysicists. Following the bold trail blazed by the late Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, they are ready at the wink of a variable star to tell what's cooking inside the Sun, or just how the planetary system came into existence, or what took place in the first staccato minutes of the entire material universe—when stars were no bigger than marbles and the neutrons raged unchecked.

These uninhibited, romantic pictures have now been topped by *Worlds in Collision*. Though in this work the physical canvas is smaller, it is a more dramatic one, because

more humane. The author, Immanuel Velikovsky, M.D., is no part of an astronomer. Perhaps his energetic reliance on selective folklore and mythology to establish the Earth's astronomical and geological history serves us astrophysicists right, however little we may like it.

But how is it possible that either author or publisher could have been surprised by strongly adverse reactions among scientists? On page five of the book a challenge is hurled at "certain notions now regarded as sacred laws in science," and the jacket echoes the same fighting text. There are no sacred laws in science, but perhaps some sacredness attaches to the scientific method, because it has proved so very successful in the laborious and

brilliant achievements of over two centuries.

Science is not mere common sense. It is a severe and powerful way of thinking. Velikovsky inclines to appeal every judgment of scientists and engineers to ancient authorities and texts, though the greatest minds of antiquity possessed little or no science (we could use more of it now—and a lot less exhibitionism). Seneca knew little about torsion and moment of momentum, and extant Mayan manuscripts are notoriously weak when it comes to Young's modulus and the measure of kinetic energy in the earth's diurnal spin.

When the Macmillan Company accepted this book for publication that house could not have been mindful of their own long list of works by leading investigators in mathematical physics and celestial mechanics. Readers unfamiliar with an author in physical science frequently take a respected publisher's imprint as something of a guarantee. This is particularly important when an expert in search of reliable information steps out of his own professional field into a neighboring one. The Macmillan Company might properly have reasoned that, while the Homeric sweep of battling planets would attract readers and justify publication, some other firm with less conservative connections in the standard sciences might have been less embarrassed to sponsor such a drama. Free speech would not have been involved; publishers reject books every day—more (perhaps) is the pity!

Then too, the slings and arrows of outraged scientists would have been fewer if the book had not been heralded by an unprecedented splash of uncritical articles in important magazines, not written by experts in physical science. Scientific reviewers promptly refused to take the book seriously, because it seemed to them impossible that educated persons could. Here they were in error. Evidently there is a latent opposition between persons having a humane education and those with scientific training. *Worlds in Collision*, whatever its faults, has performed a service by focusing new attention on "disciplines in collision."

SUPPOSE a sparrow flutters past a tall building, which thereafter is condemned and dismantled. A person who lacked all experience in numerical reasoning but had in-

tense sentiment for sparrows might argue that air currents from the bird's beating wings had dangerously strained the tower. The only way to refute him within his own realm of verbal contention would be to quote precedents from prose, poetry, stage, screen, radio, and television of similar incidents when birds passed or were said to have passed buildings without having an appreciable effect on their structure.

But suppose no precedent is known to the debaters. An engineer could still prove by calculation from quite different data the absurdity of the assertion. No alleged eye-witness testimony collected from old diaries or tales told by grandmother long after the event would convince him that the close approach of a sparrow ever endangered a skyscraper. He would be familiar with too much conclusive proof to the contrary, even though the same proof might not convince the die-hard verbalist, to whom logarithms are anathema and the flow of words enchanting.

What can happen when an inarticulate engineer, armed with weapons of modern mathematics and technology, duels with an opponent who is prepared to slug it out with footnotes; precedents; primary, secondary, and tertiary sources and commentators; and legends which have frightened and delighted uncounted generations of barbarians and poets? If the spectators who have the power of thumbs up and thumbs down know little mathematics themselves, the engineer must be cautious. He cannot use his heavy artillery but must wait until his opponent ventures out of the verbal sanctuary into easy range of mathematical small arms.

And the same engineer would find it difficult in a book review to meet a demand that he explain his proof briefly and in non-technical terms. The masses of the skyscraper and sparrow would be involved, and the elastic restoring force the building offers to any bending from the vertical, as well as the area of the sparrow's wings and their frequency of beat, the speed of sound in air, the density of air, and other recondite data. *Worlds in Collision* and the criticisms it evoked, though the analogy is by no means intended to be exact, reveal similar conflicts. When problems contain quantitative elements Dr. Velikovsky's verbal treatments cannot purge them. Where the physicist offers mathematical

answers, on the other hand, the non-mathematical reader may have to make an allowance for the necessary digressions.

II

THE first excursion into mathematics concerns a matter of scale. For convenience in presenting this, I should first like to quote in shortened form a summary of the astronomical events propounded in Velikovsky's book. It was made by one of our leading woman scientists, Dr. Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin of the Harvard College Observatory, in a review in *Popular Astronomy*. The review must be described as definitely unsympathetic.

We are asked [she writes] to admit erratic motions of the principal planets within historical times. We are asked to believe that Venus was shot out from Jupiter and practically made a direct hit on the Earth, and scored another bull's-eye after fifty-two years. She then (we are asked to believe) encountered Mars, who (despite his lightweight standing) propelled her into her present orbit, and proceeded to make two hits (or near hits) on the Earth on his own account, before retiring to his present orbit. If I read Dr. Velikovsky aright, he hopes to link the earlier Noachian Deluge with similar antics on the part of Jupiter. We have here an extraordinary achievement in a very difficult type of marksmanship—four (or even five) hits in a couple of thousand years. It is not only impossible. It is ridiculous.

Her word "marksmanship" is altogether appropriate because these planets are so very small in proportion to the distances which normally separate them. The closest approach of Mars to the Earth leaves it 34,500,000 miles away, while the Earth's diameter (as the reader will recall) is about 8,000 miles. Venus, which in these spring evenings of 1951 has been bright in the sunset sky, is very nearly the Earth's size, and the diameter of Mars is 4,200 miles. Suppose this page were a yard high and completely blank except for two periods, one at the top and one at the bottom. If the lower dot were meant to represent the Earth and the upper one Mars, the dots would be roughly in correct scale at the closest present approach of the Red Planet.

A SECOND objection concerns the deceleration in the Earth's rotation, amounting to an increase in the length of the day of a thousandth of a second every century, and its relationship to ancient records of eclipses. In his article in this issue of *Harper's*, Velikovsky clearly makes a muddle of this issue. Of course neither the ancients nor ourselves ever timed a total eclipse of the Sun to an accuracy of a thousandth of a second, or to a whole second for that matter. But because successful computation of very ancient eclipses would be proof that neither Mars nor Venus nor any other massive bodies have since come close to the Earth, the reader is invited to consider this question in greater detail.

Velikovsky is quite wrong in saying that "our knowledge of ancient eclipses comes mainly from Claudius Ptolemy." Several modern scholars (notably Fotheringham) have examined Grecian, Babylonian, and Chinese records and listed passages which seem to describe solar eclipses. A brief survey of astronomical publications reveals at least three recorded total eclipses of the Sun before -687 (the supposed date of Velikovsky's last catastrophe) which have been considered by computers to fit the present motions. This evidence, reinforced by equally early records of lunar eclipses, proves or at any rate strongly suggests that no unaccountable disturbance of the motion of the Earth or Moon occurred in that year.

A solar eclipse is likely to be underscored in historical records only if it is a total eclipse, for only then is it spectacular. It is seen as total on each occasion from points on the Earth's surface lying within a band thousands of miles long and only a few score miles wide. The Moon's shadow, as it brushes the Earth from west to east, determines the band. It is enough to know from history only a very rough date—the century, say—for as a rule total solar eclipses repeat at the same geographical locality only at long intervals. The date merely serves to identify *which* computed eclipse has been recorded in a given instance. The place of observation is the really important element; it establishes the longitude at which the band of totality crossed a given latitude. The observer knew where he was, whether or not he could measure the hour or the second.

An increase in the length of the day subsequent to the time of ancient eclipses would be shown by the fact that they were observed at points farther easterly than uncorrected computation had in retrospect suggested. The lagging behind of the rotating Earth, as compared with a perfect clock calibrated to the rate of rotation at some particular date, would increase with the square of the elapsed time as the years pass. Time lost is never made up again, while the rate of losing increases continually. This is the equivalent in rotational motion of the high-school physics principle that the distance moved by a falling body with constant acceleration increases with the square of the time.

Projected into the past, the Earth's rotation is seen to have been a very little faster than its present rate. The formula just mentioned shows that the cumulative difference is only 20 seconds as we work back the first century, but in twenty-five centuries it is the square of 25 times greater, 12,500 seconds, which is three hours and a half. This contrasts with an increase of only 1/40 second in the length of the day in twenty-five centuries. In the calculation of an eclipse which took place 2,500 years ago, this difference would be expressed in a displacement of longitude. We might find that an eclipse which would have been observed in Spain if the Earth had always been turning at its present rate is actually recorded not in Spain but far to the east near the Caspian Sea. This, in effect, is what actually happens, although the whole problem is much more complicated.

THE most recent catastrophe suggested by Velikovsky, in the seventh century B.C., resulted from the alleged close approach of Mars. An approach of Mars to the Earth, by increasing the planet's gravitational pull at its lessened distance, would have disturbed the Moon's monthly motion around the Earth, and the Earth's motion in its own annual orbit. If the Moon rode at a distance only a few per cent farther away than now, for example, its angular diameter in our sky would be too small ever to hide the Sun. As Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin says, the thirty-six-day month mentioned by Velikovsky is incompatible with any total solar eclipses at all. But nearly any cosmic disturbance would be enough to render our present knowledge of

Earth and Moon motions inadequate for eclipse computations before the supposed interference. The discrepancy between observation and calculation would become greater the further back in time we go. Nonetheless, the variation in eclipse records described above is the only one which has been found after known "perturbations" produced by the mutual gravitation of the celestial bodies have been allowed for.

The gravitational pull of the Sun and of each planet on the Earth and Moon is taken into careful account in such computations as these. The calculations are highly complex, achieving a product of successful intricacy which, in spite of the fact that it defies verbal analysis, is one of the most imposing demonstrations of the validity of celestial mechanics. Some idea of the degree of "intricacy" may be conveyed by Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin's statement that lunar theory alone recognizes 155 major periodic terms and over 500 smaller ones, which must be added together in the equation for the Moon's longitude, and about half as many in that for the Moon's latitude.

In comparison with this huge amount of observationally verified computation, the statements of astrophysicists (mentioned at the beginning of the article) about the origin of the universe, and so on, are but flimsy speculation. An attack on those ideas would disturb few scientists, and in many cases the authors of such speculations are themselves the first to find the flaws.

There is an unfortunate error prevailing among our all-too-prone-to-error intelligentsia that the Einstein theory required complete scrapping of the earlier Newtonian theory. Such is far from the case. Progress in celestial mechanics has resulted from slow evolution without revolution. Einstein's theory of relativity changed the equations for the solar system only in exceedingly minor respects. All predictions of planetary motion in the almanacs continue to be computed from Newtonian principles. There is indeed no appreciable difference except at very high speeds of motion. Electrical attractions or repulsions of any consequence among the planets are certainly absent. Their possible existence was not overlooked by careful astronomers many years ago, notwithstanding an offhand suggestion to the contrary on page 387 of Velikovsky's book.

Dr. Velikovsky will confer a favor on astronomical computers if he finds clear historical records, hitherto overlooked, of earlier solar eclipses, of lunar eclipses, or of close approaches of Moon and planets to each other (as they appear to us) or to identifiable stars, even if they contravene our present understanding. Dogmas are not "protected" in science—allowing a little leeway for perversities scientists share with their fellow men.

ALTHOUGH some of Dr. Velikovsky's statements relating to astronomy are neatly put, he has not yet made himself familiar with several elementary considerations. A third and crucial objection might be based, for example, on the fundamental principles of orbital motion, which are a consequence of Newton's laws. If Venus were opportunely diverted by Mars from an earlier elongated ellipse, as asserted, then whatever new ellipse each of the two planets traced, from then on, they would continue for many thousands of years to pass near the original point where their encounter took place. No such encounter near the Earth's orbit or outside it can possibly have knocked Venus into her present circular orbit, which lies well inside the Earth's. Nor can any such meeting inside the Earth's orbit have sent Mars into his present exterior ellipse, which lies at all points well outside the Earth's. Therefore—unless a miraculous suspension of the laws of motion is involved—it is certain that the supposed encounters did not occur.

Moreover, an approximate arithmetical regularity called Bode's law exists with respect to the distances of the planets from the Sun as far out as Uranus. The orbit of Venus is just the size to be expected under this rule. How did Mars give just the right bump to accomplish this? A gap is shown between Mars and Jupiter. No planet—only the asteroids—circulates there. There has been serious speculation that a planet once filled the gap but exploded. Velikovsky might argue that in this hypothetical event astronomers accept the possibility of catastrophes in the solar system. However, celestial mechanics certainly cannot reconcile the astronomically very "recent" dates he requires with a common point of origin for the supposed exploded fragments, the present asteroids.

One also gets the impression, if a further

example may be drawn from astronomical principles, that Velikovsky does not always discriminate between the variations of latitude which he suggests and the universally conceded effects of "precession." For example, the reader is told (p. 316) that either a change in the direction of the Earth's axis (among the stars) or in the position of the poles (on the Earth) would cause a change in the latitude of Babylon. Precession, however, resembles the wobbling of the axis of a spinning top. The axis of the Earth, in about 26,000 years, marks out the surface of a cone with respect to the stars. This has no practical effects; it does not change the cardinal points on the horizon nor the directions of rising and setting of the Sun. In precession, the axis of neither the top nor the Earth changes, relatively to the spinning body itself. Hence precession does not change latitudes.

For a change in latitude it would be necessary that the Earth's crust slide with respect to the axis. To achieve the effects proposed by Velikovsky, the poles would be displaced to a substantial degree, though in the precise modern measurements displacements of more than a few yards have not been observed. To determine the detailed effects of a close encounter of planets would require very specific calculations, but any major shift in the Earth's crust with respect to its axis, if it occurred within a few hours or less, would give rise, as Dr. Velikovsky seems to admit, to vast dashings of oceans across the battered continents. Water, having little friction with the ground, would for a time retain its original west-to-east speed (of rotation) at many hundreds of miles an hour. The author perhaps does not fully appreciate what a sensitive indicator the oceans would be. Try it with a full dishpan in the back seat of your car.

Another planet passing close, in addition, would alter the Earth's precession while it rushed by, leaving perhaps a slowly decaying "transient" for long afterward—a quick extra wobble of the pole with reference to the stars. None exists, which again is evidence against any astronomically "recent" disturbance.

III

ANUMBER of other sciences offer testimony of a positive nature—archaeology, for example. The supposed meetings of the Earth with Mars and Venus are described

by Velikovsky as having occurred roughly between 1500 and 700 B.C. The pyramids were built long before that. Certainly no planet-wide cataclysms have knocked them askew or distorted their bases from true squares. Egyptian obelisks and columns still stand at Thebes which were standing then, though even moderate jerking of the ground would upset them on their narrow bases. When Joshua stopped the Sun the slowing-down of the Earth's spin, and its later renewal, must have taken at least half an hour—or over they would have gone!

There are many other ancient buildings and monuments surviving undamaged in cities which were flourishing before or during the same period—in Greece, Sumeria, India, and elsewhere. Many of these were buried later in gently drifting sand which modern "digs" have had to remove. Tombs dated from the fourth millennium B.C. were not destroyed by ocean floods in Ur (of the Chaldees), close as it was to the Persian Gulf, nor in Byblus, on the Mediterranean.

IN another field, a recent report by a paleobotanist, Dr. Ralph Works Chaney, directly indicates that the axis of the Earth has shifted very little with respect to the crust in the long time-interval he has studied—namely, the last seventy million years. Chaney classified fossils in terms of the climate which permitted their growth. The results show that the contours of equal temperature on the Earth always ran pretty much along the present parallels of latitude. Due allowance was made for the cooling effect of high elevation above the sea, in the case of plants growing on plateaus and mountains.

The inferred lines of equal temperature shifted toward the pole or equator as general glaciation receded or advanced, but they remained parallel to the present equator. This important finding must be counted as evidence that catastrophes producing large variations in latitude have not occurred since the Tertiary period began. (The magnetic poles of the Earth, on the other hand, have been observed to shift by many degrees since observations of the compass needle were undertaken several centuries ago. This motion, still unpredictable, is slow and steady, and related to no cataclysm.)

The revival by Velikovsky of eighteenth-

century speculative catastrophism is not only impossible in astronomy but unlikely to prove useful in geology. Those ideas were superseded by modern ones because of good and sufficient evidence which still stands. A well-written, illustrated pamphlet, "The Last Change in the Earth's Axis," by Fred G. Plummer, printed in 1894 for "Narada Branch, Theosophical Society," parallels some of Velikovsky's accounts of supposed changes in latitude. Both writers, for example, make much of the existence in Siberia of many corpses of mammoths, and insist that these beasts perished from freezing when their formerly hospitable and warm locale was suddenly transported into the arctic.

Professor Glenn L. Jepsen of the Princeton department of geology, however, points out that the great treasure of ivory still preserved in the frozen tundras may be presumed to mark the accumulated elephantine tragedies of a million years. Looked at in this light, the mass deaths represent no more than a reasonable result of the normal vicissitudes of animal life everywhere. There is a new method by which the dates of death of animals, humans, and trees are determined by measuring the amount of radioactive carbon still present in their remains. It may lead to results of special significance if applied to the mammoth corpses in Siberia.

Radioactive dating of geological strata, of course, has already been accomplished. It gives no indication of a major terrestrial catastrophe from any cause whatever at any time during the past two billion years. This method of measuring the age of rocks relies on the lead-uranium ratio. Wherever uranium ore is found a certain isotope of lead is always found with it. Laboratory studies show that uranium is constantly breaking down into other atoms, and that one of the products of this radioactive process is lead of a specific atomic weight. Since one per cent of the uranium disintegrates in sixty-six million years, the ratio of lead to uranium increases with the age of the rock in a manner which readily lends itself to quantitative timing. If the rock were melted for a time by heat from a planetary collision, the lead would tend to drift away from its parent uranium in the molten crust. This would have destroyed the regular sequence of dates actually found by this method.

IV

WORLDS IN COLLISION produces on the lay reader a strong, cumulative impression by heaping up information selected from a bewildering variety of times, places, cultures, and subjects—and by frequent reiteration of fantastic conclusions. In a sense, no one can argue with a best seller. But expert scholars and scientists are not swept off their feet by dramatic presentation. When they analyze one by one the author's interpretations of texts and historical evidence, such authorities as Otto Neugebauer, historian of mathematical science, and Ferris J. Stephens, Babylonian scholar, reject his findings. "By quoting certain selected portions of the Ammizaduga texts," the latter remarks, "he declares that they prove that Venus was moving irregularly at the time these observations were made. As I consider the texts in their entirety I get quite the opposite impression."

That similar legends are to be found in widely separated lands and civilizations is by no means a proof of the occurrence of world-wide astronomical cataclysms. Local floods, droughts, freezes, earthquakes, and hurricanes make impressions on defenseless primitives deep enough to account for much parallelism

from district to district. Besides, cultures may have been less isolated from one another than we think. In selecting and emphasizing such lore, Dr. Velikovsky has given an impetus toward increasing intelligent interest in the problem of a world-wide common chronology for ancient times—provided the studies are not handled with reference only to the proposition that Venus was once a comet. (Dr. Velikovsky's comet-Venus resembles no comet ever recorded by astronomy.)

If (which is doubtful) the definition of science recently given by Harvard's president, James B. Conant, is complete, then the author of *Worlds in Collision* is a scientist. "Science," writes Conant, "is an interconnected series of concepts and conceptual schemes that have developed as a result of experimentation and observation and are fruitful of further experimentation and observation." True, Velikovsky's subject, like astronomy itself, does not permit much experimentation, and the "observations" are at second and third hand or worse. But the conceptual scheme is present to exaggeration in his writing, and the prediction is safe that fruitful developments may be anticipated from some of the many irritants which this indefatigable comber-over of forgotten and difficult texts has tossed into the illiterate scientific scene.

Answer to Professor Stewart

Since Professor Stewart has raised a number of points not covered in Dr. Velikovsky's reply to other critics, we have given Dr. Velikovsky an opportunity for a rebuttal, which follows.—The Editors.

(1) On January 16, 1950, while the issue of *Harper's Magazine* carrying Larrabee's article on *Worlds in Collision* was on the stands, a great explosion on Mars was observed by the Japanese astronomer Saheki; a yellow mushroom rose more than 60 miles and spread over a thousand miles. In the February 1951 issue of *Sky and Telescope*, Professor Otto Struve (who ten months earlier in the *Herald Tribune* had promised never again to touch *Worlds in Collision*), reviewing this and other observations and theories reported in 1950 in Japan, Russia, Ireland, and the United States, commented:

Once again we have the question of "worlds in collision" and the resulting fragmentation of planetary and meteoric bodies. It is a bizarre coincidence that 1950, which produced the much-discussed Velikovsky book of science fiction, also produced a deluge of sound papers on various problems connected with collisions within the solar system.

My theory barely preceded "a deluge" of theories and observations concerning catastrophic events in the solar system. It is not exactly a revival of eighteenth-century geological catastrophism.

(2) Professor Stewart brushes aside the possibility that electricity or magnetism has a part in celestial mechanics. Perhaps I should put the question more firmly. College books on physics say that potentials of electricity are measured in relation to the Earth, whose potential is taken as zero, but that actually the Earth is charged. "In discussing problems that involve the electrical state of heavenly bodies, of course it will not do to assume that Earth potential is zero" (Kimball, *Textbook of Physics*). But in astronomy classes the same students are taught that the Sun, Earth, and other planets have a zero charge. If the balance sheet of a bank is correct to the last cent, but two large deposits (electricity and magne-

tism) are omitted, the entire balance may be questioned. Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper has recently undertaken new measurements of the solar magnetic field for the Navy; I expect revolutionary conclusions from this keen observer. At the moment of writing, J. H. Nelson of the RCA laboratories has reported a relationship between planetary positions and disturbances in radio reception, a phenomenon not explainable by gravitational theory.

(3) In referring to three solar eclipses before 687 B.C., Professor Stewart must have in mind Fotheringham's lecture, "Historical Eclipses" (1921). The dates in question are 1062 B.C. in Babylonia, 776 B.C. in China, 763 B.C. in Assyria. Hundreds of eclipses obviously occurred in those countries during early centuries, but only one for each country is thought to be fixed.

(a) *Babylonia*. "On the 26th day of the month Siwan in the seventh year the day was turned to night. Heaven in flames." The century of the occurrence is still a matter of debate. Fotheringham chose 1062 B.C. There can be no solar eclipse on the 26th day of a lunar calendar month. Kugler explains the phenomenon:

The Earth was going through an immense train of small, dust-like, and also large meteorites. The meteoric dust created darkness; the larger meteorites became incandescent through friction in the atmosphere and put the sky in flames. (*Sternkunde und Sterndienst in Babel*, 11, 2, 373 n.)

(b) *China*. According to the Chinese book of songs, *Shi-king*, the sun was obscured. The place where the observation was made is not known. The calculation 776 B.C. is made on the authority of the astronomer Y-hang who lived a generation later (Gaubil, *Histoire de l'astronomie chinoise*, 1732, p. 81). In his day, in 721 B.C. an expected eclipse did not take place. Y-hang informed the Emperor that "the sky changed the order of the motions which cause eclipses" (*ibid.*). He explained that already in earlier times, in the days of Tzin, "the sky changed the course of the planet Venus" (Compare Varro on change of course and form of Venus, *W. in C.*, p. 158).

(c) *Assyria*. A chronicle relates: "Insurrection in the city of Ashur. In the month Siwan the sun was obscured." The place of observation is not given. Nor the day of the month. The year is named in honor of a magistrate. By retrograde calculation an eclipse should have occurred on July 15, 763 B.C., if there were no changes. Placing the eclipse in 763 B.C. on July 15 and assigning the same year to the magistrate, an Assyrian chronology was built by reconstructing the lists of the magistrates. However, it required a change of 44 years in Biblical chronology.

(4) Professor Stewart believes I confuse the argument of retardation in the Earth's rotation shown by ancient eclipses. The retardation was computed by Fotheringham from eclipses reaching back only to 585 B.C. Since the last catastrophe occurred 102 years earlier, Stewart's request that it show an effect on retardation is without justification. Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin, and not I, wrote: "A very small, steady change in the length of the day, about 1/1,000 of a second a century, has been measured." Stewart also finds the complexity of lunar motion "one of the most imposing demonstrations of the validity of celestial mechanics." S. Newcomb, however, on the basis of eclipses from Ptolemy to this century, found disturbing variations, and wrote:

I regard these fluctuations as the most enigmatical phenomenon presented by the celestial motions, being so difficult to account for by the action of any known causes, that we cannot but suspect them to arise from some action in nature hitherto unknown. . . . It would be natural to associate them with the Sun's varying magnetic activity and the varying magnetism of the Earth. (*Royal Astron. Soc. Monthly Notices*, 1909.)

(5) The image of "marksmanship" is not well derived. The planets revolve in the plane of the ecliptic; if one should move on a stretched orbit, it would contact its neighbor planets. And if a comet with a tail 100 million miles long should move in the ecliptic, no good fortune would keep the planets from passing through its fabric; at its every passage inside the terrestrial orbit, the Earth would have a better than 60 to 40 chance of going through its tail or head. A comet ejected from Jupiter (400 times heavier than Venus) would most probably move in the plane of the planetary orbits. Stewart's example discards the elementary fact that every planet is disturbed by all others. Every passage of Mars once in two years causes a slight perturbation in Earth's revolution. At orbits verging closer, stronger perturbations *must* have occurred, not only "may" have occurred.

How could the smaller Mars alone move the comet Venus from an elliptical to a circular orbit? The celestial drama described in my book had the comet making two contacts with the Earth, repeated contacts with Mars and with Jupiter (pp. 160, 371). As for the comet Venus resembling "no comet ever recorded by astronomy," it should be remarked that Venus is like no other planet; it is hot on the night side and enveloped in a cloud of brilliant dust.

(6) Bode's law is but an observation of the arithmetical relationship between the distances

of the planets from the Sun. (Both Mars and Venus are a little closer to Earth than the formula gives it.) With Neptune and Pluto "the law breaks completely." No physical reason or dynamical principle was ever offered for Bode's law. Gravitational theory cannot explain it.

(7) If there was a planetary contact in the past, one should be able to find its traces in the orbits—only, however, of the last contact. Stewart cites my book to the effect that the last near-contacts were between Mars and Earth, and in a non-sequitur asks me to show the past meeting point of the earlier contacts of Mars and Venus, and says that I disregard "elementary considerations." The last close approaches between Mars and Earth at fifteen-year periods have their vestige in the close oppositions of Mars that recur at fifteen-year periods. The similarity in the inclination of the axes of Earth and Mars has meaning if magnetic fields played a role in these contacts.

A few months ago Dr. Fred L. Whipple of the Harvard Observatory presented the hypothesis that there were encounters of a comet with asteroids, between Mars' and Jupiter's orbits, only 1,500 and 4,700 years ago. Some of these asteroids cross even the Earth's orbit. Apparently he calculated from their orbits that the asteroids so move as result of collisions in historical times, at "astronomically very 'recent' dates."

(8) In Babylon, according to Babylonian records studied by Ptolemy, daylight on the solstice changed its length in historical times. Kepler concluded that Babylon changed its latitude. I explained that either the geographical shifting of the axis or its astronomical inclination, both a result of catastrophes, would change the day's length—and this is correct. There is no confusion with precession of the equinoxes.

(9) Would the "uranium clock" show that there were no catastrophes? Would upheavals affect the process of uranium changing to lead? On Jeans' authority:

The process of disintegration is absolutely spontaneous; no physical agency known in the whole universe can either inhibit or expedite it in the tiniest degree (*The Universe Around Us*, p. 144).

In lavas, of course, lead flows away from its source, and in many cases crystals of rock have either less lead than expected or more.

(10) Dr. Chaney's hypothesis of similar climates in similar latitudes in successive geological periods since the beginning of the Tertiary (70 million years ago) is far from proved or accepted. The Wegener theory of drifting continents would not even be debated if this were so. Even today lines of equal temperature

do not lie at equal distances from pole or equator. Labrador and England are on the same latitude.

Fossil flora are generally unsafe ground. "Land plants remarkably modern in their aspect" were found together with dinosaurs in the so-called Laramie formation. Dinosaurs are supposed to have died out 70 million years ago, before the Tertiary. Paleobotanists and paleontologists became involved in one of the "most prolonged controversies in the history of American geology" (Dunbar, *Historical Geology*), with botanists defeated and modern-looking plants ascribed to the age of reptiles. And how to explain palms and coral on Spitzbergen, as far to the north from Oslo as Oslo is from Naples? Or magnolias in northern Greenland? Or tropical forests on Antarctica? Or an ice age on Madagascar? Or the origin of the ice age?

(11) It is generally thought that mammoths perished at the close of the ice age. Darwin could not explain their extinction. Dr. Jepsen's argument that they may have died out slowly during "a million years" depends on the hope that radiocarbon analysis (Libby's method) will substantiate this. However, Libby's latest report states that analysis of animals that succumbed in the Pleistocene shows the ice age to have ended *much* more recently than assumed. He approaches the low figure of C. Wright (*Ice Age in North America*) based, *inter alia*, on the retreat of Niagara Falls. Was it sudden?

The encasing in ice of huge elephants, and the perfect preservation of the flesh, shows that the cold became *suddenly* extreme, as of a single winter's night, and no relenting afterwards. (J. Dana, *Manual of Geology*).

(12) Professor Stewart, no part of an historian, invokes Neugebauer and Stephens to question my historical sources. Dr. Neugebauer has published a review in *Isis*. On one point only is he right: I should not have quoted from Kugler's Babylonian Moon table without questioning the age of the tablet, since Kugler ascribed it to a late century and did not consider it a copy. I shall omit the quotation in future editions.

The only writings of Dr. Stephens concerning my work known to me are letters written in confidence to newspaper science editors. May I ask this Babylonian grammarian for an interpretation: why was the planet Venus called the "bright torch of heaven," "diamond that illuminates like the sun," "a stupendous prodigy in the sky," or "star occupying all the sky," "with a beard," or "the great star that joins the ranks of the planets" in Babylonian and Sumerian texts?

(13) The purpose of the pyramids is still

debated. In a history of earlier catastrophes I shall show they were not tombs, but royal shelters from natural upheavals. Their solid construction (only one per cent free space inside) prevents the stones from being moved inward, and the angle of inclination of sides to horizon, from moving outward. The pyramid is the most stable of all forms. The king's chamber inside Cheops' pyramid has five ceilings of granite slabs, one above the other. Earthquakes have been—

extremely severe in wrenching, as all the deep beams of granite over the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid are snapped through at the south end, or else dragged out. . . . The whole roof hangs now by merely catching contact (Petrie, *Egyptian Architecture*).

(14) Only one obelisk of the Middle Kingdom remains standing—in Heliopolis. It is built into an immense base, a cube of 10 cubits on each side (15 feet), covered now with earth (Budge, *Cleopatra's Needles*). The obelisks were used to observe the motion of the Sun and possible changes in it (Pliny). Buildings of the Middle Kingdom collapsed in its closing days; some were "swallowed by the ground" (Speos Artemidos Inscription of Hatshepsut). Evans' excavations at Knossos on Crete (*The Palace of Minos*) revealed that the site was shattered in a stupendous catastrophe at a time corresponding to the end of the Middle Kingdom in Egypt. In the entire ancient East, with the fall of the Middle Kingdom, "there was a catastrophic interruption of the normal flow of ancient history" (Albright, *From the Stone Age to Christianity*). The statement that buildings in Greece and elsewhere from before the seventh century survived undamaged is unfounded and contradicts the facts. Every excavation has disclosed marks of violent slidings. No building survived.

(15) Professor Stewart says that Ur in Chaldea was not overwhelmed by water. Sir Leonard Woolley, who excavated Ur, says:

Eight feet of sediment imply a very great depth of water and the flood which deposited it must have been of a magnitude unparalleled in local history. That it was so is further proved by the fact that the clay bank marks a definite break in the continuity of the local culture; a whole civilization which existed before it is lacking above it and seems to have been submerged by the waters (*Ur of the Chaldees* [8th ed., 1935], pp. 28 f.).

Woolley thinks that "we had thus found . . . evidence [of] the flood of Sumerian history and legend."

(16) What is left of all the arguments? Enough to justify suppression of the book? Or solely the metaphor about the sparrow?

Dogmatic science forbids revolution, despises the ancients, and scorns all humanistic studies.

(a) According to Stewart, Einstein's theory is only a development of Newtonian theory; therefore it was acceptable from the beginning. (But was not Planck's theory revolutionary? And Copernicus, who was he?) Yet L. Infeld says (*Albert Einstein*, p. 120): "In 1921, when I went to study in Berlin, I saw with amazement the disgraceful spectacle which attended Einstein's fame." Editorials attacked Einstein, and mathematics professors in one of Berlin's greatest halls told a large audience "that it [Einstein's theory] was the greatest hoax in the history of science."

I was honored by a similar lecture at the Hayden Planetarium. Gordon A. Atwater, Curator of the Planetarium and Director of the Astronomy Department of the American Museum of Natural History, resigned from both posts as a result of his article in *This Week* magazine on *Worlds in Collision* and his plan to dramatize the book. His successor lectured on the "greatest hoax in the history of science."

(b) Contempt for the "greatest minds of antiquity" is shown in Professor Stewart's reference to Seneca, who did not know Young's modulus (which has no application in astronomy). But Seneca (*De cometis*) knew the real nature of comets, the inertia of their motion, and their periodicity. For 1,500 years after his time science clung to the dogma that comets are apparitions in the atmosphere, like rainbows. Copernicus thought so, too. Brahe rediscovered the fact that they are celestial bodies; Halley rediscovered their periodicity.

"Illiterate scientists" might be interested to read Lucretius on the equal velocity of fall of heavy and light bodies (rediscovered by Galileo), and on the atomic structure of the universe; or Plutarch on the Moon's being more than fifty-six terrestrial semi-diameters from the Earth's center and attracted to the Earth (rediscovered by Newton), and on tides being caused by Moon and Sun; or Hipparchus (had his own works survived) on precession of the equinoxes.

(c) Are the humanistic and scientific approaches different? Scientists can calculate the torsion of a skyscraper at the wing-beat of a bird, or 155 motions of the Moon and 500 smaller ones in addition. They move in academic garb and sing logarithms. They say, "The sky is ours," like priests in charge of heaven. We poor humanists cannot even think clearly, or write a sentence without a blunder, commoners of "common sense." We never take a step without stumbling; they move solemnly, ever unerringly, never a step back, and carry bell, book, and candle.

—I.V.

The Easy Chair

Dull Novels Make Dull Reading

Bernard DeVoto

I FINALLY found the resolution and second wind to finish reading Mr. James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*. I had to for part of my job is to keep up with current fiction and it was clear that the reviewers' local had launched another memorable event in American literature. Shortly after I finished it, the trade press reported another clinic on the chronic anxiety-neurosis of publishers, which for three years now has focused on the decline in the sale of fiction. That decline is a hard fact; novels have been in a slump for a long time and since they are every publisher's bread and butter, the trade is alarmed. Nothing came out of the latest inquiry except a finding, procured expensively from a firm of researchers, that television had nothing to do with it. I should not have thought that anyone who had ever seen a television show could suppose it did.

I have heard publishers explain the drop in fiction sales on a wide variety of grounds, from fear of the H-bomb to the spread of visual education in progressive schools. So far, however, I have heard none of them wondering whether it might have some relation to the fact that they have been publishing a lot of novels that bore people. Some critics and a good many novelists, especially young ones, hold that readers are under inescapable obligation to undergo boredom for the sake of art, righteousness, or the life of the spirit. But publishers are not prone to think so, out loud anyway, and not many readers have ever acknowledged the obligation. A non-professional reader has a recourse that is not open

to a professional: he can stop reading the novel. Conceivably after a number of such experiences he might decide that paying three dollars for any novel was an unjustifiable risk. Could that have been happening?

As a book I published last year shows, I am a hard man to bore with a novel but *From Here to Eternity* bored me, statically at first, then dynamically and cumulatively. The more temperate of my colleagues who reviewed it called it a highly talented expression of a grievance and I am willing to go along with them. Now man's grievance against the gods is the core of literature but its components have different degrees of importance and find expression at different levels. Some parts of it cannot interest us very deeply or for very long. Sometimes too what appears to be a grievance may turn out to be only a bellyache—or an arrest.

I WAS bored by *The Naked and the Dead* too and indeed find the same wretched dullness in one entire species of war novels that by now has become as rigidly formularized as ever Cinderella or *The Younger Sister* was in the slicks. It is clear to me that a good many other people have had the same experience. It begins, but is far from ending, with the reiterated verbal obscenities—and we may as well begin there. After a few pages they become tiresome, after fifty pages intensely if mechanically annoying, and after fifty-five as painful—and as distracting—as a migraine. Has the novelist desired to produce that response in a reader?

If he has, just why? And are we supposed to enjoy migraines or to endure them in hope of inward and spiritual grace?

The response is in no way shock. People who have been pickled in sin for as many years as I have lived are familiar with profanity and obscenity, use them in their own speech oftener than the saints advise, and long ago took them for granted. Nor is there any stirring of a taboo at seeing them in print; they have had no such impact for close to a generation. And certainly there is no feeling that a writer is not free to use them. The freedom of any writer to write about any subject he may choose to in any way he may think desirable is established. No one questions it, no one would permit it to be impugned.

It is a formidable mass of obscenities that Mr. Jones heaps up, so formidable that one wonders whether this isn't pretty close to the championship. Maybe a few hundred yards of Everest remain to be scaled by someone more tireless and of greater ingenuity than he but the view from the top is not going to be any different. Presumably a novelist who uses obscenities so insistently does so because the aspects of life he is writing about are Like That and the reader has, by God, got to find the moral courage to Face Them. He will batter through the reader's callousness and cowardice, will stab him awake to life's beastliness, and will rouse in him the anger and pity that man's lot calls for. But other presumptions are possible too, and in any event such belligerence is an odd mood in which to approach a reader and may be revealing. There is also the matter of effectiveness. In a given context an obscene word may be the best one, the only artistic choice, the word that alone will produce the desired effect. If such passages keep recurring, however, the novelist will be wise to take thought; maybe the obscenity is not the artistic way out but a lazy and ineffective and therefore a stupid way out. And when obscenities climb through the hundreds into the thousands, moderately good judgment can predict the effect in advance, and should. The word *Harper's* is beautiful and sonorous and evokes the noblest associations, but if a novelist were to print it three thousand times he would produce catalepsy in a reader.

In *The Naked and the Dead* a three-letter

euphemism appears hundreds if not thousands of times as a substitute for the four-letter folk-expression that means to copulate. Probably it annoyed you much more than the word it replaced would have done, and probably also both the substitution and the iteration seemed childish to you. In *From Here to Eternity* there comes a point where the obscenities that are sinking the novel by the bow begin to seem childish. There is a reason for that: they are childish. We all know at least one person who insistently overloads his speech with the same obscenities, so insistently that we suspect he is far from being as free as his language. He is not free at all, he is under compulsion, he is an obsessive. Take it a little farther. Here is a phenomenon that signalizes a very early stage of emotional development. It is an expression of the impulse toward exhibitionism, and the faculty tell us that that impulse belongs far back in childhood.

VERY far back. Every child has to fight a desperate civil war inside himself, a war whose issue is the determination of his sexual identity. At an early stage of the war, certainly no later than Gettysburg, occurs an impulse to prove that the issue has been settled by displaying what is in doubt. Precisely that infantile anxiety is behind an adult's compulsive obscenity. It may be the only trace of infantilism left but there is no mistaking it. An arrest has occurred, a fixation, and the emotions it involves will affect everything they touch. Wherever the adult's world impinges on them it will take coloration from the emotions and ideas that desperately frightened the child on the way to Gettysburg.

For instance? Well, there is likely to be a corresponding insistence on bodily functions. There is likely to be a free-floating rage that does not seem relevant to the events or objects that precipitate its expression. There is likely to be a pre-occupation with fantasies of violence—of cruelty, torture, maiming, flogging, fighting, and the bullying in which they are latent as a threat. They are likely to be unmistakable as an infantile concept of sex—sex is hostile, violent, cruel, and very dangerous. It is something one has to be courageous about, as one is when facing the enemy, and to be boastful about, as when

one has won a fight. Love comes to flower in fantasies of rape, sadism, and venereal disease.

Does not this come close to describing one entire variety of the war novel? Soldiers have to risk many kinds of pain, but in fiction an amazing number of them get beaten up in guardhouses. They also suffer many kinds of diseases that entitle them to sympathy, pneumonia for one. As compared with VD wards, how many pneumonia wards have you seen in war novels?

This is not to say that fine fiction cannot be made from the urgencies of the stage of emotional development where the arrest occurs. It is not to say, either, that the novelist who devotes himself to making fiction from these urgencies has himself suffered the fixation—though unhappily one is always apt to wonder. But it is to say that these arrested emotions will fix at the same infantile level everything that is strained through them. The child who feels panic about sex has only a child's distorted feelings with which to approach and understand any experience that touches on sex, and in the child's world, that is a lot of experience. The world that corresponds to it in a novel will be infantile.

There is a more important point: mature minds will not long be interested in the fiction of infantilism. Up to a point, yes; here is something well reported, fresh or satisfying insight, skillful work or a fine bravura passage or a contagious excitement. But the quota is soon filled and then one gets fed up. Is there a novel on the spring list that looks at the world with grownup eyes and devotes itself to adult emotions?

If not, are the Yankees playing today?

THE infantilism, however, that characterizes Jones, Mailer, et al, is one thing; they have struggled through to some level of maturity, and they are therefore far removed from those other writers who, having acknowledged complete defeat in childhood's civil warfare, are homosexual. These latter have suffered an absolute arrest and it will condition all they experience in life, all their perceptions of reality, all their feelings and ideas about the world. Their emotions will all be confined to one side of the barrier they proved unable to surmount. So whatever else

the fiction of homosexuality may be, its emotional roots go down to infantilism.

What does an emotionally mature person, one who as a child won the crucial battle and so was able to go on to full development, feel toward a person who was less fortunate and so, in the basic human attribute, must spend his life as an undifferentiated child? Pity, unquestionably. He sees the homosexual as tragic, the central figure in a terrible drama of personal defeat. And yet there is something else. Nobody ever teaches us how we should feel about homosexuals—which may be a defect in society—but what we feel about them is manifested so spontaneously that it seems almost to be instinctive. And in our feeling pity is twinned with abhorrence, not of the person but of what happened to him. Surely this is in part fear or at least an unconscious memory of fear. As soon as the victory was sealed by Appomattox we forgot the agony and desperation of the war, forgot how close we had been to losing it and what panic and despair we suffered, but the alarms of Fredericksburg and all those unhappy battles long ago lurk beneath awareness and may be roused by any distant echo. Nevertheless, there is something much more fundamental and significant than fear. The loathing of the thing itself that informs our nerves is a biological affirmation of life.

For biologically the homosexual has failed absolutely. The end for which sex exists is the end that homosexuality can never achieve; we live as organisms to fulfill the biological function of reproduction. And biological failure means a psychological frustration just as absolute; it is the all-embracing condition, the medium or ether, in which a homosexual lives. Whatever he may accomplish in the world, though it may be *by way of* his homosexuality, can never be *because of* but must always be in spite of it. With his personality things may indeed be otherwise; he may have in the greatest measure the human qualities we most admire, and we may properly regard them as won for him by the suffering experienced, the wounds taken, in the dark war he lost in childhood. Much of the pity we feel for him and the dignity we accord his tragedy originates right there.

Fiction approaches the experience of mankind by every possible path, with every instrument of the mind and spirit, and the ho-

homosexual has much strangeness to report, much poignancy, beauty, horror, and pain. Even at the level of greatness, however, the basis of human life will exist for him only as it does for a small child, and an invert will necessarily draw an inverted picture of the world. The mind reporting is the mirror-image of a man's mind, and every reader of fiction will reach a point where he has had enough of what a child has to say about a man and enough of the world as a child's emotions refract it. Even if the fiction of infantilism has been written by genius, he will want something additional and different.

Moreover, there are never many Gides and there are even fewer Prousts. The homosexual novels that have constituted a sizable department of recent American fiction have stopped short of genius, usually quite a long way short. Why, yes, a reader may feel, here is sensitiveness, a novel emphasis, delicacy, exquisite perception, such delight in odd beauties as a child feels—or the miniature mirror-image of a man, which incidentally is not a woman. This is at best, however, and at best there will also be the exclusion that the homosexual must always make, the exclusion of life's fundamental energy and the richness and power with which it infuses every experience it touches. And apart from the best there is likely to be the childish pettiness of homosexuality, the childish arrogance, and from there on the squalor of the homosexual underground which the invert is driven, pitifully perhaps but also annoyingly, to represent as a fineness denied to those who are whole.

But those who are denied that fineness, however abundantly they may be endowed with good will, are easily satiated with such fiction. Even when they are interested in it, part of their interest will be fascination with what they think of (and who shall say they are wrong?) as disease. They will always, I think, feel a slight reflex of abhorrence which is a defense against the biologically monstrous, but that is much less important than that they cannot be content with short ra-

tions. In fiction the aberration of homosexuality counts less than what it lacks. A reader gets fed up with, is bored by, the insufficiency of an infantile world where emotions cannot possibly mature. Even the somewhat treble bellow of an older child frantically pointing with a string of obscenities to what he is afraid he has not got is preferable. But the need of a whole man, of a reader who is mature, is fiction that will deal maturely with adult experience. His grievance against the gods is a man's grievance and that is the one he wants to see in fiction. That fate rides down children too is affecting but the spectacle cannot hold him long. If fiction is to go with him more than casually, it must have the strength, the vigor—if you like, the masculinity—that he has.

UNLIKE the homosexual novelists, the James Joneses have the masculinity, but they have not gone very far in the direction of the maturity that should eventually accompany it.

I doubt if there is any leading here for novelists. Good ones write just about as they have to; what and how the others write do not matter. There may be some for the publisher who mournfully watches the curve of his fiction sales drop steadily downward. What kind of fiction has he been looking for, what novelists is he encouraging? As I know him, he is usually trying to get there first with what he guesses his competitors are trying to find, or to get there second with what they have most recently found. How many publishers right now are looking for another *From Here to Eternity* or, by the infinite kindness of providence, a novel that will climb those last few hundred yards of Everest and consist entirely of monosyllables and quotation marks? It might prove better to think of people who read novels as mature, and to inspect prospective novelists not for infantile violence but for mature emotional vigor. Subsidize that kind of novelist and fewer people will decide that three dollars for a box seat at the ball game makes the best buy.

Myths and Movies

Arthur L. Mayer

WHILE I was serving in Germany as Chief of the Motion Picture Branch of Military Government, we produced a documentary film one episode of which took place in an amusement park. There were two entrances to the park; one marked, "This Way to Heaven," the other, "This Way to a Lecture on Heaven." The first was deserted but hundreds of ardent Germans were pouring through the second.

Many of my American friends seem to me to have a similar second-hand approach to motion pictures. They read books about them, attend lectures about them, disparage them at cocktail parties. The only thing that they do not do is to attend them, or at least attend those "adult films" about which they talk so earnestly. They pay lip service to the cinema but they don't pay admission. Or else, if they do, they must represent a very small minority, much smaller than you would suppose from the amount of noise they make.

Their talk is reminiscent of the answers to questionnaires circulated by public opinion researchers concerning double features. Invariably these indicate an overwhelming sentiment against two pictures for the price of one but exhibitors who seek to operate single-feature theaters in competition with double-jeopardy houses quickly discover that this is double talk.

Some years ago I was sufficiently naïve to prevail upon my partners to institute a policy of playing one carefully selected picture on weekends in Somerville, New Jersey. We operate the only theater in that high class residential community but its inhabitants were not to be deprived of their entertainment bargain. On Saturdays and Sundays they drove to the nearby town of Bound Brook, where my friend and canny competitor, Mr. George Skouras, reaped an unearned harvest until we reverted to sanity and a second feature. At the present time, in some of the, theatrically speaking, depressed areas double features have not only been replaced by triple features but actually by quadruplays, or whatever you care to call four pictures.

ANOTHER prevalent myth among the intelligentsia is that foreign films are far superior to American. Partially this is merely an expression of snobbishness; partially a tribute to the skillful and unremitting research of men like Joseph Burstyn—modesty forbids my mentioning myself. We used to look at hundreds of French and Italian films in an effort to cull out a few that were worthy of importation. Popularity in their domestic market is no assurance of success in the United States. "The Bicycle Thief," for instance, was a failure in Italy. Theater-goers casually

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dismissed the plight of the hero which so distressed American audiences. "What a boob," they said. "If his bike was stolen, why didn't he rent another?"

Occasionally, Mr. Burstyn and I would have the Balboa-like thrill of unexpectedly coming upon some superb cinematic treasure but by and large the pictures we looked at were inferior to the American product in story, acting, and technical proficiency. I highly recommend to those who regard Hollywood as a petrified forest of decaying formulas and escapist morasses, a closer acquaintance with the product of Cinecitta and Elstree.

The easy game of taking pot shots at the American penchant for potboilers is also sedulously cultivated in current books for the cultured anent movies and movie making. A myth maker, appropriately named Powder-maker, descends upon the Pacific Coast announcing her intent to investigate the habits of the strange inhabitants of Hollywood, much as she studied the mores of the South Sea Islanders. In the guise of an anthropologist, she collects an anthology of all the ancient and disgruntled gossip which persistently circulates in the film capital as in all other capitals. This she labels "science" and publishes a book which must be far more embarrassing to anthropologists than to picture people, although practically everyone in the producing end of the industry—directors, writers, actors, alike—is labeled venal or frustrated.

Jack Rosenstein, intriguingly described as "Hedda Hopper's leg-man," is sufficiently candid to make no pretense at scientific research. He announces that nothing is holy in Hollywood, that movies will never produce another great film star, that producers without exception are fat, lazy, and unimaginative, and that the industry has alienated its public by indulging in pictures with social significance. Exactly the opposite attack is leveled by my distinguished friend Gilbert Seldes, who titles the first chapter of his book *The Great Audience*, "The Audience Vanishes," and who is convinced, profit and loss statements to the contrary, that Hollywood is in sore financial straits because it does not produce enough "mature" pictures to appeal to American audiences.

What puzzles me is that these books are greeted with approval in the press although

an intensely interesting and informative account of movie-making procedures, *Case History of a Movie*, written by an expert, Dore Schary, receives comparatively slight attention. Our literary critics seem prepared to applaud anything written about Hollywood as long as it is opprobrious. It is easy to understand that having to read as many books as they do, they should have little time to attend pictures, but with their firsthand awareness of the limited relationship between literary merit and best-seller lists, they should, one would think, accept these easy strictures on the screen scene with a reasonable degree of caution.

Some writers have even gone so far as to prophesy, with obvious relish, that "the cinema theater, as we now know it, is dead as a dodo." Book sales have diminished in the past few years but no one, I think, is under the impression that the publishing business is about to disappear. I am equally confident that the movie theater is an institution, which will, for many years to come, continue to flourish.

II

ACTUALLY, motion picture attendance has declined only if we regard the amazing business done by the movies in 1946 and 1947 as normal. That is much like saying that because there were fewer marriage licenses in 1949 than in 1946 there is a declining market for sex. Correctly to ascertain the public demand for any available commodity, movies or marriage, you have to study and chart its course over a period of years. Some utterances of eminent movie magnates may have served to create the impression of impending bankruptcy, but these discouraged gentry remind me of a deceased uncle of mine who at one time in his career was, if Dun and Bradstreet are to be believed, the possessor of \$10 million. In the Depression years, however, he came upon hard times and passed on feeling hopelessly disgraced. He was down to his last \$3 million.

In 1939 American theaters grossed \$673 million, and in 1948, the last year for which we have a report from the U. S. Census Bureau, they took in \$1,569 million, an increase of 133 per cent. Gone are the lush picture pickings of the years immediately follow-

ing the war, but the seven major companies last year made a profit of over \$50 million, almost three times as great as what they reported in 1940.

This profit was earned in the face of a substantial decline in actual movie attendance due in part to the inroads of television—if I may use so indelicate a word in a magazine designed for home consumption. It hardly seems surprising that the appearance of an amazing new phenomenon in the field of entertainment should exert a profound effect on competitive forms of warding off boredom such as reading books, making love, or going to the movies. It is premature to estimate, however, what the permanent effects of television on motion-picture attendance will prove to be. Investigations conducted in Washington and Detroit seem to indicate that after a period of six to nine months the interest of all except its juvenile devotees wanes and that papa, mama, and the older children revert to previous patterns of passing time.

As far as the movies are concerned, television, like radio, may eventually prove not an antagonist, but an ally. It has already helped to develop talent for the screen. It is serving increasingly as the ideal medium for advertising coming attractions. It will eventually hugely expand the appeal of motion-picture theaters by enabling them to show prize fights, crime investigations, and baseball games while they are taking place, national spokesmen delivering important addresses, and current shows while they are still on Broadway. It may siphon off some of the less critical movie patronage, which might prove to be a blessing in disguise; but the limitations of a comparatively small screen, of an insatiable demand for more talent and material than can reasonably be anticipated, and of advertising budgets which cannot hope to equal potential box-office receipts, will for a long time shackle television as a competitive medium of entertainment. Visualize "King Solomon's Mines" on a nineteen-inch rather than a nineteen-foot screen, William Wyler turning out a picture a week instead of one a year, or "Born Yesterday" with Brod Crawford, after knocking in Judy Holliday's teeth, delivering a few comments concerning the merits of Colgate's Dental Cream, and you have some vision of the problems confronting television.

III

MOST of the industry's highbrow critics, however, are disinterested in the possible inroads of television on movie revenue. When they speak of a "lost audience" they refer to a presumably frustrated group of seekers for "mature films." This substantial segment of the public they affirm is being denied the privilege of seeing the type of pictures they crave by the obstinacy and stupidity of the movie moguls. Many critics at one time or another have leveled all sorts of criticism at Messrs. Skouras and Schenck, Zanuck and Zukor, but never has it been suggested that they were inferior in business acumen and foresight to writers or scientists. The bulk of the pictures they make are rented on the basis of a percentage of exhibitor receipts and the fluctuations of those receipts affords a daily national barometer of what audiences accept and what they reject. If a large portion of the American public really desires pictures with greater intellectual, social, or artistic content it can get them and get them quickly by acting in the only fashion that any business enterprise, whether it makes pictures, pajamas, or pretzels, can understand. It can make them profitable.

In my experience of over thirty years in the motion-picture industry the American people have had plenty of opportunities to support such pictures and almost invariably have failed to do so. Although I have helped to import many of the finest pictures ever brought into this country, I was able to maintain this activity only because I was simultaneously operating the Rialto Theater, which consistently showed the worst. The profits on the bad pictures enabled me to stand the losses on the good ones. Most of the critics of the industry are optimists because they only write and speak about the demand for superior films. I am a pessimist because I have invested my money in them.

My first movie boss was Mr. Sam Goldfish. He was in business with Archie Selwyn and when they separated Archie claimed that Sam not only lost his money but took half of his name. Under any monicker, however, Goldwyn is a lover of the beautiful and a man of fine perceptions. He has frequently been many years ahead of his time and pre-

pared to shelve his unquestioned commercial sagacity for a gesture to posterity. Back in the prehistoric movie days of which I am speaking he proved his courage and endangered his position as president of Goldwyn Pictures by importing the sensational first modern art feature, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It was sensationally unsuccessful. I was involved in this disaster and made life-long enemies among exhibitors by inveigling them into buying this futuristic fantasy without first screening it—the only way in which they could ever have been induced to book it.

In the prewar years Warners distinguished themselves with a series of films dealing with the great political and ideological issues of the day—"Juarez," "The Magic Bullet," "They Won't Forget," and "Watch on the Rhine." These fine productions brought out reams of favorable critical comment but a deplorable paucity of patrons. They were discontinued and Warners today would as soon think of producing a picture on a controversial issue as of presenting American motherhood in an unfavorable light.

As far back as 1934 I wrote a piece in *Liberty* entitled "Why Hollywood Loses Money on Good Pictures," which compared in painful detail the box-office receipts of such intelligent productions as "Berkeley Square" and "The Emperor Jones" with the intake of such moronic abortions as "The Half Naked Truth" and "They Had to Get Married." A short time thereafter I met Cecil B. De Mille and he said: "Mr. Mayer, how can you say good pictures lose money? My pictures are invariably profitable." Quick as a flash at this embarrassing moment, I responded, "But yours are the run of De Mille pictures."

A few years later I was instrumental in persuading Adolph Zukor to make a screen version of the delightful imaginative play "Beggar on Horseback." James Cruze converted it into charming picture terms, but not long after its release Mr. Zukor spotted me on the street. He shook his fist playfully under my nose. "If I make any more pictures of the kind that you suggest," he said, "I'll be a beggar without any horse at all."

Only recently Walter Wanger told me that in his memorable career receipts on his pictures have been in approximately inverse

ratio to their cinematic merits. The public made the pot boil with potboilers like "Arabian Nights" and "Canyon Passage" but they were cold to masterpieces like "The Long Voyage Home" and "Stagecoach." Equally unprofitable were such unforgettable films as Garson Kanin's "A Man to Remember," Leo Carey's "Make Way for Tomorrow," and William Wellman's "The Ox Bow Incident."

OF COURSE there have been exceptions to my thesis. How many depends upon a definition of what maturity in films consists of, a study in semantics left in the limbo of uncertainty by their proponents. "The Lost Weekend," "The Best Years of Our Lives," "Henry V," if they qualify, were all unquestioned box-office successes although, I suspect, not entirely for reasons related to their intellectual content. Those who contend that there has been marked progress in recent times in the reception of more serious subjects, are, I think, victims of wishful thinking. Two years ago Humphrey Bogart's "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" was received so unkindly that he had to revert to smacking alluring ladies in alluring places to regain his popularity. Dore Schary, upon becoming head of the Metro studio, made a notable effort to raise the studio's maturity batting average with "Intruder in the Dust," which Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* called "one of the great cinematic dramas of our times." It proved one of the great cinematic flops of all times. Mr. Schary has now gone back to the mines—profitable mines, I mean—such as King Solomon's. His recent tribute to liberalism, "The Magnificent Yankee," is as unworthy of a great judge as it is of a great studio executive.

Stanley Kramer, after leaving the U. S. Army, devoted himself to making exactly the type of pictures for which the intelligentsia plead. Recently he fashioned with rare skill and courage a film about paraplegic veterans. Archer Winsten of the *New York Post* termed it "superb, popular entertainment." Certainly it was superb. Equally certainly it was not popular. It was entitled "The Men" but apparently neither men nor women, regardless of brow measurements, cared to attend a nonsentimentalized treatment of so grim a subject.

Two years ago Universal was over \$4 million in the red. In 1950 its red corpuscles had been reactivated by a profit of almost a million and a half. This was largely due to the "Ma and Pa Kettles," a series ingeniously tailored for what is insultingly known as the family trade. The pictures cost about \$500,000 each to make, and although they play almost exclusively in small towns and neighborhood theaters, gross about \$2,500,000. It will require three of them, however, this year to make up for the losses that Universal will suffer from its dalliance with the world of fantasy in a fine screen version of "Harvey."

Similarly, Paramount redeemed the heavy loss it suffered with Willie Wyler's exquisite "The Heiress" when it produced "Samson and Delilah," which will gross approximately \$11 million, probably the third most successful picture in movie annals. The average film plays to an audience of about thirteen million people but "Samson and Delilah" should triple that figure. It would appear as if what the industry needs is more Victor Matures (not to mention De Milles) rather than more mature pictures.

Another incredible bonanza is "At War with the Army." In the face of a withering barrage from the reviewers, "The Army" wrecked the non-holiday box-office record for the New York Paramount Theater with an opening week of \$110,000, and it is wreaking similar havoc across the entire countryside. Frequently, as I observe, and I do so almost daily, the good receipts for what good people call bad pictures, and the bad receipts for what they call good, I am reminded of Henry Mencken's sour dictum, "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

IV

THE indomitable Mr. Seldes, however, is not so easily discouraged. He contends the fault is not with the taste of the public, but with the distribution practices of the major companies. They ought, he says, to play the adult pictures in the little theaters, and I imagine the adultery ones in the big theaters. Prejudiced as I am by a financial stake in several small houses, I heartily agree that pictures are frequently booked into inappropriate theaters. The problem, however,

of inadequate public support for what it refers to disparagingly as "message pictures" lies far deeper than any distribution practices. I played King Vidor's stirring pre-New Deal saga, "Our Daily Bread," at the little Rialto to unprecedentedly low receipts. I sought to enlist the support of every social-minded organization in New York City with a picture about child labor called "Boy Slaves." I wanted it to be a great success, not only for the personal profit and satisfaction involved but also to encourage RKO to make more pictures of this nature. I advertised it widely in the liberal press. I spoke about it before ladies' clubs and in YMCA halls. I brought it to the attention of editorial writers and columnists. It lasted just six days!

I freely admit that the Rialto, which specialized in pictures of murder, mayhem, and mystery to such an extent that I became known as the Merchant of Menace, was not the correct theater to play a film of this type. It might have done better in one of the so-called art theaters of which there are approximately 250 located in the larger cities and select suburbs. These used to be referred to as "sure-seaters" because of their sadly limited patronage. They are transformed, however, into sure non-seaters when they play pictures whose appeal is sensual rather than sensuous. At present, for instance, "Bitter Rice," an Italian film, is attracting hold-out audiences in all of the "art" theaters of the United States. It is devoid of cinematic merit, but as Howard Hughes said of "The Outlaw," there are two good reasons why every man should see it.

There were plenty of good reasons why people of taste and artistic appreciation would want to see "The Titan," recently crowned by the National Board of Review as the best foreign film of 1950. This magnificent study of the life and works of Michelangelo played in the same group of small theaters but it has not yet recovered the modest cost involved in its American re-editing.

Similarly, my former firm, Mayer-Burstyn, showed "The Quiet One" in these houses. The movie critics rallied to the support of this lovely little picture with the marvelous reviews which it so fully merited. Our final gross was less than that of many Hollywood shorts!

Actually, the only sensational successes

scored by Burstyn and myself in the twenty years in which we were engaged in business—incidentally the longest period that anyone has ever survived the hazards of supplying foreign films to American audiences—were with pictures whose artistic and ideological merits were aided and abetted at the box office by their frank sex content. These we were able to exhibit profitably in big theaters as well as small. "Open City" was generally advertised with a misquotation from *Life* adjusted so as to read: "Sexier than Hollywood ever dared to be," together with a still of two young ladies deeply engrossed in a rapt embrace, and another of a man being flogged, designed to tap the sadist trade. The most publicized scene in "Paisan" showed a young lady disrobing herself with an attentive male visitor reclining by her side on what was obviously not a nuptial couch. In the case of "The Bicycle Thief," which was completely devoid of any erotic embellishments, the exhibitors did their best with an imaginative sketch of a young lady riding a bicycle. The Motion Picture Association rushed in to reinforce their efforts by denying it a seal unless the little boy with an urge to urinate was eliminated. In spite of this inadvertent first aid to the box office, and in spite of the critics' rave reviews, it did far less business than either "Open City" or "Paisan."

V

MUCH has been made of the fact that approximately two-thirds of movie attendance comes from people under thirty-five years of age. I cannot see, however, why this should be a source of surprise to anybody. If I go to a football game, or into a store that sells sheet music or to a night club (I never do, but if I did) I am surrounded almost exclusively by young people. If we can generalize about such matters, youth likes to go out; middle age likes to stay home. Youth is eager for entertainment; middle age prefers ease and comfort. I do not agree, however, for one moment that on youth's shoulders alone rests the responsibility for the popularity of some tawdry, trashy pictures any more than they are responsible for the popularity of some tawdry, trashy books and plays.

Surely it is to the young rather than to the old that we must look for the interest in experimental techniques, the readiness to accept innovations and creative ideas, the willingness to greet new faces on which all progress rests. The vast auditorium where Cinema 16 holds its showings of strange *avant-garde* documentaries is composed 99 per cent of people not under thirty-five but under twenty-five. When I attended Cocteau's "Orpheus" I looked around in loneliness for another gray head beside my own. I thought the picture bordered on the ludicrous but that is exactly how my mother felt thirty years ago about "Caligari."

If my own experience is a reliable guide, financially the industry would surely be well advised to continue to aim its primary appeal at youth. Recently I imported a charming compilation of movie clips made at the turn of the century whose major box-office value resided in their appeal to a nostalgic older generation. The nostalgic older generation, however, preferred to remain home by the fire or television side. "Paris 1900" bids fair to lose me \$19,000. When, however, I acquire a film like "Seven Days to Noon," which deals realistically with the threat of the atom bomb to men and women of every age, a younger generation which wants to live sweeps the picture to a success.

During the past year, however, Hollywood cannot fairly be accused of catering exclusively to any single age or interest group. It has sought to speak to every segment of the people with diversified products like "All About Eve," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Asphalt Jungle," "Battleground," "Born Yesterday," "Cheaper by the Dozen," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Fourteen Hours," "Glass Menagerie," "Halls of Montezuma," "Harvey," "Intruder in the Dust," "Jackpot," "Mr. 880," "No Way Out," "Of Men and Music," "Panic in the Streets," "Red Badge of Courage," "Sunset Boulevard," "The Brave Bulls," "The Men," and "Twelve O'Clock High." I do not claim that these are pictures which future ages will cherish, nor do I expect anyone, myself included, to be enthusiastic over every one of them. What I do maintain is that in the face of censorship restrictions, pressure groups, police authorities, and now license commissioners, they represent a wider general appeal and a higher average of merit

than that supplied by popular fiction magazines, by the radio, or by television, and fully as high as that of current books or drama.

The results with these films and with all the others released last year, from the incredibly successful "Father of the Bride" to the equally incredible debacle of "The Magnificent Yankee," are now being carefully appraised in the offices of every major picture producer. These studies are not confined to Hollywood pictures. English and foreign films are given the same meticulous scrutiny. When we imported "Open City" Rossellini was catapulted overnight into world-wide demand. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cabled an offer to the Boulting Brothers, producers and directors of "Seven Days to Noon," almost simultaneously with its successful New York première. In the field of distribution and exhibition there may have been collusion and conspiracy among the picture companies, but in their production the fiercest competition exists for talent and for popular means of employing it.

The shape of films to come is daily molded in the curve of yesterday's box-office window. You may deprecate that box office as a standard of merit but in the words of an insignificant writer with whom I find myself constantly in amazing agreement, "It is an unfailing barometer of what we want in our heart of hearts . . . frippery or meaning, shadow or substance. The responsibility," if I may continue to quote from Arthur Mayer in the *Theatre Arts Anthology*, "for making the motion picture a mighty instrument of mankind's hope and salvation lies not with producers, distributors, or exhibitors, not even with authors or directors, but with the audience. That audience is you and me and our relatives and our friends. If we support, not with chatter but with cash, not in the drawing room but in the theater auditorium, those films which give a true account of our honest problems and highest aspirations, we can make our motion pictures a symbol and token of all striving humanity—a living voice speaking among the people."

Cafard

SYLVIA STALLINGS

Je me rappelle the sandsoft mornings in a welter of chestnut
trees arriving

With a smell of wet pavements, over Paris; the conniving
Clatter of shopkeepers, the milkman's horses sending

My brief blackbird to his chimney matins; *je me rappelle*

Très bien, en effet, the unending

Flicker of light from green fingers on every small

Cobble and shingle, the tall

Day coming in like a gendarme, wearing his uniform well.

Je me souviens, aussi, des après-midis d'automne

Under the chattering leaves

Of the parks, the Seine grown

Somber beating all summer against the square stone

Of so many ice-cream bridges. Nothing deceives

Me: I remember still

The night train southward and our waking

Blind between the vineyards and the sea, sun like a trumpet

Stopping our mouths. Even so, the shaking

Of the plane trees at the Porte d'Orléans never left me, the spell

Uprooting Rome, hill by embroidered hill;

All words turning to Paris against my will.

What Russia Needs for War

Randolph Leigh

TO APPRAISE the Communist potential for full-scale war we must take into account the kind of war civilized man has developed. Modern warfare is lavish but it depends inescapably on a small number of material resources, especially oil and steel. So closely keyed is the science of logistics to these scarce and easily exhaustible substances that it is as naïve to talk of another Thirty or Hundred Years War of even intermittent fighting as it is to expect the Black Prince to ride around the next corner with Du Guesclin in his saddlebags. At first blush the Communist advances in Korea may have seemed to be the poor man's answer to mechanized warfare, but on closer examination the importance of supply looms larger still. It is absurd to assume that the Chinese lacked essentials merely because they wore sloppy quilted jackets. There were months of time in which to accumulate stores. An unhindered build-up had gone on from nearby bases; and tanks, small arms, and food were abundant.

Modern warfare is set off from previous fighting by two things. The first is conscription, which makes it possible to put a whole nation into arms. The second is mechanical mobility and firepower, hence enormously increased destructiveness. The French Revolution gave us Napoleon and the first of these

factors, and Napoleon taught us the second. There is perhaps a third: the long reach of trade produced by the Industrial Revolution and the hunger for critical supplies. Warfare in the modern world could not remain continental; it had to become global.

This transformation was shrewdly foretold and denounced by Edmund Burke. In his "The Age of Chivalry Is Dead" speech, he said that the "calculators" (Pitt and the rest) were putting an end to seasonal, small-scale, reasonably decisive, and certainly heroic fighting. Instead they were organizing continents and planning ruinous budgets. This in place of Chivalry—"that *cheap* defense of nations."

IT is not surprising, therefore, that the dominant feature of war on the Napoleonic model—with the demands of chain alliances and blitzkrieg tactics—has been an increase in the consumption of matériel, not to mention men. The rate of that increase has been almost geometric: Napoleon, half a ton per soldier; Pershing, three tons; Eisenhower, sixteen. (In Korea we fell far below the last figure.)

Napoleon, who had said that an army marches on its stomach, foundered when he exchanged faith in logistics for faith in his "star," and became reckless with provisions.

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Having announced that God was on the side of the heaviest battalions at the crucial point, he began arriving too light and too late. The extent to which the pupils have outdistanced the master is shown in this: the French Second Armored Division with its attached elements (tailored to a logistician's dream and outfitted in 1944 by the U. S. Army) outweighed with its men and machines the entire Grand Army of 500,000 men with which Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812.

Oil and steel, the twin hearts of modern military power, have outstripped all other items in this magnification of supply. Pershing used 165,000 tons of petroleum products; Eisenhower used 7,108,718. Pershing had 62,282 motor vehicles, including motorcycles; Eisenhower had 710,560. But with less than a dozen times as many cars and trucks, the combined weight of Eisenhower's transport was sixty times greater than Pershing's, so much greater was the amount of steel that had gone into them. These figures are merely for our troops on the Continent, excluding their stay in Britain and the immense outlay in oil and steel required to transport and protect their supplies.

Russia fought Hitler with about a million and a half tons of motorized equipment, or 625,000 vehicles, of which Lend-Lease provided 463,712, the British a small part, and the Russians the rest. Russia's vehicles, including a number of motorcycles, were lighter over-all than ours. Apparently she used about six million tons of petroleum products, more than one-third from Allied sources, including the Middle East. Germany fought the war on about four million tons of combat oil, part of it captured and perhaps a fourth of it synthetic. Ultimately Hitler was smothered by Russian manpower, but he also suffered from the lack of enough oil and steel to get maximum results from his own formidable forces, while Russian strength was increasingly multiplied by Lend-Lease weapons and fuel.

Oil and steel! Through these it is almost possible to lift a corner of the Iron Curtain. The information we can use, little of it strictly military and almost none of it classified, has in large part been lost to the public because of the time and manner of its arrival in America; but thanks to what may be called semi-public, scattered data, we may bracket

Russia's war potential. Though we cannot estimate production figures for planes, tanks, guns, *or* submarines, we can figure with greater assurance if we substitute "and" for "or" in the list of war needs made of steel and moved by oil, and if we add one other factor—food. Russia can build to her heart's content on a few items, but she and her satellites cannot go all out, in the sense that the West can, on them *all*. And she has to eat.

II

THE Communist powers now need about forty million tons of oil products annually for peace, and would need fifteen to twenty million more for full-scale war. Russia's present output is around thirty-one million tons, as estimated by the U. S. Bureau of Mines. Rumania and lesser sources add four or five more. Balance these thirty-six million tons of oil produced per year with the production in other parts of the world, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Mines—Middle East, fifty-eight; Venezuela, seventy; United States, two hundred and eighty-eight.

The West itself, of course, faces exhaustion of its own supply within a number of decades. It is significant that last year, for the first time since petroleum entered history, the Western hemisphere was net debtor to the Eastern by a few hundred thousand barrels in the balancing of petroleum accounts. The Middle East field, part of which reaches into Russia, contains more than half the world's proven reserves. The West can no more flourish without Middle Eastern oil for the long pull than Russia can win a global war without it in the immediate future.

But what happens if Russia takes over Iran, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia? Some of the best wells are now quite deep, and the number of wells is smaller in proportion to volume of output than in most other oil regions. This would facilitate wrecking. If Russia had to redrill, even in part, the process would be ruinously slow, since the equipment and know-how for deep-drilling is virtually an American monopoly. Good wells are functioning at 13,000 feet in nearly every big field except the Russian, but costs leap with every thousand feet of depth—ten dollars a foot down to 6,000 feet, but a hundred dollars a foot at 10,000, and a million dollars for the

deepest wells. Whether figured in capital or in slave labor and equipment, deep-drilling is extremely costly—and a valuable, though unplanned, secret weapon.

Let us suppose, however, that Russia gets the Middle East intact or even obtains control of its resources through political maneuver. Under combat conditions, she would have to secure the maximum output of crude oil from her own and acquired wells in a region which (operationally speaking) would be closer to her enemies by sea, where she is weakest, than any other vital part of her territory. She would need not only more powerful land forces than in 1940, but also tens of thousands of planes and hundreds of submarines, together with their necessary motive power. She would have to produce, process, and transport fuel on a scale of which she is—as far as any statistics have indicated—incapable.

Neither Russia nor the present operators of the Middle Eastern fields, in any event, have ever been able to remove from that territory as much high-test gasoline as the Communist leaders would need. Even if Western facilities were suddenly made available to them, the crude oil itself averages far below selected American oil in productivity of gasoline. In World War II, most of Russia's aviation gasoline came from America, from three American plants set up in Russia and now badly worn, and from American chemicals.

The key element in the manufacture of aviation gasoline is an expensive ingredient called bromine. One pound of it, added to a tetraethyl-lead mixture, converts about a ton of ordinary gasoline into high-octane. In the past war we gave Russia enough bromine for ten million tons of aviation gasoline, and some of this overstock is probably being used against us in Korea. But has Russia, leaning on gifts like this one, kept up her own industrial advance? One might even ask, did she gain or lose through Lend-Lease? We sent Russia eleven billion dollars' worth of supplies, but there are those in this country today who believe it was a good investment for us, if only for the insight it gave us into the Russian economy.

THE most efficient means of moving oil is by pipeline, next by tanker, and finally by railroad and truck. Russia has in-

creased her number of trucks, but highways—where they exist at all—are generally poor. Her railroads are already overloaded on a peacetime basis, and deficient in locomotives. Her pipeline system is extremely slender compared with that of the United States. We have 152,814 miles of pipe, ranging from six to twenty-four inches in diameter. Russia has around 13,000—all of it small by American standards. The largest American pipe, the Big Inch, is a thousand miles long and took about a month to build for each hundred miles of distance. At that rate, if Russia had the pipe in hand today, it would take her two and a half years to run a line over a practical route from the Middle East to the Baltic. A pipeline grid the size of ours would be undersized for a country as large as Russia, especially if she were trying to fight a war on two oceans and bomb halfway round the world, but if the Kremlin were presented with such a grid tomorrow one-third of all the oil produced in Russia in a year would be needed merely to prime it, and the filling process would take a matter of weeks.

Russia has no real fleet of tankers, but the United States now has four times the ocean-going tanker capacity it had in 1940. One company alone, Standard Oil of New Jersey, has just launched four new ships, each with a capacity of 26,000 tons of oil and capable of sixteen knots. They can carry as much cargo as thirty oil trains, and outrun any submarine but the newest schnorkels. If Russia undertook to move oil by sea, she would have to start practically from scratch, keeping the Allied navies at a distance without pushing her own undersea craft out beyond refueling range.

Nor could Russia count on acquiring good oil facilities if she were to invade Western Europe. The only adequate oil base is Britain, which has an excellent pipeline system centered around the grid built of American pipe in 1944. This grid has superb detour, cut-off, and storage facilities; it is one of the major physical assets of the Allies in Europe and, in view of the submarines and planes which could be served by it, offers a direct threat to Russian aggression on the Continent. It is true that Hitler operated on a large scale with quick-hook-up surface pipelines, as the Allies did for a time in France, but in a global war there is no substitute for

complete and permanent oil-moving facilities. When the German oil supply began to fail at the source, the system was unable to handle shifts in the diminishing stock fast enough to prepare for the Battle of the Bulge and subsequent retreat.

HERE, as in nearly every instance, the problems of oil are tied to those of steel. If Russia had more steel, she could build more tankers, pipelines, trucks, and locomotives. If she had Western Europe, she would have more steel. In fact, through their Chinese allies, the Russian propagandists have let it be known that they expect to surpass American steel production by adding the European output to their own. Even though this calculation involves a drastic underestimate of American capacity, there was until recently a realistic fear that the Communists might fall for it themselves. That the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, however, with General Eisenhower at their head, will tamely turn over their facilities to an advancing enemy now seems hardly likely. It may be remembered that in the darkest hours of the Ardennes counteroffensive, when it looked as though we might lose Liège, the Supreme Commander was ready, if necessary, to destroy the largest supply base in military history. There would be a risk in supposing him to be any less resolute today.

And if Russia stands alone, what is her strength in steel? She produces between twenty-two and twenty-five million tons a year, and her satellites add but little. This output is less than 80 per cent of that of the largest American company (U. S. Steel), which in turn accounts for about a fourth of our national production. It seems fairly certain that in the next year or so we shall retain an advantage of over four to one, with Russia's production enlarged 10 to 15 per cent and our own well beyond 110 million tons. Neither side can go much faster and maintain a balanced industrial posture, for in no industry is the mesh of interrelated strands more tightly drawn than in steel. For example, it takes three million bricks to build a blast furnace. The diversion of those bricks from other uses affects normal building plans, reroutes freight, and so on. Even in agriculture the dependence on steel grows with the

increased use of farm machinery, which is itself essential to increased output on the collective farms.

III

FOOD itself is a major problem in Russia. She has a rich land and a large supply of labor—a sixth of the earth's surface and a tenth of its people, with nearly two-tenths more under her hegemony. Yet her food production is below the world's average per capita. She is pinched for arable soil, hemmed in on the north by ice and on the southeast by desert. Her bad lands do not lie across the routes of invasion by her enemies, but rather to her rear, separating the centers of population from her allies and outposts to the east. (China is even worse off in food per capita.)

Under the tsars, Russia had twenty-four million horses on the farms. Today she has fourteen million horses and no more than 600,000 tractors. On the average, a tractor displaces 4½ horses in the United States, and in a small section of the open West, 7½ horses. Granting Russia's tractors to average our regional maximum, she would still have the equivalent of five and a half million less horses than forty years ago, and she has sixty million more mouths to feed. It is enough for life—enough, that is, except for dry years or late springs. Drought is the demon grinning over the shoulder of the Russian farmer. This is a semi-desert land which has suffered three severe droughts in the past thirty-three years. Each time the United States, the Universal Mother, rushed in with food for millions of the starving.

Irrigation and hydro-electric projects have been planned and begun for Russia's great river, the Volga, but it has an annual run-off of only two and a half inches per square mile of drainage basin, one of the lowest among the working streams of the world. Contrast the Tennessee (ten inches) or the Columbia (twenty-five). Here drought may reach into factories as well as farms, lowering the water below working level and upsetting the river transport on which Russia leans heavily. Industries would be deprived of raw materials at the same time that their electric power supply would be cut—and new industry in Russia depends considerably on hydro-electric power.

The Communists may therefore have loaded their rivers dangerously close to the limits for water power and for barges, and one might wonder whether they will be able to make the success of irrigation their propaganda implies. They are said to have brought six million acres of dry land under cultivation, but 19 per cent of it has very likely been lost to salinity, drought, and bad planning. During the same period the United States has brought in eight million. For Russia irrigation is a necessity, not even a safeguard against famine, while for America it is bounty and devoted in large degree to luxuries. In an air war, Russia's factories, many of which are located far from the food belts, would be vulnerable to bombardment of the few rail lines which serve them. The numerous shallow river-canals could also be disrupted at critical points (a few large reservoirs and diversion dikes).

IN THE whole bizarre situation now facing the Western world, nothing is more fantastic than our readiness to adopt two

mutually contradictory theories about Russia, a nation with a high-level industrial output only 15 per cent as large as our own. On the one hand, we concede her to be at such an advanced stage in science and technology that she has constructed a mammoth military machine, raised the living standard of her people, and outbuilt us not only in the A-bomb (which if she has at all she learned how to make from us) but also the H-bomb (which she is to arrive at by the same method, or by intuition).

On the other hand, she is supposed to be at such a retarded and barbaric level that she must rely on smothering us under wave after wave of robot soldiers. If we are to continue to prepare indefinitely for a long-drawn-out duel of wits or weapons, we would do well to examine this contradiction in the light of the information we have about Russia's strength in the essential sinews of modern warfare. Or must we continue to assume that she has the best of both worlds—the greatest assemblage of barbarians in history, directed by the ablest savants?

Salute

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Two lumps of solitude,
We ride. And the trolley sways
So that my eyes intrude
On your unguarded gaze.
And caught thus unaware,
Poised on the edge of rout,
Impaled upon my stare,
Your naked soul looks out.

Embarrassed, our glances veer,
Flicker to right and left,
Tremble apart and near;
Then of our wills bereft,
As needles swinging north,
They meet. And from its clod
Each stepping shyly forth,
Our spirits gravely nod.

Windfall *for Whitford*

A Story by

Lowry Charles Wimberly

Drawings by Anthony Saris



“**D**EAR, you think too much,” Marcella was always saying. “Drink your tea. Don’t stop and think with the cup halfway to your mouth.” And sometimes she would reach over and give the cup a little push toward his lips. Well, doubtless the cup did need a little pushing, as did Whitford himself. He turned the corner at Wood and Sumner and headed north into the wind. Marcella was right. He must quit thinking so much. At the moment he was thinking of how, three days ago, he had rescued the Chancellor’s hat from the March wind. Poor Piddlington, too, had sprinted for the hat, but had stumbled and fallen. Had Whitford tripped Piddlington up—unwittingly, that is? One did so many things unwittingly. But he must put that question out of his head and concentrate on the committee report he was to pick up at Yardley’s. He should be heeding Marcella’s admonition in this as in all things. Doctor Flembody’s too, for that matter. Not that Marcella knew as yet anything about the hat. He was on his way, only now, to break the good news. It was simply that he should be mindful of her gentle, oft-repeated warning to quit vexing that poor head of his. But before seeing her he must be sure to stop at Yardley’s.

“Yardley’s first,” he said, “then Marcella’s.” He must keep that straight. He fumbled in his coat pocket for an address book Marcella had helped him fill out. But he couldn’t find it. He tried another pocket, then still an-

other. Well, no great matter; he knew just about where Yardley lived. A streetcar clanged at him crossing an intersection.

And as he drew near an alley a newspaper sheet blew against his legs, and stayed plastered there despite his efforts to kick it off. “Here now,” he said, “this won’t do; this won’t do.” And he had finally to stoop, tear the sheet in two and let each half blow on down the street. He looked back, noting that one half was whisked around the corner, the other driven along Sumner toward the college campus. “Now just what,” he asked himself, “does that signify, those halves parting company in that way? And will they ever, by some odd chance, come together again?”

Whitford was given to fanciful queries like that, queries Marcella and the doctor were forever scolding him about. The doctor had a technical word for it, a word Whitford could never recall. Still, the questions about the wind-blown paper were not wholly without relevance. For didn’t he owe his present good spirits to the wind and the Chancellor’s wind-blown hat? What if the wind hadn’t been up three days ago? And what if the Chancellor hadn’t been standing, tall and columnar, in front of the Commerce Building with the Governor and the Mayor? And, particularly, what if he, Whitford, hadn’t been led, as if by Fate, to take his afternoon walk earlier than usual? One might see a divine ordering in it all, a providential conspiracy of the elements in one’s favor.



Marcella, at any rate, would so read the incident. She had a way, too, of viewing events, however long delayed, as being appropriately timed in the celestial calendar. Whitford quickened his pace, scarcely noticing the newsboy walking beside him, begging him to buy a paper. He should have proposed to Marcella years ago, just as, years ago, he should have done many things. He might have laid something away, for instance, instead of buying so many books. But Marcella loved books too. She knew Shakespeare and was always telling Whitford he was like Hamlet. It had come to be one of their little jokes. Whenever she brought it up he would say, "Here, now, you don't think I'm mad, do you?"

"It's only, dear," she would say, somewhat wistfully, "that you think too much before acting. And sometimes, you know, you don't act at all."

Well, no doubt one should act, get things done. Like the Chancellor. He got things done. Or Yardley. "We must gear ourselves to the off-campus world, to the machinery of actual life," the Chancellor had said in a speech, not thinking, perhaps, that the world might better gear itself to the college. But as for Whitford he felt himself not geared to anything in particular. And even when he had acted, nothing much had come of it. During his long years of teaching he had begun six books—or was it five?—and had almost completed one of them. He had gone to

scholarly meetings too, some of them in distant places. Those were the ones he liked, those faraway, and but for thoughts of Marcella he might never have taken the train for home.

MIDWAY of a block a woman spoke to him, and he returned her greeting, without, however, recognizing who she was. She was dressed in white, though, and he thought of the nurses in Flembody's clinic. Then someone else spoke to him or, rather, roared at him through the wind. It was Heinke, carrying a briefcase and headed for the campus. Whitford would have ducked into a doorway had he seen him coming.

"How goes the battle?" Heinke roared, or had roared, for he was on past, before Whitford fully caught his words. Heinke was in biology and viewed life as a battle. "You have to fight for what you get in this world. It's a battle for survival," he was forever bellying, with a look that more than intimated Whitford wouldn't survive. Well, if Heinke was right, Whitford didn't care to survive.

But who, after all, was Heinke? Evidence that he was wrong would shortly be found in the book Whitford was going to finish. No need, though, to write books to refute Heinke. The evidence was everywhere; in Marcella, for instance. Or in the Chancellor's hat. The hat's blowing off the Chancellor's head just as Whitford had come along, was proof, as Marcella would put it, of a beneficent order—an order that used mere physical things, such as hats, March winds, and sidewalks, for its own kindly ends. But what of Piddlington? How had he fared? Still, one better not dwell on Piddlington. There was Yardley to think of, and the report.

Whitford fumbled again in his pockets for the address book, and again couldn't find it. People like Heinke, though, could have found it. Rather, they wouldn't have lost it. The Heinkes had gummed-label minds—kept indexes, card catalogues, filing cases. They catalogued everything, even the beneficent order itself, indexing it as a myth. And the Chancellor's hat. They must by now have tabbed it as a joke. Or if not that, as further evidence, in a small way, of the struggle for existence. They might even think Whitford had deliberately tripped Piddlington up. For it was true enough that Piddlington had also

made a dash for the hat as it went skittering along the walk. He had popped up from nowhere and had run neck and neck with Whitford for a full half block. What's more—for this, too, had to be admitted—he had kept elbowing Whitford, had, indeed, crowded him to the edge of the walk; and then, for no apparent reason, Piddlington had stumbled. But of course Whitford hadn't tripped him, and he wished the campus wag who was circulating that little story had kept it to himself. Anyhow, if there had been a battle that was the extent of it—the race of Whitford against Piddlington, the prize being the Chancellor's hat.

Or was it such a prize, everything considered? The word had ugly implications. It meant dashing someone else's hopes, shutting out the sun. It had meant, in this case, that Whitford, not Piddlington, had been called into the Chancellor's office for a friendly chat. In this case—Whitford brought himself up sharply as he recalled Marcella's admonition, many times delivered: "You think too much, dear. Come inside. Don't keep standing there." Well, he wouldn't stand there this afternoon. He would go inside at once, would at once tell her what had happened, and if she tried bringing up their joke about Hamlet he would say, "No, you don't. This time there was no thinking at all. It was done quite without thinking." And so it had been. He had simply obeyed an impulse and sprinted after the hat. And yet as he had raced along the sidewalk, with Piddlington beside him, a fleeting thought had entered his head, or rather a second impulse—an urge to keep on running, to pass the hat up, to leave the Chancellor, the school, Heinke, everybody, behind, to get faraway from it all and never return.

But he wouldn't tell Marcella about that second impulse. It wouldn't have done to leave Marcella. And as Whitford pushed on against the wind he tried again to picture her—her dress, her eyes and hair, particularly her mouth. But now, as always, no clear image came to mind. It was like trying to recall a loved one long since dead.

Marcella, to be sure, was not dead, and it was strange that once he was away from her she became so imperceptible, so like an illusion. The impression he had now was that of a somehow gossamer, grayish little figure, a

shape nearly impalpable and that seemed always to be blending with the old-fashioned furniture of the living room, indistinguishable from the chairs with their gray upholstery or the walls with their dim paper. It was as though Marcella would be invisible were she to stand against the wall, as though, were she to stand there very long, she might not come again out into the room, might vanish from his sight forever.

And he wondered if she wouldn't, some day, do just that, if some day when he called to her in the living room she wouldn't fail to appear and he be left there alone, peering through his glasses, trying vainly to evoke her presence. "Ah, Marcella," he said, "Marcella!" He felt a great need of her now, but felt somehow that she was faraway and that he might not reach her, as if all the thoughts of all the years had become a labyrinth in which he found himself wandering, calling to her, trying to find her.

HE LOOKED along the street, hoping she might be coming to meet him as she had on other days. But he knew she wouldn't be. He hadn't phoned her. Or had he? A car, its radio blaring, honked at him, and he caught the sharp whistle of a traffic policeman. "Hey, Prof," someone called, "watch your step." But he didn't see who it was. Anyhow, he'd better be careful, better watch the red light. Marcella was always holding him back from such things—traffic lights, raised places in the sidewalk, the precipices of his thoughts. He should be with her now, telling her about everything, especially his visit with the Chancellor.

The Chancellor had called him in yesterday. Or was it the day before? No, that would be two days ago, and that was the day the Chancellor was out of town. Whitford began going over the whole thing again, trying to get it straight; then he went back to the beginning and came forward once more, but both times, at a certain point, he had the queer feeling that he had already told Marcella all about it. Surely, though, he hadn't. It was just a way he had of fancying a thing done before it really was—an illusion for which Marcella was always chiding him. Something like that had happened three months or so ago when he entered the hospital. Absurdly enough, he had told Mar-

cella he had been in and out of the hospital even before he had entered it. "It's because, dear," she had said more than once, "you keep going over a thing again and again in your head." Other people, too, had of late been telling him this or that. The doctor, for instance. He had hinted, or rather had said outright—but what, precisely, had the doctor said or hinted?

Someone was suddenly walking beside him, plucking at his sleeve. It was a man, thin-faced, white-haired, asking for the price of something or other. Whitford gave him some change, more than the price, and as the man drifted on down the street Whitford saw him as a derelict in the wind, the archetype of those who've lost out in the battle. Had he seen the man before? He had a notion he had, just as a moment ago he had felt he'd already told Marcella about his chat with the Chancellor. But he couldn't have seen the old fellow on this street, for this was Sumner, a street Whitford seldom took. For one thing, Heinke always took it. Yardley, too. What, then, was Whitford doing on Sumner? He ran his hand along the buttons of his coat, counting them. It was a trick suggested by one of the nurses for straightening out his thoughts. It didn't always work, but it worked now; he remembered the report he was to pick up at Yardley's. Obviously, then, Whitford was on Sumner because that was Yardley's street.

THE Chancellor himself had asked Whitford to stop for the report. The Chancellor was strong for reports, for committees and subcommittees. He enjoyed the hum of the academic mill, and seemed to believe that where three or four are gathered together in committee, there God is also. As to that, Whitford had his doubts, and he began wishing Piddlington had rescued the hat. In that event he and not Whitford might be on his way to Yardley's. Piddlington needed to win races; he had a family. Still, he hadn't won. But Whitford wouldn't stay long at Yardley's; he'd hurry on to Marcella's. How many times, though, had he set out to do this or that and failed to do it! Only last week when he was supposed to show up at Smithson's dinner, he had found himself rummaging through old books in a second-hand store. He liked old books. In

them one found sanctuary from bustling streets, brief-case Heinkes, committee-mad Yardleys. And yet it was too bad, his missing Smithson's dinner. It would be even worse had he already told Marcella about the hat.

Still, Marcella wouldn't mind. She would want him to go over the whole thing again, especially that part where the Chancellor had come out from behind his desk, drawn up a chair close to Whitford, and then begun talking, his talk broken into now and then by a laugh—the laugh seeming to come, though, at the wrong place in the talk. And yet Whitford wasn't sure just where the laughs had come. His mind had got to wandering, and it was only because the Chancellor had a way of stressing things by slapping a person on the knee that Whitford had heard mention of the Governor, the Mayor, the hat, the Governor again, and then mention, finally, of printer's ink and promotions in rank.

"Take it easy, but get that book of yours into shape," the Chancellor had said, though Whitford couldn't recall having told him anything about the book. "Everything, you know, hinges on printer's ink."

The Chancellor was right. One thing does hinge on another. Whitford's being in the Chancellor's office hinged on the hat. But what a trifling service to render anyone. And how incredible that the Chancellor had taken such note of it. Then the Chancellor had got up and patted Whitford on the back. And after a moment Whitford must have got up too, for the Chancellor was seeing him to the door, asking him to pick up the committee report at Yardley's, laughing again about the hat, and telling him again not to overdo but to get that book ready. "I will, I will," Whitford had said, and then he was in the hallway and on through it and down the steps to the walk. He had struck off across the campus in some direction or other and had kept saying, as if muttering an incantation, "I will, I will"; and before long the words for the final chapter of the book had begun racing through his head.

THOSE same words, though, had raced through his head many a time—in his room, on his walks, on the train. The trouble was that despite Marcella's urging he had never set them down. "But I will now," he said, "I will." There was a bit of dyna-

mite in those words, enough, at any rate, to blast the Heinkes. And yet could he ever finish the book, really? Was anything ever finished in this world? The universe itself—but he must get on toward Yardley's, Marcella's. All his misgivings would vanish over a cup of tea with Marcella.

Or would they vanish? A traffic jam held him up at Sumner and Clark, and then as the crowds thinned out and the stores gave way to houses he saw up ahead a man stuffing letters into a mailbox. It looked like Yardley. It was Yardley, in front of his house. "High Pockets," the students called him, because of his stilt legs. He was forever mailing letters, Yardley was—eternally pestering publishers about new books he was planning, or flooding the mails with questionnaires to get more data for scholarly articles. He was always dinging at other people to write books, too—Whitford, for instance. "You ought to get into the game," he kept saying.

And now, since the episode of the hat, he would be telling Whitford that at last he was in the game, that he had the inside track with the Chief. Yardley called the Chancellor the Chief, and aspired, doubtless, to be chief himself some day. There was nothing of the old school about Yardley. Like Heinke, he was a man of action. He belonged to luncheon clubs, gave radio talks, trotted here and there over the state, lecturing. He believed in taking advantage of the breaks, believed, too, no doubt, in crowding other men out of the way if necessary or tripping them up. The Chancellor and he were buddies, or so the talk went. They played golf together, and Yardley always let the Chancellor win two games out of three. "Everything hinges on printer's ink," the Chancellor said. And Yardley would tune up too the moment he saw Whitford. There he was now, about to turn from the mailbox. Just before

he turned, though, Whitford slipped into an alley.

HE LIKED alleys, but he hurried along this one, past tin cans, ash heaps, weeds. For what if Yardley had been at the mailbox, not so much to mail letters as to watch for Whitford's coming? And what if he had spotted Whitford, was even now running after him, on those long legs of his, to remind him of that report? Whitford glanced back; the alley was empty. In a kind of panic he looked ahead to the other end, fearing that Yardley might somehow stop him there or the Chancellor be waiting to collar him. But he encountered neither Yardley nor the Chancellor, and once he was upon the street, lost in another crowd, he felt that elation that comes to all who find an asylum, however momentary, from the Heinkes and the Yardleys, from the stir, the busywork, the puttering.



A block or so away newsboys were yelling afternoon editions, and before long another beggar plucked at Whitford's sleeve, but he took no note of him. He began thinking again of the committee report and of how, after all, he had failed to pick it up. Marcella would scold him for that. What did the report amount to, though, in the vast scale of things? Nothing; less than nothing. And life itself. What of it? "A little gleam of time," Carlyle had called it—"a little gleam of time between two eternities." That would please Marcella. But what of Rabelais, the ex-monk, and his giant laughter? "Let down the curtain," Rabelais said, as he lay dying; "the farce is over." That was it. Life is a farce; therein lies the tragedy of it. How farcical, for example, had been the race of Piddlington and Whitford for the Chancellor's hat! No wonder the campus wag was having his little joke.

But was it a joke? How would Piddlington regard it, he who had stumbled and fallen? "Why, of course, dear," Marcella would say, "it's only a joke, that talk of your tripping him up. Don't think about it. Don't vex yourself." But what if Piddlington himself believed Whitford had actually tripped him? And what if Whitford, without meaning to, had done just that? He thought of Heinke again, his view that life is a battle, a fight for survival, man against man, brute against brute, a play of elemental, sinister powers that lurk, it may be, in the subconscious, ready to spring. Heinke might, after all, have the truth of it.

Whitford looked down at his left foot, remembering that Piddlington had run on the inside; so it must have been that foot which did the trick—sent Piddlington sprawling. And now that same foot, with the help of the right, was carrying him to Marcella, the quietness of her voice, her admonishing little smile, the cup of tea she would hand him. But would his feet ever bring him to her? They should have brought him to the committee report, but they hadn't. Strange how things come about. The March wind and the hat. The wind had blown him, so to speak, into the Chancellor's office, favoring him over Piddlington.

But might there not be a duplicity in the wind, as in people, as in the universe itself? Keats had a teeming brain. Why had his

pen not been permitted to glean it? And Shelley and Poe. Why had they been cut off so young? Perhaps, though, the duplicity of life lay only on the surface. Maybe there was an underlying wisdom in things, a wisdom greater even than Marcella's. "And now, dear," she would say, "you must really finish the book. Things are looking up for you." So he must finish the book, must he—pen the last chapter, the final word? But in this life no word, no chapter, can be final.

PEOPLE with packages brushed past Whitford, and as he turned a corner he bumped into a couple of men, who either swore at him or begged his pardon, he wasn't sure which. He wasn't sure of anything somehow. He stopped and looked at the buildings, trying to recognize them. He glanced down at his feet again, then began once more lifting them along the walk. Were they the same feet that had run after the Chancellor's hat, the same feet that had carried him, on other days, to Marcella? No, they weren't, actually. For nothing remained the same, from day to day, moment to moment. Who had said that a man cannot enter twice the same river? Was it Democritus, the philosopher who laughed? No, not Democritus. It was Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher. And someone else had said that he who is invited to come next week to a feast will go uninvited, for when the feast day arrives the inviter and the invited will not be the same men they were.

No, these were not the same feet. Nor was Whitford the same man who years ago had started a book which yesterday he had promised the Chancellor to finish. The Chancellor, too, was by now another man. In his character of yesterday he had ceased to exist, as it were. And Marcella. Would Whitford ever see her again? Had she, too, vanished as he had feared someday she would? He must, by now, have turned another corner, for the wind was at his back. But it shouldn't be. That meant he was going away from Marcella.

He slowed down, then half turned, walking sidewise, as if to face into the wind again, as if again to face the report, the unfinished book, the Chancellor, Yardley, Marcella—all those who would smile at him and Heraclitus, who would maintain that he who

begins a book can be the same man who finishes it. But they would be wrong. Heraclitus knew that such a book, if it could be completed, would have been authored by a succession of Whitfords, would be a collaboration, than which nothing in the shape of a book is more abominable.

THE wind felt good at Whitford's back. With its help he quickened his steps, hurried indifferently through green lights and red, until he was half running, glad to be free, glad to have come full circle as though there had been no Chancellor's hat, no book to finish, no report to pick up. It was as if he had thought his way out of a dilemma, avoided a snare, a trap cunningly devised by Yardley, the Chancellor, Flembody, those engaged in a conspiracy to bring him into line, gear him to some machine or other. True, he had missed seeing Marcella, but he would see her another day. Or would he? "Dear," she had said, more than once, "even Hamlet brought things to a conclusion." Was Marcella, too, in league against him? No, that couldn't be. But he must decide, or do, certain things. What things? He touched the buttons of his coat. He thought hard. He recalled his running after the hat, his impulse to pass the hat up and keep running, leaving everything behind. He recalled, too, the scholarly meetings, those

in far places, remembered the times he had taken train or bus for home, remembered that but for Marcella he might not have returned. "Even Hamlet, dear, brought things to an end." Marcella had always smiled over those words. But had she spoken them wholly, if at all, in jest? And hadn't her smile been only a way of sparing him? Things should be brought to an end. That was true enough, and those words of Marcella's, so many times repeated, made everything clear at last to Whitford; gave him his bearings.

He recognized the buildings now; knew the street he was on; was aware of traffic lights. Two streets over and a block south was a depot, the main bus station. He liked depots, enjoyed watching people come and go, liked especially to stand near the lines at the ticket windows and overhear people buying tickets for places faraway. He would stop at the bus depot, look up the schedules. He turned west at the next corner, walked two blocks, then turned south, but he didn't stop at the bus depot after all. He kept going until he came to the railway station. And as he was buying a ticket, he wondered if ever again he would see Marcella. "I'd take a train, dear, not a bus," she had always said, when he was about to set out on a journey. Well, he preferred trains himself.



Big Business Manager:

Eugene Holman

C. Hartley Grattan

STANDARD Oil Company (New Jersey) is the largest industrial corporation* in the United States today. It has topped the list since 1940 when it moved up from second place, where it had stood for twenty years, to displace the United States Steel Corporation. On December 31, 1949 (the latest balance sheet available as I write), SO (NJ)—or Jersey Standard—had “total assets less current liabilities” of well over three billion dollars: to be exact, of \$3,416,626,978. That is a powerful lot of money in anybody’s terms. When translated into oil reserves, producing wells, pipe lines, tankers, refineries, distributing equipment, and the organizations to manage them, it accounts for a company which deals in one of the world’s greatest sources of energy “in almost every language, in almost every currency, and under almost every system of laws in the world.”

This is Big Business—Big Business at home, Big Business abroad. Jersey Standard is a Himalayan peak of bigness in the nation which, above all others, goes in for privately owned and managed giant corporations. But though Jersey is monumentally huge, I am not, as some readers may suspect, going to

debate here whether it is too big for its own or the nation’s health, but rather am going to examine how the dinosaur is managed—by what types of men, under what form of organization—with a particular glance at the man who stands on the top rung of the managerial ladder, President Eugene Holman.

PEOPLE who cultivate preconceptions about how men in big jobs should look and act are no doubt somewhat dashed on meeting Eugene Holman. He neither looks nor acts up to anybody’s preconception of his part. He remains unalloyedly himself. Although he is exactly six feet tall, he doesn’t strike you as a big man. (If Mr. Holman ever thought of himself as a really big fellow he was long since brought back to reality by the contrast with his friend “Shorty” Elliott, President of Standard-Vacuum, who is six feet seven and built proportionately.) His hair is still shiny black, though he is fifty-five; his eyes are clear blue, his complexion florid. His complexion, indeed, is the personal point about him that rivets visual attention: it makes one wonder if he has just overdone a sunburn. A million miles from that ogre of the British Laborites, the “hard-faced American capitalist,” Holman’s visage is mild, kindly, fairly certain to mellow into benignity

* In terms of total assets. General Motors had larger sales in 1948.

Barring labor disputes or political appointments, business managers rarely make front-page news. Mr. Grattan thinks that nevertheless they are the characteristic and dominant leaders of our society in both public and private enterprise.



in due course. It is a good, masculine American face, no more, no less. Mr. Holman dresses quietly—in dark clothes when I saw him—conventionally tailored and not expensive-looking. He cultivates no sartorial eccentricity whatever. All in all, he could not, like the Duke of Wellington, take offense if a stranger accosted him with “Mr. Smith, I believe.” Holman might, indeed, *be* Mr. Smith.

His normality extends straight down the line. He is married and has two children. He married at twenty-eight and has stayed married to the same wife. He has an apartment in New York and a “farm” in Connecticut. He gardens furiously at the farm. He believes in exercise, likes to get in a swim every

day at his club, and usually walks between home and office. Outside of his business reading, which is fairly extensive, he reads only for diversion. He learns mostly from people, not from books; he gets a lot out of *hearing* what others think. A man of strong will, he can be immensely forceful when the occasion requires it—he can “bull” things through—but he prefers not to indulge this ability unless he has to. On the other hand he takes poorly to higgling and compromise and usually delegates tasks involving these time-consuming arts to others to whom they are more natural. In making decisions he is markedly reflective, not “quick on the trigger.” He goes to the theater for diversion

only. He likes a drink, but not those drinking dens, the night clubs. The fine arts pass him by. He collects no pictures and no books. Some of his friends cultivate and patronize the arts and he respects the impulse, but does not share it. What he likes is "huntin'." He collects hunting trophies—i.e., mounted heads of animals he has killed in various parts of the world. His diary of a trip to Africa after big game, *Safari in Africa* (privately published, 1948), is a masterpiece of keeping to the point that the purpose of his hunting is to fill out his collection of trophies. The diary tells how he went, saw, killed, and returned—all very many light-years from, say, Ernest Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa*. Mr. Holman is, as the psychologists say, an extrovert.

This is the man at the top of Jersey Standard. Obviously no Napoleon. Jersey Standard cannot use a Napoleon to run it. It seeks quite other qualities in its leadership. Mr. Holman has them.

II

STANDARD Oil Company (New Jersey) is a holding company—a fact not generally appreciated outside the trade—but one which is entirely different from the popular image of the holding company, the setup solely concerned with the financial profitability of the controlled operating companies beneath. Least of all is it an example of the most unpopular kind of holding company of all, the kind which is organized for the financial exploitation of the operating companies regardless of their, and the public, interest. Jersey Standard is a holding company that, while not for a moment losing sight of the need for profits, broadens its interests beyond the mere scanning of balance sheets to include advisory and supervisory relations with each unit of its holdings. In the intra-office organization manual it defines itself thus:

Standard Oil Company (incorporated in New Jersey) is principally a holding company owning, on behalf of its stockholders, investments in a number of affiliated companies . . . through purchase of their securities or through loan arrangements. These affiliates are engaged in one or more of the several functional branches of the petroleum business—finding and producing,

refining, transporting, marketing, and research. The Company owns a majority interest in most, and a 100 per cent interest in many, of these affiliated companies.

Jersey, the Parent Company, is not only organized to provide low-cost supervision of its investments in affiliated companies but also to provide useful information and counsel to their managements in various fields of activities, which distinguishes it from the more normal type of holding company. . . .

To maintain a business climate favorable to reasonable profit-making, its management must impose upon itself a proper concern with many social responsibilities. No business exists in economic isolation. It is part of the economic and social environment of its time. Its policies and actions affect many segments of that environment—and in turn are affected by them.

In its relations with its affiliated companies Jersey Standard follows the principle of decentralization—an increasingly popular idea in giant corporative management. The manual states: ". . . authority for operating decisions and full responsibility for results are placed upon the management of each affiliated company."

This is a way of saying that while the parent company gives advice, the advice in theory at least can be disregarded, but when it is, the consequences are on the heads of the executives of the affiliate. What the parent company seeks to insure, in order to guarantee both its own financial stability and that of its affiliates, is (a) that the current management is efficient—which is accomplished chiefly by very close attention to the top managerial personnel; (b) that the affiliates receive the best possible advice on "developments and methods in production, refining, transportation, research, marketing, and administration"; and (c) that there is constantly available to affiliates "counsel and guidance on current matters of major importance and future programs."

Jersey Standard has assumed this unusual shape because it cannot, in the nature of things, be content merely to review its portfolio of investments, keeping the profitable ones, weeding out those no longer profitable. It is, rather, the GHQ of an oil empire, the constituent parts of which must be not only as healthy as possible, but each in functional

balance with all the others. The success of the empire depends, therefore, on the success of all the units, each one of which is, theoretically at least, indispensable to the functioning of the whole. If one unit is dropped out or a new one added, the action is neither arbitrary nor taken solely for financial reasons, but rather to renew the all-over balance which is the norm constantly sought. To put it another way, Jersey Standard is a carefully planned private empire, internally planned to the nines, as contrasted with a planned national economy to which, of course, the Jersey leaders are strenuously opposed. The parent company is the planner. The affiliates are the planned. Jersey Standard determines the future course of the affiliates—"determines" is the operative word to keep in mind—and then the affiliates, according to the principle of decentralization, carry out on their own motion, as efficiently as possible, what they are designated to do.

This approach is almost obligatory. If it did not exist it would have promptly to be invented. For handling oil from its point of origin in the ground to the point of consumption in an automobile, a heating apparatus, a locomotive, or a ship, is a continuous operation; it involves finding oil deposits, drilling wells, building pipelines, supplying tankers, providing adequate refinery capacity, developing a distribution system to serve consumers, and making sales. All these must somehow be kept in balance. If sales rise but supplies do not, because of failure to foresee and plan for the rise, the system is thrown out of gear right back to the source. If supplies rise by the bringing in of a new field, and no proper provision has been made for pipelines, tankers, refineries, etc., to handle the increase, then chaos again sets in. (Supply and consumption must somehow, say Jersey experts, be kept in forecasted balance a quarter-century ahead. The oil needed in 1976 should be in sight around 1951.) Only a balanced system can work without crippling stresses and strains. And, since this is private business, only a balanced system is profitable. A parent company like Jersey Standard must perforce plan.

BECAUSE Jersey attempts the whole gamut of activities in the oil business, it is of necessity a vast organization. Its big-

ness derives directly from the enormous range of things undertaken—and their expensive-ness. It has production of crude oil in sixteen countries, has refineries in twenty-one, has marketing outlets in almost 140 nations and dependencies. This takes a lot of money. But as the oil industry is itself so tremendous, Jersey is very far from being the whole of it, or even, in terms of sales, the dominant single corporation in it. Actually Jersey Standard (1949 figures) supplied but 14 per cent of the petroleum products sold in the United States, and 17 per cent over the whole world. The oil business is one characterized by tremendous assets for a surprising number of the companies engaged in it. In 1949 ten of the twenty-five largest American manufacturing companies were oil companies; six of the biggest ten were! "Each additional automobile on the road requires an oil company expenditure of \$530; each new home oil burner \$670; each new transport plant \$221,000." In short, Jersey Standard is the biggest of the big in a big industry.

Not only does it embrace all aspects of the oil industry and spread all over the world, but it is probably one of the most complicated organizations on record. Even the annual report does not contain a complete list of the affiliates. They had a net worth (a different figure from total assets, of course) at the end of 1949 of \$1,133,844,533. The 1949 Annual Report lists thirty-eight *principal* affiliates in which the parent company's interest ranges from 12 to 100 per cent, most frequently the latter. There are, for example, twelve separate and distinct Esso Standard Oil companies active in as many countries from the United States to Chile and Switzerland. Imperial Oil, Limited, of Canada, is on the list, with its vast interest in the new oil fields of the prairie provinces. There is the great Humble Oil & Refining Company in the United States, the Creole Petroleum Corporation which accounts for almost half of the lush Venezuelan output of crude, and corporations with such fascinating names as Det Danske Petroleums Aktieselskab and Standard-Italo Americana Petroli-Societa per Azioni.

The affiliates are dotted over the United States, Canada, the Caribbean and South America, Europe, North Africa, the Middle East (especially to be noted are the

Arabian American Oil Company and the Iraq Petroleum Co., Ltd.), and, through a fifty-fifty arrangement with Socony-Vacuum in Standard-Vacuum, in South, Southeast, and Eastern Asia, South and East Africa, Indonesia, and Australia. The ramifications are simply astounding—and they represent far more than mere “business.”

They also represent politics on the highest level, as in the Middle East, where European oil supplies are now chiefly obtained; where the imperial interests of the British Commonwealth are vitally involved not only in oil itself but also in communications by sea and air along the old lifeline of empire; where the defenses of the Indian Ocean, untroubled control of which is so vital to the survival of the Commonwealth, have a major point of concentration which was, for example, carefully discussed at the recent Prime Ministers' Conference in London; and where there is a weak link in the containment chain around the U.S.S.R. The affiliates are found, too, in what may be shorthanded as the Point Four countries—the countries which for one reason or another require technical aid and outside capital for investment—in the Caribbean, India, Indonesia, for example. On its own motion, to meet the requirements of laws, and through royalty-paying and profit-sharing arrangements with governments—Venezuela and Saudi Arabia for example—Jersey Standard does or finances much Point Four work. (See Tharon Perkins' article on Venezuela in *Harper's*, December 1950.) It was engaged, directly or indirectly, in such work long before President Truman gave it its contemporary name.

To manage this vast and complicated empire successfully requires competence, knowledge, varied skills, and a high sense of responsibility. It cannot be done by one man. As Mr. Holman once remarked, “To attempt to operate such a business in dictator fashion would be plainly absurd.” Any Napoleon of business attempting it would soon meet his Waterloo.

III

THE governing body of Jersey Standard is the Board of Directors. Unlike many boards, however, it consists, not of outsiders theoretically representing stockholder

interests who take no continuing part in the actual operation of the business, but of insiders who—though elected by the stockholders after the usual fashion—are salaried employees and have definite duties to perform which fully occupy their working days. Jersey Standard's Board of Directors is a board of professional managers.

Mostly the directors are men who have come up to the board of the parent company from the affiliates. Progression to the board is not, however, a matter of seniority in service, nor even, in the ordinary way, a reward to be expected for first-class work in an affiliate. For only a special type of man is qualified to be selected for the parent company's board.

How to define that type in words baffles even those who have observed the process over a number of years. It has something to do with an unusual capacity for teamwork, for sinking one's claim to strictly personal glory in the larger whole; it involves, too, what may perhaps be called a capacity for taking a more “philosophical” view of business than is common with the more limited entrepreneurial type of business man. This does not mean, of course, that Jersey Standard is ruled by philosophers. It is, however, ruled by men who not only have technical expertness in the oil business and a reasonable regard for money-making, but also understand what is really meant by the words quoted earlier about “a proper concern with many social responsibilities.”

While all fourteen board members are expected to have a sound over-all grasp of the business, it is not expected that any one of them will have mastery of the whole gamut of skills and problems the business confronts and involves. As a business operation, dealing in oil demands a wide range of technical knowledge. No single person can be technically expert in every line, though he may have an informed appreciation of many of them. It involves the skills of geologists, petroleum engineers, research chemists, oil economists, and transportation experts of a specialized kind. Therefore a working board of directors, or better, managers, must divide its forces over the whole field to get maximum results.

To accomplish this each director is assigned a “contact”—he is, in plain English,

appointed to give special attention to some special aspect of the business, either on an area basis (which means looking after some of the affiliates in an area) or on a functional basis, or both.

Each director is a primary contact by agreed assignment and also a secondary contact in other areas or functions. As this implies, the office of the parent company is divided into sections along corporate lines, by areas, and by functions. Each section is headed and staffed by specialists and supervised by the contact director assigned to it. In addition to doing his homework and dealing in New York with the visiting managers of affiliates, each director also travels in the field as widely as his area responsibilities require and as often as seems wise and necessary.

Here are the assignments of two directors chosen at random:

Director 1

Standard-Vacuum Oil Co.
Arabian American Oil Co.
Trans-Arabian Pipe Line Co.
Treasurer's Department
Law Department
Government Relations

Director 2

Co-ordination Department (Economics)
Refining
Transportation: Crude Pipe
Product Pipe
Marine
Gas Pipe

In U.S.A.: Ajax
Carter
Esso Shipping
Ethyl
Interstate Oil Pipe Line
Interstate Natural Gas
Plantation Pipe
Standard Oil Development
Standard-Vacuum

In Latin America: Panama Transport

In Europe: Esso Transportation Co.

Obviously Director 1 is supposed to be an expert in Middle Eastern (Arabian) and Asian-Pacific operations (conducted by Standard-Vacuum), and to be especially interested

—probably skilled—in law and in dealing with the State and other government departments concerned with oil and foreign economic relations. Director 2 is plainly a specialist in the problems of transporting oil—in oil logistics as it has been described. But he is also concerned with refining and oil economics.

It is in this fashion that the directors, as fully employed salaried men, occupy their time. They are rewarded accordingly, at the high "prestige" rates customarily paid in Big Business, though not at the highest rates on record by any manner of means, nor uniformly. Total salary, thrift account, and annuity purchase contributions for the fourteen men came to \$1,570,806 in 1949. The range was from \$66,098 up to President Holman's \$189,564.

IN ADDITION to the exacting job of covering the whole field of the oil business from the underground sources to the consuming units, together with the administrative setups involved, the directors must also concern themselves with the universal corporate problems such as relations with the investors (stockholders), the employees, the government, and the general public. Selected directors will be "contacts" for one or another of these and each has its appropriate sectional organization and staff. Each, too, involves complex problems which can be illustrated here only cursorily.

Stockholder relations, for instance, involve far more than placating the investors by dividends. I have said that Jersey Standard is governed by "inside" directors—salaried employees who have risen from the operating affiliates. This raises the question of "inside" versus "outside" directors, a vexed and perplexing matter that must be faced by every concern in which management is as completely divorced from ownership as is Jersey Standard. (This, recall, is a principal issue which Berle and Means brought up eighteen years ago in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*.) On April 1, 1950, there were 30,167,473 outstanding shares of capital stock in Jersey Standard. Of these the directors collectively owned only 24,767, or .0008 per cent. No stockholder at that time owned more than 3 per cent. There were then 215,000 stockholders. This astonishing frag-

mentation of ownership, and the complete divorcement of management from ownership, combine to make stockholder relations a critical area of concern, fairly bristling with unsolved problems (not only for Jersey Standard, but all giant corporations similarly situated). The issue of "inside" versus "outside" directors keeps coming up. Here is how the Jersey directors answered a challenge demanding some "outside" directors in 1950:

Only full-time directors, devoting their entire efforts to the Company's interests, can deal adequately with its problems in the best interests of all its stockholders. The business is international and widespread in its scope to a marked degree, and is more subject than that of most corporations to a great variety of constantly changing problems. The experience of firsthand and intimate contacts with the business provides an important qualification before a director can be expected adequately to assume his manifold responsibilities to the stockholders.

Nevertheless, other oil companies, Socony-Vacuum for example, have outside directors; and there you are! To get the outside point of view the Jersey directors make use of large numbers of consultants, either on a fee basis for one-shot, or short-term consultation, or on a retainer basis over longer periods.

As to relations with employees, Jersey Standard abandoned the open warfare method as long ago as 1916, when it brought in the late Clarence J. Hicks to deal with labor relations on an expert basis after some nasty man-killing strikes at Bayonne, New Jersey. It now has a thirty-four-year record of industrial peace and a welfare (or "benefit") program which costs the equivalent of about 20 per cent of the total payroll. As welfare is now a highly competitive matter between companies, the program may expand in the future. Public relations, a somewhat more elusive matter, appear to be conducted at the drawing-room level—at least they involve no publicity ballyhoo and no flood of direct-mail "pieces" designed to convert an allegedly recalcitrant public to "sound" opinions on this or that social issue. Government relations involve what one would expect in the case of a giant corporation with world-wide operations. Care, time, and expert outside

advice are devoted to keeping them "sweet"—and mutually helpful.

AN EXECUTIVE committee of five directors, with President Holman (who is himself a director) as chairman, meets every day at eleven o'clock to handle current business. The whole board meets once a week, on Thursdays, with the Chairman of the Board in the chair. At a full Board meeting President Holman takes his seat as a member. The executive committee is accountable to the Board of Directors. The Board is indisputably the core of the management of the company. Its decisions are group decisions. Unanimous consent is always sought and when there is sharp division of opinion which cannot be overcome by the usual methods of persuasion, the matter is laid over with a request for more facts. As a Board member the President participates in discussions as an equal, just as the Chairman of the Board does also. It seems likely, the members being only human, that the views of the Chairman and the President carry more weight than those of ordinary members; but this, it is insisted, does not give either domination of the Board. Their position is simply *primus inter pares*. The ordinary Board members are, after all, especially well-informed and expert in their "contacts," so they too enjoy prestige when matters within their province are under discussion. The President has a theoretical power of veto over Board decisions, but Mr. Holman is extremely reluctant to use it. And on the other hand he is also, as President, the Board's servant. Says the organization manual:

Subject to the Board of Directors, the President is the chief executive officer of the Company. He heads the administration of Company affairs; sees that the policy decisions of the Board are made effective, and has general oversight over all Company operations and general supervision of Company personnel. He brings to the attention of the Board significant developments and policy questions which arise in the course of his administrative work.

When the President is away, the Chairman of the Board assumes his duties, so that a responsible chief executive is always on the premises.

IV

EUGENE HOLMAN's career may be taken to illustrate how a man can rise to membership on the Board of Directors (1940) and the presidency (1944). He was born in San Angelo, Tom Green County, in west-central Texas, on May 2, 1895, but he grew up in the tiny hamlet of Monahans, a "wide place in the road" farther west. His parents, of old American stock, took part in a colonization scheme in Argentina and their older children were born there, but they returned to Texas to enter them in school, and Eugene was born after the return. His father ran a livery stable and a lumber yard; his mother kept a boarding house. Relatives were ranchers around about. Ranching was really the family business and Mr. Holman says he escaped it only because when he was of an age to start out, the area was suffering a severe drought.

To realize his parents', particularly his mother's, missed education Holman was steered toward college. (Among Americans over forty, this is almost a standard reason for going to college.) He went to Simmons College (now Hardin-Simmons University) in Abilene, Texas, earning more than half his own expenses selling aluminum ware from door to door, working on the railroad, and punching cattle. He took his B.A. degree in 1916 and went on to the University of Texas for an M.A. the following year. He aimed to be a civil engineer.

It was at Simmons and Texas that the factor which Holman today says determined his career came into play: his liking for and responsiveness to people. Although he was well endowed with disinterested curiosity, the foundation stone of all structures of knowledge, and might, he amusedly speculates, have become a Ph.D. and a professor, he had to earn a living, and the people whom he liked and who liked him directed him unerringly to one. He emphasizes how this person and that person helped him over the bumps. He speaks of them with unfeigned warmth. It was a professor whom he liked who drew him away from civil engineering and into geology and also pointed to the oil business as a road forward for a geologist. He took his M.A. in geology and went with the Texas Company. When he was sent into the field

in Cuba, his superior, a professor from Penn State, helped him fill in the gaps in his equipment and suggested a spell with the United States Geological Survey as first-class practical training. He followed that advice after a brief tour of duty in the photographic branch of the air force in World War I.

After a year with the Geological Survey he called on Wallace Pratt, chief geologist for the Humble Oil & Refining Company (a Jersey Standard affiliate), with whom he was friendly, and Pratt offered him a job. He took it and spent a year in geological scouting and land work—looking for likely places to drill for oil. Then he became superintendent of the Louisiana-Arkansas division. In 1926 he took over Pratt's job as chief geologist, when Pratt went higher up the ladder. It was at this point that Holman held a debate with himself and finally decided to commit himself to making his career with a big corporation. The alternative was a career as an "independent"—a strong temptation. Within three years Holman was what he now calls himself in *Who's Who*, a "petroleum executive." His great accomplishment before ascending to the parent company's board was organizing the giant Creole Petroleum Corporation in Venezuela. That marked him as a man of promise.

As far as the outsider can judge, the basic ingredients of this success story are three: reasonable technical proficiency—Holman emphasizes he was never a great geologist; a gift for liking and being liked by people, without which, as the world knows, so much else is vain; and very superior executive ability—partly the capacity for taking responsibility for directive decisions, partly the ability to delegate sufficient authority and responsibility to able subordinates, and partly an ability to work with and command the loyalty of a team. Holman demonstrated he was one of the "managers"—a corps of men who ever-increasingly dominate our world as civilians in private business and government and as soldiers, sailors, and airmen in the armed forces. This is the century of the "managers," not of the common man. Eugene Holman, a "professional manager" by his own definition, reached the top at forty-nine.

Holman is a nine-to-five man. First thing in the morning he scans the agenda of the daily executive committee meeting and asks

for briefing on those points which are obscure to him, scans a careful sifting of his large mail, indicates or dictates replies, goes over a batch of newspaper clippings which cover the whole field of business, not merely oil, and reviews any vital information that has reached the parent company from any affiliate any place in the world. From eleven o'clock until lunch time he is closeted with the executive committee, every day. In the afternoon he keeps appointments with people from inside and outside the organization. His desk he keeps clean. He is too decisive to be a "paper shuffler." He likes to end his day when the office closes and rarely takes work home.

Along the way each day he does his executive work. As indicated above he is the man who sees to it that the Board's decisions are carried out. This is in considerable part a matter of seeing that the responsible contact directors take the required steps. If the machine is not to bog down, every member must be kept up to the mark of efficiency that is demanded of the team as a whole. But as President Mr. Holman must do more than carry out what has come to him from the Board. He must—and he does, most expertly—anticipate problems that may arise anywhere in the vast empire. As he spots them—or thinks he has spotted them—he shoots them

to the relevant contact to follow up and, if necessary, bring eventually before the Board. Mr. Holman is thus both chief executive for the team of which he is a member and a principal leader of it, though each of the other members is his equal in Board meetings.

THE system of governance of Jersey Standard is a striking example of co-operative effort at the highest level. Plainly a Napoleonic personality installed in the presidency could reduce the system to chaos in short order. It is very delicately balanced. It tells us a lot about the talents of President Holman that he, at least, can maintain the balance without creating any feeling of strain either in himself or his associates. And it tells us a lot about the era in which we live that the oil empire over which he presides should be run in this way—not by men of the stock-market-trader type, or of the bargaining type, such as were likely to come to the top in the late nineteenth century; not by banker-minded specialists in financing such as tended to be dominant in the early twentieth century; not by super-salesmen such as flourished in the nineteenthcenties; but by a team of expert oil technologists skilled in management, with a geologist turned manager-of-managers at the very top of the heap.

The Symbols of Enterprise

AMERICAN enterprise has been something more than an ordinary calculation of capital and profits. Its realms have bordered on the romantic. Its broad fields, retreating beyond a series of horizons that wearied the eye to measure, have glittered in the golden sunshine. . . . Think you that imagination has no other scope than literature and fine arts? Look at that great Erie Canal; look at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; look at the Niagara Suspension Bridge, and the Saint Nicholas Hotel; look at cotton gins and reaping machines. Practical sagacity built these things; but was that all? Far from it. Brilliant thoughts, splendid conceptions, glowing images, and feelings, that would have been most eloquent in words, if words had been the natural form of their expression, are embodied in them.

In this light America presents herself to the world. In this attitude our people stand toweringly up before the gaze of the nations. We are a grand example of energy—intellectual, creative, resistless energy. Our pride has been in—work. Our demonstration has been—work. Our true symbols are—the axe, the plowshare, the steam engine.

—From the "Editor's Table," *Harper's*, March 1853.

How the Korea Decision Was Made

Albert L. Warner

ON SATURDAY, June 24, 1950, President Truman tranquilly motored to the new International Airport near Baltimore. He voiced his "faith in a peaceful future" and dedicated the field to "the cause of peace in the world." Then he boarded his plane and flew to his home in Independence, Missouri. It was to have been a bucolic weekend with his family.

At a little after eight o'clock that historic evening, Bradford Connors, a young officer on duty in the State Department's Far Eastern division, received a call from a press association. Something was happening in far-off Korea, and it didn't sound like peace. The North Korean Communist army was reported to be invading South Korea. At four minutes after nine, Mr. Connors tried to place a telephone call to Seoul, the capital of the Republic of Korea. But the overseas lines to Korea had closed at nine. As will be observed again later, the transoceanic telephone has its limitations in public affairs.

At 9:26 P.M. a telegram from Seoul, signed by Ambassador Muccio, brought the fateful official word: "North Korean forces invaded Republic of Korea territory at several points this morning. . . . It constitutes an all-out offensive against the Republic of Korea."

Mr. Connors telephoned for Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in charge of Far Eastern Affairs, and located him at a Georgetown dinner party, where Secretary of the

Army Frank Pace, Jr. was also a guest. The host was the columnist Joseph Alsop and the conversation had dealt with the peril facing Yugoslavia. The officials hurried to the State Department, where lights quickly sprang from one window to another.

It was the beginning of five days of excited conferences, five days of decision—the undertaking of the Great Gamble—as historic a five-day period as we have known. Perhaps no such stern decision had been made since the opening phase of the second world war, when the ultimate decision was in fact made for us by Japan. Once again in the world the aggressor was on the march using armed force openly. The wheel of fate was rolling. Were we to try to stop the aggressor or look the other way?

It is too early yet to assess what we have won or lost. But in the frustrations which have come since, questions have arisen which cannot be answered without examination of the events of those five days in June 1950.

Was the use of American ground troops in Korea never adequately discussed in advance, as Walter Lippmann has declared? How was the much-debated decision to defend Formosa on the one hand, and to immunize Chiang Kai-shek on the other, arrived at? Did the United States step out ahead of the United Nations instead of proceeding carefully under its auspices? Did General Douglas MacArthur take the position that "anyone who engages

Mr. Warner here recounts what went on in Washington and at the UN during the grim days of decision barely a year ago. In the last war Mr. Warner was military analyst on the Army Hour; he is now NBC commentator on foreign and military affairs.

the U. S. Army on the mainland of Asia should have his reason examined," as the Tokyo correspondent of *Newsweek* reported? How did we get into this whole affair?

Some of these questions can now be answered in great part, at any rate, by a study of those days of decision in June. There is reconstructed here the play-by-play account of what went on. The story comes from the memories of a number of the top participants in the Washington conferences. In some spots their memories differ. This will be noted. The story comes, too, from access to some of the official records and the memoranda on telephone calls and telecon exchanges. The State Department also has co-operated in making information available. To be sure, the full records are not yet open nor the various diaries kept in unusual number by Washington officials, no doubt inspired by the rash of "now it can be told" stories which followed World War II.

AFTER Muccio's telegram on that Saturday night, June 24, they began to gather at the State Department—Under Secretary James Webb, Ambassador Philip C. Jessup, Assistant Secretary of State John Hickerson, in charge of relations with the United Nations, Mr. Rusk, Mr. Pace, and many others.

Rusk telephoned to Secretary Dean Acheson around 10:30 and read him the news. Already the group at the State Department were considering the implications of the invasion and what to do about it. It was an immediate conclusion that the United Nations must take swift cognizance of the threat to world peace.

Shortly before midnight the telephone rang at the President's home in Independence and his vision of a peaceful weekend, indeed of a peaceful world, vanished. It was Secretary Acheson with the Muccio telegram. There must have flashed through the President's mind memories of other aggressions from Manchuria and Ethiopia, Austria and Czechoslovakia, to the postwar envelopments of Hungary, Poland, and all the rest.

President and Secretary of State discussed a call to the United Nations Security Council for an immediate session. It was too early for a decision. But events marched swiftly and the decision was to come before the dawn. Back at the State Department Assistant Secre-

tary Hickerson put in a call a few minutes before midnight to Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the UN. Mr. Lie was at his home in Forest Hills, Long Island, waiting for the midnight radio news. Mr. Hickerson beat the radio to it.

"My God, Jack," ejaculated Mr. Lie, deeply moved, "this is war against the United Nations."

Mr. Hickerson fell back on the uninspired but emphatic Americanism, "You're telling me." He said the United States might be asking for a meeting of the Security Council the coming day, Sunday. Mr. Lie telephoned his assistants to advise them of a possible council meeting and directed a cable to the United Nations Commission in Seoul requesting immediate report on the attack.

At the State Department the amplified press reports broadened the scope of the North Korean invasion. There were more wires from Muccio, each more grave than the last. The conferees had no doubt that the Kremlin was behind the North Korean attack. There was a hope, of course, that the South Korean army would be able to bar the North Koreans. Only a few days earlier an official of the Economic Co-operation Administration had gratuitously assured a Congressional committee that the South Koreans could defend themselves. Mr. Acheson had voiced the same view in January. It could be hoped at least that moral support by the UN would be enough.

At 2:00 A.M. Mr. Acheson made a second call to the President at Independence. They decided to ask for immediate action by the UN Security Council. Thereupon Mr. Hickerson called American Ambassador Ernest Gross at his Manhasset, Long Island, home. Mr. Gross had to pick his way to the telephone through a living room filled with sleeping teen-age girls, the guests of his daughter, whose expansive weekend house party comprised twenty guests.

Mr. Hickerson dictated the official request to the UN for a Council meeting. Mr. Gross at 3:00 A.M. awakened Mr. Lie, read him the message. It branded the invasion as "a breach of the peace and an act of aggression."

THUS swiftly, five and a half hours after the first wire from Muccio, was the first action taken by the United States gov-

ernment. During the night the State Department cabled its missions in every capital of the world notifying them of the developments and especially directly those missions assigned to governments which were members of the Security Council to urge common action.

The reports from the Far East poured in. Now U. S. Army headquarters in Tokyo as well as Muccio were reporting North Korean tanks in action and crossings all along the thirty-eighth parallel.

For all hands Saturday night merged imperceptibly into Sunday. One conference followed another. Sunday morning found top defense officials of the Pentagon at the State Department. Mr. Acheson was there and Secretary Pace and General Lawton Collins, the Army Chief of Staff. Muccio was reluctantly ordering the evacuation of American women and children from Seoul.

Out at Independence Mr. Truman was not to be entirely diverted from his family rounds. He visited with his brother Vivian that bright, peaceful Sunday morning at the farm at Grand View and inspected a milking machine. But another telephone call from Mr. Acheson put an abrupt end to his visit with his family. The Secretary of State gave him the news making it crystal clear that a world crisis was upon us. Only the President of the United States could make the decisions that would crowd in momentarily.

The President hurried to Kansas City to board his plane. Outwardly he sought to be a calming influence. He told reporters at the airport: "Don't make it alarmist. It could be a dangerous situation but I hope it isn't."

Yet as the President flew toward Washington he was already determined, as one of his aides reports, that something drastic must be done. Here was an open challenge that could not be side-stepped. An outlaw was terrorizing the community. To ignore the situation would produce another world war.

THE United Nations Council met at 3:00 P.M. at Lake Success soon after the President took off from Kansas City—a solemn circle of delegates not including the Russian representative. Russia had been boycotting the Council since the previous January because the Council had failed to replace the Chinese Nationalist delegate with a Chinese Communist. The State Department

officials had in fact considered the possibility that the Russian delegate might return to the Council simply to veto any action. In that event the United States would have requested an immediate session of the UN Assembly, where there is no veto, to pick up the torch.

Mr. Lie placed before the Council a report from its own UN Commission in Korea that the North Korean forces had provoked a full-scale war. Lie said it was a clear duty to take steps necessary to re-establish peace. Ambassador Gross proposed a resolution which the Council promptly adopted, nine to none, with Yugoslavia abstaining. It declared that North Korea had committed a breach of the peace and called for cessation of hostilities and withdrawal of the North Korean forces. It asked all UN members to assist in the execution of this resolution and to refrain from assisting the North Koreans. Note that there was no mention of armed help for South Korea in this first UN resolution.

At the Washington airport Secretary Acheson and the then Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, who had been following developments at the Pentagon from Saturday evening on, met the President's plane, drove with him to Blair House. They found him determined on firm action though the action was not specified. That evening at a 7:45 dinner in the Blair House came the first of the historic conferences. The civilian leaders of the Defense and State Departments were there and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Reporters waited outside but very little of what actually went on leaked out.

II

THERE was an obvious air of tension as the conferees gathered in the President's residence diagonally across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. While they awaited dinner Mr. Acheson told the President of the swift United Nations action. He was enthusiastic that a beginning had been made to check the aggression. Now Secretary Johnson brought up the question of Formosa. In the new outbreak of danger in the Far East this island off the coast of Communist China must be considered.

It was a delicate subject for Johnson to press. Eight months earlier he had been overruled and Acheson's laissez-faire doctrine for

Formosa had become administration policy. But Johnson pushed his point: the Joint Chiefs of Staff believed that this island in hostile hands would be inimical to American security. He suggested that General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, should speak on the question. The President listened as Bradley dwelt upon Formosa's strategic importance; strictly in the light of American security Formosa was more important than Korea.

At the dinner table Acheson sat opposite the President, Johnson on the President's right. The Secretaries of Army, Navy, and Air, the uniformed heads of those services, General Collins, Admiral Sherman, General Vandenberg, and the State Department officials were ranged round the table. Talk centered on Korea. Before coffee was poured they had broached the nature of the crisis. As the plates were cleared away the President called on his advisers to speak their minds.

Mr. Acheson emphasized that if the North Korean aggression were not checked other puppets of Moscow would be on the move, confident they would meet no resistance.

Mr. Johnson next spoke up, and here memories sharply differ. Some participants insist they have no recollection of the incident, and some deny emphatically that it occurred. Others say Johnson pressed the issue of Formosa and stressed the necessity of a new relationship with Generalissimo Chiang and his anti-Communist forces. Acheson flared up and repeated his well-known assessment of the Generalissimo as one who had lost the confidence of the Chinese people and had been surrounded by incompetency.

Johnson is said to have retorted: "I can say more bitter things about robber barons than you. But all I'm concerned about is the security of the United States."

One recollection is that Mr. Truman cut off the exchange. Later on Acheson suggested that more consideration be given to Formosa the next day. In any event discussion returned to Korea. The service leaders outlined the military situation there. They told of our own military dispositions in the Far East, which were skimpy. We had four undersized divisions in Japan. South Korea specifically had not been in the circle of our defense; we had no plans for protecting it. Admiral Sherman and General Collins made

passing reference to Russia and the number of its troops and the submarines in the area.

Acheson and his State Department aides considered the world-wide effect of not reacting to the aggression in Korea. They could see nothing but disaster in such a course. There was general agreement that Moscow had given the signal to the North Koreans to march. But the State Department people were fairly sure that Russia did not want to involve its own forces.

There was discussion of making army supplies and equipment available at once to the South Koreans. And there was serious talk of the use of American air and naval power to back up the South Koreans.

The decisions reached at this Sunday night conference were these:

First, to move the American fleet from the Philippines toward Japan at once. That fleet comprised then only one aircraft carrier, a flagship cruiser, and twenty smaller craft.

Second, to return American war planes to certain islands near Formosa.

Third, to use American ships and planes to evacuate American civilians from South Korea.

Fourth, to give arms to the South Koreans.

That evening the orders went to Tokyo and to Manila, and munitions began moving on ships from Japan to South Korea.

IT SEEMS evident that Acheson was prepared for a reversal in Formosan policy in view of the Communist decision in Korea and the general threat of armed conquest throughout the Far East. But there was no doubt that it would be a wrench in our policy. In the previous December the State Department was author of a private circular to its Far Eastern missions anticipating the fall of Formosa to the Communists and minimizing the importance of the island to American security. On January 5 the President had stated that American armed forces would not be used to interfere in the Formosan situation.

Monday morning the President announced to the press that assistance of the type furnished under the mutual defense assistance program was being given to South Korea. To all public appearance at this point the decision was for "aid short of war." But even then the precautionary redistribution of air

and naval power was under way. This he did not announce.

In the halls of Congress, in the capitals of Western Europe, indignation was running high over the barefaced Communist aggression. But there was little talk openly yet of armed intervention to support the South Koreans. The President was seeing Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, listening to the pleas of Korean Ambassador John Chang, and getting military reports from the Pentagon and Sidney Souers of the National Security Council. At the end of the day some reporters were still saying that it looked as if the United States would avoid direct military intervention.

III

THAT was a far cry from the spirit which characterized the second meeting at the Blair House that Monday evening. With one or two exceptions, there were the same participants from the military and diplomatic establishments. Action was the order of the evening. Acheson came prepared with a detailed recommendation for Korean action which included also a new policy on Formosa. Like the President, Acheson had the wrath and determination of an ordinarily quiet man who has been provoked beyond endurance. His momentous recommendation called for the support of the South Koreans by the use of American air and naval forces under the sanction of the United Nations. American ground units were not involved. The recommendation looked to strengthening American military aid to the Philippines and French Indochina, and the use of the American fleet to neutralize Formosa, defending it from Communist attack but preventing Chiang from attacking the mainland of China.

The conferees were unanimous on the stern decision to use air and naval forces to help the staggering South Koreans. Ground troops were mentioned in the discussion but there was no serious consideration of their use. The scale of the Communist aggression and the extent of the South Korean military deterioration had not been sensed even this late, and there was still hope they could hold with American air and naval help. What Russia would do when we began to employ our

armed forces was considered. The general belief was that Russia would not intervene with its own forces. What Communist China would do got very little consideration.

Johnson observed that if Russia or China came in we would have to pull out; Korea was not a place to fight a major war. It was the suggestion of the Defense Department that General Douglas MacArthur be placed in command of the military action. After Acheson's recommendations had been discussed all around the table—the President asking questions but not giving his views—Mr. Truman directed that the program of action, including use of American air and naval forces, should be carried out.

Despite later public controversy, there was no argument over the neutralization of Formosa. Acheson fully adopted the military viewpoint on protecting Formosa from the Communists. The military had no objection to protecting the Communists from Chiang. They didn't believe Chiang was in any position to undertake an offensive against Red China. The State Department felt that the neutralization program would be less galling to Communist China and was in line with the effort to localize the war in Korea.

The decision having been taken to commit American forces, the conferees silently brushed past the waiting newsmen in front of Blair House. The Defense officials hurried to the Pentagon and opened a telephone conversation by scrambled voice code with General MacArthur in Tokyo.

IT is to be noted that up to this time MacArthur had not been asked for, nor did he volunteer, policy recommendations. Washington had believed that the problem was essentially one for a top political decision. The General was told he was to use air and naval forces with the understanding that for the time being there would be no operation north of the thirty-eighth parallel. He accepted his orders and with his usual vigor undertook to carry them out. That night also State and Defense officials worked on the text of a Presidential statement to be issued in the morning. The military were particularly insistent on firm wording about Formosa.

It was at noon on Tuesday that the President told the world of his decision. He had given a preview of his statement to congres-

onal leaders of both parties at the White House; then he handed it to newsmen. It pointed to the North Korean defiance of the UN call to cease hostilities and withdraw.

"The Security Council," it said, "called upon all members of the UN to render every assistance to the UN in the execution of this resolution. In these circumstances I have ordered U. S. air and sea forces to give the Korean government troops cover and support. . . . The occupation of Formosa by Communist forces would be a direct threat to the security of the Pacific area and to U. S. forces performing their lawful and necessary functions in that area." The statement thereupon announced the plan to neutralize Formosa pending future determination of its status. Aid to the Philippines and to the French forces in Indochina was promised.

THE White House statement was like a gust of wind blowing away a fog of uncertainty and gloom. It generated enthusiasm in practically every quarter of Washington and swept to applause in the capitals of Western Europe.

Here at last was the courage to tackle an aggressor. Even to the Republican critics of the President's Far Eastern policy it seemed that firmness and definiteness had been resolved out of weakness and confusion. The Formosa decision converted the sharpest of the GOP riflemen. In all the controversy which much later was to arise, let it be remembered that on that day, June 27, the cheers were well-nigh unanimous.

In the House of Representatives members rose to their feet and applauded as Democratic Floor Leader McCormack read the Presidential statement. The House rushed an extension of the draft for another year by a vote of 315 to 4. In the Senate most Republicans joined with Democrats in public approval of the President's statement. Republican Senator Kem of Missouri did ask whether the President "has arrogated to himself the authority of declaring war"; but his concern on this score was comparatively isolated.

At the moment there was not much made of the obvious fact that the President had somewhat stretched the Sunday cease-fire resolution of the UN to cover his decision to use armed force. The UN had not called for armed assistance. But this was considered

largely academic since the UN Security Council was to meet at 3:00 P.M. that same day and the American delegation had assurance of support for a resolution specifically calling on members of the UN to give military assistance in repelling the North Koreans.

THE Security Council had to recess at 5:00 P.M. because the delegates of India and Egypt refused to vote without word from their home governments. Sir Benegal Rau established a telephone connection with Prime Minister Nehru at New Delhi but there was too much static for conversation. The Egyptian delegate managed to reach a telephone operator in Cairo but could not locate his foreign minister.

When the vote was finally taken to authorize armed force it was 10:45 P.M., almost eleven hours after the President's public statement and a full twenty-four hours after the President had ordered the commitment of American armed forces. The vote was 7 to 1, Yugoslavia opposing, Russia absent. India and Egypt did not vote. Their abstention was not considered significant at the time but it was a forerunner to later division in the non-Communist world over Korean policy. The President had acted first and obtained the UN authority later. Actually, American planes were not in action before the UN voted.

Tuesday afternoon the State Department directed Ambassador Kirk in Moscow to request the Russian Foreign Office to use its good offices to end the hostilities in Korea. Nothing was expected of this gesture and precisely nothing was its result. It was an indirect assurance of the limited American military objective. It would also give Russia an opportunity to retire gracefully from the chessboard in case it was sufficiently moved by the show of American determination.

IV

WEDNESDAY dawned with more bad military news from Korea, worse than the dispatches on Tuesday. Seoul had fallen. American planes were in action. But there were no ground-to-air communications to direct the comparatively few planes. Monotonously the dispatches to the Pentagon painted South Korean retreat, confusion, and

disorder. Two South Korean divisions had disintegrated. The artillery and tanks of the North Koreans were making havoc in the ranks of the opposition. These reports were passed on to the President, who studied them bleakly.

But on the morale front of the Western world the President's decisiveness was still a tonic. Paris and London saw "high statesmanship." "Great admiration" was expressed in diplomatic circles in Paris for neutralizing Formosa. Herbert Hoover said: "When the United States draws the sword, there is only one course for our people."

The Communist party promptly demonstrated the Russian viewpoint, charging Mr. Truman with aggression and starting an imperialist war. But the continued silence of Moscow led to relief that it was not plunging its forces into the fray. There would be no general war. Mr. Lie at the United Nations headquarters did receive the first official word from Russia calling the UN action in Korea illegal and saying that the Nationalist China delegate had no legal right to cast the required seventh vote at the Council meeting Tuesday when the line-up was seven to one for military sanctions.

There was no question on Thursday that South Korea was washed up if no new factor was introduced into the military situation. General MacArthur had flown to Korea for personal observation. The invaders were easily pushing forward with good military organization and the benefit of heavy weapons and well-laid plans. American planes, with little tactical practice and no liaison with the disorganized South Koreans, could not possibly change the balance.

Russia meanwhile was reacting as expected. It rejected the American request to use its good offices to end the war in Korea. It put the blame on the South Korean government and "those who stand behind them." The President was constantly apprised of the gloomy developments in Korea. A token show of force had not been enough. Another decision would have to be made.

IN THAT setting the members of the National Security Council met at the White House at 5:00 P.M. Again Secretaries Acheson and Johnson and the Pentagon and State Department officials were there. To

some participants it seemed that the President's mind had already been made up by the reports he had received from the military. The meeting was largely conversational. It pointed toward agreement that unless ground troops were thrown in, Korea was lost.

But MacArthur had few troops available for the purpose and momentous questions were at stake: the commitment of ground forces on the Asiatic mainland which had always been abhorrent to the military, and the domestic reaction to such a decision.

Were the discussions of ground troops adequate? They were certainly intensive but there were no war plans to lay before the President since Korea had not been included in the orbit of American defense. The President did not therefore have any detailed estimates of the forces that would be needed. There were no plans as to what to do if Russia or Communist China intervened. In this moment of emergency requiring swift decision the concentration was simply on the problem of checking the North Koreans.

Whether even that could be accomplished was deemed a nip and tuck affair because of the paucity of available American troops and the tremendous distance from the United States to the battlefields, not to mention the doubtful holding ability of the South Koreans in the interval before aid could be mustered.

Official attention was therefore almost entirely restricted to the first step of staving off the North Korean push before it overran the entire peninsula. Not to try was to fail and make a mockery of brave words. But there was the danger, too, of getting bogged down in a major Far Eastern war on a strategically unfavorable battlefield. No final decision was made at the White House conference that afternoon. State and Defense officials adjourned to the Pentagon to await word from General MacArthur after his firsthand inspection of the battlefield.

INTO the early hours of Friday morning, June 30, the telecon discussion with Tokyo proceeded. General MacArthur confirmed the extent of the beating taken by the South Koreans. He flatly stated that the only way he could hold the line was to use American ground troops. At this point the people at the Pentagon had no doubt about MacArthur's attitude: he was recommending

ground troops to do the job of stopping the aggressor. There was certainly no idea that he was questioning the sanity of this course for the particular purpose involved.

Now may be disclosed the circumstances of the final decision to commit American ground troops to one corner of the Asiatic continent. At 4:00 A.M. Secretary Pace telephoned President Truman, getting him out of bed. "Mr. President, I'm sorry to get you up at this hour," Mr. Pace began. Mr. Truman swept aside the apology. He said, "It's my responsibility to be ready in an emergency."

The Army Secretary told of MacArthur's report. Always the winds of doubt must howl around the lonely peak of Presidential responsibility and especially at four in the morning. But Mr. Truman's reaction was prompt: Go ahead and send the troops.

Within a few hours the first men were being flown into Korea—a tiny force of two rifle companies, one mortar platoon and four 105-millimeter guns from the 24th Division in Japan. As to over-all strength to be required in Korea, MacArthur's first estimate was four divisions, later to be almost doubled.

V

ON FRIDAY, June 30, Secretaries Acheson and Johnson and the Joint Chiefs of Staff gathered again with the President at the White House to preview the program. Again congressional leaders of both parties were called in and the President went over the situation. No dissent was voiced. Thereupon he released a statement to the press.

He announced authorization for American planes to bomb north of the thirty-eighth parallel and for a naval blockade of the Korean coast. One brief sentence at the end made the historic pronouncement: "General MacArthur has been authorized to use certain supporting ground units." (A half year later those "supporting ground units" had grown to over 250,000 Americans.)

From the comment on Capitol Hill it was obvious that on that day Congress was overwhelmingly behind the President. Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio had been one of the few who had been saying publicly that the President was usurping his powers. But the effect of the charge was undermined by Mr. Taft's statement that if a resolution were in-

troduced asking for approval of the use of our armed forces he would vote in favor of it.

At the United Nations (India by this time had accepted the armed force resolution but urged mediation) American Ambassador Warren Austin soared into paeans of praise for the response of UN members to collective action. "The dawn of a new day in international collaboration," he said, "is resplendent with the galaxy of states which have responded so quickly, so generously, and with such grand sentiments and nobility."

Much different was to be the story by Christmas time when the intervention of Communist China roused fears and dissension so notably absent in those brave, perhaps ingenuous, days of decision.

THE record in the UN implies that far from being "sucked" into anything, the United States rushed to swing the UN into action. The determination of the President and Secretary Acheson was such as even to imply that if the UN had not existed we should have stepped in to aid South Korea after consultation with friendly powers.

The record of those June days suggests these conclusions:

It was President Truman who made the decisions. Secretary Acheson duplicated his spirit of determination and actively advised the course to be taken. Secretary Johnson and the Defense officials did not take an initiative in policy determination except as to Formosa. Consultation with Congressmen was always after decision was taken. The gravity of armed action in Korea was appreciated. But the conferees were largely thinking of two possibilities: comparatively minor action against North Koreans or a major explosion, and they were betting heavily against the latter. The full cost of the stern middle path—60,000 casualties by the spring of 1951, the intervention of the Chinese Communists, the political and military frustrations, and the division which has come about—was not assessed in advance.

Perhaps such foresight would have been altogether impossible. Anyhow, at this writing, the Administration is sure that the gain of having acted will surpass the liabilities. But the great gamble of June 1950 has not yet been called. Did firmness and courage in Korea stop World War III?

After Hours

The Beater and the Batter

HENRY DREYFUSS, who is an industrial designer, responsible for restyling the telephone among other things, issued a statement the other day which all American women ought to hear.

"The American housewife," he said at a symposium at New York State University, "is a gadget-conscious mammal. . . ."

I have a mammal in my house who is incapable of running any gadget more complicated than a powder puff and who has a healthy scorn for industrial designers. Her scorn dates back a few years to a stream-lined cake mixer that her mother-in-law gave her for Christmas. She was not one to bake cakes before, but this gadget seemed to her a challenge, so she set to with the whirring, buzzing, trembling machine beating the living daylight out of the batter. Presently, dark brown oil began to drop methodically from the beater into the batter.

My wife is one of those many women whom machines dislike. They snap their belts and grind their gears to spite her. She stops wrist watches and gives vacuum cleaners spates of hysteria. A broom, on the other hand (have industrial designers done anything about the common broom?), delights her, and a carpet sweeper is as far down the path of mechanical progress as she goes with any assurance.

Mr. Dreyfuss, the practical man, lives, it seems to me, in a dream world. He dreams of women who love machines. He dreams of clean bright kitchens filled with purring machines and purring mammals, of gleaming bathrooms, and mangles happily mangling

the laundry. And in all this he sees a great bright hope for American taste. "The housewife," he said, "having learned to enjoy the honest design and clean beauty of her kitchen, laundry, and bathroom, gradually acquired a marked distaste for fringed lampshades and dropsical sofas." The dream is complete—no more dropsical sofas to support dropsical housewives.

It's a brave dream, all right. Millions of gadget-conscious mammals tenderly polishing their enamel with gadget polishers. But it's not a woman's dream, I'll bet. It's a man's idea of a woman's dream . . . a professionally gadget-conscious male mammal who wants to recreate woman in his own image.

Amy Camus

IT HAS been several years now since the great battle of the Three Speeds (78, 45, and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute) disrupted the phonograph-record business and prompted an investigation by this column into its incomprehensible inner workings. Wondering what had happened in the interim, and seeking to avoid the stereotyped euphoria of the manufacturing companies, I recently called on a record *dealer*, asking for a confidential summary from a point of view closer to the consumer's. I shall call him Murray, for the sake of his discount rates and good name, for he is not sanguine. When I first called him on the phone and asked for an interview, Murray suggested that I come the next day but not at noontime—who knows? there might be a customer during lunch hour—and that I bring refreshment.

"For you," I asked, "or for me?"

"For me when I start to tell you," he said, "and for you when I finish. It's that bad."

Outside Murray's record shop there is a large sign: "Thirty per cent off on long-playing records." Inside, quiet reigns. The walls are framed in record cabinets; the newest and shiniest are specially slotted to hold the LP cardboard envelopes, whose bright-colored edges make a lively contrast to the albums at 78, mostly second-hand and dusty, with archaic labels. On top of one cabinet is a four-color poster of Yma Sumac, the Peruvian songstress with the four-octave range.

For Murray is well established. His dignified clientele is attested to by a few semi-sound-proofed booths for pre-purchase listening—and the fact that he services his customers with a voluminous knowledge of music and its recorded literature.

"You know 'She'll be Coming Round the Mountain'?" he was asking a man in a Homburg and covert cloth coat when I came in. "Well, it was stolen from Mozart." He put down on the turntable the First Harpsichord Concerto in F Major. Sure enough, the opening bars were familiar.

"Maybe they were contemporaries," said the customer.

"Yeah," said Murray, "so it was the same mountain."

Murray's monologue, to be fair, was periodically punctuated by genuine sales. He moved around the store as time went on, answering questions of his assistants, removing a pencil from the hip pocket of his sagging gray flannels to note a transaction. Many of his remarks were illustrated, as the announcer says of the classical disc jockeys on the radio, "by examples from the recordings themselves." It was good music, too. Murray's is no cut-rate emporium, but he cuts rates today.

"So you want to know about the record business," he began. "Maybe you think it ought to be like a commodity. Customer wants something, comes in, tries it out, buys it. Well, you're wrong. It isn't like that any more. It's gone nuts."

THE trouble all began, according to Murray, when the first announcements were made of the new LP process. There

were too few LP records in the stores to satisfy curiosity and demand, and at the same time a general reluctance grew to buy the old 78-rpm records that might soon be outdated. Business slowed down to a gentle walk.

"Then," said Murray, "a dealer over on Ninth Avenue got a bright idea. He had the most to lose, being that far across town, so he made the announcement—with big ads in the papers—of the first 30-per-cent-off sale. Right away his store was full, and they kept coming. You know, the first guy to do it gets remembered. Lots of people fly across the Atlantic, but they still talk about Lindbergh."

The rest of the dealers had to go along in self-defense, and even a big company would begin to offer further discounts to dealers who would take more of that company's records. Some, trying to latch on to permanent customers while they could, passed on the saving directly to the consumer; here and there 40-per-cent-off sales turned up. I asked Murray if this had happened anywhere else in the country.

"New York is the only place where it's hung on," he said. "Actually most of the howl came from the out-of-town dealers, especially between here and Chicago. We were eating up their business by mail. They put the heat on, and after a while, as you know, Columbia took it to court under the Fair-Trade Law. The judge said, This has been going on for a year, and all of a sudden you don't like it? So he threw the case out. Someday, though, they may make it stick. I wouldn't mind. You used to have a tough time getting into the record business. Had to have a franchise, get a definite territory from a company, start them off with a good big order. As soon as the going got tough, though, they loosened up. Now anybody can get into the record business. There can be five stores in a block, as far as they care. There must be hundreds more than there were before."

I asked Murray what records were selling well, and at first he tried to make with a routine—"Now there was a customer in here three weeks ago; let's see, what *did* he ask for?"—but on being pressed he gave a straight answer:

"There are two records now that sell, Syncopated Clock and Amy Camus."

"And what," I said, "are they?"

"Syncopated Clock was a Decca record, used as theme song on a TV show. So many people went after it that Columbia did one too, and substituted it for the original Decca one on the show. In comes the Columbia salesman, shouting, 'Columbia's got Syncopated Clock!' I told him they should have left the Decca one on the show and they would have sold more of their own by mistake. Now every company has one."

"And Amy Camus?"

"Amy Camus," he said, "is Yma Sumac spelled backwards."

MURRAY'S main complaint, however, was over the effect of LP on the quality of recording and the attitude of his customers. His theory is that high fidelity has gone too far. Most of his clients, as far as he knows, lack good enough sound-equipment to detect the differences in quality they talk about—"and the reason is that 95 per cent of the LP equipment on the market isn't any good for LP. They play it in here, with a long transcription arm, and then when they get home they wonder why it jumps the grooves. And that stack up there"—he pointed to the top of a cabinet—"is one week's worth of defectives. A light week, too."

In the record business, unlike the book business, the store is stuck with everything it orders—no returns. As a result, the dealer early on acquires the notion that the record companies are following their own lunatic course, out of touch with anything down the line.

"What they think they're doing now," Murray said, "I'd dearly love to know. Look at the rate these things come out. That shelf there is nothing but opera, more opera recorded in two years than in the past thirteen. They're going to run out of music before long. I really mean it, they're going to run clean out."

"And companies," he said. "Why, there are 170 record companies making records. Anybody can make a record. Even some of the stores make their own records. Let's say each month each of them releases one new recording. Your best regular customer can't buy 170 records a month. He turns back a handful and says, I'll see about those next month. And next month he's buried under 170 more. What happens? I don't run a record shop

now. I run a lending library. Everybody wants returns, trade-ins. One character came in here—I'd sold him about thirty-five LP's in a month—well, he came in one day with the whole stack, all thirty-five. Said he'd heard them all now, knew them pretty well, wanted some new ones. I told him I had a 1950 Ford, and darn it all the Ford Company wouldn't give me one of the 1951 models, with all the new gadgets, on a turn-in. He went out of here mad."

Murray believes, by and large, that LP records are not all they're supposed to be. A good 78, like a British Victor (HMV), is still far better, in his lights, than the best 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, and he has the records to prove it. Worst of all, the jargon of high fidelity has so impressed the customers that they talk nothing else.

"I'm thinking," he said, "of mounting a magnifying glass there on the counter for people to look at records. You wouldn't believe the business they go through. Does it have any wows, flutters, highs, sizzles, burps, peaks, or scratch? And then, maybe, at the end they say, 'Oh, by the way, how's the music?' Nobody cares about quality any more. WQXR and WABF and the stations that play classical music, they probably sell more records than anybody, but they never play the old ones. Some of these people have never even heard the good Schnabels or the Pro Artes."

His parting shot struck home: "Surface noise! I've got HMV's with less noise than any LP. So many people care so much about noise. I tell them, Why don't you go down to Carnegie Hall. You'll get all the highs, lows, and middles, and no noise—nothing but some guy next to you coughing to death."

As I was leaving, another customer had come in, picked up a catalogue, and pointed to an item, asking Murray if it was in stock.

It was Amy Camus.

The Right Idea

IT is almost always interesting to watch a paradox in operation, and of all the professions the most paradoxical is architecture. The architect is expected to create a four-square reality of stone and brick and glass to protect man from the elements, and at the same time he is supposed to have his head in the clouds, those same clouds that might spill their contents on his clients. He

is expected to be a dreamer and a practical man in whose hands a pencil produces aesthetic magic which is also warm, water-tight, and convenient.

If this sounds unreasonable, you should see a group of distinguished architects in the process of judging the work of other architects. I spent an afternoon recently at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia with three distinguished designers of buildings, of whom two are now deans of architecture at Yale (George Howe) and M.I.T. (Pietro Beluschì), and the third is a professor of architecture at Princeton (Jean Labatut). The occasion for their meeting was a competition arranged by the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects, an annual affair in which prizes are given for the best work of Philadelphia architects and for "invited buildings" by architects from other parts of the country. An "invited building" is one which the A. I. A. has asked an architect to submit to the competition.

In all there must have been some seventy buildings on exhibition. Some were displayed as models, some were shown in photographs or renderings along with plans. "How long is the judging going to take?" I asked Mr. Theo B. White, a gentleman in tweeds and luxurious mustaches who was the chairman of the committee that arranged the exhibition.

"Last year it took about an hour," he said. "But you can't tell. This is a very distinguished jury."

It was also a very thoughtful and careful jury. They started on their rounds of the exhibits at a little after two and they didn't reach their final decision until nearly six. At one point when my legs got tired, I went out and sat on a bench in Rittenhouse Square, which has a couple of architectural monstrosities now being built on its periphery—two apartment hotels, striped in the current vogue like tremendous seven-layer cakes.

There was considerable argument among the jury about each of the buildings to which they gave any serious consideration. It did not take long for them to narrow their attention down to a few, but they pored over these few at length. It became a matter of finding the things that they didn't like about the buildings they had decided they did like. A matter of scale here, a question of the unsuccessful marriage of a wall and roof there, a

clumsy detail in structure, but most of all a failure of imagination. The jury was looking for originality and ingenuity in the solution of practical problems and for results that were aesthetically pleasing.

THE missing element in the deliberations of the jury was the people who had to live in the buildings that were being judged. They were not overlooked; they just weren't there and no amount of imagination on the part of the jury could have created them. Mr. Howe of Yale said what needed to be said about that in an oblique way as he paused in his duties. "The trouble with being a judge in a competition like this," he said, "is that you continually have to push your personal taste into the background. I like buildings with nice dark courtyards and the smell of damp walls. It was what I was brought up with. Here we have to think not of what we like but what we think is good in its own terms."

If there are any rules for resolving the paradox of the practical and the aesthetic, this jury made no pretense of knowing them. None of them seemed to think he had the ultimate answer; none of them, I believe, was dead sure his opinion was the right one.

The distance between an artist's feet (which are on the ground) and his head (which is supposed to be in the clouds) is a great deal less than most people think it is. I heard very few high-flown ideas even hinted at as I listened to the jurors at work. But these men are at the top of their profession. It is in the anterooms of architecture that you hear the dogma, down among the journeymen who have to overlay their buildings with a varnish of fancy doctrine because their pencils lack the magic of the real artist.

This seemed to me a demonstration that the real artist is distinguished from the second-rater by the simple fact that he never tries to be original. He has a problem and for him it has only one solution, and he solves it in his own way. He never struggles for a new idea; he struggles only to find the right idea, and in the deliberations of the jury this was the quality for which they were searching. The true architect, after all, is the one who declines to recognize that there is a paradox.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Kings and Mice and Desperate Men

Charles Poore

AN IRON Law of Excess seems to operate inexorably among the horror-of-it-all novels of our peculiarly loquacious day. It is as if each writer in a censorious and yet belligerently uncensored school felt a grim necessity to pluck more seared flowers of brutality than any predecessor—including himself, of course—had sedulously bouqueted before. I'm not quite sure that this is the best of all possible ways to improve on Tolstoi or Stendhal, Melville or Faulkner or the saturnine and tormented Dostoevski. Indeed, I suspect that it's really not much better than the familiar overdosages of sweetness and light that lie at the other extreme of unbalance. Yet I know it is my duty to report startling developments as well as prosy ones, and that Krafft-Ebing and Freud, Marx and Kinsey, seem to be fading farther into antiquity with each new howling variation on Housman's stimulating query:

And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.

Here, for example, is Norman Mailer. Having written *The Naked and the Dead* as his John Dospassionate farewell to arms, what could he find to say in his second novel, his long and curiously awaited *Barbary Shore* (Rinehart, \$3) about the contemporary landscape as he sees it but that the world is still in one hell of a fix and that there are probably bloodcurdlingly worse things coming?

In this one, a treason grows in Brooklyn. An agonizingly corrupted child, Monina, possibly symbolizing infantile decadence in a book already round-shouldered from a weight of symbolism, obscenely parodies her elders—freaks, fools, and derelicts from the wrecks of totalitarian causes, bawds and secret agents and lost Eurydices living only to wrangle endlessly in a seedy Brooklyn Heights rooming house given over to stratagems and spoils. This is a livid limbo. Or are they meant to seem alive?

WELL, the world Mr. Mailer's novel reflects may be the true world to his characters. Yet it doesn't bear a spectacular resemblance to worlds we see reflected in this month's new books by Carson McCullers, the Duke of Windsor, Wright Morris, Brooks Atkinson, James Agate, Wilmarth Lewis, F. W. Dupee, Wolfgang Langewiesche, Anita Loos, David Hulburd, René Sédillot, Marguerite Higgins, and William Butler Yeats. But then, they aren't all bound by the Iron Law of Excess.

In *Barbary Shore* Mr. Mailer's hero is Michael Lovett. He is a young man who has misplaced his memory and found a desire to write a novel. The rooming house seems to be just the place to find the sort of material that interests his afflicted soul. Bits of army lore and quantities of dialectical jargon rattle around in his head as Trotskyzophrenics and Stalinoids clash wordily through the long, hot summer nights. Although Michael is conveniently not supposed to remember anything, he might just possibly be familiar with

some of the material in Jacob Spolansky's informing new book on *The Communist Trail in America* (Macmillan, \$3.50), and at least the "Death in Mexico" chapter in Joseph Bornstein's *The Politics of Murder* (Sloane, \$4), since Trotsky's violent end is referred to, more or less Aesopically from time to time, in *Barbary Shore*.

Mrs. Guinevere, the raffish landlady in Mr. Mailer's novel, sullenly invites tripartisan seduction. The mysterious roomer, McLeod, has a pedigree that could run through several recent Communist confessional books. The malevolent agent, Hollingsworth, is either a creation of undersimplification or a marked-down Hawkshaw, possibly, depending on your point of view. But the endless third-degree scenes and the impalpable revolutionists' grail that is handed on to Michael at the end is merely road-company Koestler. All in all, *Barbary Shore* is as resoundingly bad a second novel as anyone of Mr. Mailer's promise and prominence has written in recent years.

Collected Works of a Young Genius

Carson McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Café* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5) comes fairly close to representing the collected works of a young genius. For the volume also contains her three novels: *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, and *Member of the Wedding*, as well as these shorter stories: *Wunderkind*, *The Jockey*, *Madame Silsusky and the King of Finland*, *The Sojourner*, *A Domestic Dilemma*, and *A Tree. A Rock. A Cloud*.

My admiration covers all her work; my critical comment here is confined to the new novella, *The Ballad of the Sad Café*. It shows, as always, Mrs. McCullers' wonderful capacity for exploring the heartbreaking aspects of the grotesque, the weakness of the strong, the devouring strength of the weak. The scene is a Georgia crossroads settlement; the time, some years ago. The principal characters are Miss Amelia Evans, a fighting hulk of a woman, grasping, shrewd, and imperious; Marvin Macy, the swaggering crook and village Lothario she had married and once discarded; and Cousin Lymon, a dwarf of insinuating malice who somehow won Miss Amelia's heart and then elaborately broke her strength and spirit.

The story is told as a legend of the past, an old wives' tale, salty, sad, and lit with earthy

and unearthly humor. The long, slow slope of mounting tension before the fight between Marvin and Miss Amelia absorbs our attention until that fracas becomes the most important battle in the world. And the great world itself shrinks into insignificance—a trivial speck compared to the enormously real cosmos of a ramshackle café in a forlorn cotton-mill hamlet. For all the evil, trivial, destroying mischief in creation is concentrated in tiny Cousin Lymon. That's storytelling.

There is an interesting moment in the career of an uncompromising artist when popular acclaim supersedes cloistered approval. It happened to Hemingway early; it happened to Faulkner late. It may have happened to Carson McCullers when, thanks to Ethel Waters and Julie Harris and young Brandon De Wilde, Miss McCullers' *Member of the Wedding* changed from a fine novel that few read to a fine play that thousands saw. If everyone who saw the play will now read *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, Mrs. McCullers will begin to have something like the public she deserves.

The King Who Abdicated

At the height of the abdication crisis King Edward VIII of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas was visited in the course of one afternoon by the Adjutant General of the Armed Forces who brought samples of a new blue uniform the infantry of the line proposed to wear at a coronation Mr. Baldwin was making impossible; a newspaperman from India who dropped in to receive a knighthood; a Scots major from Balmoral who spoke authoritatively about drains and such; and Lincoln Ellsworth, the polar explorer, who showed some interest in buying the King's Canadian ranch.

The conversation with Mr. Ellsworth apparently turned easily from ponies to penguins. The King was surprised to hear that there were no human beings anywhere near the South Pole.

"Not even Eskimos?"

"No one at all, Sir."

"Then, Mr. Ellsworth, if there are no people there are no politics."

Ellsworth looked startled. "I am not sure, Sir, that I quite understand."

"Ah," the King went on, "to think of a whole continent with no Prime Minister, no Archbishop, no Chancellor of the Exchequer

—not even a King. It must be a paradise!"

This side of paradise the Prime Minister and the Archbishop saw to it that there was a King closer to their heart's desire—though if Winston Churchill had been Prime Minister things might have turned out far differently. At any rate, in *A King's Story* (Putnam, \$4.50) the Duke of Windsor (helped by another polar player, Charles J. V. Murphy) has published one of the few books of our time that you can say, with some confidence, will be read for decades and become a source book for innumerable plays and studies and so on.

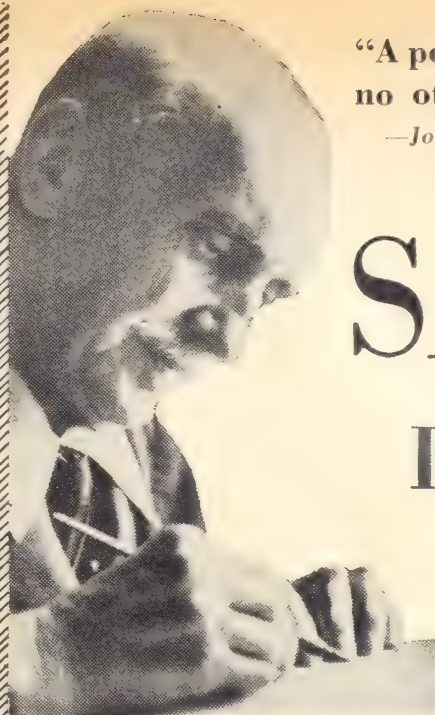
Ironically enough, though, it is in itself already a part of ancient history. The Empire that King Edward's abdication rocked has lost its Indian rocker without his let or hindrance, as British passports say, and the sun has been known to set on other spots that once wore Union Jacks. The drill of destiny and duty that made up the education of a prince so meticulously and entertainingly described in these pages will have to be changed somewhat for young Prince Charles, long before he goes to Wales and learns to say, "*Ich Dien*."

The play of wit and gravity may be ghostly but it sounds kingly. The book is intensely readable in every chapter and every line, presenting the most unusual vicarious experience of its kind that has been offered since the historical novel was invented in a fit of swords and poses. And does anyone doubt that this book is bound for the historical-novel mills of tomorrow?

I looked up Ferdinand Kuhn's classic analysis, "Britain—A Story of Old Age," in a book called *We Saw It Happen* published thirteen years ago by Simon & Schuster, to see how the King's business, which was causing a MacArthurian wave of talk in America, had struck the English at the time, and came upon this:

"It was a fantastic experience to work here in London in October and November of 1936, to know of the crisis which was developing, and to find the British people utterly ignorant of the business except for gossip which came to them indirectly from abroad."

And then I read on in *A King's*



"A performance of which probably no other living man is capable."

—Joseph Wood Krutch, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Dominations and Powers

*Reflections on Liberty,
Society and Government*

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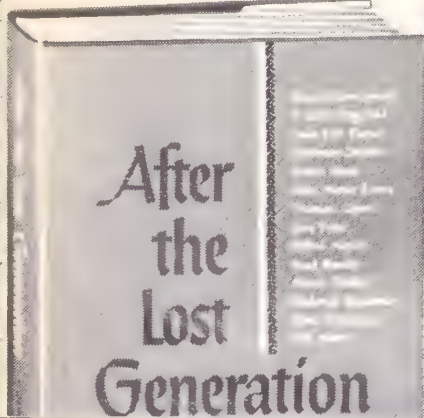
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Story from the point where the Duke of Windsor blandly observes: "This was not for want of enterprise on the part of the editors, who were well aware of what was being printed by their American rivals. What had stayed their hands was Fleet Street's long-standing reticence where the privacy of the Royal Family is concerned." Well, that reticence is certainly exploded with the publication of *A King's Story*.

The Grain of Ordinary Life

Wright Morris' *Man and Boy* (Knopf, \$2.75), is an undecceptively simple story of a Caspar Milquetoast whose son was a hero and whose wife is a birdwoman, a clubwoman, a woman of majestic irrelevancies and violent faith. There is no plot to the tale except the plot of life itself which ensnares and bemuses the Caspar Milquetoasts of the world. But the main action of the story takes place on the day that Mrs. and Mr. Ormsby—that is the appropriate sequence of their designations—go from their home in Bel Air, Pennsylvania, to the Brooklyn Navy Yard where Mrs. Ormsby — Mother — will ceremoniously preside over the naming of the USS *Ormsby* in memory of their son.

The lost years catch up with Mr. Ormsby on that day. He thinks of his son's questing childhood and shows his own cheerful fortitude and talks to a young soldier on the train who might have been his son and remembers to empty the pan under the icebox and considers Mrs. Dinardo, a tremendous friend of Mother who goes along as a sort of barbaric destroyer escort. The writing is always in the grain of ordinary life, and it shows how extraordinary that grain can be when it is examined by a wise and humorous creative eye.

Semi-Public Journals

Once Around the Sun by Brooks Atkinson (Harcourt, \$4) is "the chronicle of a single year in America, as lived by one American" and that American is one of the most tolerant, witty, and observant Yankee stylists who have come out of Massachusetts since Thoreau. The main hobbies that have interested Mr. Atkinson, this day-by-day diary shows, are such things as having served as a war

correspondent in China and Russia, winning a Pulitzer Prize, writing about the theater for the *New York Times*. But the serious business of his life is observing the world from a Manhattan apartment facing the Palisades, coping with nature on his Catskill farm, and coping with John Kieran's knowledge of almost all sublunary things, bar one—"John and I have agreed not to discuss politics for a very practical reason: I am invariably right, but he invariably wins the argument." Wonderful reading, all the way.

Another dramatic critic, the late James Agate of London, kept a public journal for fifteen years and published Agate lines of *Ego* from time to time. His *Later Ego* (Crown, \$4), with a brilliant introduction by my penultimate predecessor here, Jacques Barzun, covers the last two years of his daily jottings, predominantly theatrical, always entertaining, and resolutely worldly.

Horace Walpole, Heating

The most urbane modern bookman of his day is Wilmarth Lewis, and he properly belongs in the eighteenth century with his friend Horace Walpole who is a permanent, if posthumous guest at Farmington, Connecticut. Mr. Lewis maintains him in such lavish style that the spirit of Horace Walpole must be politely surprised to see how much of his own Strawberry Hill is preserved in nutmeg. At Yale, the industrial installations of New Haven now boast among their busiest "The Walpole Factory" in the University Library, processing the Walpole correspondence.

In *Collector's Progress* (Knopf, \$5), Mr. Lewis has written a suave and entertaining record of his forays and campaigns in the Walpoleonic Wars. It is a book that will make a collector and a connoisseur out of everyone who reads it. (Is that a blessing? Not, says Mr. Lewis firmly, if it leads you to covet the works and possessions of Horace Walpole.) In twenty-six years Mr. Lewis has acquired a title—not necessarily a volume, of course—from Walpole's library on the average of one every four and a half days. Letters turn up at the rate of one every fortnight: of the 7,000 letters to and from Walpole probably in existence he now

NEW BOOKS

has found about 6,000—sometimes in British country-house treasure troves, whose discovery by Lewis and his clerks compares favorably with the unearthing of the Boswell cache that unexpectedly justified playing croquet at Malahide Castle.

A lady once told Mr. Lewis she knew all about Walpole's letters to Lady Mary Churchill. This he wanted to hear. They belonged, she went on, "to my Uncle George in Dorset."

"And your Uncle George?"

"My Uncle George," she said, "went mad one day and, screaming with laughter, threw all the letters, one by one, into the fire."

A novel argument in favor of central heating. Though even that wouldn't persuade all Georges, probably, that "to collect seriously is to store up civilization."

Pasadena, Korea, Miscellany

It Happened in Pasadena (Macmillan, \$2.50) by David Hulburd, who founded *Time* magazine's system of news bureaus, is a dramatic story of a tournament without roses. If you have a child in school, if you are interested in education in a free society, untarnished by totalitarian ends or means, you will want to read it. This is the story of what happened when Willard Goslin, who was president of the American Association of School Administrators (and had served on national educational committees with President Conant of Harvard, an endorser of this book), ran into opposition to his program.

What was his program? It is expressed in these words: "Freedom and democracy as we know them exist only on this continent at the present time. If we are to retain freedom and democracy and make it possible for other peoples to benefit from them, the American people must prove to believe deeply enough in the dignity of the individual and in the basic American ideals of free speech, freedom of religion, free press, and public education to meet successfully the conflict of ideologies which is now taking place in the world."

ONE scene of that fight which is not only taking place in the world but also for the world is pene-



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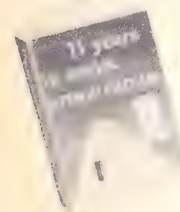
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tratingly reported in Marguerite Higgins' *War in Korea* (Doubleday, \$2.75), the story of her adventures as a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent in the earliest and the toughest days. Her book is the first of the firsthand reports from Korea, and it will remain one of the best, for Maggie goes after a story through hell and cold water. The sounding brass cannot stop her in the swift completion of her appointed rounds.

All the conflicts that have shaken creation fall into pattern and proportion when you take up René Sédillot's *The History of the World in Three Hundred Pages* (Harcourt, \$2.95). Which is small comfort to a resident of the United States bedeviled by the high cost of keeping Stalin from giving the Czechoslovakia treatment to the continents right now. Or to one in a foxhole in Korea. Yet M. Sédillot's brisk panorama gives you a fine sense of the relationships between ages and ideas. And if you object that 300 pages is too modest a budget for the work in hand, why remember that the whole thing has also been summed up in a sentence: "Man was born, he suffered, and he died."

In giving clarity to a complicated subject few contemporary writers can top Wolfgang Langewiesche, whose *A Flier's World* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50) is not only as exciting as flying an airplane but as informing as really knowing what you're doing when you are chauffeuring the darned thing. And the majority of fliers don't truly know that.

Believe it or not. But it's wiser, and a lot more fun, to believe Mr. Langewiesche, who somehow manages to put the unutterable into words on page after page. He makes you feel at home in the heavens, and, as you fly, he shows you an earth you have never seen so clearly before.

All Kinds of Worlds

A couple rainy weekends when I couldn't get out and interfere conveniently with the laws of nature in the garden I spent in reading an oddly balanced lot of books. They didn't exactly fit together, but they reminded me, insistently enough, that it takes all kinds of worlds to make an American people. One of the books was Mr. Langewiesche's atlas to the high air.

Another was F. W. Dupee's fine biography, *Henry James* (Sloane, \$4), in the American Men of Letters Series—a skillful assembling and blending of all the mountains of material about James. Now there may be few new things to say on the subject, but Mr. Dupee's masterly job shows that they needed to be put into a form where they could be reached—and read.

Another book was Anita Loos' *A Mouse Is Born* (Doubleday, \$2.50), which will never attain the classic status of her *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—probably because it seems to try to do that a little too insistently. This one is the autobiography of a glamorously glanded movie star, written in a style of zealous illiteracy while she is expecting her first baby and fourth or fifth divorce. It's funny in spots. But the spots don't make enough of a polka.

Finally I turned to the words of an Irishman who lived much of his life in England, who is beloved in America—*The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* (Macmillan, \$5)—who was, and who still is, the greatest poet of the modern world.

Wherever men can understand the Irish they can understand his mystical poems. Wherever men can understand English they can understand his lyrics, early and late. Wherever men can understand anything they can understand his epitaph for the great master of English who was buried at St. Patrick's:

Swift has sailed into his rest
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare,
World-besotted traveler; he
Served human liberty.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Rain on the Wind, by Walter Macken.

There is a freshness about this novel as invigorating as the first breath of sea air after a long spell of inland living. The people in it are poor fishermen and their families on Galway Bay and Connemara on Ireland's west coast (the editors would

have done the reader a great service if they had tucked a map in somewhere). But there is nothing poor about the goodness and—when they are roused—the righteous anger of these resourceful people. There are one or two villains in the piece, but the real enemy, loved and hated, is the sea. There is tragedy in the book, and dreadful struggles of men with the sea and with themselves, but there is such fun, such kindness, gaiety, beauty, and story that it is something to savor for a long time. It is written by an Irishman who is also a dramatist and actor, and every exciting line of his writing shows it.

Macmillan, \$3

Each Man's Son, by Hugh MacLennan.

The island of Cape Breton is beautiful and rugged country surrounded by the sea. Most of the men who live there are either fishermen or miners, and most of them are still close to their Scottish ancestry. But this book is a novel about the doctor who took care of the people. He was a Scotchman, too, a classical scholar, a remarkable surgeon (the parts which describe the doctor's care of his patients are some of the best in the book), and he loved his wife, Margaret, deeply. His great sorrow, at the age of forty-two, was that after many years of marriage there were still no children to make the good life worthwhile. This then is the story of his devotion to another man's son, a devotion especially significant and compelling—to the point of spiritual conflict—because the doctor in his youth had felt rejected by both his parents. It sounds elaborate, but in a sensitively written story of earthy and even roisterous people living in a country whose magic lights up the pages, it all seems credible, even the violently surprising finish. By the author of *Two Solitudes* and *The Precipice*.

Little, Brown, \$3

The Proper Gods, by Virginia Sorenson.

A story of two conflicting cultures, one the formal, ritualistic, very religious culture of the Yaqui Indians in Mexico, the other the easy-going way of life that one of them had learned in early days in exile in the United States and in later service in

the U.S. Army. It is a sensitive, romantic story of the triumph of love and self-discipline in one man's spirit, and though the reader feels that the Yaqui fight against "civilization" will in the long run be a losing one (and novel-wise one could do with a little less of the detailed description of ritual), this well-written story is convincing and beautifully revealing of a little-known way of life.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3

NON-FICTION

Thirty Years With G.B.S., by Blanche Patch.

It is good to have these footnotes on Shaw by the forthright and far from hero-worshipping woman who was his secretary for thirty years. Her non-interpretive and very efficient mind is probably the only kind he could have tolerated so long in such a position. The book is interesting and revealing in a prosy kind of way, and better to read in fits and starts, as it seems to have been written, than for any sustained literary enjoyment, for it lacks style altogether. One finds oneself jumping years back and years ahead in the middle of anecdotes, or jumping from a description of Nehru's visit to Shaw to a brief essay on John Haigh, a famous murderer whom Miss Patch knew slightly. But from the hodgepodge one does get side-lights on how Shaw worked (composing in his own clear Pitman shorthand which Miss Patch then transcribed) and how the Shavian household functioned. It is good if disorganized reporting.

Dodd, Mead, \$3

We Barrymores, by Lionel Barrymore as told to Cameron Shipp.

This manifold biography carries as a description on the jacket, "The life story of a fabulous member of a fabulous family," so that one is prepared, after seeing it, for the fact that though it deals necessarily with the stories of Ethel and John and somewhat with the lives of their dramatically distinguished forebears, the Drews and Rankins, it is primarily about Lionel and entirely from his point of view. It is a good point of view and Cameron Shipp, who with Billie Burke wrote *With a Feather on My Nose*, has done an

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excellent job of organizing and telling. It is very readable and provides some surprising incidental information about the careers of these public characters. Something which I find particularly surprising and hard to believe is that both John and Lionel seem always to have felt that they were not really actors and to have taken to the stage finally almost as a reluctant duty, princes *malgré eux*. Not so Ethel. It is lively reading and for all readers over thirty-five nostalgic as well.

Appleton, \$3.50

Mary Garden's Story, by Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli.

This is an autobiography of another color altogether. Unlike the Barrymore brothers, there was never any question in Mary Garden's mind about her career. In this astonishingly frank and, by usual standards, naïve story of the young Scotch girl who took over the opera in three countries in the early years of the century, she tells all, or nearly all, and a glamorous and yet strangely cold story it is. The story of her career is satisfying, beginning with her remarkable first appearance, without a single rehearsal, in "Louise" at the *Opéra Comique* which took Paris by storm, and, as she says, started her career at the top. And she stayed there always. Her personal life was as sensational, and her conquests were legion—as she tells us. But apparently her passion was spent upon the stage.

I repeat, I never missed them, any of them. I had other things in my life, my work, my books. I liked all those men for their companionship. That was all, really. Nobody ever took me from my work, not a man who lived. That was my life and my passion, my work. That's what I really lived with. . . . I'm very sorry if I made any of these men suffer. I didn't ask to make them suffer. If they broke down and whined and whimpered, they had only themselves to blame. There never was anything in the world to take the place of my work—nothing and nobody. That's how I was. I'm a very proud woman, and I never could and never wanted to change myself, certainly not for the love of any man.

That is all, really. That is the spirit of the book which includes, however, many dramatic stories of

the stage, all the dates, and many pictures of Miss Garden in her roles.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.75

Parole Chief, by David Dressler.

"We were banging away at the proposition that parole had to protect the public as well as help the individual parolee." . . . "As parole developed in N. Y. State I was more or less tagged by police, press, and public as a person who emphasized the importance of the law-enforcement function in parole." These two statements by the former executive director of the New York State Division of Parole, taken at random from his book, indicate the philosophy that lies behind both the man and his book. They don't give any of the humor and lively excitement of this autobiographical account of an honest man's seventeen years of experience in a state job. His stories of parolees and their relation to society and the odd ways it was sometimes necessary to check on them are written in a racy, economical style that adds to their poignancy. ("Employees [of the parole board] tended to be all cop or all sop." One chapter is headed "Parolees Are Lovely Lovers.") A book to be read if you want worthwhile information or just plain fun. You can't have one without the other from this man.

Viking, \$3.50

Thicker'n Thieves, by Charles Stoker.

The description on the jacket calls this "the factual exposé of police payoffs, graft, political corruption, and prostitution in Los Angeles and Hollywood" by an ex-vice-squad officer. It is a story of a man's struggle against organized crime and the unpleasant facts are all here. But in contrast with Mr. Dressler's book, it isn't "written" at all. It is case histories against big shots in the city and state governments and in the underworld, set down to prove the corruption, by a man with an interest. Mr. Stoker was himself caught in the net and lost his job. Now he has two lawsuits pending against the Los Angeles Police Department, one for false arrest, the other to get his job back, and a third suit against the mayor for slander. The book is not pleasant reading, but it follows the unhappy paths opened by the Kefauver and other

BOOKS IN BRIEF

committees, and the man has a right to a hearing. Sutter & Co., \$3.50

True Tales from the Annals of Crime and Rascality, by St. Clair McKelway.

And this book is of a different caliber altogether. Highly literate and amusing, however serious its subject, it is illuminating in its spotlighting of the individual and his motives. Here are stories (from the *New Yorker*) of a gay embezzler with many wives, a Chinese gambler and gunman, a young stick-up man, a firebug catcher, Father Divine, Harry Bridges, and others. In fairness to his subjects one must give Mr. McKelway's own explanation of the word "rascal."

We thought of a word that can frequently be substituted for the word "criminal," the word "rascal." The definition of it in the Oxford English Dictionary is interesting, I think: "Rogue, knave, scamp (often playfully to child & etc. . . .); belonging to the rabble (archaic; *the rascal rout*, the common people). Hence *rascaldom*, *rascalism*, *rascality*." It derives from the French *rasaille*, which simply means rabble. I found the word helpful to me both in thinking up a title for this book and in the selection of the material that went into it. Father Divine, for example, is no criminal, but I would certainly call him a rascal, using the word in its affectionate sense.

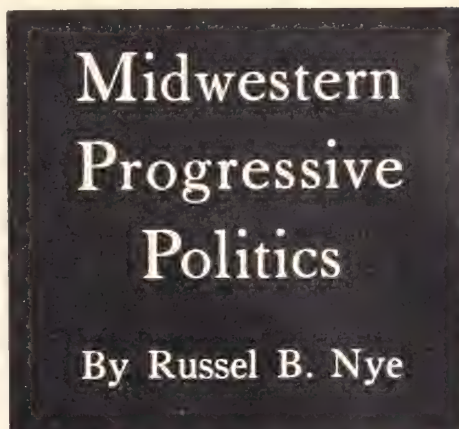
Random House, \$3

BOOK FORECAST

Books and the News

Some books make news, others follow along after it to explain and clarify. Usually it's the "idea" books that make the news and controversy and Velikovsky's *Worlds In Collision*, published first by Macmillan and taken over by Doubleday, is reported to be going to find an answer in a book called *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*, by a German essayist and editor who writes under the pseudonym of C. W. Ceram. Knopf will publish it this fall at about the same time that Doubleday will bring out Dr. Velikovsky's new book, *Ages in Chaos*. . . . Of the books that follow the news probably none will be looked forward to more eagerly than Senator Estes Kefauver's *Crime in America*, his own summing

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

up of the findings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee. (Doubleday, on July 12.) Then on Norton's fall list is a book by Blair Bolles (*Harper's* readers know his work) about the RFC and other scandals, called *How To Get Rich in Washington*. In June Senator Taft will publish his *Challenge to Freedom*—which may make news too—with Doubleday; and early in September comes *Profile of Red China* by Mr. and Mrs. Amos Landman, from Simon and Schuster, who also expect to add to their Treasury series in the fall *A Treasury of Great Cross-Examinations*, or, as David Dempsey describes it, "from Socrates to Alger Hiss."

Novel News

On June 4, Random House will publish Irwin Shaw's *The Troubled Air*, his first novel since *The Young Lions*. *The Catcher in the Rye*, a first novel by J. D. Salinger (*Harper's* readers will remember his short story, "Down at the Dinghy"), has been put on the reserve list of the Book-of-the-Month Club, so that Little, Brown has postponed publication till fall. The same publishing house also proudly lists for fall a new novel by Margery Sharp (still untitled) and one by J. P. Marquand, *Melville Winthrop, U.S.A.* Rinehart announces that Margaret Kennedy's newest, *Lucy Carmichael*, will be the July Selection of the Literary Guild. It is about a young English girl who remakes her life after the unnerving experience of being jilted at the altar.

History and Biography

On October 22 Little, Brown will publish the autobiography of a great book collector and expert on Americana, Charles P. Everitt. Another autobiography which should eventually make both history and news is that of Herbert Hoover, which will be in several volumes. Macmillan will publish the first, *The Years of Adventure* (up to 1920), in the fall. . . . Jacques Barzun and the editors of *Life* have organized a large volume of pictures and text, bravely titled *History of Western Civilization*, which will be distributed by Simon and Schuster toward the end of the year. It's the result of following the news for a long, long time.



A trooper of The Life Guards on duty in Whitehall—part of London's daily pageantry.

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By **LOWELL THOMAS**

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ING GEORGE opened the Festival on May 3rd. Until September 30th all Britain—from the White Cliffs of Dover to the Scottish Highlands, from the East- to the shores of England to Wales and Northern Ireland—will be "At Home" to visitors.

Thousands of Americans and Canadians are changing vacation plans, even now, to stay longer in Britain. Never before have the British offered such an impressive program of pageants, sports, exhibitions, carnivals, drama festivals and sporting events. As for comfort . . . whatever your taste and means, you will find food plentiful and service excellent in restaurants and hotels all over Britain.

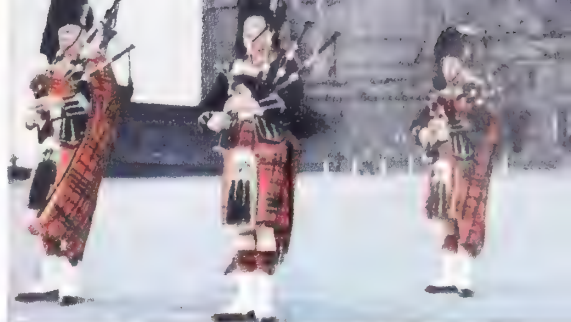
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The Festival will be going on in over 20 places for 150 days from May 3rd.

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There's so much to see that it would be a pity to spend less than a fortnight in Britain. If you miss this vacation-of-the-century, it will be a chance gone forever.

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Edinburgh will welcome visitors at a mass Gathering of the Clans, followed by the famous Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama, with Sir Thomas Beecham, Myra Hess, Sir John Barbirolli, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.



The Festival of Britain is nationwide, but its centre is London's dramatic South Bank Exhibition. Here, sprung from a war-scarred area, is the great Dome of Discovery, a symbol of British resurgence and vitality.



Choirboys sing in the Chapel Royal of Hampton Court, near London. Here monarchs have been christened and—according to legend—royal ghosts still walk. The whole of Britain is rich in historical associations.

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